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HEATH READINGS IN THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE

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PREFACE

This anthology is designed as something more than a mere collection of masterpieces and memorable passages. The selections have been compiled for the twofold purpose of furnishing in convenient form characteristic examples of the major streams of ancient, mediæval, and modern European literature, and of illustrating the literary, philosophic, and critical background of the English-speaking peoples.

These two aims are more closely bound together than is commonly taken for granted. The editors, in choosing their selections, have been moved primarily by the fact that in the midst of a multiplicity of courses offered in the field of literature there is great need for widening the student's cultural horizon. In past years entirely too many graduates have left college without an adequate knowledge of literature other than English or without even an acquaintance with the names of those outstanding European authors of the past and present whose works are our common literary heritage. This situation has been remedied in more recent years by the establishment, in many colleges and universities, of courses in General Literature which offer a suitable survey of the content and trend of world literature, and it is the editors' trust that the present volume may enlarge, or at least strengthen, this movement not only through a novel choice of material but also by means of an arrangement which presents a more closely-knit view of the development of European literature. Then, again, the editors are firmly of the belief that no intelligent appreciation of English literature is possible without at least a bowing acquaintance with the literary forms in other languages which have done most to fix the traditions of literature in England and America. They share with a constantly increasing number of teachers of English the realization that the literatures of English-speaking peoples are actually a part of the great stream of European tradition and that the attitude of looking at English literature as largely an isolated phenomenon is at variance with the modern method of approach in other fields of cultural history.

For the earlier periods of European literature the task of selection has been greatly facilitated by the fact that certain ancient masterpieces have long been recognized as part of the literary inheritance of all cultivated readers of English. The inclusion of Homer, Vergil, Theocritus, and the Greek drama requires no argument, and even an approximate recognition of our debt to Greece and Rome requires some knowledge of the epic of the Argonauts, the Greek Anthology, Longinus' famous *Treatise Concerning Sublimity*, Roman comedy, and the tragedies of Seneca, whose work, along with that of Plautus and Terence, ranked high in the estimation of English dramatists during the Renaissance. The sacred writings of the Hebrews and the *Arabian Nights*, though not European in origin, have influenced European literature and thought so profoundly and over so long a period as to justify fully their inclusion in such a collection as the present.

As we approach the modern period, the problem of making a selection at once representative and yet capable of being included in a single volume becomes, it is true, more and more difficult, but is nevertheless not insoluble. The recognition of the part played in later writings by the literature and thought of the Middle Ages explains the

inclusion of examples drawn not only from Italian, Old French, Germanic, and Celtic, but also from mediæval Latin. During the Renaissance such great names as Petrarch, Rabelais, Montaigne, and Cervantes come to mind at once, while even the most superficial survey requires some recognition of the French *Pléiade* (see Ronsard), the romantic epic (see Ariosto), the great dramatic activity of Calderon and Lope de Vega in Spain (see *The Star of Seville*), and the Italian *novella* (see Bandello), a literary form which furnished a host of plots for dramas and romances in England.

During the last three centuries European literature has increased enormously in extent and has become more genuinely cosmopolitan in character. The intelligent reader should be aware not only of the splendid outburst of drama in seventeenth-century France, but also of the work of Lessing in Germany, of Goldoni in Italy, and of the more recent movements represented by Ibsen, Hauptmann, and other dramatists. Again, in the field of the short story, no one interested in prose fiction can afford to be ignorant of the fact that short stories of marked distinction exist not only in French but also in Russian, Italian, and German, while in Spain narrative fiction has within the last few generations enjoyed a veritable Golden Age. Le Sage's *Gil Blas* deserves to be known to all readers of English literature, both because of its intrinsic merit and because it forms an important link in a long chain of realistic fiction extending from Lucian to modern times.

Unavoidable limitations of space have necessitated the exclusion of a few well-known masterpieces, especially in the ancient period where, for example, it was found impossible to include more than one selection each from Greek and Latin comedy and tragedy. Occasionally a slightly less-known work has been chosen in preference to a more generally accepted masterpiece, the better to illustrate the development of a certain literary trend, but these works are in every case just as typical of the author's thought and style and deserve recognition by the modern reader. Even with the necessary omissions and alternatives, the editors, basing their conclusions on an experience of some fifteen years with general courses in literature, believe that the selections chosen are those which have in the main had the most vital and lasting influence upon the world's culture and that they cover about all that the reader can assimilate within the limits of an ordinary course in European literature.

The general order followed in the arrangement of the selections is chronological, by periods (Ancient, Mediæval, the Renaissance, the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the Age of Romanticism, and the Modern Period) and by types within each period. This arrangement has not only assured a useful continuity, in that any type, like epic or drama, can be studied by itself in entirety — for which purpose a separate Index by Types appears at the end of the volume — but it has also enabled the editors to prefix to each period, as such, a comprehensive preliminary essay dealing with the general trend of the period as a whole, its chief characteristics and literary monuments, as well as with the historical development of each specific type of literature within that age. The student will find, moreover, in connection with each selection not only its dates but also a brief introduction pointing out the significance and influence of the author's work. In a great many instances details of biography, as well as the larger matters of literary history and criticism, have been provided, so that the anthology may well be used without any manual of literary history.

Additional editorial aid has been provided in notes which, for greater convenience, are placed at the foot of the page. The footnotes contain everything that is essential for the clearer reading of the text. Not only do they make clear words and

expressions having obsolete or unusual meanings and passages difficult of interpretation, but they explain classical mythological allusions, literary events, and other matters as well. At the same time care has been taken to make them brief, pertinent, and really explanatory, so that they will not clog the process of reading the text.

The volume contains two useful indexes. That at the beginning follows the chronological order of the selections, by periods, types of literature, selections and authors; that at the end of the volume is arranged by types of literature and within each section the order of authors is alphabetical.

The editors wish to express their appreciation to the various publishing companies who have allowed them to use copyrighted material; due acknowledgment and specific reference are to be found in each introductory essay throughout the book.

T. P. C.
C. H. S.

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ANCIENT PERIOD

ANCIENT PERIOD

The two main streams of literature that flow down to us from the ancient world come from Oriental and from Græco-Roman civilization.

The literature of the Orient is in itself as varied as that of Europe. For our present purposes, however, we need consider only that portion which is significant for English literary tradition. The most influential of all is the Hebrew literature in the Old Testament. This literature represents a long period of development, reaching from the stern, bare chronicles of war and conquest in *Kings* and *Judges* to the gentle cynicism of *Ecclesiastes* (p. 166). It includes the impassioned oratory of Isaiah, unequaled in the history of man for eloquence and divine fire, the melting lyrics of the *Song of Songs*, the melodious cadences of the *Psalms* (p. 227), the simple, idyllic narrative of *Ruth* (p. 330), the homely wisdom of *Proverbs*, and the fiery protests of Job (p. 159) against the assaults of Heaven. Practically every form of literature is represented save the epic and the drama, and certainly the spirit, if not the form, of the epic is present in the account of Moses's rescue of the Israelites, and the spirit of drama flashes forth in every speech of the great prophets, not to speak of the distinctly dramatic background and effect of the *Book of Job*. The extent of the influence exerted by this body of literature on modern life and thought is beyond human power to estimate.

The selections printed in this volume, by reason of their secular surroundings, may serve to call to the notice of readers already familiar with the Old Testament the purely literary value in these writings as distinct from their philosophical and religious significance.

Other Oriental literatures such as Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabian, began to make their strongest impression on the Western mind about the middle of the eighteenth century, when English and Continental scholars set about the work of placing translations at our disposal. Lacking the stimulus of religious interest the non-Biblical literature of the Orient gained recognition but slowly. With the rise of Romantic philosophy and the consequent enthusiasm over the remote beginnings of European culture, translations began to appear in large numbers. Sanskrit literature came into the ken of the West with the Vedic hymns, the epics, the dramas of Kalidasa, and various books of wisdom. The tales of the East, which had long been entertaining Europe in Western disguise, now came out under their own colors in the magnificent *Thousand and One Nights* (p. 432). Persia contributed the immortal epic story of Sohrab and Rustem in the *Shah Nameh* (*Book of the Kings*) and the pensive quatrains of Omar the Tent-maker (p. 453).

The reader who approaches Oriental literature for the first time is likely to find himself more surprised by its similarity to Western literature than by its strangeness. The current tendency toward the investing of all things Oriental with a mysterious and exotic garb has had a misleading effect. In bold military fervor the *Shah Nameh* is hardly inferior to the heroic tales of the West; the stories of the *Thousand and One Nights* are as literal and undecorative as the medieval *fabliaux*; and certainly the plays of Kalidasa are no more esoteric in tone than the religious dramas of England and France. • There are certain features, however, that we may note as characteristically Oriental: a rather marked tendency toward didacticism and sentimentality; an apparent indifference to the literary virtues of condensation and compactness; and a strongly sympathetic feeling for Nature.

Western European literature begins with the Greeks; specifically, with Homer. It is impossible to doubt that there was a long tradition of literary composition before him, but the records have disappeared, and the two great epics, the *Iliad* (p. 5) and the *Odyssey* (p. 29), remain for us the starting point. The spirit and the intellectual temper of the Greeks differed from that of the Orientals on the one hand and from that of Modern Europe on the other. • In the Greek mind there was clarity, vivaciousness, wit, majesty, — a dozen of those qualities which we most admire, and yet there was absent one quality which separates it definitely from the modern mind. Some call this quality a sense of infinity; others call it romance. For the

Although few of them learned to read Homer in Greek, they were able to catch the fire of his genius and to obtain a glimpse of departed glories. Once discovered, his fame spread rapidly. More translations were made, and, as the knowledge of Greek increased, editions were printed. The Troy material, already known to Europe through Dictys and Dares, received a fresh impetus from the rediscovery of the true Homeric version, and thenceforward Homer and the Fall of Troy became the literary property of the Western World.

The *Iliad* not only took its rightful place in the ranks of literature, but it also became a model for the construction of epic poetry. Much of the attention it received in this respect was a result of the popularity of Aristotle's rules of poetic art.¹ The followers of Aristotle looked upon Homer as the embodiment of all the Aristotelian excellences.

The first selection from the *Iliad* here given is from Book XI. Hence a brief résumé of the events leading up to that point will be useful. The Greeks are besieging the city of Troy in an attempt to regain possession of Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. She has been abducted by Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy. At the time the story opens the Greeks are afflicted with a pestilence sent by the gods as punishment for the capture of Chryseis, daughter of a priest of Apollo. Chryseis is held by Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, and, when he is forced to surrender her to avert further calamities, he demands that he be given Briseis, another captive, held by Achilles. This injustice arouses the wrath of Achilles and he withdraws from action, taking his men with him. He asks his mother Thetis to intercede with Jupiter for him. Jupiter yields to her plea and sets about distressing the Greeks in various ways. He sends to Agamemnon a false dream which leads him to propose immediate battle. The armies meet. Menelaus and Paris engage in single combat; Menelaus wins, but Paris is rescued by Venus. A truce is called to discuss terms of peace. Through the intervention of the gods, the truce is broken and war begins again. The story then takes up the exploits of a series of great heroes, one of the most prominent of whom is Diomed. In Book XI the tide of battle is turning against the Greeks.

The selections in this volume are from the translation of Edward, Earl of Derby. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent, New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1925.

BOOK XI

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomed is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylos, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles despatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

Now rose Aurora ² from Tithonus' bed,
To mortals and Immortals bringing light;
When to the ships of Greece came Discord
down,
Despatch'd from Jove, with dire portents
of war.
Upon Ulysses' lofty ship she stood,
The midmost, thence to shout to either
side,

Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon,³
Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,
Confiding in their strength, had moor'd
their ships.

5 There stood the Goddess, and in accents
loud
And dread she call'd, and fix'd in ev'ry
breast
The fierce resolve to wage unwearied
10 war;

And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of
home

Or wish'd return, became the battlefield.
Atrides,⁴ loudly shouting, call'd the
15 Greeks

To arms: himself his flashing armour
donn'd.

First on his legs the well-wrought greaves ⁵
he fix'd,

20 Fasten'd with silver clasps; his ample
chest

A breastplate guarded, giv'n by Cinyras ⁶
In pledge of friendship; for in Cyprus' isle

¹ See pp. 188-200.

² Ajax, son of Telamon, was second only to Achilles in heroic accomplishments.

³ Agamemnon, son of Atreus.

⁴ Father of Adonis.

⁵ Goddess of the dawn.

⁶ Armor for the leg below the knee.

He heard the rumour of the glorious fleet
 About to sail for Troy; and sought with
 gifts
 To win the favour of the mighty King.
 Ten bands were there inwrought of dusky
 bronze,
 Twelve of pure gold, twice ten of shining
 tin:
 Of bronze six dragons upwards tow'rds the
 neck
 Their length extended, three on either side:
 In colour like the bow,¹ which Saturn's son
 Plac'd in the clouds, a sign to mortal men:
 Then o'er his shoulder threw his sword;
 bright flash'd
 The golden studs; the silver scabbard
 shone,
 With golden baldrick fitted; next his shield
 He took, full-siz'd, well-wrought, well-
 prov'd in fight;
 Around it ran ten circling rims of brass;
 With twenty bosses round of burnish'd tin,
 And, in the centre, one of dusky bronze.
 A Gorgon's head,² with aspect terrible,
 Was wrought, with Fear and Flight en-
 circled round:
 Depending from a silver belt it hung;
 And on the belt a dragon, wrought in
 bronze,
 Twin'd his lithe folds, and turn'd on ev'ry
 side,
 Sprung from a single neck, his triple head.
 Then on his brow his lofty helm he plac'd,
 Four-crested, double-peak'd, with horse-
 hair plumes,
 That nodded, fearful, from the warrior's
 head.
 Then took two weighty lances, tipp'd with
 brass,
 Which fiercely flash'd against the face of
 Heav'n:
 Pallas³ and Juno⁴ thund'ring from on high
 In honour of Mycenæ's wealthy lord.⁵

Forthwith they order'd, each his chariot-
 eer,
 To stay his car beside the ditch,⁶ them-
 selves,
 On foot, in arms accoutred, sallied forth,
 And loud, ere early dawn, the clamour rose.
 Advanc'd before the cars, they lin'd the
 ditch;
 Follow'd the cars, a little space between:
 10 But Jove with dire confusion fill'd their
 ranks,
 Who sent from Heav'n a show'r of blood-
 stain'd rain,
 In sign of many a warrior's coming doom,
 15 Soon to the viewless shades untimely sent.
 Meanwhile upon the slope, beneath the
 plain,
 The Trojan chiefs were gather'd; Hector's
 self,⁷
 20 Polydamas, Æneas,⁸ as a God
 In rev'rence held; Antenor's three brave
 sons,
 Agenor's godlike presence, Polybus,
 And, heav'nly fair, the youthful Acamas.
 In front was seen the broad circumference
 Of Hector's shield; and as amid the clouds
 Shines forth the fiery dog-star, bright and
 clear,
 Anon beneath the cloudy veil conceal'd;
 So now in front was Hector seen, and now
 Pass'd to the rear, exhorting; all in brass,
 His burnish'd arms like Jove's own light-
 ning flash'd.
 As in the corn-land of some wealthy
 35 Lord
 The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe,
 Barley or wheat; and fast the trusses fall;
 So Greeks and Trojans mow'd th' opposing
 ranks;
 Nor these admitted thought of faint re-
 treat,
 But still made even head; while those, like
 wolves,

¹ The rainbow set in the heaven by Jupiter (Zeus), son of Saturn (Cronos).

² In Homer's time one of the frightful phantoms of Hades. In later tradition the Gorgons were known as three terrible female monsters, one of whom was Medusa, upon whose face no one could look without being turned to stone.

³ Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, goddess of wisdom.

⁴ Wife of Jupiter and goddess of marriage. Both Pallas and Juno sided with the Greeks.

⁵ Agamemnon.

⁶ Apparently the besieging Greeks had constructed along the shore a temporary fortification, surrounded by a ditch. From this they sallied forth to meet the Trojans on the plain before the city walls.

⁷ Hector, son of Priam and brother of Paris, was the greatest warrior of the Trojans.

⁸ Son of Anchises, later immortalized by Vergil in the *Æneid*.

Rush'd to the onset; Discord, Goddess
 dire,
 Beheld, rejoicing; of the heav'nly pow'rs
 She only mingled with the combatants;
 The others all were absent; they, serene, 5
 Repos'd in gorgeous palaces, for each
 Amid Olympus' deep recesses built.
 Yet all the cloud-girt son of Saturn blam'd,
 Who will'd the vic'try to the arms of Troy.
 He heeded not their anger; but withdrawn 10
 Apart from all, in pride of conscious
 strength,
 Survey'd the walls of Troy, the ships of
 Greece,
 The flash of arms, the slayers and the slain. 15
 While yet 'twas morn, and wax'd the
 youthful day,
 Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people
 fell
 On either side; but when the hour was 20
 come
 When woodmen, in the forest's deep recess,
 Prepare their food, and wearied with the
 toil
 Of felling loftiest trees, with aching arms 25
 Turn with keen relish to their midday
 meal;
 Then Grecian valour broke th' opposing
 ranks,
 As each along the line encourag'd each; 30
 First sprang the monarch Agamemnon
 forth,
 And brave Bienor slew, his people's guard;
 And, with the chief, his friend and chariot-
 eer,
 Oileus; he, down-leaping from the car,
 Stood forth defiant; but between his brows
 The monarch's spear was thrust; nor
 aught avail'd
 The brass-bound helm to stay the weapon's 40
 point;
 Through helm and bone it pass'd, and all
 the brain
 Was shatter'd; forward as he rush'd, he fell.
 Them left he there, their bare breasts 45
 gleaming white,
 Stripp'd of their arms; and hasten'd in
 pursuit
 Of Antiphus and Isus, Priam's sons,
 A bastard one, and one legitimate, 50
 Both on one car; the bastard held the
 reins:
 Beside him stood the gallant Antiphus.
 Them, as they fed their flocks on Ida's
 heights,
 Achilles once had captive made, and bound
 With willow saplings, till for ransom freed.
 The mighty monarch, Agamemnon, drove 5
 Through Isus' breast his spear; his
 weighty sword
 Descended on the head of Antiphus
 Beside the ear, and hurl'd him from his car;
 These of their armour he despoil'd in haste,
 Known to him both; for he had seen them
 oft
 Beside the ships, when thither captive
 brought
 From Ida by Achilles, swift of foot.
 As when a lion in their lair hath seiz'd
 The helpless offspring of a mountain doe,
 And breaks their bones with ease, and with
 strong teeth
 Crushes their tender life; nor can their
 dam,
 Though close at hand she be, avail them
 aught;
 For she herself, by deadly terror seiz'd,
 Through the thick coppice and the forest
 flies,
 Panting, and bath'd in sweat, the mon-
 ster's rush;
 So dar'd no Trojan give those brethren aid,
 Themselves in terror of the warlike Greeks.
 Peisander next, and bold Hippolochus,
 Sons of Antimachus ('twas he who chief,
 Seduc'd by Paris' gold and splendid gifts,
 Advis'd the restitution to refuse 35
 Of Helen to her Lord), the King assail'd;
 Both on one car; but from their hands had
 dropp'd
 The broider'd reins; bewilder'd there they
 stood;
 While, with a lion's bound, upon them
 sprang
 The son of Atreus; suppliant, in the car,
 They clasp'd his knees; "Give quarter,
 Atreus' son,
 Redeem our lives; our sire Antimachus
 Possesses goodly store of brass and gold,
 And well-wrought iron; and of these he fain
 Would pay a noble ransom, could he hear
 That in the Grecian ships we yet surviv'd." 50
 Thus they, with gentle words, and tears,
 imploring;
 But all ungentele was the voice they heard
 In answer; "If indeed ye be the sons

Of that Antimachus, who counsel gave,
When noble Menelaus came to Troy
With sage Ulysses, as ambassadors,
To slay them both, nor suffer their return,
Pay now the forfeit of your father's guilt."¹
He said, and with a spear-thrust through
his breast

Peisander dash'd to earth; backward he
fell.

Down leap'd Antilochus; but with his
sword

Atrides sever'd both his hands and neck,
And in the dust, a headless block, he roll'd.
These left he there; and where the thickest
throng

Maintain'd the tug of war, thither he flew,
And with him eager hosts of well-greav'd
Greeks.

Soon on the Trojans' flight enforc'd they
hung,

Destroying; foot on foot, and horse on
horse;

While from the plain thick clouds of dust
arose

Beneath the armèd hoofs of clatt'ring
steeds;

And on the monarch Agamemnon press'd,
Still slaying, urging still the Greeks to
arms.

As when amid a densely timber'd wood
Light the devouring flames, by eddying
winds

Hither and thither borne, fast falls the
copse

Prostrate beneath the fire's impetuous
course;

So thickly fell the flying Trojans' heads
Beneath the might of Agamemnon's arm;
And here and there, athwart the pass of
war,

Was many an empty car at random whirl'd
By strong-neck'd steeds, of guiding hands
bereft;

Stretch'd on the plain they lay, more
welcome sight

To carrion birds than to their widow'd
wives.

But Hector, from the fray and din of war,
And dust, and blood, and carnage, Jove
withdrew.

Still on Atrides press'd, the Greek pursuit
5 With eager shouts exciting; past the tomb
Of Ilus, ancient son of Dardanus,²

And tow'rd the fig tree, midway o'er the
plain,

Straining to gain the town, the Trojans
fled;

While loudly shouting, his unconquer'd
hands

With carnage dyed, Atrides urg'd their
flight.

15 But when the Scæan³ gates of oak were
reach'd,

They made a stand, and fac'd the foe's
assault.

Some o'er the open plain were yet dis-
pers'd;

20 As heifers, by a lion scatter'd wide,
At dead of night; all fly; on one descends
The doom of death; her with his pow'rful
teeth

25 He seizes, and, her neck first broken, rends,
And on her entrails gorging, laps her blood;
So these the monarch Agamemnon chas'd,
Slaying the hindmost; they in terror fled:
Some headlong, backward some, Atrides'
hand

30 Hurl'd from their chariot many a warrior
bold;

So forward and so fierce he bore his spear.
But as he near'd the city, and stood be-
neath

35 The lofty wall, the Sire of Gods and men
From Heav'n descended; on the topmost
height

Of Ida's⁴ spring-abounding hill he sat;
40 And while his hand the lightning grasp'd,
he thus

To golden-wingèd Iris gave command:
"Haste thee, swift Iris,⁵ and to Hector
bear

45 From me this message; bid him, that as
long

As Agamemnon in the van appears,

¹ The foregoing episode furnishes an example of the way in which Homer sketches in the incidents that preceded the story.

² Founder of Troy.

³ One of the entrances to Troy.

⁴ A mountain range not far from Troy from which the gods watched the combat. Another Mt. Ida in the center of Crete is connected with the worship of Zeus.

⁵ The female messenger of the gods, usually identified with the rainbow.

Raging, and dealing death among the ranks,

He from the battle keep himself aloof,
But urge the rest undaunted to maintain
The stubborn fight; but should Atrides, struck

By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,
He shall from me receive such pow'r to slay,

As to the ships shall bear him, ere the sun
Decline, and Darkness spread her hallow-
ing shade."

Thus he; to Troy, obedient to his word,
From Ida's heights swift-footed Iris sped:

Amid the horses and the well-fram'd cars
The godlike Hector, Priam's son, she found,
And stood beside him, and address'd him thus:

"Hector, thou son of Priam, sage as Jove

In council, he the Universal Lord
Sends thee by me this message; that as long

As Agamemnon in the van appears,
Raging, and dealing death amid the ranks,
Thou from the battle keep thyself aloof,
But urge the rest undaunted to maintain
The stubborn fight; but should Atrides, struck

By spear or arrow, to his car withdraw,
Thou shalt from him receive such pow'r to slay

As to the ships shall bear thee, ere the sun
Decline, and Darkness spread her hallow-
ing shade."

Swift-footed Iris said, and disappear'd;
But from his chariot Hector leap'd to earth,

Hither and thither passing through the ranks,

With brandish'd jav'lins urging to the fight.

Loud, at his bidding, rose the battle cry;
Back roll'd the tide; again they fac'd the
Greeks:

On th' other side the Greeks their masses
form'd,

In line of battle rang'd; oppos'd they
stood;

And in the front, to none content to cede
The foremost place, was Agamemnon seen.

Say now, ye Nine,¹ who on Olympus dwell,

Of all the Trojans and their fam'd Allies,
Who first oppos'd to Agamemnon stood.
5 Iphidamas, Antenor's gallant son,
Stalwart and brave; in fertile Thracia bred,
Mother of flocks; him, in his infant years,
His grandsire Cisseus, fair Theano's sire,
In his own palace rear'd; and when he reach'd

The perfect measure of his glorious youth,
Still in his house retain'd him, and to wife
Gave him his daughter; from the marriage straight

15 He, with twelve beak'd ships that own'd
his sway,

Set forth to join the glory of the Greeks.
His well-trimm'd ships upon Percote's
shore

20 He left; and came himself on foot to Troy;
Who now confronted Atreus' godlike
son.

When near they drew, Atrides miss'd his aim,

25 His spear diverging; then Iphidamas
Beneath the breastplate, striking on his
belt,

Strove with strong hand to drive the
weapon home;

30 Yet could not pierce the belt's close-plaited
work;

The point, encounter'd by the silver fold,
Was bent, like lead; then with his pow'ful
hand

35 The monarch Agamemnon seiz'd the spear,
And tow'rd him drew, and with a lion's
strength

Wrench'd from his foeman's grasp; then
on his neck

40 Let fall his sword, and slack'd his limbs in
death.

There, falling in his country's cause, he
slept

The iron sleep of death; unhappy he,

45 Far from his virgin-bride, yet unpossess'd,
Though bought with costly presents; first
he gave

A hundred steers; and promis'd thousands
more

50 Of sheep and goats from out his countless
flocks.

Him Agamemnon of his arms despoil'd,

¹ The nine Muses, divinities who presided over poetry, the arts, and sciences.

And to the crowd of Greeks the trophies bore.

But when Antenor's eldest-born beheld,
Cöon, th' observ'd of all men, bitt' rest
grief

His eyes o'ershadow'd, for his brother's
fate;

And, unperceiv'd by Atreus' godlike son,
Standing aside, he struck him with his
spear,

Through the mid arm, beneath the elbow's
bend;

And drove right through the weapon's
glitt'ring point.

Writh'd with the pain the mighty King of
men;

Yet from the combat flinch'd he not, nor
quail'd:

But grasping firm his weather-toughen'd
spear

On Cöon rush'd, as by the feet he drew
His father's son, Iphidamas, away,

Invoking all the bravest to his aid;
And as he drew the body tow'rd the crowd,

Beneath the bossy shield the monarch
thrust

His brass-clad spear, and slack'd his limbs
in death;

Then near approaching, ev'n upon the
corpse

Of dead Iphidamas, struck off his head:

So by Atrides' hand, Antenor's sons,
Their doom accomplish'd, to the shades
were sent.

Then through the crowded ranks, with
spear and sword,

And massive stones, he held his furious
course,

While the hot blood was welling from his
arm;

But when the wound was dry, and stanch'd
the blood,

Keen anguish then Atrides' might sub-
dued.

As when a woman in her labour-throes
Sharp pangs encompass, by Lucina sent,
Who rules o'er child-birth travail, ev'n
so keen

The pangs that then Atrides' might sub-
dued.

Mounting his car he bade his charioteer
Drive to the ships; for sore his spirit was
pain'd;

But loud and clear he shouted to the
Greeks:

"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of
Greece,

5 Yours be it now our sea-borne ships to
guard:

Since Jove, the Lord of counsel, through
the day

Wills not that I the battle should main-
tain."

10 He said: and swiftly to the ships were
driv'n

His sleek-skin'd coursers; nothing loth
they flew;

15 With foam their chests were fleck'd, with
dust their flanks,

As from the field their wounded Lord they
bore:

But Hector, as he saw the King retire,
20 To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud:

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans
fam'd

In close encounter, quit ye now like men;
Put forth your wonted valour; from the

25 field
Their bravest has withdrawn, and Jove on
me

Great glory hath shed; now headlong on
the Greeks

30 Urge your swift steeds, and endless honour
gain."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry
breast:

And as a hunter cheers his sharp-fang'd
hounds

On forest boar or lion; on the Greeks
So cheer'd the valiant Trojans Priam's

son,
Illustrious Hector, stern as blood-stain'd

40 Mars.

Bent on high deeds, himself in front ad-
vanc'd,

Fell on the masses as a whirlwind falls,
Lashing with furious sweep the dark-blue

45 sea.

Say then, who first, who last, by
Hector's hand,

Whom Jove had will'd to crown with hon-
our, died.

50 Assæus first, and then Autonöus,
Opites, and Opheltius, Dolops, son

Of Clytus, and Æsumnus, Agelas
And Orus, and the brave Hipponöus;

All these the chiefs of Greece; the nameless
 crowd
 He scatter'd next; as when the west wind
 drives
 The clouds, and battles with the hurricane,
 Before the clearing blast of Notus¹ driv'n;
 The big waves heave and roll, and high
 aloft
 The gale, careering, flings the ocean spray;
 So thick and furious fell on hostile heads
 The might of Hector. Now had fearful
 deeds
 Been done, and Greeks beside their ships
 had fall'n
 In shameful rout, had not Ulysses thus
 To Diomed, the son of Tydeus, call'd:
 "Why, son of Tydeus, should we thus
 relax
 Our warlike courage? come, stand by me
 now,
 True friend! if Hector of the glancing helm
 Our ships should capture, great were our
 disgrace."
 Whom answer'd thus the valiant
 Diomed:
 "Beside thee will I stand, and still endure;
 But brief will be the term of our success,
 Since Jove, the Cloud-compeller, not to us,
 But to the Trojans, wills the victory."
 He said, and from his car Thymbræus
 hurl'd,
 Through the left breast transfix'd:
 Ulysses' hand
 His charioteer, the brave Molion, slew.
 These left they there, no more to share the
 fight;
 Then turning, spread confusion 'mid the
 crowd:
 As turn two boars upon the hunter's pack
 With desp'rate courage, turning so to
 bay,
 Those two, the Trojans scatt'ring, gave the
 Greeks,
 From Hector flying, time again to breathe.
 A car they seiz'd which bore two valiant
 chiefs,
 Sons of Percotian Merops; he, o'er all
 In lore prophetic skill'd, would fain at
 home
 Have kept them from the life-destroying
 war:
 But they, by adverse fate impell'd to seek
 Their doom of death, his warning voice
 despis'd.
 These two, of strength and life at once be-
 reft,
 The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed,
 Stripp'd of their armour; while Ulysses
 slew
 Hippodamus, and bold Hyperochus.
 Thus Jove, from Ida's height beholding,
 held
 His even scale, each party slaught'ring
 each.
 Then with his spear Tydides² through the
 loins
 Agastrophus, the son of Pæon, smote;
 No car had he at hand, whereto to fly:
 But, ill-advis'd, had in th' attendants'
 charge
 His horses left far off; while he himself
 Rush'd 'mid the throng on foot, and met
 his doom.
 Hector's quick glance athwart the files
 beheld,
 And to the rescue, with a shout, he sprang,
 The Trojan columns following; not un-
 mov'd
 The valiant Diomed his coming saw,
 And thus bespoke Ulysses at his side:
 "On us this plague, this mighty Hector,
 falls:
 Yet stand we firm, and boldly meet the
 shock."
 He said, and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous
 spear,
 And not in vain; on Hector's head it
 struck
 His helmet's crest, but, brass encount'ring
 brass,
 Himself it reach'd not; for the visor'd
 helm,
 Apollo's gift, three-plated, stay'd its force.
 Yet backward Hector sprang amid the
 crowd,
 And on his knees he dropp'd, his stalwart
 hand
 Propp'd on the ground; while darkness
 veil'd his eyes.
 But ere Tydides, following up his spear,
 Attain'd from far the spot whereon he
 fell,
 Hector reviv'd, and, mounting quick his
 car,
 Diomed, son of Tydeus.

¹ The south wind.² Diomed, son of Tydeus.

Drove 'mid the crowd, and 'scap'd the
 doom of death.
 Then thus, with threat'ning spear, Tydides
 cried:
 "Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou
 escap'd;
 Thy doom was nigh; but thee thy God
 hath sav'd,
 Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of
 spears,
 Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet
 again;
 When I shall end thee, if a guardian God
 I too may claim; meanwhile from thee I
 turn,
 And others seek on whom my hap may
 light."
 He said, and turn'd him of his arms to
 strip
 The son of Pæon; but beside the stone
 That mark'd where men of old had rais'd
 a mound
 To Ilus, Dardan's son, the ancient chief,
 There crouching, Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's
 lord,
 Against the son of Tydeus bent his bow.
 He from the breast of brave Agastrophus
 Had stripp'd the corslet; from his
 shoulders broad
 The buckler, and the helmet from his head,
 When Paris bent his bow, and not in vain
 His arrow launch'd; Tydides' dexter foot
 Right through it pierc'd, and pinn'd it to
 the ground.
 Joyous he laugh'd, and from his hiding-
 place
 Sprang forth, and thus in tones of triumph
 cried:
 "Thou hast it! not in vain my shaft hath
 flown!
 Would that, deep buried in thy flank, it
 touch'd
 Thy very life! so should our Trojans lose
 Their panic fear, who now on thee with
 dread,
 As bleating goats upon a lion, look."
 To whom, unmov'd, the valiant
 Diomed:
 "Poor archer, trusting to thy bow alone,
 Vile sland'rer and seducer! if indeed
 Thou durst in arms oppos'd to me to stand,
 Nought would avail thy arrows and thy
 bow:
 And now, because thy shaft hath graz'd
 my foot,
 Thou mak'st thine empty boast: I heed
 thee not,
 5 More than a woman or a puny child:
 A worthless coward's weapon hath no
 point.
 'Tis diff'rent far with me! though light it
 fall,
 10 My spear is sharp, and whom it strikes it
 slays.
 His widow's cheeks are mark'd with scars
 of grief,
 His children orphans; rotting on the
 15 ground,
 Red with his blood, he lies, his fun'ral rites
 By carrion birds, and not by women paid."
 Thus while he spoke, Ulysses, spearman
 bold,
 20 Drew near, and stood before him; he, be-
 hind,
 Sat down protected, and from out his foot
 The arrow drew; whereat sharp anguish
 shot
 25 Through all his flesh; and mounting on his
 car
 He bade his faithful charioteer in haste
 Drive to the ships, for pain weigh'd down
 his soul.
 30 Alone Ulysses stood; of all the Greeks
 Not one beside him; all were panic-struck:
 Then with his spirit, perturb'd, he com-
 mun'd thus:
 "Me miserable! which way shall I choose?
 35 Great were the mischief, should I fly, and
 so
 Increase the people's terror; yet 'twere
 worse
 Here to be caught alone; and Saturn's son
 40 With panic fear the other Greeks hath
 fill'd.
 Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as
 these?
 I know that cowards from the battle fly;
 45 But he who boasts a warrior's name must
 learn,
 Wounded or wounding, firmly still to
 stand."
 While in his mind and spirit thus he
 50 mus'd,
 Onward the buckler'd ranks of Trojans
 came,
 And, to their harm, encircled him around.

As when a boar, by dogs and stalwart youths
 Attack'd, the shelt'ring thicket leaves, and whets
 The tusks that gleam between his curvèd jaws;
 They crowd around, though ring his clatt'ring tusks,
 And, fearful though it be, await his rush:
 So crowded round Ulysses, dear to Jove, 10
 The Trojans; he, with brandish'd spear aloft,
 Sprang forth, and through the shoulder, from above,
 Deïopites wounded: Thöon next
 He slew, and Ennomus; then with his spear
 Chersidamas, in act to quit his car,
 Thrust through the loins below his bossy shield:
 Prone in the dust, he clutch'd the blood-stain'd soil.
 From these he turn'd; and wounded with his spear
 Charops, the high-born Socus' brother, son 25
 Of Hippasus; then forward sprang, to aid His brother, godlike Socus; close he stood
 Before Ulysses, and address'd him thus:
 "Far-fam'd Ulysses, as in arms, in wiles
 Unwearied, thou this day o'er both the 30
 sons
 Of Hippasus, two mighty warriors slain,
 And of their armour spoil'd, shalt make thy boast,
 Or by my spear thyself shalt lose thy life." 35
 He said, and on the shield's broad circle struck:
 Through the bright shield the sturdy weapon drove,
 And through the rich-wrought baldrick, 40
 from the ribs
 Tearing the flesh away; but Pallas seiz'd,
 And turn'd it from the vital parts aside.
 The wound, Ulysses knew, was not to death,
 And back he drew, and thus to Socus cried:
 "Ill-fated thou! thy doom hath found thee now!
 Me hast thou hinder'd from the war 50
 awhile;
 But thee to swift destruction and dark death

This day I doom; great glory, of thee subdued,
 Shall I obtain, and Hades take thy soul."
 Thus he: and Socus, turning, sought to fly;
 But as he turn'd him round, Ulysses' spear
 Behind his neck, between the shoulder blades
 Was driv'n, and through his chest; thund'-ring he fell,
 And o'er his fall Ulysses, vaunting, thus:
 "Socus, thou son of warlike Hippasus,
 Here hast thou found, nor couldst escape, thy doom.
 15 Ill-fated thou! nor sire's nor mother's hand
 Shall gather up thy bones, but carrion birds
 O'er thee shall flap their baleful wings, and tear
 Thy mangled flesh; for me, whene'er I die
 20 The sons of Greece will build my fun'ral pile."
 From out his flesh, and from his bossy shield,
 The spear of Socus, as he spoke, he drew;
 And as he drew it forth, out gush'd his blood,
 With anguish keen. The Trojans, when they saw
 Ulysses' blood, with clam'rous shouts
 30 advanc'd
 Promiscuous; he, retiring, shouted loud
 To call his comrades; loud as head of man
 Could bear, he shouted thrice; and thrice his shout
 35 The warlike Menelaus heard, and thus
 To Ajax, standing by his side, he spoke:
 "Ajax, thou Heav'n-born son of Telamon,
 Great chief of men, methinks I hear the voice
 Of stout Ulysses, as though left alone,
 And in the stubborn fight cut off from aid,
 By Trojans over-master'd. Haste we then,
 For so 'twere best, to give him present aid.
 45 Brave though he be, yet left alone, I fear
 Great cause we Greeks may have to mourn his loss."
 He spoke, and led the way; the godlike chief
 Follow'd his steps: Ulysses, dear to Jove,
 Surrounded by the Trojan host they found.
 As hungry jackals on the mountain side
 Around a stag, that from an archer's hand

Hath taken hurt, yet, while his blood was warm
 And limbs yet serv'd, has baffled his pursuit;
 But when the fatal shaft has drain'd his strength,
 Thirsting for blood, beneath the forest shade,
 The jackals seize their victim; then if chance
 A hungry lion pass, the jackals shrink
 In terror back, while he devours the prey;
 So round Ulysses, sage in council, press'd
 The Trojans, many and brave, yet nobly he
 Averted, spear in hand, the fatal hour; 15
 Till, with his tow'r-like shield before him borne,
 Appear'd great Ajax, and beside him stood.
 Hither and thither then the Trojans fled;
 While with supporting arm from out the crowd 20
 The warlike Menelaus led him forth,
 Till his attendant with his car drew near.
 Then Ajax, on the Trojans springing, slew
 Doryclus, royal Priam's bastard son; 25
 Next Pyrasus he smote, and Pandocus,
 Lysander, and Pylartes; as a stream,
 Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n, that from the hills
 Pours down its wintry torrent on the plain; 30
 And many a blighted oak, and many a pine
 It bears, with piles of drift-wood, to the sea:
 So swept illustrious Ajax o'er the plain,
 O'erthrowing men and horses; though unknown 35
 To Hector; he, upon Scamander's banks
 Was warring on the field's extremest left,
 Where round great Nestor¹ and the war-like King 40
 Idomeneus, while men were falling fast,
 Rose, irrepressible, the battle cry.
 Hector, 'mid these, was working wondrous deeds, 45
 With spear and car, routing th' opposèd youth;
 Yet had the Greeks ev'n so their ground maintain'd,
 But godlike Paris, fair-hair'd Helen's lord,
 Through the right shoulder, with a three-barb'd shaft,
 As in the front he fought, Machaon quell'd:
 For him the warrior Greeks were sore afraid,
 Lest he, as back the line of battle roll'd,
 Might to the foe be left; to Nestor then
 Idomeneus address'd his speech, and said:
 "O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,
 Haste thee to mount thy car, and with thee take
 Machaon; tow'rd the vessels urge with speed
 Thy flying steeds; worth many a life is his,
 The skilful leech, who knows, with practis'd hand,
 T' extract the shaft, and healing drugs apply."
 He said: Gerenian Nestor at the word
 Mounted his car, Machaon at his side,
 The skilful leech, sage Æsculapius' son:
 He touch'd his horses; tow'rd the Grecian ships,
 As was his purpose, nothing loth, they flew.
 To Hector then Cebriones, who saw
 Confus'd the Trojans' right, drew near,
 and said:
 "Hector, we here, on th' outskirts of the field,
 O'erpow'r the Greeks; on th' other side, our friends
 In strange confusion mingled, horse and man,
 Are driv'n; among them Ajax spreads dismay,
 The son of Telamon; I know him well,
 And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hangs;
 Thither direct we then our car, where most
 In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage,
 And loudest swells, uncheck'd, the battle cry."
 He said, and with the pliant lash he touch'd
 The sleek-skin'd horses; springing at the sound,

¹ On Mt. Ida have been found two springs answering to Homer's description of the double source of the Scamander.

² A warrior who joined the expedition against Troy in his old age. He was renowned for his wisdom in counsel.

Between the Greeks and Trojans, light
 they bore
 The flying car, o'er corpses of the slain
 And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath
 Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails
 Around the car, as from the horses' feet,
 And from the fellows of the wheels, were thrown
 The bloody gouts; yet on he sped, to join
 The strife of men, and break th' opposing ranks.
 His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks,
 His spear awhile withheld; then through the rest,
 With sword, and spear, and pond'rous stones he rush'd,
 But shunn'd the might of Ajax Telamon.
 But Jove, high thron'd, the soul of Ajax fill'd
 With fear; aghast he stood; his sev'nfold shield
 He threw behind his back, and, trembling, gaz'd
 Upon the crowd; then, like some beast of prey,
 Foot slowly following foot, reluctant turn'd.
 As when the rustic youths and dogs have driv'n
 A tawny lion from the cattle fold,
 Watching all night, and baulk'd him of his prey;
 Rav'ning for flesh, he still th' attempt renews,
 But still in vain: for many a jav'lin, hurl'd
 By vig'rous arms, confronts him to his face,
 And blazing faggots, that his courage daunt;
 Till, with the dawn, reluctant he retreats:
 So from before the Trojans Ajax turn'd,
 Reluctant, fearing for the ships of Greece.
 As near a field of corn, a stubborn ass,
 Upon whose sides had many a club been broke,
 O'erpow'rs his boyish guides, and, ent'ring in,
 On the rich forage grazes; while the boys
 Their cudgels ply, but vain their puny strength,
 Yet drive him out, when fully fed, with ease:
 Ev'n so great Ajax, son of Telamon,
 The valiant Trojans and their fam'd Allies,
 Still thrusting at his shield, before them
 5 drove:
 Yet would he sometimes, rallying, hold in check
 The Trojan host; then turn again to flight,
 Yet barring still the passage to the ships.
 10 Midway between the Trojans and the Greeks
 He stood defiant; many jav'lins, hurl'd
 By vig'rous arms, were in their flight receiv'd
 15 On his broad shield; and many, ere they reach'd
 Their living mark, fell midway on the plain,
 Fix'd in the ground, in vain athirst for blood.
 20 Him thus, hard press'd by thick-thrown spears, beheld
 Eurypylus, Euæmon's noble son.
 He hasten'd up, and aim'd his glitt'ring spear;
 25 And Apisaon, Phausias' noble son,
 Below the midriff through the liver struck,
 And straight relax'd in sudden death his limbs.
 Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoils:
 30 But godlike Paris saw, and as he stoop'd
 From Apisaon's corpse to strip his arms,
 Against Eurypylus he bent his bow,
 And his right thigh transfix'd; the injur'd limb
 35 Disabling, in the wound the arrow broke.
 He 'mid his friends, escaping death, withdrew,
 And to the Greeks with piercing shout he call'd:
 "O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
 Turn yet again, and from the doom of death
 Great Ajax save, hard press'd by hostile
 45 spears:
 Scarce can I hope he may escape with life
 The desp'rate fight; yet bravely stand, and aid
 The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon."
 50 Thus spoke the wounded hero: round him they
 With sloping shields and spears uplifted stood:

Ajax to meet them came; and when he
 reach'd
 The friendly ranks, again he turn'd to bay.
 So rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight.
 Meanwhile the mares of Neleus, 5 By these a splendid goblet, which from
 drench'd with sweat, home
 Bore Nestor and Machaon from the field; Th' old man had brought, with golden
 Achilles saw, and mark'd them where he studs adorn'd:
 stood Four were its handles, and round each two
 Upon his lofty vessel's prow, and watch'd 10 doves
 The grievous toil, the lamentable rout. Appear'd to feed; at either end, a cup.
 Then on his friend Patroclus from the ship Scarce might another move it from the
 He call'd aloud; he heard his voice, and board,
 forth, When full; but aged Nestor rais'd with ease.
 As Mars majestic, from the tent he came: 15 In this, their goddess-like attendant first
 (That day commenc'd his evil destiny) A gen'rous measure mix'd of Pramnian
 And thus Menœtius' noble son began: wine:
 "Why call'st thou? what wouldst thou, Then with a brazen grater shredded o'er
 Peleus' son?" The goatsmilk cheese, and whitest barley
 To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied: 20 meal,
 "Son of Menœtius, dearest to my soul, And of the draught compounded bade
 Soon must the suppliant Greeks before me them drink.
 kneel, They drank, and then, reliev'd the parch-
 So insupportable is now their need. ing thirst,
 But haste thee now, Patroclus, dear to Jove: 25 With mutual converse entertain'd the
 Enquire of Nestor, from the battlefield hour.
 Whom brings he wounded; looking from Before the gate divine Patroclus stood:
 behind The old man saw, and from his seat arose,
 Most like he seem'd to Æsculapius' son, And took him by the hand, and led him in,
 Machaon: but his face I could not see, 30 And bade him sit; but he, refusing, said:
 So swiftly past the eager horses flew." "No seat for me, thou venerable sire!
 He said: obedient to his friend's com- I must not stay; for he both awe and fear
 mand, Commands, who hither sent me to enquire
 Quick to the tents and ships Patroclus ran. What wounded man thou hast; I need not
 They, when they reach'd the tent of 35 ask,
 Neleus' son, I know Machaon well, his people's guard.
 Descended to the ground; Eurymedon My errand done, I must my message bear
 The old man's mares unharness'd from the Back to Achilles; and thou know'st thy-
 car, self,
 While on the beach they fac'd the cooling 40 Thou venerable sire, how stern his mood:
 breeze, Nay, sometimes blames he, where no blame
 Which from their garments dried the is due."
 sweat; then turn'd, To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
 And in the tent on easy seats repos'd. "Whence comes Achilles' pity for the
 For them the fair-hair'd Hecamede mix'd 45 Greeks
 A cordial potion; her from Tenedos, By Trojan weapons wounded? knows he
 When by Achilles ta'en, the old man not
 brought; What depth of suff'ring through the camp
 Daughter of great Arsinöus, whom the prevails?
 Greeks 50 How in the ships, by arrow or by spear
 On him, their sageest councillor, bestow'd. Sore wounded, all our best and bravest lie?
 Before them first a table fair she spread, The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,
 Well polish'd, and with feet of solid bronze; Pierc'd by a shaft; Ulysses by a spear,

And Agamemnon's self; Eurypylus
By a sharp arrow through the thigh trans-
fix'd;

And here another whom but now I bring
Shot by a bow, from off the battlefield:
Achilles, valiant as he is, the while
For Grecian woes nor care nor pity feels.
Waits he, until our ships beside the sea,
In our despite, are burnt by hostile fires,
And we be singly slain? not mine is now
The strength I boasted once of active limbs.
Oh, that such youth and vigour yet were
mine,

As when about a cattle-lifting raid
We fought th' Eleans; there Itymoneus
I slew, the son of brave Hyperochus,
Who dwelt in Elis¹; and my booty drove.
He sought to guard the herd; but from my
hand

A jav'lin struck him in the foremost ranks: 20
He fell, and terror seiz'd the rustic crowd.
Abundant store of plunder from the plain
We drove; of horn'd cattle fifty herds;
As many flocks of sheep, as many droves
Of swine, as many wide-spread herds of 25
goats,

And thrice so many golden-chestnut mares,
The foals of many running with their dams.
To Pylos, Neleus' city, these we drove
By night; and much it gladden'd Neleus' 30
heart,

That I, though new to war, such prize had
won.

When morn appear'd, the clear-voic'd
heralds call'd

For all to whom from Elis debts were due;
Collected thus, the Pyliaus' leading men
Division made; for Elis ow'd us much;
Such wrongs we few in Pylos had sustain'd.
The might of Hercules in former years
Had storm'd our town, and all our bravest
slain.

Twelve gallant sons had Neleus; I of these
Alone was left; the others all were gone.
Whence over-proud, th' Epeians treated us 45
With insult, and high-handed violence.

A herd of oxen now, and num'rous flock
Of sheep, th' old man selected for himself,
Three hundred, with their shepherds; for
to him

Large compensation was from Elis due.
Train'd to the course, four horses, with
their cars,

He for the Tripod² at th' Elean games
5 Had sent to run; these Augeas, King of
men,

Detain'd, and bade the drivers home return,
Bootless, and grieving for their horses' loss.
Th' old man his words resenting, and his
acts,

Large spoils retain'd; the rest among the
crowd

He shar'd, that none might lose his portion
due.

15 These we dispos'd of soon, and to the Gods
Due off'rings made; but when the third
day rose,

Back in all haste, in numbers, horse, and
foot,

Our foes return'd; with them the Molion
twins,

Yet boys, untutor'd in the arts of war.
Far off, by Alpheus' banks, th' extremest
verge

Of sandy Pylos, is a lofty mound,
The city of Thryum; which around, intent
To raze its walls, their army was encamp'd.
The plain already they had overspread;
When Pallas from Olympus' heights came
down

In haste, and bade us all prepare for war.
On no unwilling ears her message fell,
But eager all for fight; but me, to arm
Neleus forbade, and ev'n my horses hid,
35 Deeming me yet unripe for deeds of war.

Yet so, albeit on foot, by Pallas' grace
A name I gain'd above our noblest horse.
There is a river, Minyis by name,
Hard by Arene, flowing to the sea,

40 Where we, the Pyliau horse, expecting
morn,

Encamp'd, by troops of footmen quickly
join'd.

Thence in all haste advancing, all in arms,
We reach'd, by midday, Alpheus' sacred
stream.

There, too'er-ruling Jove our off'rings made,
To Alpheus and to Neptune each a bull,
To Pallas, blue-ey'd Maid, a heifer fair.

50 In order'd ranks we took our ev'ning meal,

¹ In the northwestern part of the Peloponnesus. In its principal town, Olympia, were held the celebrated games in honor of Zeus.

² Trophy.

And each in arms upon the river's brink
Lay down to rest; for close beside us lay
Th' Epeians, on the town's destruction
bent.

Then saw they mighty deeds of war dis- 5
play'd;

For we, as sunlight overspread the earth,
To Jove and Pallas praying, battle gave.
But when the Pyliaus and th' Epeians met,
I first a warrior slew, and seiz'd his car, 10
Bold spearman, Mulius; Augeas' son-in-
law,

His eldest daughter's husband, Agamede,
The yellow-hair'd, who all the virtues knew
Of each medicinal herb the wide world 15
grows.

Him, with my brass-tipp'd spear, as on he
came,

I slew; he fell; I, rushing to his car,
Stood 'mid the foremost ranks; th' 20
Epeians brave

Fled diverse, when they saw their cham-
pion fall,

Chief of their horsemen, foremost in the
fight.

With the dark whirlwind's force, I onward
rush'd,

And fifty cars I took; two men in each
Fell to my spear, and bit the bloody dust.

Then Actor's sons, the Molions, had I 30
slain,

Had not th' Earth-shaking God,¹ their
mighty sire,

Veil'd in thick cloud, withdrawn them from
the field. 35

Then Jove great glory to the Pyliaus gave;
For o'er the wide-spread plain we held
pursuit,

Slaying, and gath'ring up the scatter'd
arms,

Nor till corn-clad Buprasium and the rock
Olenian, and Alesium, term'd the Mound,
Stay'd we our steeds; there Pallas bade
us turn.

There the last man I slew, and left; the 45
Greeks

Back from Buprasium drove their flying cars
To Pylos, magnifying all the name,
'Mid men, of Nestor, as 'mid Gods, of Jove.

Such once was I 'mid men, while yet I was; 50
Now to himself alone Achilles keeps.

His valour; yet hereafter, when the Greeks
Have perish'd all, remorse shall touch his
soul.

Dear friend, remember now th' injunctions
giv'n

By old Menœtius, when from Phthian
land

He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid:

I, and Laertes' godlike son,² within,

10 Heard all his counsel; to the well-built
house

Of Peleus we on embassy had come,
Throughout Achaia's fertile lands to raise
The means of war; Menœtius there we
found,

Achilles, and thyself within the house;

While in the court-yard aged Peleus slew
And to the Lord of thunder offer'd up

A fatten'd steer; and from a golden bowl
O'er the burnt off'ring pour'd the ruddy
wine.

We two, while ye were busied with the
flesh,

Stood at the gate; surpris'd, Achilles rose,

25 And took us by the hand, and bade us sit,
Dispensing all the hospitable rites.

With food and wine recruited, I began

My speech, and urg'd ye both to join the
war:

Nor were ye loth to go; much sage advice
Your elders gave; old Peleus bade his son

To aim at highest honours, and surpass

His comrades all; Menœtius, Actor's son,
To thee this counsel gave: 'My son,' he

35 said,

'Achilles is by birth above thee far;

Thou art in years the elder; he in strength
Surpasses thee; do thou with prudent words

And timely speech address him, and advise

40 And guide him; he will, to his good, obey.'
"Such were the old man's words; but
thou hast let

His counsel slip thy mem'ry; yet ev'n now
Speak to Achilles thus, and stir his soul,

If haply he will hear thee; and who knows

But by the grace of Heav'n thou mayst
prevail?

For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r.
But if the fear of evil prophesied,

Or message by his Goddess-mother³
brought

¹ Zeus (Jove), with his thunderbolts.

² The sea nymph Thetis.

³ Ulysses.

From Jove, restrain him, let him send thee
forth

With all his force of warlike Myrmidons,¹
That thou mayst be the saving light of
Greece.

Then let him bid thee to the battle bear
His glitt'ring arms; if so the men of Troy,
Scar'd by his likeness, may forsake the
field,

And breathing time afford the sons of 10
Greece,

Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been
theirs.

Fresh and unwearied, ye with ease may
drive

To their own city, from our ships and tents,
The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied
men."

Thus he; Patroclus' spirit within him
burn'd,

And tow'rd Achilles' tent in haste he sped.
But, running, as Ulysses' ship he pass'd,
Where was the Council and the Justice-
seat,

And where were built the altars of the 25
Gods,

There met him, halting from the battle-
field,

Shot through the thigh, Euæmon's Heav'n-
born son,

Eurypylus; his head and shoulders dank
With clammy sweat, while from his
grievous wound

Stream'd the dark blood; yet firm was
still his soul.

Menœtius' noble son with pity saw,
And deeply sorrowing thus address'd the
chief:

"Woe for the chiefs and councillors of
Greece!

And must ye, far from friends and native
home,

Glut with your flesh the rav'ning dogs of
Troy?

Yet tell me this, Heav'n-born Eurypylus; 45
Still do the Greeks 'gainst Hector's giant
force

Make head? or fall they, vanquish'd by
his spear?"

To whom with prudent speech, 50
Eurypylus:

"No source, Heav'n-born Patroclus, have
the Greeks

Of aid, but all must perish by their ships:
For in the ships lie all our bravest late,

5 By spear or arrow struck, by Trojan hands;
And fiercer, hour by hour, their onset
grows.

But save me now, and lead me to the ships;
There cut the arrow out, and from the
wound

With tepid water cleanse the clotted blood:
Then soothing drugs apply, of healing
pow'r,

Which from Achilles, thou, 'tis said, hast
learn'd, 15

From Chiron,² justest of the Centaurs, he.
For Podalirius and Machaon both,

Our leeches, one lies wounded in the tents,
Himself requiring sore the leech's aid;

20 The other on the plain still dares the fight."

To whom again Menœtius' noble son:

"How may this be? say, brave Eurypylus,
What must I do? a messenger am I,

Sent by Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,
With tidings to Achilles; yet ev'n so

I will not leave thee in this weary plight."

He said, and passing his supporting hand
Beneath his breast, the wounded warrior
led

30 Within the tent; th' attendant saw, and
spread

The ox-hide couch; then as he lay reclin'd,
Patroclus, with his dagger, from the thigh

35 Cut out the biting shaft; and from the
wound .

With tepid water cleans'd the clotted
blood;

Then, pounded in his hands, a root applied
Astringent, anodyne, which all his pain

40 Allay'd; the wound was dried, and
stanch'd the blood.

Between Book XI and Book XXII the battle continues, participated in by both gods and men. Patroclus, most beloved friend of Achilles, goes out clad in the latter's armour and is slain by Hector. A large part of the succeeding action is taken up with a description of the fight between the Trojans and the Greeks over his body. Filled with rage and grief for the death of his friend, Achilles re-enters the conflict. As Book XXII opens, Achilles has scattered the Trojans before

¹ In the *Iliad* Achilles himself is king of the warlike Myrmidons.

² The famed centaur who brought up Achilles and taught him riding, hunting, and music.

him. All but Hector, who is guarded by Phæbus Apollo, take refuge within the city.

BOOK XXII

Achilles slays Hector

The fugitives, who thus, like tim'rous fawns,
Sought refuge in the city, dried their 10
sweat,
And drank, and quench'd their thirst, reclining safe
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet 15
Hector still
In front of Ilium and the Scæan gate,
Stay'd by his evil doom, remain'd without.
Then Phœbus thus to Peleus' godlike son:
"Achilles, why with active feet pursue, 20
Thou mortal, me Immortal? know'st thou
not

My Godhead, that so hot thy fury burns?
Or heed'st thou not that all the Trojan
host
Whom thou hast scar'd, while thou art
here withdrawn,
Within the walls a refuge safe have found?
On me thy sword is vain! I know not
death!"

Enrag'd, Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Deep is the injury, far-darting King,
Most hostile of the Gods, that at thy hand
I bear, who here hast lur'd me from the
walls,

Which many a Trojan else had fail'd to
reach,

Ere by my hand they bit the bloody dust.
Me of immortal honour thou hast robb'd,
And them, thyself from vengeance safe, 40
hast sav'd:

Had I the pow'r, that vengeance thou
shouldst feel."

Thus saying, and on mightiest deeds
intent,

He turn'd him city-ward, with fiery speed;
As when a horse, contending for the prize,
Whirls the swift car, and stretches o'er
the plain,

Ev'n so, with active limbs, Achilles rac'd. 50

Him first theaged Priam's eyes discern'd,

¹ The star Sirius which shines at night in the winter and spring only. At the end of summer, it appears just before dawn.

Scouring the plain, in arms all dazzling
bright,

Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant
ray

5 Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
Whom men the dog-star of Orion ¹ call;
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man
Of evil augury, and fiery heat:

So shone the brass upon the warrior's
breast.

The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting
high

His hands, he beat his head, and with loud
voice

Call'd on his son, imploring; he, unmov'd,
Held post before the gates, awaiting there
Achilles' fierce encounter; him his sire,
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone,
address'd:

20 "Hector, my son, await not here alone
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate
succumb,

Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!
Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal
Gods

25 So favour'd him as I! then should his
corpse

Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose)

30 By whom I am of many sons bereav'd,
Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold
To distant isles in slav'ry; and e'en now,
Within the city walls I look in vain
For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore,

35 My gallant sons, by fair Læthœ:
If haply yet they live, with brass and gold
Their ransom shall be paid; good store of
these

We can command; for with his daughter
fair

A wealthy dow'ry aged Altes gave.
But to the viewless shades should they
have gone,

Deep were their mother's sorrow and my
own;

45 But of the gen'ral public, well I know
Far lighter were the grief, than if they
heard

That thou hadst fall'n beneath Achilles'
hand.

Then enter now, my son, the city gates,

And of the women and the men of Troy
 Be still the guardian; not to Peleus' son,
 With thine own life, immortal glory give.
 Look too on me with pity; me, on whom,
 Ev'n on the threshold of mine age, hath
 Jove
 A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see
 My sons struck down, my daughters
 dragg'd away
 In servile bonds; our chambers' sanctity 10
 Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands
 Dash'd to the ground; and by ferocious
 Greeks
 Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd
 sons.
 On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,
 When by some foeman's hand, by sword or
 lance,
 My soul shall from my body be divorc'd;
 Those very dogs which I myself have bred, 20
 Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,
 Shall lap my blood, and over-gorg'd shall
 lie
 Ev'n on my threshold. That a youth
 should fall
 Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,
 May well beseem his years; and if he fall
 With honour, though he die, yet glorious
 he!
 But when the hoary head and hoary beard, 30
 And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are
 giv'n,
 No sadder sight can wretched mortals see."
 The old man spoke, and from his head he
 tore
 The hoary hair; yet Hector firm remain'd.
 Then to the front his mother rush'd, in
 tears,
 Her bosom bare, with either hand her
 breast
 Sustaining, and with tears address'd him
 thus:
 "Hector, my child, thy mother's breast
 revere;
 And on this bosom if thine infant woes 40
 Have e'er been hush'd, bear now in mind,
 dear child,
 The debt thou ow'st; and from within the
 walls
 Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field 50
 Encounter; curs'd be he! should he pre-
 vail,
 And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,
 My child, my own, the offspring of my
 womb,
 Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,
 But far away, beside the Grecian ships,
 Thy corpse shall to the rav'ning dogs be
 giv'n."
 Thus they, with tears and earnest
 pray'rs imploring,
 Address'd their son; yet Hector firm re-
 main'd,
 Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike
 son.
 As when a snake upon the mountain side,
 With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole
 15 Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,
 Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances
 darts;
 So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector
 stood,
 Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler
 propp'd
 Against the jutting tow'r; then, deeply
 mov'd,
 Thus with his warlike soul communion
 25 held:
 "Oh, woe is me! if I should enter now
 The city gates, I should the just reproach
 Encounter of Polydamas, who first
 His counsel gave within the walls to lead
 The Trojan forces, on that fatal night
 When great Achilles in the field appear'd.
 I heeded not his counsel; would I had!
 Now, since my folly hath the people slain,
 I well might blush to meet the Trojan
 35 men,
 And long-rob'd dames of Troy, lest some
 might say,
 To me inferior far, 'This woful loss
 To Hector's blind self-confidence we owe.'
 40 Thus shall they say; for me, 'twere better
 far,
 Or from Achilles, slain in open fight,
 Back to return in triumph, or myself
 To perish nobly in my country's cause.
 45 What if my bossy shield I lay aside,
 And stubborn helmet, and my pond'rous
 spear
 Propping against the wall, go forth to
 meet
 Th' unmatched Achilles? What if I engage
 That Hellen's self, and with her all the
 spoil,
 And all that Paris in his hollow ships

Brought here to Troy, whence first this
 war arose,
 Should be restor'd; and to the Greeks be
 paid
 An ample tribute from the city's stores,
 Her secret treasures; by solemn oath
 Binding the Trojans nothing to conceal,
 But fairly to the distribution bring
 Whate'er of wealth our much-lov'd city
 holds?
 But wherefore entertain such thoughts,
 my soul?
 Should I so meet him, what if he should
 show
 Nor pity nor remorse, but slay me there,
 Defenceless as a woman, and unarm'd?
 Not this the time, nor he the man, with
 whom
 By forest oak or rock, like youth and maid,
 To hold light talk, as youth and maid 20
 might hold.
 Better to dare the fight, and know at once
 To whom the vict'ry is decreed by
 Heav'n."

Thus, as he stood, he mus'd; but near 25
 approach'd
 Achilles, terrible as plum'd Mars;
 From his right shoulder brandishing aloft
 The ashen spear of Peleus,¹ while around
 Flash'd his bright armour, dazzling as the 30
 glare
 Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.
 Fear at the sight on valiant Hector seiz'd;
 Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but
 left
 The gates behind, and, terror-stricken,
 fled.
 Forward, with eager step, Pelides rush'd.
 As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,
 From some high mountain top, on tim'rous 40
 dove
 Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath,
 in fear,
 Evades the stroke; he, dashing through
 the brake,
 Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin'd
 prey;
 So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles
 flew,
 So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,
 50 Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.

They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the
 wall
 Where stood the wind-beat fig tree, rac'd
 amain
 5 Along the public road, until they reach'd
 The fairly-flowing fount whence issued
 forth,
 From double source, Scamander's eddying
 streams.
 10 One with hot current flows, and from be-
 neath,
 As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise;
 'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold
 As hail, or snow, or water crystallis'd;
 15 Beside the fountains stood the washing-
 troughs
 Of well-wrought stone, where erst the
 wives of Troy
 And daughters fair their choicest garments
 wash'd,
 In peaceful times, ere came the sons of
 Greece.
 There rac'd they, one in flight, and one
 pursuing;
 25 Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,
 With fiery speed; for on that race was
 stak'd
 No common victim, no ignoble ox:
 The prize at stake was mighty Hector's
 life.
 As when the solid-footed horses fly
 Around the course, contending for the
 prize,
 Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft;
 35 So rac'd they thrice around the walls of
 Troy
 With active feet; and all the Gods beheld.
 Then thus began the Sire of Gods and
 men:
 "A woful sight mine eyes behold; a man
 I love in flight around the walls! my heart
 For Hector grieves, who, now upon the
 crown
 Of deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again
 45 On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest
 bulls
 Hath pil'd mine altar; whom around
 the walls,
 With flying speed, Achilles now pursues.
 50 Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from
 death

¹ The gigantic spear of Achilles's father made from a whole ash tree by Chiron — which only Achilles had the strength to wield.

If we shall rescue him, or must he die,
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand?"

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess, Pallas,
thus:

"O Father, lightning-flashing, cloud-girt
King,

What words are these? wouldst thou a
mortal man,

Long doom'd by fate, again from death
preserve?

Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus re-
plied:

"Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly
I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose:
Have then thy will, and draw not back thy
hand."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas'
zeal,

And from Olympus' heights in haste she
sped.

Meanwhile on Hector, with untiring
hate,

The swift Achilles press'd: as when a
hound,

Through glen and tangled brake, pursues
a fawn,

Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain
side;

And if awhile it should evade pursuit,
Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he
back,

Searching unwearied, till he find the trace;
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,

The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates

Beneath the well-built tow'rs, if haply
thence

His comrades' weapons might some aid
afford;

So oft his foeman, with superior speed,
Would cut him off, and turn him to the
plain.

He tow'rd the city still essay'd his flight;
And as in dreams, when one pursues in
vain,

One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks
As vainly to pursue; so could not now

Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.
Yet how should Hector now the doom of
death

Have 'scaped, had not Apollo once again
And for the last time, to his rescue come,

And giv'n him strength and suppleness of
limb?

Then to the crowd Achilles with his head
Made sign that none at Hector should

presume
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and
so

The greater glory obtain, while he himself
Must be contented with the second place.

10 But when the fourth time in their rapid
course

The founts were reach'd th' Eternal
Father hung

His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one,

15 For Hector one, and held them by the
midst:

Down sank the scale, weighted with
Hector's death,

20 Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his
side.

Then to Pelides came the blue-ey'd
Maid,

And stood beside him, and bespoke him
thus:

25 "Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that
now

To thee and me great glory shall accrue
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the flight.

30 Escape he cannot now, though at the feet
Of ægis-bearing Jove, on his behalf,

With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fall.
But stay thou here and take thy breath,

while I
35 Persuade him to return and dare the
fight."

So Pallas spoke; and he, with joy obey-
ing,

40 Stood leaning on his brass-barb'd ashen
spear.

The Goddess left him there, and went (the
form

And voice assuming of Deiphobus)
In search of godlike Hector; him she

45 found,
And standing near, with winged words
address'd:

"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been
bested

By fierce Achilles, who around the walls
Hath chas'd thee with swift foot; now

stand we both
For mutual succour, and his onset wait."

To whom great Hector of the glancing
helm:
"Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been
Still dearest to my heart; and now the more
I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,
Seeing my peril, from within the walls
To sally forth, while others skulk behind."
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus
replied:
"With many pray'rs, good brother, both
our sire
And honour'd mother, and our comrades
all
Successively implored me to remain;
Such fear is fall'n on all; but in my soul
On thine account too deep a grief I felt.
Now, forward boldly! spare we not our
spears;
Make trial if Achilles to the ships
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued."
Thus Pallas lur'd him on with treach'-
rous wile;
But when the two were met, and close at
hand,
First spoke great Hector of the glancing
helm:
"No more before thee, Peleus' son, I
fly:
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor
dar'd
Await thine onset; now my spirit is rous'd
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke;
The surest witnesses and guardians they
Of compacts: at my hand no foul disgrace
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy
life
To me be forfeit; of thine armour stripp'd
I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks
Thy body to restore; do thou the like."
With fierce regard Achilles answer'd
thus:
"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,
Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells:
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior
Mars.
Mind thee of all thy fence; behoves thee
now
To prove a spearman skill'd, and warrior
brave.
For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death; my com-
rades' blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now
aveng'd."
He said, and poisoning, hurl'd his weighty
spear;
But Hector saw, and shunn'd the blow;
he stoop'd,
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd
spear,
And in the ground was fix'd; but Pallas
drew
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back.
Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless
son:
"Thine aim has fail'd; nor truly has my
fate,
Immortal son of Peleus, been to thee
From Heav'n reveal'd; such was indeed
thy boast;
But now it seems that flippant was thy
speech,
And cunningly devis'd, in hopes that I
Might by thy vaunts be terrified, and so
Forgetful of my fame and prowess prove.
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,
if Jove
But through my breast, confronting thee,
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph
giv'n.
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude;
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!
For lighter were to Troy the load of war,
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert
slain."
He said, and poisoning, hurl'd his pond'-
rous spear;
Nor miss'd his aim; full in the midst he
struck
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the
shield
The weapon bounded off. Hector was
griev'd,
That thus his spear had bootless left his
hand.

He stood aghast; no second spear was
 nigh:
 And loudly on Deiphobus he call'd
 A spear to bring; but he was far away.
 Then Hector knew that he was dup'd, and
 cried,
 "O Heav'ns! the Gods above have
 doom'd my death!
 I deem'd indeed that brave Deiphobus
 Was near at hand; but he within the walls
 Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd.
 Now is my death at hand, nor far away:
 Escape is none; since so hath Jove de-
 creed,
 And Jove's far-darting son,¹ who hereto-
 fore
 Have been my guards; my fate hath found
 me now.
 Yet not without a struggle let me die,
 Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,
 Which future days may hear of, mark my
 fall."
 Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he
 drew,
 Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;
 Collected for the spring, and forward
 dash'd:
 As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
 Through the dark clouds swoops down-
 ward on the plain,
 To seize some tender lamb, or cowering
 hare;
 So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-
 edg'd sword.
 Achilles' wrath was rous'd: with fury wild
 His soul was fill'd: before his breast he
 bore
 His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on
 his brow
 Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the
 breeze
 Floated the golden hairs, with which the
 crest
 By Vulcan's² hand was thickly interlac'd;
 And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,
 When twilight yields to night, one star
 appears,
 Hesper,³ the brightest star that shines in
 Heav'n,
 Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which
 in his right

Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom
 Intent, and scanning eagerly to see
 Where from attack his body least was
 fenc'd.
 All else the glitt'ring armour guarded well,
 Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had
 stripp'd;
 One chink appear'd, just where the collar
 bone
 The neck and shoulder parts, beside the
 throat,
 Where lies expos'd the swiftest road of
 death.
 There levell'd he, as Hector onward rush'd;
 Right through the yielding neck the lance
 was driv'n,
 But sever'd not the windpipe, nor de-
 stroy'd
 His pow'r of speech; prone in the dust he
 fell;
 And o'er him, vaunting, thus Achilles
 spoke:
 "Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,
 Thy hope was that thyself wast safe;
 and I,
 Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:
 Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,
 I, his avenger, mightier far than he;
 I, who am now thy conqu'ror. By the dogs
 And vultures shall thy corpse be foully
 torn,
 While him the Greeks with fun'ral rites
 shall grace."
 Whom answer'd Hector of the glancing
 helm;
 Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy
 knees,
 Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech,
 Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.
 Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,
 Which as my ransom by my honour'd sire
 And mother shall be paid thee; but my
 corpse
 Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
 May deck with honours due my fun'ral
 pyre."
 To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles
 thus:
 "Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate
 to me
 Of parents! such my hatred, that almost

¹ Apollo, god of the sun, Hector's protector.

² The Evening Star.

³ Son of Jupiter, god of fire, and divine armorer.

I could persuade myself to tear and eat
Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to
avenge.

He lives not, who can save thee from the
dogs;

Not though with ransom ten and twenty
fold

He here should stand, and yet should
promise more;

No, not though Priam's royal self should
sue

To be allow'd for gold to ransom thee;

No, not ev'n so, thy mother shall obtain

To lay thee out upon the couch, and mourn

O'er thee, her offspring; but on all thy
limbs

Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their
feast."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing
helm,

Dying: "I know thee well; nor did I hope

To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.

But see that on thy head I bring not down

The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæan
gate

The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid

Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee
down."

Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in
death;

And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,

Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour
lost.

To him, though dead, Achilles thus
replied:

"Die thou! my fate I then shall meet,
whene'er

Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so de-
cree."

He said, and from the corpse his spear
withdrew,

And laid aside; then stripp'd the armour
off,

With blood besmear'd; the Greeks around
him throng'd,

Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,

And none approach'd that did not add a
wound:

And one to other look'd, and said, "Good
faith,

Hector is easier far to handle now,

Than when erewhile he wrapp'd our ships
in fire."

Thus would they say, then stab the dead
anew.

But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Had stripp'd the armour from the corpse,

5 he rose,

And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks
address'd:

"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of
Greece,

10 Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to
slay,

Whose single arm hath wrought us more
of ill

Than all the rest combin'd, advance we
now

Before the city in arms, and trial make

What is the mind of Troy; if, Hector slain,

They from the citadel intend retreat,

Or still, despite their loss, their ground
maintain.

But wherefore entertain such thoughts,
my soul?

Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies

Patroclus; whom I never can forget,

25 While number'd with the living, and my
limbs

Have pow'r to move; in Hades though the
dead

May be forgotten, yet ev'n there will I

30 The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep.

Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,

Glad pæans singing! with us he shall go;

Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector
slain,

35 The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd."

He said, and foully Hector's corpse
misus'd;

Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon
through,

40 That from the ankle passes to the heel,

And to his chariot bound with leathern
thongs,

Leaving the head to trail along the ground;

Then mounted, with the captur'd arms,

45 his car,

And urg'd his horses; nothing loth, they
flew.

A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd:

Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust

50 Was laid that noble head, so graceful once;

Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's de-
cree,

In his own country, at a foeman's hand.

So lay the head of Hector; at the sight
 His aged mother tore her hair, and far
 From off her head the glitt'ring veil she
 threw,
 And with loud cries her slaughter'd son 5
 bewail'd.
 Piteous, his father groan'd; and all around
 Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.
 Such was the cry, as if the beetling height
 Of Ilium all were smould'ring in the fire. 10
 Scarce was the old man by the crowd re-
 strain'd
 From issuing forth beyond the Dardan
 gates;
 Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all, 15
 Entreating by his name each sev'ral man:
 "Forbear, my friends; though sorrowing,
 stay me not;
 Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,
 And there implore this man of violence, 20
 This haughty chief, if haply he my years
 May rev'rence, and have pity on my age.
 For he too has a father, like to me;
 Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred,
 The bane of Troy; and, most of all, to 25
 me
 The cause of endless grief, who by his hand
 Have been of many stalwart sons bereft.
 Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less
 lament,
 Than one, whose loss will sink me to the
 grave.
 Hector! oh, would to Heav'n that in mine
 arms
 He could have died; with mourning then 35
 and tears
 We might have satisfied our grief, both she
 Who bore him, hapless mother, and my-
 self."
 Weeping, he spoke; and with him wept 40
 the crowd:
 Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd
 forth
 Her vehement grief: "My child, oh,
 whither now,
 Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,
 Of thee, who wast to me by night and day
 A glory and a boast; the strength of all
 The men of Troy, and women? as a God
 They worshipp'd thee: for, living, thou on 50
 all
 Great glory shedd'st; but fate hath found
 thee now."

Weeping, she spoke; but nought as yet
 was known
 To Hector's wife; to her no messenger
 Had brought the tidings, that without the
 walls
 Remain'd her husband; in her house with-
 drawn
 A web she wove, all purple, double woof,
 With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery,
 And to her neat-hair'd maids she gave
 command
 To place the largest caldrons on the fire,
 That with warm baths, returning from the
 fight,
 15 Hector might be refresh'd; unconscious
 she,
 That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,
 Far from the bath, was godlike Hector
 slain.
 The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the
 tow'r;
 Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her
 hand,
 And to her neat-hair'd maidens thus she
 spoke:
 "Haste, follow me, some two, that I may
 know
 What mean these sounds; my honour'd
 mother's voice
 30 I hear; and in my breast my beating heart
 Leaps to my mouth; my limbs refuse to
 move;
 Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends.
 Be unfulfill'd my words! yet much I fear
 Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,
 By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,
 Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage
 quench'd,
 Which ever led him from the gen'ral ranks
 Far in advance, and bade him yield to
 none."
 Then from the house she rush'd, like
 one distract,
 With beating heart; and with her went
 45 her maids.
 But when the tow'r she reach'd, where
 stood the crowd,
 And mounted on the wall, and look'd
 around,
 And saw the body trailing in the dust,
 Which the fleet steeds were dragging to the
 ships,
 A sudden darkness overspread her eyes;

Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit
 away.
 Far off were flung th' adornments of her
 head,
 The net, the fillet, and the woven bands; 5
 The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,
 That day when Hector of the glancing
 helm
 Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.
 The sisters of her husband round her 10
 press'd,
 And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay.
 But when her breath and spirit return'd
 again,
 With sudden burst of anguish thus she 15
 cried:
 "Hector, oh, woe is me! to misery
 We both were born alike; thou here in
 Troy
 In Priam's royal palace; I in Thebes, 20
 By wooded Placos, in Eëtion's house,
 Who nurs'd my infancy; unhappy he,
 Unhappier I! would I had ne'er been
 born!
 Now thou beneath the depths of earth art 25
 gone,
 Gone to the viewless shades; and me hast
 left
 A widow in thy house, in deepest woe;
 Our child, an infant still, thy child and 30
 mine,
 Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him,
 Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee:
 For though he 'scape this tearful war with
 Greece, 35
 Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless
 woe,
 And strangers on his heritage shall seize.
 No young companions own the orphan
 boy:
 With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd
 with tears,
 His father's friends approaching, pinch'd
 with want,
 He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
 He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity
 some
 May at their tables let him sip the cup,
 Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate
 touch;
 While youths, with both surviving parents
 bless'd,
 May drive him from their feast with blows
 and taunts,
 'Begone! thy father sits not at our board':
 Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's
 arms
 He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,
 Who on his father's knees erewhile was fed
 On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs;
 And, when in sleep his childish play was
 hush'd,
 Was lull'd to slumber in his nurse's arms
 On softest couch, by all delights sur-
 rounded.
 But grief, his father lost, awaits him now,
 Astyanax, of Trojans so surnam'd,
 Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and
 guard.
 But now on thee, beside the beak'd ships,
 Far from thy parents, when the rav'ning
 dogs
 Have had their fill, the wriggling worms
 shall feed;
 On thee, all naked; while within thy house
 Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the
 work 35
 Of women's hands; these will I burn with
 fire;
 Not for thy need — thou ne'er shalt wear
 them more —
 40 But for thine honour in the sight of Troy."
 Weeping she spoke; the women join'd
 her wail.

THE ODYSSEY

The *Iliad* is a story of fighting: the *Odyssey* is a story of wandering and discovery. In the wanderings of Ulysses (Odysseus) we see reflected the growing national consciousness of the extent of the world. There are some who incline to the opinion that every nation undergoes a period of exploration and that tales of wandering are products of the experiences of that period. Such, it is maintained, are the Arabian *Voyages of Sinbad*, the Hebrew *Exodus* (Wanderings) of Moses, the Indian *Ramayana* and the Irish *Voyage of Brendan*. The *Odyssey* served as a model for the wandering part of the *Æneid*, as the *Iliad* did for the fighting part. The spirit of the poem is, in general, more romantic than that of the *Iliad*. It deals with strange peoples

and far-off lands; with giants, sirens, and sorceresses, with islands where all is peace and plenty, with shipwrecks and hairbreadth escapes. Odysseus is far different from Achilles, the hero of the *Iliad*. He is the very embodiment of bold craftiness and resourcefulness, and more realistic than the sentimental hero of sophisticated romance.

The adventure here given is the famous escape from the cave of the Cyclops, a terrible one-eyed giant. Like a considerable number of Odysseus's adventures, it is brought into the poem as related by the hero some time after the actual occurrence. Odysseus, whose home was on the island of Ithaca, accompanied the Greek heroes to Troy much against his will. At the siege of Troy he was distinguished for his bravery and cunning, and his wisdom in counsel. On his way home after the fall of Troy he was driven out of his course and had a series of adventures. These constitute the substance of the *Odyssey*. He visited the land of the Lotus Eaters, the island of the Cyclops, the island of Æolus, keeper of the winds, and the island of cannibals. He resisted the spells of Circe, the sorceress; he visited the underworld; he heard the song of the Sirens and lived to tell the tale; he passed successfully between the perilous whirlpool and rock of Scylla and Charybdis; he visited the island of the sacred oxen of the Sun; he was shipwrecked and cast ashore on the island of Ogygia and remained there for eight years with the lovely enchantress Calypso; he was again shipwrecked and thrown upon the shores of the island of the Phæacians, where he was kindly received by the beautiful princess Nausicaa and by her father King Alcinous. Through the help of the Phæacians he finally reached his home again. Here he found his wife Penelope besieged by unwelcome suitors but still faithful to him. He slew the suitors unceremoniously and resumed his quiet life as king of Ithaca. Tennyson, following another and later tradition preserved by Dante, represents him in his *Ulysses* as tiring of the monotony of life at home, setting forth with a few chosen followers, sailing far out into the Atlantic Ocean toward the Happy Isles, and finally being swept into the great gulf at the edge of the world.

In the excerpt here given, Odysseus relates his adventures to King Alcinous.

The selection in this volume is from the translation of Sir William Marris, Oxford University Press, London, etc., 1925.

BOOK IX

Then deep Odysseus answered him and said:

"Alcinous, Prince, renowned o'er all the people,

Yea, 'tis a joy to listen to a minstrel

Such as is this one, like the gods in voice. 10

For me, I know of no such perfect pleasure

As when good cheer hath hold of all the people,

And feasters in the halls in order sitting

List to a singer, having tables by them
Laden with bread and meat, and the wine-bearer

Draws from the mixing bowl and serves the wine

And pours it in the cups: this to my mind 20

Is of all things the fairest. But thy heart

Inclines to ask me of my mournful sorrows —

More pain and grief for me! What shall I tell thee

Or first, or last of all? for woes abundant

The gods who live in heaven have given me.

First will I tell my name, so that ye too
May know it; and that I hereafter, when

5 I have escaped the day that knows not pity,

May be your host, though far away I dwell.

"I am Laertes' son, Odysseus, known

To men for all my wiles, and unto heaven

My fame has gone. I live in Ithaca,

Clear-seen, where is a mountain, Neriton,
With waving woods, conspicuous from

afar:

15 And round about are many islands lying

One by another close, Dulichium,

And Samê, and Zacynthus of the woods.

Low on the sea it lies, nearest the gloom;

Apart, the others face the dawn and sun:

A rugged isle, but a good nurse of youth.

And for myself, no sweeter sight I know

Than a man's land. Calypso, that fair goddess,

Would, well I know, have kept me with
25 her there

In her deep caves, desiring me for mate:

So too would Circe, that *Ææan* witch,
 Have kept me by her, wanting me for
 mate;
 But they could never sway my heart
 within me;
 So surely nought is sweeter than a man's
 Own land and parents, even though he
 dwell
 Far off in a rich house in a strange land,
 Away from his begetters. But come, let
 me
 Tell thee too of my woful journeying,
 Which Zeus laid on me as I came from
 Troy.
 "The wind that carried me from Ilios ¹ 15
 bore me
 Nigh to the Cicones, to Ismarus;
 And there I sacked their town and slew
 their men,
 And from the town the women and much ²⁰
 wealth
 We took, and shared them, that so far as
 lay
 With me, no one might go without his
 share.
 Then I insisted we should flee hot-foot,
 But they in their great folly would not
 hearken:
 Much wine was drunk, and by the shore
 they slew
 Whole herds of sheep and rolling, shamb-
 ling kine.
 But meanwhile went the Cicones and
 called
 For help to other Cicones, their neigh- ³⁵
 bours,
 But braver and more numerous, who
 dwelt
 Up-country, and could fight from chariots,
 Or, if need were, on foot. So in the morn- ⁴⁰
 ing
 They came, as thick as leaves or flowers
 that spring
 In season; there and then encompassed
 us,
 Unlucky men, an evil doom from Zeus,
 To make us suffer heavily. They set
 Their battle in array by the swift ships
 And fought, and either host assailed the
 other
 With bronze-tipped spears. As long as it
 was morn
 And sacred day was waxing, we main-
 tained
 Our ground and kept their greater masses
 off;
 5 But when the sun turned to the loos-
 ing time
 Of cattle, then the Cicones drove in
 And routed us *Achæans*; of each ship
 Fell six mailed comrades, but the rest of us
 Escaped from death and doom.
 "Thence we sailed onward, sorrowful
 at heart,
 Glad of escape from death, but having lost
 Our dear companions: nor would I let
 move
 My curving ships, till we had called three
 times
 On each of those poor fellows who had
 fallen
 20 Slain by the Cicones upon the plain.
 But Zeus who rolls the clouds stirred the
 North wind
 Against my ships in fearful storm, and hid
 Both land and sea: and night tore down
 25 from heaven.
 Then headlong drave the ships, and sails
 were rent
 To ribbons by the violence of the gale:
 And so we stowed them in the hold, in fear
 30 Of death, and pulled for land with all our
 strength.
 There without break we lay two days and
 nights
 Eating our hearts in pains and weariness,
 But when at last the fair-haired Dawn ful-
 filled
 The third day, then we stepped the masts
 and hoisted
 White sails, and down we sate, while winds
 and pilots
 Guided the ships. And now should I have
 come
 To mine own land unscathed, but wave
 and current
 45 And North wind beat me back, as I was
 rounding
 Cape Malea, and swept me past Cythera.
 "There for nine days was I by ravening
 winds
 50 Borne o'er the fishy deep; but on the
 tenth
 We lighted on the Lotus Eaters' land,
 1 Troy.

Who eat a flowery food. We went ashore
 there,
 And took in water, and my comrades made
 Their meal at once by the swift ships.
 Now when
 We had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth
 some
 Of my command to go and learn what
 manner
 Of men were these who lived on earth by 10
 bread.
 Two men I chose, and sent a third as
 herald.
 So straight they went, and with the Lotus
 Eaters
 They mixed, nor did the Lotus Eaters plot
 My fellows' death, but gave them of the
 lotus
 To taste. Now whosoe'er of them did eat
 The honeyed lotus fruit had no more wish 20
 To bring back news nor to return; but
 longed
 To sojourn there among the Lotus Eaters,
 Eating the lotus, careless of return.
 Therefore by force I brought them back 25
 in tears,
 And dragged and bound them in the hol-
 low ships
 Below the thwarts: and ordered all the
 rest
 Of my true comrades to make haste aboard
 The speedy ships, lest anyone should eat
 The lotus, and forget his homeward way.
 So quickly they embarked, and sitting well
 In order smote the grey sea with their oars. 35
 "Thence we sailed onward, sorrowful at
 heart,
 And reached the land of the Cyclôpes,
 proud
 And lawless folk. They plant not with 40
 their hands
 Nor plough, relying on the immortal gods;
 But all things grow for them unsown, un-
 tilled,
 Barley and wheat and vines, with clusters 45
 full
 Of wine, and Zeus sends rain to prosper
 them.
 They have no gatherings in moot, nor laws;
 But dwell upon the tops of the high hills 50
 In hollow caves, and each lays down the
 law

Unto his wives and children; and they
 reckon
 Nothing of one another.
 "Athwart the harbour of the Cyclôpes'
 5 land
 A shaggy island stretches, neither near
 To shore nor yet far off, a wooded isle
 Where multitudinous the wild goats breed;
 For no man's tread affrights them, nor do
 trackers,
 Used to a hard life in the woods as they
 Range o'er the mountain tops, come ever
 thither:
 Nor is it overrun with flocks or ploughings,
 15 But all the time unsown, untill it lies
 Forlorn of men, and feeds the bleating
 goats.
 For the Cyclôpes have by them no ships
 With vermeil¹ cheeks; nor keep they
 ship-builders
 To build them sturdy barks which might
 fulfil
 All their desires, sailing to towns of men
 (As oft men cross the sea in ships to go
 To one another) such as might have made
 Even their isle a thriving settlement.
 For in no wise is it a sorry land,
 But would bear all things in their season,
 since
 30 It has soft water-meadows by the shores
 Of the grey sea, where never vines need
 fail,
 And level arable there is, whence they
 Might cut deep crops in season, for the
 soil
 Is very rich below. Also the isle
 Has a fair haven, with no need of moorings,
 Nor to cast anchor nor to fasten ropes,
 But one may beach one's ship and tarry
 there
 Till crews are minded to put forth, and
 winds
 Blow fair: and at the harbour's head a
 spring
 Of sparkling water wells up from a cave,
 And round it poplars grow. In there we
 sailed,
 And through the dark night some god
 guided us;
 Light there was none to see by; for a fog
 Lay thick about the ships, and the moon
 gave

¹ Vermillion, red.

No light from heaven, but was beset by
 clouds.
 Then no man's eyes beheld the island, nor
 Saw we the long waves rolling on the
 beach,
 Before we ran our sturdy ships ashore.
 And having beached them there, we low-
 ered all
 The sails, and stepped out on the strand
 ourselves,
 And fell asleep and waited for bright Dawn.
 "But when the early rose-fingered Dawn
 Appeared, we roamed in wonder through
 the isle;
 And the wood nymphs, daughters of Zeus 15
 who bears
 The ægis,¹ stirred the mountain goats, to
 give
 My company a meal. Anon we took
 Our curving bows and long spears from the 20
 ships,
 And forming in three troops began the
 chase,
 And soon the god gave us abundant game.
 Twelve ships had I with me; to each nine 25
 goats
 Fell, and for me alone they picked out ten.
 So all day long till set of sun we sate
 Feasting on meat abundant and sweet
 wine;
 For the red wine was not yet spent from
 out
 Our ships, but some was left; for each of us
 Had drawn great store in pitchers, when
 we took
 The sacred fortress of the Cicones.
 And we looked out upon the Cyclôpes'
 land
 Who dwelt near by, and saw the smoke
 and heard
 The noise of men and sheep and goats.
 But when
 The sun had set and darkness had come on
 Then we lay down to rest upon the beach.
 And at the break of rosy-fingered Dawn 45
 I called my men together and I spake
 For all to hear:
 "Stay here, the rest of you, my trusty
 mates,
 But I will go with mine own ship and crew 50
 To prove yon men, what kind of folk they
 are,
 And whether cruel, savage, and unjust,
 Or good to guests, and of god-fearing
 mind.'
 "With that aboard my ship I went and
 bade
 5 My comrades board her too, and loose the
 moorings.
 Quickly they boarded her and manned the
 thwarts,
 10 And sitting well in order smote with oars
 The grey salt sea. But when we neared
 the land
 That lay hard by, at the land's end we saw
 Close to the sea a high cave roofed with
 laurels,
 Where many flocks of sheep and goats
 were used
 To lie o' nights: and round about was
 built
 A high enclosure of deep-bedded stones,
 Set with tall pines and lofty leafy oaks.
 That was the night lair of a monster man,
 Who kept his lonely flocks far off, nor
 mixed
 25 With others, but in solitude he lived
 And thought his lawless thoughts. For
 he was fashioned
 A fearsome monstrous thing — not like a
 man
 30 Who lives by bread, but like some shaggy
 peak
 Of towering hill that stands out all alone.
 "And now I bade the rest of my true
 men
 35 Abide there by the ship, and guard the
 ship.
 While I picked out the twelve best of my
 mates
 And took them with me. Now I had a skin
 40 Of dark, sweet wine: 'twas Maro gave it
 me,
 Euanthes' son, priest of Apollo who
 Is guardian god of Ismarus, because
 Him we had rescued with his wife and child
 45 And treated with all reverence, for he
 Dwelt in Apollo's densely wooded grove.
 Fine gifts they were he gave me; of
 wrought gold
 Seven talents, and a bowl of solid silver;
 And furthermore he filled a dozen jars
 With sweet unwatered wine, a drink for
 gods:

¹ A symbol or protective talisman associated chiefly with Zeus.

None of his slaves or handmaids knew of it,
 Only his wife and he, and one house-dame:
 Whene'er they drank that honey-sweet red
 wine,
 He used to mix one cup of it with twenty 5
 Measures of water, and the mixing bowl
 Gave forth a marvellous sweet smell; and
 then
 Indeed it were no pleasure to abstain.
 With that same wine I filled up a great 10
 skin,
 And took it, and some victuals in a wallet;
 For my high spirit instantly foreboded
 That there would come against me a wild
 man,
 Clad in great strength, nor knowing rights
 nor laws.
 "Soon to the cave we came, but found
 him not
 Within, for he was herding his fat flocks 20
 Afield; so we explored the cave and stared
 At all it held. The crates were full of
 cheeses;
 The pens were crammed with lambs and
 kids; each kind
 Was penned apart, the firstlings by them-
 selves,
 And then the later lambs, and then the
 younglings.
 With whey the pans were swimming, and 30
 the pails
 And well-made buckets into which he
 milked.
 Then spake my men and begged me first
 to take
 Some cheeses and be gone; and then to
 haste
 And drive the kids and lambs out from the
 pens
 To our swift ship, and so make sail across 40
 Salt water. Yet I did not listen to them
 (Far better if I had!), but stayed to see
 The man himself, and whether he would
 give me
 The due of strangers. But his coming 45
 was not
 Predestined to bring gladness to my men.
 "So then we lit a fire and sacrificed,
 And of the cheeses took ourselves and ate,
 And sate inside and waited for him, till 50
 Driving his flocks he came. A mighty load
 He carried of dry wood for supper-time,
 And tossed it with a crash inside the cave,
 And shuddering in a niche we shrank: but
 he
 Drave his fat flocks into the roomy cave —
 I mean, all those he used to milk — the
 males,
 Both sheep and goats, he left in the deep
 yard
 Outside. And then he raised a huge great
 stone
 And sealed the door. Not two and twenty
 wains —
 Stout four-wheel wains — could lift from
 earth a rock
 As big as that wherewith he barred the
 door. 15
 Then down he sate and all in turn he
 milked
 The ewes and bleating goats, and 'neath
 each dam
 He placed her young. And presently he
 curdled
 Half the white milk, and set and laid it by
 In wicker bowls, and half he stood in pans
 For him to take and drink at supper-time;
 25 And having finished all his busy work,
 Then he relit the fire, and sighted us,
 And asked:
 "Strangers, who are ye? and from
 whence d'ye sail
 The waterways? are ye out after trade,
 Or roving free like pirates o'er the brine,
 Who roam abroad at hazard of their lives
 And bring mischance on men of alien
 lands?"
 35 "So said he, and our hearts within were
 broken
 For fear of his deep voice and monstrous
 self;
 Yet even so I spake and answered him:
 "'See thou, we are Achæans, wanderers
 From Troy, and straggling o'er the great
 sea gulf
 With every wind that blows. Making for
 home
 We have come another road, by other
 paths:
 For doubtless Zeus was pleased to will it
 so.
 We claim that we are Agamemnon's men,
 50 The son of Atreus: even now his fame
 Is highest under heaven, because he sacked
 So great a city and destroyed much people.
 But we have lighted here, and to thy knees

Are come, if haply thou wilt show us wel-
 come,
 Or otherwise endow us, as is due
 To strangers. Nay, strong sir, regard the
 gods;
 We are thy suppliants, and Zeus vindicates
 Strangers and suppliants, that god of
 strangers
 Who still attendeth reverend sojourners.'
 • "I spake, and quickly from his iron heart 10
 He answered me. 'Stranger, thou art a
 fool,
 Or thou art come from far, that biddest me
 Or fear or shun the gods. We Cyclopes
 folk
 Care not for Zeus who bears the ægis, nor
 The blessed gods, because we are in truth
 Much better folk than they: nor would I
 spare
 Thee or thy friends, to shun the wrath of 20
 Zeus,
 Save as my own heart bade. But at thy
 coming
 Tell me, where hast thou moored thy
 sturdy ship,
 At the land's end? or near by? let me
 know.'
 "He spake to try me, but I knew too
 much
 For him to catch me so: and in my turn 30
 I made him answer with a cunning tale.
 "'My ship Poseidon, lord of earthquake,
 smote
 And brake upon the rocks at your land's
 end:
 For he had brought her all too nigh the
 headland,
 And the wind swept her in from the deep
 sea:
 But I and these escaped the plunge to 40
 death.'
 "I spake; and he out of his iron heart
 Made me no answer; but sprang up and
 laid
 Hands on my comrades. Two at once he 45
 gripped
 And smashed them down like puppies on
 the ground,
 And the brain stuff ran out and wet the
 earth.
 Then limb from limb he carved them, and
 prepared
 His supper; like a mountain lion he ate
 And left not guts nor flesh nor marrow
 bones.
 But with a wail we raised our hands to
 Zeus,
 5 At sight of deeds so foul, and helplessness
 Laid hold on us. But when the Cyclopes
 had
 Filled his big belly, eating human flesh
 And drinking pure milk after, down he lay
 Inside the cave, stretched out among his
 flocks.
 Then bracing up my nerves I planned to
 steal
 Up near, and draw my sharp sword from
 my thigh, 15
 And pierce his chest, just where the mid-
 riff holds
 The liver, feeling for the spot to strike;
 But second thoughts restrained me, for
 right there
 We too had plunged to death; because our
 hands
 Had not the strength to shove from the
 tall door
 25 The ponderous stone he set against it. So
 We waited moaning for the flush of Dawn.
 "But when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
 Appeared, then he relit the fire, and milked
 His goodly flocks all in due turn, and set
 Her young beneath each ewe. Then when
 he had
 Finished his busy work, once more he
 clutched
 Two men at once, and got his breakfast
 35 ready.
 And having fed, he drave his fat flocks
 forth
 Moving the big stone lightly, though he
 set it
 Back in its place again, as one might fit
 A lid upon a quiver. Then he turned
 His fat flocks to the mountains, whistling
 loud.
 But I was left behind devising evil
 Deep in my heart, if anyway I might
 Take vengeance, and Athene grant me
 glory.
 "Now to my mind seemed this the best
 device.
 50 Beside a pen there lay the Cyclopes' club.
 A huge one, of green olive; he had cut it
 To walk with, when it should be dry. And
 we,

Beholding it, compared it to the mast
Of a black ship of twenty oars for size,
Some portly freighter crossing the great
gulf;

So long it was, so thick to look upon.
To this I came and cut off as it were
A fathom's length and gave it to my men
And bade them fine it down: they made
it smooth,

And I stood by and sharpened it; and next 10
I took and hardened it in the bright fire;
And then I hid it carefully away
Under the dung which lay about the cave
In heaps: and told my comrades to cast
lots

Among them, which should brave the risk
with me,

To lift the beam and grind it in his eye,
When sweet sleep came on him. Now the
lot fell

On those whom I myself would fain have
picked;

Four men, and I was numbered as the
fifth.

"At evening then he came, herding his 25
flocks

Of goodly fleece. Into the cave he drove
His fatlings, one and all, and left outside
None in the court; or of his own presage,
Or as some god directed. Then he lifted 30
And set the great stone in its place again,
And sate and milked his sheep and bleating
goats

In order, and to each ewe set her young.
And when he had finished all his busy work, 35
Again he seized two men, and got his supper.

Then near I drew, holding an ivy bowl
Of the dark wine, and to the Cyclops said:

"Take and drink wine, O Cyclops, 40
now that thou

Hast eaten of man's meat, and know what
kind

Of drink was this our galley stowed: for I
Was bringing thee drink offering in the 45
hope

That thou wouldst pity me and send me
home;

But thy mad rage is past endurance.
Monster,

How can another of all men that be
Ever again come nigh thee, seeing that
Thy deeds are so unrighteous?"

"At that he took the cup and emptied it,
And tasting the sweet drink was wildly
pleased,

And asked me for it yet a second time:

5 "'Give me again, of thy good will: and
say

What is thy name at once, that I may
give thee

A stranger's gift whereat thou mayst be
glad.

'Tis true, among my folk grain-giving
earth

Bears mighty clusters of the grape, and
Zeus

15 Sends rain to give them increase: but this
is

A rill of nectar and ambrosia.'

"At that I gave him the bright wine
again,

20 Nay, thrice I brought and gave it him,
and thrice

He drank it up, the fool. Howbeit when
The wine had run around the Cyclops'
wits,

I said to him at last persuasively:

"Cyclops, thou askest me my famous
name.

Well, I will tell thee, and do thou grant me
A stranger's gift, as thou hast promised me.

My name is Noman. Noman I am called
By those who got me, and by all my men.'

"So said I, and anon he answered me

Out of his iron heart: 'Noman will I

Eat last among his company, and all

35 The rest before him: that shall be thy
gift.'

"He spake, and reeled and fell upon his
back;

And there he lay, with his gross neck awry,
And sleep that conquers all laid hold of
him.

And from his gullet came forth wine and
bits

Of human flesh, and in his drunken stupor
He vomited. Then, then I thrust the stake

In the deep ashes till it should grow hot,
And heartened all my men with cheering
words,

That no one out of fright should flinch
from me;

50 And when the bar of olive presently,
Green though it was, was ready to catch
fire

And had a horrid glow, then I came near
 And drew it from the fire. My men stood
 by,
 And some god breathed great courage into
 us.
 They took the sharpened stake of olive
 wood
 And rammed it in his eye, and from above
 I pressed and twirled it round. As when
 a man
 Bores a ship's timber with a drill, which
 those
 Below keep spinning with a strap of hide
 Held at each end, while still the drill runs
 on,
 So in his eye we held and twirled the stake
 Pointed with fire, and round the red-hot
 thing
 Ran out the blood. His eyelids and his
 brows
 Were all singed round with burning, as the
 eyeball
 Burned out until its roots cracked in the
 flame.
 And as a smith dips a great axe or adze
 To temper it, loud-hissing, in cold water
 (For hence it is the iron gets its strength)
 So hissed his eyeball round the olive stake.
 Then horribly he screamed till the rock
 rang,
 And back we shrank in terror, while he
 pulled
 The stake all foul with blood out of his eye
 And flung it from him, writhing with his
 hands.
 Then loud he called on the Cyclôpes, who
 Dwelt round in caves along the windy
 heights;
 And at his cry from every side they
 thronged,
 And asked what ailed him, gathering round
 the cave:
 "'What hath distressed thee, Poly-
 phemus, so,
 That thus thou criest through the im-
 mortal night,
 Making us sleepless? Can it be some
 mortal
 Is driving off thy flocks, in spite of thee
 Or slaying thee thyself by guile or force?' 50
 "Then said strong Polyphemus from the
 cave:

'Friends, Noman is it that is killing me
 By guile, and not by force.'
 "And they replied to him with wingéd
 words:
 5 'If no man then is doing violence
 To thee there all alone, thou canst not
 hope
 To 'scape a sickness sent by mighty Zeus.
 No, pray thou to our father, king Posei-
 10 don.'
 "With that away they went; and my
 heart laughed
 That the smart trick I played them with
 my name
 15 Had so misled them. But the Cyclôps,
 groaning
 And travailing in pain, groped with his
 hands
 And pulled away the door-stone, and him-
 20 self
 Sate at the door with both hands out, to
 catch
 Whoever tried to slip out with the sheep:
 Apparently he hoped I was a fool!
 25 But I thought hard — 'What is the very
 best
 To do? If only I can find some way
 To save my comrades and myself from
 death!'
 30 All kinds of counsels and of craft I wove
 As will a man for life; for mighty harm
 Was nigh; and this plan seemed to me the
 best.
 "There were the rams — well-fed and
 35 thick of fleece,
 Fine beasts and large, with violet-dark
 wool;
 Them very quietly I lashed together
 With twisted withes¹ whereon that law-
 40 less monster,
 The Cyclôps, used to sleep. Three at a
 time
 I took: now of the three, each middle ram
 Would bear a man, while those on either
 flank
 Would screen him as they walked. Every
 three sheep
 Thus bore their man. But as for me —
 one ram
 50 There was, by far the best of all the flock;
 Him by the back I seized, and curled be-
 low

¹ Willow twigs.

His woolly paunch, and face upturned lay
 there,
 Twisting my hands into his wondrous
 fleece,
 And clung with steadfast heart. So for 5
 the time
 Moaning we waited for the flush of dawn.
 "As soon as early rosy-fingered Dawn
 Appeared, then all the rams dashed out to
 graze,
 While round the pens bleated the ewes
 un milked,
 Their udders tight to bursting. Now their
 master,
 Worn with great torment, felt along the 15
 backs
 Of all the sheep as they stood up before
 him,
 But lacked the wit to guess how 'neath the
 breasts
 Of his fine fleecy sheep my men were
 lashed.
 Rearguard of all the flock, stalked out the
 ram
 Cumbered with wool and with my cunning 25
 self:
 And handling him strong Polyphemus said:
 "'Old ram, why is it, pray, thou art
 the last
 Of all the flock to leave the cave? Of old 30
 Thou wert not wont to lag behind the
 sheep,
 But with thy bounding stride wert far the
 first
 To graze upon the soft bloom of the grass, 35
 The first to gain the river streams, the first
 To hurry home to fold at eventide;
 But now art last of all! Thou mournest
 surely
 For thy lord's eye, which a bad man put 40
 out,
 He and his scurvy fellows, when he had
 Made weak my wits with wine, I mean
 Noman,
 Who has not yet, I say, escaped perdition. 45
 Oh, couldst thou feel as I do, and become
 Articulate to tell me where he skulks
 Shunning my wrath, then would I batter
 him,
 And dash his brains out broadcast on the 50
 floor!
 So should my heart be lightened of the ills

Which good-for-nothing Noman hath
 brought me.'

"So saying he sent forth from him the
 ram.

Now having gone a space from cave and
 court,

First I unloosed myself from 'neath the
 ram,

And then I freed my men. Quick we drove
 on

That herd of long-legs, rich in fat, and
 often

Turned to look round, until we reached
 the ship.

And to our mates glad was the sight of us
 Who had escaped from death, and for the
 others

They would have moaned and wailed; but
 I forbade

20 And with a frown I checked them, and
 gave orders

To throw the mob of fleecy sheep on board,
 And sail the salt sea water. They made
 haste

Aboard and manned the thwarts,¹ and
 sitting well

In order smote the grey sea with their oars:
 And being gone as far as shouts would
 carry

I called unto the Cyclôps, mocking him:
 "'So, Cyclôps, 'twas no coward's
 company

That thou wert going to eat by brutal force
 Within thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds

Were fated to come home to thee full tale,
 Thou cruel wretch, that hadst no shame
 to eat

The guests beneath thy roof: wherefore
 hath Zeus

And all the other gods requited thee.'

"So said I, and the more enraged at
 heart

He grew, and snapped the top off a great
 hill,

And heaved it at us, and it plunged in
 front

Of my blue-headed ship, and 'neath the
 splash

Surged up the sea. The back wash like a
 flood

Bore back the ship and drave her to the
 shore;

¹ Rowers' seats reaching athwart a boat.

But I caught up a long pole in my hands
 And thrust her sideways. With a nod I
 urged
 My men, and bade them bend them to
 their oars
 To 'scape the danger: so they bent and
 rowed.
 And having now put twice the space of
 water
 Between us, then once more was I about 10
 To hail the Cyclôps, but my comrades
 stayed me,
 First one and then another, with soft
 words:
 "Mad fool, why want to rouse a savage 15
 man,
 Who but now cast his missile in the deep
 And drave our ship back to the land?
 Why, we
 Thought we had perished there! If he had 20
 heard
 The slightest speech or sound from one of
 us,
 He would have heaved a jagged rock and
 smashed
 Our timbers, and our heads: so strong he
 throws.'
 "But all they said could not dissuade my
 pride,
 And in my wrath I called to him again: 30
 'Cyclôps, if any man of mortal men
 Shall ask thee of thy blind deformity,
 Say that it was Odysseus made thee blind,
 Sacker of fortresses, Laertes' son,
 Who dwells in Ithaca.'
 "So said I, and he answered with a
 groan:
 'Lo now, in very truth the oracles
 Of old have found me out! Here there
 was once
 A seer, a good tall man, called Telemus,
 The son of Eurymus, pre-eminent
 In prophecy, who prophesied in his old
 age
 Among the Cyclôpes folk: he told me that 45
 These things should all hereafter be fulfilled,
 And I be blinded at Odysseus' hands.
 But I was looking always for some tall
 Fine man, clad in great strength, to come 50
 this way;
 And now a puny, worthless, weakling fellow
 Hath robbed me of mine eye, when he had
 made me
 Undone with wine! But come thou here,
 Odysseus,
 5 That I may set before thee gifts of friendship,
 And speed thy sending, that the great
 Earth-shaker
 May grant it thee, seeing I am his son
 And he avows his fatherhood. And he
 Will heal me, if it is his will; but none
 Beside, of blessed gods, or mortal men.'
 "So spake he, and I answered him and
 said:
 'Would that I were as sure of strength to
 rob thee
 Of life and soul and send thee on thy way
 To Hades' house, as I am sure that even
 The lord of earthquake will not heal thine
 eye.'
 "So said I, and he prayed to king
 Poseidon,
 Stretching his hands out to the starry
 heaven:
 25 'Hear me, Poseidon,¹ who dost girdle
 earth,
 Thou dark-haired lord! if I am thy true
 son,
 And thou avowest thee my father, grant
 30 This man may never reach his home —
 Odysseus,
 Sacker of fortresses, Laertes' son,
 Who dwells in Ithaca. Yet if he is
 Ordained to see his friends again and
 35 reach
 His well-built house and mother country,
 then
 Late let him come, in evil case, alone,
 His comrades lost, upon a stranger ship;
 40 And in his household find calamities.'
 "So spake he praying, and the dark-
 haired god
 Gave hearing. But again the Cyclôps
 raised
 A stone on high far greater than the first;
 And swung and hurled it, putting in his
 throw
 Immeasurable strength. A span behind
 My blue-prowed ship he slung it and just
 missed
 The rudder-tip. And with its splash the
 sea

¹ Neptune, an old enemy of Ulysses.

Surged up, whereof the wash bore on the ship
 And drove her nearer to the further shore.
 "But when we reached the island, where the rest
 Of our stout ships were lying all together,
 Our comrades seated round about them grieving,
 And watching for us still, on making land
 We beached our ship upon the sands and stepped
 Ourselves out on the shore. And then we took
 The Cyclops' sheep out of the hollow ship,
 And shared them, that so far as in me lay
 No man should go without his equal share;
 Only the ram my armoured fellows chose,
 When they made distribution of the flock,
 As special gift for me: and on the beach
 I offered him to Zeus, the son of Cronos,¹

God of the thunder cloud and lord of all;
 And burned the thigh pieces. But he misprised
 My offering, and was planning to destroy
 5 All my stout ships and all my trusty men.
 "So all day long till set of sun we sate
 Feasting on meat abundant and sweet wine,
 And when the sun set and the dark came on,
 Then we lay down to sleep upon the shore.
 But when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
 Appeared, I roused my men and bade them go
 Aboard and loose the moorings. Swift
 they went
 Aboard, and manned the thwarts and sitting well
 In order smote the grey sea with their oars.
 So we sailed onward, sorrowful at heart,
 Glad at escape from death, but having lost
 Our dear companions."

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS

(ca. B.C. 235-181)

Apollonius of Rhodes, poet and grammarian, was born, perhaps at Alexandria, about the middle of the third century B.C. He was a pupil of the famous Alexandrian poet Callimachus, but in later life disagreed with his teacher rather sharply on certain critical questions. Their chief point of difference was that Callimachus was out of patience with the old models and was looking toward the new, while Apollonius despised the artificial and learned poetry of the Alexandrians and used as his models the ancient epic poets.

After his disagreement with Callimachus, Apollonius left Alexandria and went to Rhodes, where he was well received as a teacher of rhetoric. Later he returned to Alexandria and held the post of librarian from about 194 B.C. until his death.

His only surviving work is the *Argonautica*.

ARGONAUTICA

The *Argonautica* is an epic poem in four books dealing with the quest of Jason and his companions for the Golden Fleece. The narrative is simple and straightforward, and the author makes much use of the artistic devices of Homer. No one could mistake it for one of the ancient epics, however, for its representation of the heroic age is easily recognizable as the product of study rather than of direct experience. It also differs from the early Greek epic in its emphasis on the strange and romantic. It contains many passages of fine descriptive force, and the character of Medea is drawn with strong dramatic feeling. The poem was very popular among the Romans of the Augustan Age, and Vergil used parts of it as sources for some of his finest scenes. Apollonius's Medea is looked upon by many as the literary forerunner of Vergil's Dido. The poem as a whole was imitated by Valerius Flaccus in a Latin work of the same title.

The general outline of the story upon which the *Argonautica* is based is as follows: Pelias, king of Iolcus in Thessaly, had deprived his half-brother Æson of the sovereignty. He wished also to get rid of Æson's son Jason. Accordingly he induced Jason to undertake the quest of

¹ Saturn in Roman mythology. The godhead preceding Jupiter; the latter overthrew his father, gave Neptune the realm of the seas and Pluto the sway over the lower regions.

the golden fleece which hung on an oak tree in the grove of Ares in Colchis, and was guarded by a dragon. Jason commanded Argus, son of Phrixus, to build a ship, which was called the *Argo*. Accompanied by a group of famous heroes, he set sail for Colchis. After many adventures, the voyagers landed in Colchis at the mouth of the river Phasis. Medea, daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, fell in love with Jason and helped him to get possession of the fleece, on condition that he would take her back to Thessaly as his wife. The Argonauts fled, taking with them the fleece and Medea. They were pursued by various bands of Colchians, especially by the one in charge of Apsyrtus, Medea's brother. The selection given here deals with the capture of the fleece and the escape. The subsequent history of Medea is related in Seneca's tragedy which bears her name, printed in this volume. (See pp. 117-134.)

The selection in this volume is from the translation of R. C. Seaton, William Heinemann, London, 1912.

BOOK IV

Now do thou thyself, goddess Muse, daughter of Zeus, tell of the labor and wiles of the Colchian maiden. Surely my soul within me wavers with speechless amazement as I ponder whether I should call it the lovesick grief of mad passion or a panic flight, through which she left the Colchian folk.

Æetes all night long with the bravest captains of his people was devising sheer treachery against the heroes, with fierce wrath in his heart at the issue of the hateful contest; nor did he deem at all that these things were being accomplished without the knowledge of his daughters.

But into Medea's heart Hera¹ cast most grievous fear; and she trembled like a nimble fawn whom the baying of hounds hath terrified amid the thicket of a deep copse. For at once she truly forboded that the aid she had given was not hidden from her father, and that quickly she would fill up the cup of woe. And she dreaded the guilty knowledge of her handmaids; her eyes were filled with fire and her ears rung with a terrible cry. Often did she clutch at her throat, and often did she drag out her hair by the roots and groan in wretched despair. There on that very day the maiden would have tasted the drugs and perished and so have void the purposes of Hera, had not the goddess driven her, all bewildered, to flee with the sons of Phrixus; and her fluttering soul within her was comforted; and then she poured from her bosom all the

drugs back again into the casket. Then she kissed her bed, and the folding doors on both sides, and stroked the walls, and, tearing away in her hands a long tress of hair, she left it in the chamber for her mother, a memorial of her maidenhood, and thus lamented with passionate voice:

"I go, leaving this long tress here in my stead, O mother mine; take this farewell from me as I go far hence; farewell Chalciope, and all my home. Would that the sea, stranger, had dashed thee to pieces, ere thou camest to the Colchian land!"

Thus she spake, and from her eyes shed copious tears. And as a bondmaid steals away from a wealthy house, whom fate has lately severed from her native land, nor yet has she made trial of grievous toil, but, still unschooled to misery and shrinking in terror from slavish tasks, goes about beneath the cruel hands of a mistress; even so the lovely maiden rushed forth from her home. But to her the bolts of the doors gave way self-moved, leaping backwards at the swift strains of her magic song. And with bare feet she sped along the narrow paths, with her left hand holding her robe over her brow to veil her face and fair cheeks, and with her right lifting up the hem of her tunic. Quickly along the dark track, outside the towers of the spacious city, did she come in fear; nor did any of the warders note her, but she sped on unseen by them. Thence she was minded to go to the temple; for well she knew the way, having often aforetime wandered there in quest of corpses and noxious roots of the earth, as a sorceress is wont to do; and her soul

¹ Greek name for Juno.

fluttered with quivering fear. And the Titanian goddess,¹ the moon, rising from a far land, beheld her as she fled distraught, and fiercely exulted over her, and thus spake to her own heart:

"Not I alone then stray to the Latmian cave, nor do I alone burn with love for fair Endymion²; oft times with thoughts of love have I been driven away by thy crafty spells, in order that in the darkness 10 of night thou mightest work thy sorcery at ease, even the deeds dear to thee. And now thou thyself too hast part in a like mad passion; and some god of affliction has given thee Jason to be thy grievous 15 woe. Well, go on, and steel thy heart, wise though thou be, to take up thy burden of pain, fraught with many sighs."

Thus spake the goddess; but swiftly the maiden's feet bore her, hasting on. 20 And gladly did she gain the high bank of the river and beheld on the opposite side the gleam of fire, which all night long the heroes were kindling in joy at the contest's issue. Then through the gloom, 25 with clear-pealing voice from across the stream, she called on Phrontis, the youngest of Phrixus' sons, and he with his brothers and Æson's son recognised the maiden's voice; and in silence his com- 30 rades wondered when they knew that it was so in truth. Thrice she called, and thrice at the bidding of the company Phrontis called out in reply; and meantime the heroes were rowing with swift- 35 moving oars in search of her. Not yet were they casting the ship's hawsers upon the opposite bank, when Jason with light feet leapt to land from the deck above, and after him Phrontis and Argus, sons 40 of Phrixus, leapt to the ground; and she, clasping their knees with both hands, thus addressed them:

"Save me, the hapless one, my friends, from Æëtes, and yourselves too, for all is 45 brought to light, nor doth any remedy come. But let us flee upon the ship, be-

fore the king mounts his swift chariot. And I will lull to sleep the guardian serpent and give you the fleece of gold; but do thou, stranger, make the gods witness 5 of the vows thou hast taken on thyself for my sake; and now that I have fled far from my country, make me not a mark for blame and dishonour for want of kinsmen."

She spake in anguish; but greatly did the heart of Æson's son rejoice, and at once, as she fell at his knees, he raised her gently and embraced her, and spake words of comfort: "Lady, let Zeus of Olympus 15 himself be witness to my oath, and Hera, queen of marriage, bride of Zeus, that I will set thee in my halls my own wedded wife, when we have reached the land of Hellas on our return."

Thus he spake, and straightway clasped her right hand in his; and she bade them row the swift ship to the sacred grove near at hand, in order that, while it was still night, they might seize and carry off the 25 fleece against the will of Æëtes. Word and deed were one to the eager crew. For they took her on board, and straightway thrust the ship from shore; and loud was the din as the chieftains strained at their oars, but she, starting back, held out her hands in despair towards the shore. But Jason spoke cheering words and restrained her grief.

Now at the hour when men have cast sleep from their eyes — huntsmen, who, trusting to their hounds, never slumber away the end of night, but avoid the light of dawn lest, smiting with its white beams, it efface the track and scent of the quarry — then did Æson's son and the maiden 35 step forth from the ship over a grassy spot, the "Ram's couch," as men call it, where it first bent its wearied knees in rest, bearing on its back the Minyan son³ of Athamas. And close by, all smirched with soot, was the base of the altar, which the Æolid Phrixus⁴ once set up to Zeus,

¹ Selene, the moon goddess.

² This and what follows refers to the story that Selene fell in love with a beautiful young shepherd, Endymion, as he slept on Mount Latmus, descended from the skies, and kissed him.

³ The Argonauts were supposed to have been descended from an early Greek race called the Minyæ.

⁴ Brother of Helles, after whom the Hellespont was named. The ram with the golden fleece was

the aider of fugitives, when he sacrificed the golden wonder at the bidding of Hermes¹ who graciously met him on the way. There by the counsels of Argus the chieftains put them ashore.

And they two by the pathway came to the sacred grove, seeking the huge oak tree on which was hung the fleece, like to a cloud that blushes red with the fiery beams of the rising sun. But right in front the serpent with his keen sleepless eyes saw them coming, and stretched out his long neck and hissed in awful wise; and all round the long banks of the river echoed and the boundless grove. Those heard it who dwelt in the Colchian land very far from Titanian Æa, near the outfall of Lycus,² the river which parts from loud-roaring Araxes³ and blends his sacred stream with Phasis,² and they twain flow on together in one and pour their waters into the Caucasian Sea. And through fear young mothers awoke, and round their new-born babes, who were sleeping in their arms, threw their hands in agony, for the small limbs started at that hiss. And as when above a pile of smouldering wood countless eddies of smoke roll up mingled with soot, and one ever springs up quickly after another, rising aloft from beneath in wavering wreaths; so at that time did that monster roll his countless coils covered with hard dry scales. And as he writhed, the maiden came before his eyes, with sweet voice calling to her aid Sleep, highest of gods, to charm the monster; and she cried to the queen of the underworld,³ the night-wanderer, to be propitious to her enterprise. And Æson's son followed in fear, but the serpent, already charmed by her song, was relaxing the long ridge of his giant spine, and lengthening out his myriad coils, like a dark wave, dumb and noiseless, rolling over a sluggish sea; but still he raised aloft his grisly head, eager to enclose them both in his murderous jaws. But she with a newly cut spray of juniper, dipping and drawing

untempered charms from her mystic brew, sprinkled his eyes, while she chanted her song; and all around the potent scent of the charm cast sleep; and on the very spot he let his jaw sink down; and far behind through the wood with its many trees were those countless coils stretched out.

Hereupon Jason snatched the golden fleece from the oak, at the maiden's bidding; and she, standing firm, smeared with the charm the monster's head, till Jason himself bade her turn back towards their ship, and she left the grove of Ares, dusky with shade. And as a maiden catches on her finely wrought robe the gleam of the moon at the full, as it rises above her high-roofed chamber; and her heart rejoices as she beholds the fair ray; so at that time did Jason uplift the mighty fleece in his hands; and from the shimmering of the flocks of wool there settled on his fair cheeks and brow a red flush like a flame. And great as is the hide of a yearling ox or stag, which huntsmen call a brocket, so great in extent was the fleece all golden above. Heavy it was, thickly clustered with flocks; and as he moved along, even beneath his feet the sheen rose up from the earth. And he strode on now with the fleece covering his left shoulder from the height of his neck to his feet, and now again he gathered it up in his hands; for he feared exceedingly, lest some god or man should meet him and deprive him thereof.

Dawn was spreading over the earth when they reached the throng of heroes; and the youths marvelled to behold the mighty fleece, which gleamed like the lightning of Zeus. And each one started up eager to touch it and clasp it in his hands. But the son of Æson restrained them all, and threw over it a mantle newly woven; and he led the maiden to the stern and seated her there, and spake to them all as follows:

"No longer now, my friends, forbear to return to your fatherland. For now the

given to his mother by Mercury. When the ram landed Phrixus safely in Colchis, he sacrificed it to Jupiter, but gave the golden fleece to Æetes, King of Colchis.

¹ Greek name of Mercury, the messenger of Heaven.

² Rivers in Armenia.

³ Proserpina, wife of Pluto.

task for which we dared this grievous voyage, toiling with bitter sorrow of heart, has been lightly fulfilled by the maiden's counsels. Her — for such is her will — I will bring home to be my wedded wife; do ye preserve her, the glorious saviour of all Achæa and of yourselves. For of a surety, I ween, will Æëtes come with his host to bar our passage from the river into the sea. But do some of you toil at the oars in turn, sitting man by man; and half of you raise your shields of oxhide, a ready defence against the darts of the enemy, and guard our return. And now in our hands we hold the fate of our children and dear country and of our aged parents; and on our venture all Hellas depends, to reap either the shame of failure or great renown."

Thus he spake, and donned his armour of war; and they cried aloud, wondrously eager. And he drew his sword from the sheath and cut the hawsers at the stern. And near the maiden he took his stand ready armed by the steersman Ancæus, and with their rowing the ship sped on as they strained desperately to drive her clear of the river.

By this time Medea's love and deeds had become known to haughty Æëtes and to all the Colchians. And they thronged to the assembly in arms; and countless as the waves of the stormy sea when they rise crested by the wind, or as the leaves that fall to the ground from the wood with its myriad branches in the month when the leaves fall — who could reckon their tale? — so they in countless number poured along the banks of the river shouting in frenzy; and in his shapely chariot Æëtes shone forth above all with his steeds, the gift of Helios,¹ swift as the blasts of the wind. In his left hand he raised his curved shield, and in his right a huge pine-torch, and near him in front stood up his mighty spear. And Apsyrtus held in his hands the reins of the

steeds. But already the ship was cleaving the sea before her, urged on by stalwart oarsmen and the stream of the mighty river rushing down. But the king in grievous anguish lifted his hands and called on Helios and Zeus to bear witness to their evil deeds; and terrible threats he uttered against all his people, that unless they should with their own hands seize the maiden, either on the land or still finding the ship on the swell of the open sea, and bring her back, that so he might satisfy his eager soul with vengeance for all those deeds, at the cost of their own lives they should learn and abide all his rage and revenge.

Thus spake Æëtes; and on that same day the Colchians launched their ships and cast the tackle on board, and on that same day sailed forth on the sea; thou wouldst not say so mighty a host was a fleet of ships, but that a countless flight of birds, swarm on swarm, was clamouring over the sea.

Swiftly the wind blew, as the goddess Hera planned, so that most quickly Ææan Medea might reach the Pelasgian² land, a bane to the house of Pelias, and on the third morn they bound the ship's stern cables to the shores of the Paphlagonians,³ at the mouth of the river Halys. For Medea bade them land and propitiate Hecate⁴ with sacrifice. Now all that the maiden prepared for offering the sacrifice may no man know, and may my soul not urge me to sing thereof. Awe restrains my lips, yet from that time the altar which the heroes raised on the beach to the goddess remains till now a sight to men of a later day.

And straightway Æson's son and the rest of the heroes bethought them of Phineus,⁵ how that he had said that their course from Æa should be different, but to all alike his meaning was dim. Then Argus spake, and they eagerly hearkened: "We go to Orchomenus,⁶ whither that

¹ The sun.

² Southern portion of the Peloponnesian peninsula.

³ A people inhabiting the south shore of the Black Sea.

⁴ Goddess of witchcraft who wandered at night, seen only by the dogs whose barking told of her approach. Medea, being a sorceress herself, worshipped her.

⁵ A seer who had been rescued from the Harpies by the Argonauts.

⁶ A famous city in Bœotia.

unerring seer, whom ye met aforetime, foretold your voyage. For there is another course, signified by those priests of the immortal gods, who have sprung from Tritonian Thebes.¹ As yet all the stars that wheel in the heaven were not, nor yet, though one should inquire, could aught be heard of the sacred race of the Danaï.² Apidanean Arcadians alone existed, Arcadians who lived even before the moon, it is said, eating acorns on the hills; nor at that time was the Pelasgian land ruled by the glorious sons of Deucalion,³ in the days when Egypt, mother of men of an older time, was called the fertile Morning-land, and the river fair-flowing Triton,⁴ by which all the Morning-land is watered; and never does the rain from Zeus moisten the earth; but from the flooding of the river abundant crops spring up. From this land, it is said, a king made his way all round through the whole of Europe and Asia, trusting in the might and strength and courage of his people; and countless cities did he find wherever he came, whereof some are still inhabited and some not; many an age hath passed since then. But Æea⁵ abides unshaken even now and the sons of those men whom that king settled to dwell in Æea. They preserve the writings of their fathers, graven on pillars, whereon are marked all the ways and the limits of sea and land as ye journey on all sides round. There is a river, the uttermost horn of Ocean, broad and exceeding deep, that a merchant ship may traverse; they call it Ister⁶ and have marked it far off; and for a while it cleaves the boundless tilth alone in one stream; for beyond the blasts of the north wind, far off in the Rhipæan⁷ mountains, its springs burst forth with a roar. But when it enters the boundaries of the Thracians and Scythians, here, dividing its stream into two, it sends its waters partly into the Ionian sea,⁸ and partly to the south into a deep gulf that bends upwards from the Trinacrian sea,⁹ that sea which lies along your land, if indeed Achelous¹⁰ flows forth from your land."

Thus he spake, and to them the goddess granted a happy portent, and all at the sight shouted approval that this was their appointed path. For before them appeared a trail of heavenly light, a sign where they might pass. And gladly they left behind there the son of Lycus and with canvas outspread sailed over the sea, with their eyes on the Paphlagonian mountains. But they did not round Carambis, for the winds and the gleam of the heavenly fire stayed with them till they reached Ister's mighty stream.

Now some of the Colchians, in a vain search, passed out from Pontus through the Cyanean rocks¹¹; but the rest went to the river, and then Apsyrtus led, and, turning aside, he entered the mouth called Fair. Wherefore he outstripped the heroes by crossing a neck of land into the furthest gulf of the Ionian sea. For a certain island is enclosed by Ister, by name Peuce, three-cornered, its base stretching along the coast, and with a sharp angle towards the river; and round it the outfall is cleft in two. One mouth they call the mouth of Narex, and the other, at the lower end, the Fair mouth. And through this Apsyrtus and his Colchians rushed with all speed; but the heroes went upwards far away towards the highest part of the island. And in the meadows the country shepherds left their countless flocks for dread of the ships, for they deemed that they were beasts coming forth from the monster-teeming sea. For never yet be-

¹ Thebes on the Nile.

² Inhabitants of Argos; also called Argives. Both names were often used collectively of the Greeks.

³ Son of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, who founded a new race of men after Jupiter destroyed the old one in the flood. Jason was one of Deucalion's descendants.

⁴ The Nile.

⁵ The Danube.

⁶ Really the Euxine (Black) Sea.

⁷ The largest river in Greece, honored all over the country.

⁸ Two small rocky islands at the entrance of the Thracian Bosphorus into the Black Sea. They are said to have been movable and to have rushed together, crushing ships caught between them. After the safe passage of the Argo through them, they became stationary.

⁸ The city of Æetes; i.e., Colchis.

⁹ The Carpathians.

¹⁰ Trinacria was the old name of Sicily.

fore had they seen seafaring ships, neither the Scythians mingled with the Thracians, nor the Sigynni, nor yet the Gaucenii, nor the Sindi that now inhabit the vast desert plain of Laurium. But when they had passed near the mount Angurum, and the cliff of Cauliacus, far from the mount Angurum, round which Ister, dividing his stream, falls into the sea on this side and on that, and the Laurian plain, then indeed the Colchians went forth into the Cronian sea and cut off all the ways, to prevent their foes' escape. And the heroes came down the river behind and reached the two Brygean isles of Artemis near at hand. Now in one of them was a sacred temple; and on the other they landed, avoiding the host of Apsyrtus; for the Colchians had left these islands out of many within the river, just as they were, through reverence for the daughter of Zeus; but the rest, thronged by the Colchians, barred the ways to the sea. And so on other islands too, close by, Apsyrtus left his host as far as the river Salangon and the Nestian land.¹

There the Minyæ would at that time have yielded in grim fight, a few to many; but ere then they made a covenant, shunning a dire quarrel; as to the golden fleece, that since Æëtes himself had so promised them if they should fulfil the contests, they should keep it as justly won, whether they carried it off by craft or even openly in the king's despite; but as to Medea — for that was the cause of strife — that they should give her in ward to Leto's daughter² apart from the throng, until some one of the kings that dispense justice should utter his doom, whether she must return to her father's home or follow the chieftains to the land of Hellas.

Now when the maiden had mused upon all this, sharp anguish shook her heart unceasingly; and quickly she called forth Jason alone apart from his comrades, and led him aside until they were far away, and before his face uttered her speech all broken with sobs:

"What is this purpose that ye are now

devising about me, O son of Æson? Has thy triumph utterly cast forgetfulness upon thee, and reckest thou nothing of all that thou spakest when held fast by necessity? Whither are fled the oaths by Zeus the suppliants' god, whither are fled thy honied promises for which in no seemly wise, with shameless will, I have left my country, the glories of my home and even my parents — things that were dearest to me? And far away all alone I am borne over the sea with the plaintive kingfishers because of thy trouble, in order that I might save thy life in fulfilling the contests with the oxen and the earthborn men. Last of all the fleece — when the matter became known, it was by my folly thou didst win it; and a foul reproach have I poured on womankind. Wherefore I say that as thy child, thy bride and thy sister, I follow thee to the land of Hellas. Be ready to stand by me to the end, abandon me not left forlorn of thee when thou dost visit the kings. But only save me; let justice and right, to which we have both agreed, stand firm; or else do thou at once shear through this neck with the sword, that I may gain the guerdon due to my mad passion. Poor wretch! If the king, to whom you both commit your cruel covenant, doom me to belong to my brother! How shall I come to my father's sight? Will it be with a good name? What revenge, what heavy calamity shall I not endure in agony for the terrible deeds I have done? And wilt thou win the return that thy heart desires? Never may Zeus' bride, the queen of all, in whom thou dost glory, bring that to pass. Mayst thou sometime remember me when thou art racked with anguish; may the fleece like a dream vanish into the nether darkness on the wings of the wind! And may my avenging Furies³ forthwith drive thee from thy country, for all that I have suffered through thy cruelty! These curses will not be allowed to fall unaccomplished to the ground. A mighty oath hast thou transgressed, ruthless one; but not long shalt thou and thy

¹ In western Thrace.

² Artemis, Greek for Diana.

³ Attendants of Proserpina whose hairs were wreathed with serpents; they punished culprits with the frenzies of remorse.

comrades sit at ease casting eyes of mockery upon me, for all your covenants."

Thus she spake, seething with fierce wrath; and she longed to set fire to the ship and to hew it utterly in pieces, and herself to fall into the raging flame. But Jason, half afraid, thus addressed her with gentle words:

"Forbear, lady; me too this pleases not. But we seek some respite from battle, for 10 such a cloud of hostile men, like to a fire, surrounds us on thy account. For all that inhabit this land are eager to aid Apsyrtus, that they may lead thee back home to thy father, like some captured 15 maid. And all of us would perish in hateful destruction if we closed with them in fight; and bitterer still will be the pain if we are slain and leave thee to be their prey. But this covenant will weave a web 20 of guile to lead him to ruin. Nor will the people of the land for thy sake oppose us, to favour the Colchians, when their prince is no longer with them, who is thy champion and thy brother; nor will I shrink 25 from matching myself in fight with the Colchians if they bar my way homeward."

Thus he spake soothing her; and she uttered a deadly speech: "Take heed now. 30 For when sorry deeds are done we must needs devise sorry counsel, since at first I was distraught by my error, and by heaven's will it was I wrought the accomplishment of evil desires. Do thou in the 35 turmoil shield me from the Colchians' spears; and I will beguile Apsyrtus to come into thy hands — do thou greet him with splendid gifts — if only I could persuade the heralds on their departure to 40 bring him alone to hearken to my words. Thereupon if this deed pleases thee, slay him and raise a conflict with the Colchians, I care not."

So they two agreed and prepared a great 45 song tell next.

web of guile for Apsyrtus, and provided many gifts such as are due to guests, and among them gave a sacred robe of Hypsipyle, of crimson hue. The Graces¹ 5 with their own hands had wrought it for Dionysus² in sea-girt Dia,³ and he gave it to his son Thoas thereafter, and Thoas left it to Hypsipyle, and she gave that fair-wrought guest-gift with many another marvel to Æson's son to wear. Never couldst thou satisfy thy sweet desire by touching it or gazing on it. And from it a divine fragrance breathed from the time when the king of Nysa himself lay to rest thereon, flushed with wine and nectar, as he clasped the beauteous breast of the maiden-daughter⁴ of Minos, whom once Theseus forsook in the island of Dia, when she had followed him from Knossus. And when she had worked upon the heralds to induce her brother to come, as soon as she reached the temple of the goddess, according to the agreement, and the darkness of night surrounded them, that so she might devise with him a cunning plan for her to take the mighty fleece of gold and return to the home of Æëtes, for, she said, the sons of Phrixus had given her by force to the strangers to carry off; with such 10 beguiling words she scattered to the air and the breezes her witching charms, which even from afar would have drawn down the savage beast from the steep mountain height.

Ruthless Love, great bane, great curse to mankind, from thee come deadly strifes and lamentations and groans, and countless pains as well have their stormy birth from thee. Arise, thou god, and arm thyself against the sons of our foes in such 15 guise as when thou didst fill Medea's heart with accursèd madness. How then by evil doom did she slay Apsyrtus when he came to meet her? For that must our

¹ The Graces — three in number — were the goddesses of social accomplishment. In this passage we have an excellent example of the antiquarian spirit which pervaded the poetry of the Alexandrian school.

² Bacchus, god of wine, animal life, and vegetation.

³ An old name for Noxos, the largest of the Cyclades Islands on the Ægean.

⁴ Ariadne.

LATIN

VERGIL

(70 B.C.-19 B.C.)

Publius Vergilius Maro was born in a little village near Mantua (hence the epithet Mantuan, which is often applied to him by later writers). His father was a small landholder, engaged in farming and the keeping of bees. He was educated at Cremona and Milan, and also at Naples, where he received instruction in Greek from Parthenius. As he was rather frail, he was not able to gain distinction by the usual methods open to Roman citizens, that is, by oratory or fighting; in fact he was actually deprived of his land for the benefit of a military officer. He was fortunate, however, in making the acquaintance of Mæcenas, a wealthy and powerful patron of the arts. It was largely through the patronage of this rich friend that he was able to pursue his literary career and gain the public ear. It was through Mæcenas, moreover, that he was brought to the attention of Augustus, who was anxious to enlist the services of literary men in his plan for the social rehabilitation of Rome and for his own glorification. Once safely established in the good graces of the most powerful personages in Rome, Vergil had little to worry him. His principal writings were the *Eclogues*, a set of pastorals, of which more will be said later; the *Georgics*, a set of agricultural poems somewhat in the manner of Hesiod's *Works and Days*; and the *Æneid*.

THE ÆNEID

The *Æneid*, the national epic of Rome, consists of twelve books, about evenly divided between the wanderings of Æneas after the fall of Troy and the struggles in Latium incident to the founding of Rome. As compared with the *Iliad* it is characterized by more emphasis on rhetorical effects, detailed analysis of character, and greater care in piecing together the story according to the established rules of narrative art. The writer's purpose was to provide the Romans with a properly constituted set of traditions, to renew their interest in the ancient virtues, and to imbue them with respect for their nobility by showing their descent from famous Trojan heroes. The matter of Trojan descent was particularly emphasized in the case of Augustus, whose ancestry was traced back to Iulus, son of Æneas. Vergil took as the basis of his story a set of Greek traditions concerning the wanderings of Æneas. He selected and recast these traditions in such a way as to bring Æneas to places important in Roman history. To this he added material from popular Roman tradition, from his own imagination, and from the epics of Homer. In form the *Æneid* is, generally speaking, a combination of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the first six books being based on the latter, the last six on the former.

Regardless of what may be said of the absolute excellence of the *Æneid*, it is certainly, next to the poems of Homer, the most famous piece of imaginative literature in the world. It was more fortunate than the Homeric poems in that it was known directly to literary men throughout the Middle Ages. As far as we are able to discern there was not a generation that did not know Vergil. He was freely quoted and referred to in ages when Homer was unknown. However unfortunate we may regard the fact that it was through Vergil, rather than through Homer, that classical epic poetry first became known to Western Europe, we must grant to Vergil the distinction of being the greatest single literary force to carry directly through from ancient to modern times. As for his influence on Western European literature, it is so tremendous that it is difficult to convey any idea of it in a single statement. Perhaps we may content ourselves with saying that stories, characters, or passages from the *Æneid* are found in the writings of nearly every man of letters from Vergil's own time down to the present day.

Although the *Æneid* as a whole is an indispensable part of the intellectual baggage of every educated person, limitation of space permits us to include here only one book. Book II relates the actual destruction of Troy, which is implied but not described in the *Iliad*. It is brought into the poem as a narrative related by Æneas at the court of Dido, queen of Carthage, on

whose shores he and his men have been shipwrecked. This manner of introducing background material is similar to that employed by Homer in the *Odyssey*.

The selection in this volume is from Dryden's translation in Chalmers's *English Poets*, XIX, pp. 366-374.

BOOK II

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to do this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All were attentive to the godlike man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began: 20
"Great queen! ¹ what you command me to
relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was,
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night, 30
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such interest in our
woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 35
What in our last and fatal night befell.
"By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's ² aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a steed of monstrous height, 40
appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine, they
feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they
paid.

Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they
load,

5 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire
smile)

Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless
10 bay,
Where ships expos'd to winds and weather
lay.

There was their fleet conceal'd: we
thought for Greece

15 The sails were hoisted, and our fears re-
lease.

The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so
long,

Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight
survey

The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they
show'd,

25 'Here Phœnix,³ here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy
rode.'

Part on the pile their wondering eyes em-
ploy

(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymætës first ('tis doubtful whether
hir'd,

Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken
35 down,

To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys,⁴ and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd;
Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds ex-
plore:

The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts di-
vide.

45 Laocoön, followed by a numerous crowd,

¹ Dido.

² Goddess of wisdom, the Roman counterpart of the Greek Pallas Athene.

³ Achilles's teacher in the arts of eloquence and war.

⁴ Grandfather of Æneas.

Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far,
 aloud:
 'O wretched countrymen! what fury
 reigns?
 What more than madness has possess'd
 your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts
 are gone,
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must enclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
 T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter
 down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or
 force;
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the
 horse.
 Thus having said, against the steed he
 threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it
 flew,
 Pierc'd through the yielding planks of
 jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides transpierc'd return a rattling
 sound,
 And groans of Greeks enclos'd come is-
 suing through the wound.
 And had not Heaven the fall of Troy
 design'd,
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done, t' inspire a
 better mind:
 Then had our lances pierc'd the treacher-
 ous wood,
 And Ilian towers and Priam's empire
 stood.
 Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shep-
 herds bring
 A captive Greek in bands before the king:
 Taken, to take; who made himself their
 prey,
 T' impose on their belief, and Troy be-
 tray;
 Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
 About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe.

Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles
 disguis'd,
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
 Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd
 and bound:
 He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes
 around;
 Then said, 'Alas! what earth remains,
 what sea
 Is open to receive unhappy me!
 What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
 Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my
 friends!'

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
 We cheer the youth to make his own de-
 fence,
 And freely tell us what he was, and
 whence:
 What news he could impart, we long to
 know,
 And what to credit from a captive foe.
 "His fear at length dismiss'd, he said,
 'Whate'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere¹:
 I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
 Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
 Though plung'd by fortune's power in
 misery,
 'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lie.
 If any chance has hither brought the name
 Of Palamedes,² not unknown to fame,
 Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
 Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended
 crimes,
 Because the fatal wars he would prevent,
 Whose death the wretched Greeks too
 late lament,
 Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
 Of other means, committed to his care,
 His kinsman and companion in the war.
 While fortune favour'd, while his arms
 support
 The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the
 court,
 I made some figure there; nor was my
 name
 Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
 But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,

¹ So convincing is the story of Sinon that even the modern reader, knowing full well the treachery behind it, can hardly avoid being temporarily deceived.

² The messenger sent to persuade Ulysses to join the Greek cause.

Had made impression in the people's
 hearts;
 And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
 (I speak of things too far divulg'd by
 fame),
 My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
 In private mourn'd his loss, and left the
 court.
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
 With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the
 state:
 And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
 'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
 I threaten'd, if indulgent Heaven once
 more
 Would land me safely on my native shore,
 His death with double vengeance to re-
 store.
 This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon
 ensu'd
 Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
 Ambiguous rumours through the camp he
 spread,
 And sought, by treason, my devoted head:
 New crimes invented, left unturn'd no
 stone
 To make my guilt appear, and hide his
 own,
 Till Calchas ¹ was by force and threatening
 wrought:
 But why — why dwell I on that anxious
 thought?
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,
 And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a
 Greek,
 Already you my name and country know,
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike
 the blow:
 My death will both the kingly brothers
 please,
 And set insatiate Ithacus ² at ease.
 This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken
 starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts,
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
 His former trembling once again renew'd,
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
 "Long had the Grecians (tir'd with
 fruitless care,
 And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)

Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the
 town;
 And, had the gods permitted, they had
 gone.
 5 But oft the wintry seas and southern
 winds
 Withstood their passage home, and
 chang'd their minds.
 Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
 But most, when this stupendous pile was
 rais'd:
 Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were
 seen,
 And thunders rattled through a sky se-
 rene:
 15 Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
 Eurypylus, t' inquire their fate, was sent;
 He from the gods this dreadful answer
 brought:
 20 "'O Grecians! when the Trojan shores
 you sought,
 Your passage with a virgin's blood ³ was
 bought!
 So must your safe return be bought again,
 25 And Grecian blood once more atone the
 main!'

The spreading rumour round the people
 ran;
 All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the
 man.
 30 Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
 Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open
 sight:
 Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd
 35 by fate
 The public victim, to redeem the state.
 Already some presag'd the dire event,
 And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
 For twice five days the good old seer with-
 stood
 40 Th' intended treason, and was dumb to
 blood.
 Till, tir'd with endless clamours, and pur-
 suit
 45 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute:
 But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm
 should fall
 50 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.

¹ Priest of Apollo.² Ulysses (Odysseus), whose home was Ithaca.³ This refers to the sacrifice of Iphigenia by her father Agamemnon, a story made famous by the tragedian Euripides in his play *Iphigenia at Aulis*.

The dismal day was come, the priests pre-
 pare
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my
 hair.
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
 I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further hopes for me re-
 main,
 To see my friends or native soil again?
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they returning will to death re-
 quire?
 Will perpetrate on them their first design, 15
 And take the forfeit of their heads for
 mine!
 Which, oh, if pity mortal minds can move,
 If there be faith below, or gods above,
 If innocence and truth can claim desert, 20
 Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
 False tears true pity move: the king com-
 mands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
 Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss 25
 thy fears,
 Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert
 theirs:
 But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
 Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile.' 30
 Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent
 arts,
 This well invented tale for truth imparts:
 'Ye lamps of Heaven!' he said, and lifted
 high
 His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky,
 Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
 Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
 Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
 Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may, 40
 Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks
 betray!
 Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
 And justly punish whom I justly hate!
 But you, O king! preserve the faith you 45
 gave,
 If I, to save myself, your empire save.
 The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts
 they made,
 Were only founded on Minerva's aid. 50

But from the time when impious Dio-
 mede,²
 And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
 Her fatal image from the temple drew,
 5 The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
 Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
 Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:
 From thence the tide of fortune left their
 shore,
 10 And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd be-
 fore:
 Their courage languish'd, as their hopes
 decay'd,
 And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid,
 15 Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
 Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
 When first her fatal image touch'd the
 ground,
 She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
 20 That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to
 threaten;
 Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
 Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was
 seen to wield
 25 Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid
 shield!
 Then Calchas bade our host for flight pre-
 pare,
 And hope no conquest from the tedious
 war:
 Till first they sail'd for Greece; with
 prayers besought
 Her injur'd power, and better omens
 brought.
 35 And now their navy ploughs the watery
 main,
 Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
 With Pallas pleas'd: as Calchas did or-
 dain.
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
 For her stol'n statue, and her tower be-
 tray'd,
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
 We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous
 frame,
 So lofty, lest through your forbidden
 gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates.
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are
 lost;

¹ The wooden horse.

² Second only to Achilles among the Greek heroes. He wounded Æneas in one of the battles.

And Troy may then a new Palladium¹ boast.
 For so religion and the gods ordain,
 That if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,¹⁰
 And the reverse of fate on us return.'
 "With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
 What Diomede, nor Thetis's greater son,²
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done:
 False tears and fawning words the city won.
 A greater omen, and of worse portent,
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
 Concurring to produce the dire event.
 Laocoön,³ Neptune's priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
 When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
 Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
 Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below,
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And, on the sounding shore, the flying billows force.
 And now the strand, and now the plain⁴⁰
 they held,
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
 Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,

And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
 We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
 And to Laocoön and his children make:
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
 The wretched father, running to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
 And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labours at the knots,
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
 His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
 Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.
 Amazement seizes all; the general cry
 Proclaims Laocoön justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
 And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,⁴⁵

¹ The celebrated statue of Minerva in Troy which was supposed to have fallen from heaven. Tradition had it that Troy would last as long as this statue remained within it. It was stolen by Diomede and Ulysses.

² Achilles.

³ The scene which follows is represented also in a famous statue by Agesander and Athenodorus. This passage in the *Æneid* and the statue, now preserved in the Vatican, were used by the great German critic, Lessing, as a starting point for a comparison between the essential natures of plastic and literary art.

Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
 And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
 With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
 O sacred city! built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he stuck; as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We haul along the horse in solemn state;
 Then place the dire portent within the tower.
 Cassandra ¹ cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy hour;
 Foretold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
 In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
 Our men secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores:
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
 When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
 5 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last:
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd Epeus,
 Who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 10 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate,
 15 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 20 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides ² slain,
 25 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swol'n were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Through the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
 Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
 Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:
 Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran:
 I wept to see the visonary man:
 45 And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
 'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!

¹ Daughter of Priam, who, though endowed with the gift of prophecy, was doomed never to be believed. At the sack of Troy she fell to the lot of Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus. Æschylus's tragedy *Agamemnon* tells of her death at the hands of Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife.

² Achilles. See the account of his slaying of Hector, *Iliad*, Book XXII, pp. 21-29.

O long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 With length of labours, and with toils of war?
 After so many funerals of thy own,
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?
 To this the spectre no reply did frame;
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning, in these mournful words, express'd:
 'O goddess-born!¹ escape, by timely flight,
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
 The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
 More than enough to duty and to fame.
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
 From their assistance happier walls expect,
 Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the gods.
 With ancient Vesta² from the sacred choir
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
 "Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
 The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!
 Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey:
 And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey!
 Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn:
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
 Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
 The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
 The palace of Deïphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friend's;
 Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendour not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
 New clamours and new clangours now arise,
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
 But first to gather friends, with them to oppose,
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes;
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
 With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!
 "Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame;
 With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
 And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.

¹ Æneas was the son of Venus and Anchises.² Goddess of the hearth.

'What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we
 run?
 Where make a stand? and what may yet
 be done?'

Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a
 groan,
 'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
 Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian
 hands.
 The fire consumes the town, the foe com-
 mands!
 And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
 Break from the bowels of the fatal horse!
 Within the gates proud Sinon throws
 about
 The flames, and foes for entrance press
 without,
 With thousand others, whom I fear to
 name,
 More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
 To several posts their parties they divide;
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour
 the wide.
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they sur-
 prise;
 Who fights finds death, and death finds
 him who flies.
 The warders of the gate but scarce main-
 tain
 Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
 I heard; and Heaven, that well-born
 souls inspires,
 Prompts me, through lifted swords and
 rising fires,
 To run, where clashing arms and clamour
 calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
 Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
 For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
 My motions and my mien, and to my party
 drew;
 With young Chorcæbus, who by love was
 led
 To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's
 aid,
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
 Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to
 fall,
 And that one spirit animated all.

'Brave souls,' said I, 'but brave, alas!
 in vain:
 Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain;
 You see the desperate state of our affairs,
 And Heaven's protecting powers are deaf
 to prayers.
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 Their own abodes: we, feeble few, con-
 spire
 To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
 Despair of life, the means of living shows.'
 So bold a speech encouraged their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire!
 "As hungry wolves, with raging ap-
 petite,
 Scour through the fields, nor fear the
 stormy night,
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd
 food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in
 blood,
 So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try!
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and
 dare
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend, our leader was
 Despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that
 night!
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and af-
 fright!
 An ancient and imperial city falls,
 The streets are fill'd with frequent fu-
 nerals;
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors
 mourn.
 Ours take new courage from despair and
 night;
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
 All parts resound with tumults, complaints,
 and fears,
 And grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to
 land:
 'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this
 long delay?

You loiter, while the spoils are borne away.
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
 And you, like truants, come too late
 ashore.'

He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found by the doubtful answers which we
 make:
 Amaz'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
 But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.

As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
 Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos
 flies!
 In vain; for him and his we compass
 round,
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the
 ground;
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus Fortune on our first endeavour
 smil'd;
 Chorcæbus then, with youthful hopes be-
 guil'd,
 Swol'n with success, and of a daring mind,
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune
 shows the way,
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
 For what has she these Grecian arms be-
 stow'd,
 But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
 Then change we shields, and their devices
 bear,
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 They find us arms.' This said, himself he
 dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
 Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan
 train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the
 slain.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill
 presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy
 rage:
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly
 meet,

And strew, with Grecian carcasses, the
 street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we de-
 feat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble
 fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in
 secret there.
 "But ah! what use of valour can be
 made,
 When Heaven's propitious powers refuse
 their aid!
 Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
 Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevell'd
 hair;
 Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred
 bands,
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious
 hands:
 On Heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh'd,
 she cry'd
 ('Twas all she could), her tender arms were
 ty'd.
 So sad a sight Chorcæbus could not bear;
 But, fir'd with rage, distracted with de-
 spair,
 Amid the barbarous ravishers he flew;
 Our leader's rash example we pursue;
 But storms of stones, from the proud
 temple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms
 alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal
 blow,
 Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in
 show.
 They aim at the mistaken crests, from
 high,
 And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
 Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to
 see
 Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin
 free,
 The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
 With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
 The brother-kings with Ajax join their
 force,
 And the whole squadron of Thessalian
 horse.
 "Thus, when the rival winds their
 quarrel try,
 Contending for the kingdom of the sky,

South, east, and west, on airy coursers
 borne,
 The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are
 torn:
 Then Nereus¹ strikes the deep, the bil-
 lows rise,
 And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute
 the skies.
 The troops we squander'd first again ap-
 pear
 From several quarters, and enclose the
 rear:
 They first observe, and to the rest betray,
 Our different speech; our borrow'd arms
 survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Choroëbus
 first,
 At Pallas's altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
 Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal
 fight,
 Just of his word, observant of the right:
 Heaven thought not so: Dymas their fate
 attends,
 With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
 Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre, nor the
 bands
 Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious
 hands.
 Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear
 What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd
 there:
 No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
 Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
 Witness, ye Heavens! I live not by my
 fault:
 I strove to have deserv'd the death I
 sought.
 But when I could not fight, and would have
 dy'd,
 Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
 Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
 With Pelias wounded, and without de-
 fence.
 New clamours from th' invested palace
 ring;
 We run to die, or disengage the king.
 So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
 While ours defend, and while the Greeks
 oppose,
 As all the Dardan and Argolic race²

Had been contracted in that narrow space:
 Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
 And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.
 Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
 Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
 Some mount the scaling ladders; some,
 more bold,
 Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars
 hold:
 10 Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th'
 ascent,
 While with the right they seize the battle-
 ment.
 From the demolish'd towers the Trojans
 15 throw
 Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush
 the foe:
 And heavy beams and rafters from the
 sides
 20 (Such arms their last necessity provides):
 And gilded roofs come tumbling from on
 high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty.
 The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 25 The charge undaunted, and the gate de-
 fend.
 Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
 A second time we ran to tempt our
 death:
 To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
 To the king's closet led, a way well known
 35 To Hector's wife, while Priam held the
 throne:
 Through which she brought Astyanax,
 unseen,
 To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's
 queen.
 Through this we pass, and mount the
 tower from whence,
 With unavailing arms, the Trojans make
 defence.
 45 From this the trembling king had oft de-
 scry'd
 The Grecian camp, and saw their navy
 ride.
 Beams from his lofty height with swords
 50 we hew;

¹ A genial old man of the sea, distinguished for his prophetic gifts, his knowledge, and his love of truth and justice.

² The races of Troy and of Argos.

Then, wrenching with our hands, th' as-
 sault renew.
 And, where the rafters on the columns
 meet,
 We push them headlong with our arms and
 feet:
 The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
 Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
 Down goes the top at once; the Greeks
 beneath
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to death are
 sent;
 We cease not from above, nor they below
 relent.
 Before the gate stood Pyrrhus,¹ threaten-
 ing loud,
 With glittering arms conspicuous in the
 crowd.
 So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested
 snake,
 Who slept the winter in a thorny brake:
 And, casting off his slough, when spring
 returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
 Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent
 sides
 Reflect the Sun, and, rais'd on spires, he
 rides;
 High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
 And brandishes, by fits, his forked tongue.
 Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
 His father's charioteer, together run
 To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
 Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage
 free.
 Entering the court, with shouts the skies
 they rend,
 And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his
 blows,
 And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors: then all their
 shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double bars at length
 Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength.
 A mighty breach is made; the rooms con-
 ceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd:
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sat.
 Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids
 are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space be-
 tween.
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and
 cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted
 skies.
 The fearful matrons run from place to
 place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts
 embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force
 sustain;
 The bars are broken, and the guards are
 slain.
 In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments
 fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find they
 kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming
 flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course with-
 stood:
 Bears down the dams with unresisted
 sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
 These eyes beheld him, when he march'd
 between
 The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy
 queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old Priam
 stood,
 To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
 The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
 So large a promise of a progeny).
 The posts of plated gold and hung with
 spoils
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
 The Grecians enter, and possess the place.
 Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire:
 He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
 On every side inevitable woes,
 In arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd
 Like them, with age: a late and useless
 aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight
 sustain:

¹ The son of Achilles.

Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with
 pain,
 Despairing of success, ambitious to be
 slain!
 Uncover'd but by Heaven, there stood in
 view
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
 Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encom-
 pass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy
 ground.
 Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in
 vain.
 Driven like a flock of doves along the sky, 15
 Their images they hug, and to their altars
 fly.
 The queen, when she beheld her trembling
 lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword, 20
 'What rage,' she cry'd, 'has seiz'd my hus-
 band's mind;
 What arms are these, and to what use
 design'd?
 These times want other aids: were Hector 25
 here,
 Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam,
 would appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt
 find,
 Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
 She said: and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs. 35
 Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt
 he flies
 Through empty courts, and open galleries:
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pur-
 sues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth transfix'd, with lamentable
 cries,
 Expires, before his wretched parents'
 eyes.
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam
 saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's
 law.
 And, shaking more with anger than with 50
 age,
 'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal
 rage:

As sure they will, barbarian; sure they
 must,
 If there be gods in Heaven, and gods be
 just:
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight,
 With a son's death t' infect a father's
 sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame con-
 spire
 To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted sire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he
 fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of
 gold,
 The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold,
 Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
 "This said, his feeble hand a javelin
 threw,
 Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it
 flew:
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
 "Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me
 to fate;
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.
 Now die': with that he dragg'd the trem-
 bling sire,
 30 Sliddering through clotted blood and holy
 mire
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had
 made),
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim
 laid.
 His right hand held his bloody falchion
 bare;
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
 40 Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he
 found:
 The lukewarm blood came rushing through
 the wound,
 And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred
 ground.
 45 Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common
 fate
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
 He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
 Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves,
 obey'd.
 On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd
 king,

A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.
 "Then, not before, I felt my curdled
 blood
 Congeal with fear, my hair with horror
 stood:
 My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
 Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
 And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
 I look'd about, but found myself alone,
 Deserted at my need, my friends were
 gone.
 Some spent with toil, some with despair
 oppress'd,
 Leap'd headlong from the heights; the
 flames consum'd the rest.
 Thus, wandering in my way, without a
 guide,
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
 Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
 Muffled she sat, and, what she could, un-
 known:
 But, by the flames, that cast their blaze
 around,
 That common bane of Greece and Troy
 I found.
 For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's
 sword;
 More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd
 lord;
 Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, ab-
 horr'd.
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I re-
 gard;
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
 'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
 And leave in flames unhappy Troy be-
 hind?
 Shall she her kingdom and her friends re-
 view,
 In state attended with a captive crew;
 While unreveng'd the good old Priam
 falls,
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan
 walls?
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian
 flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk
 with blood!
 'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest from a woman
 slain;
 Yet shall the fact not pass without ap-
 plause,
 5 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
 The punish'd crime shall set my soul at
 ease:
 And murmuring manes of my friends ap-
 pease.'
 10 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant
 light
 Spread o'er the place, and, shining heav-
 enly bright,
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
 15 Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
 Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
 Great in her charms, as when the gods
 above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their
 love.
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to
 break:
 Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak:
 'My son, from whence this madness, this
 neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I pro-
 tect?
 Why this unmanly rage? recall to mind
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave
 30 behind.
 Look if your hapless father yet survive;
 Or if Ascanius,¹ or Creüsa,¹ live.
 Around your house the greedy Grecians
 err;
 35 And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
 But by the gods was this destruction
 brought.
 40 Now cast your eyes around; while I dis-
 solve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes in-
 volve:
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make
 45 you see
 The shape of each avenging deity.
 Enlighten'd thus, my just commands
 fulfil:
 Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
 50 Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,

¹ Son of Æneas, later known as Iulus. This change in his name enabled Vergil to convey the idea that he was the ancestor of the Julian family, to which Augustus belonged. Creüsa was the wife of Æneas.

Stones rent from stones, where clouds of
 dust arise,
 Amid that smother, Neptune holds his
 place:
 Below the wall's foundation drives his
 mace:
 And heaves the building from the solid
 base.
 Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands,
 Full in the Scæan gate, with loud com- 10
 mands,
 Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
 See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
 Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the
 cloud:
 See Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
 And arms against the town the partial
 deities.
 Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labour
 end:
 Haste where your trembling spouse and
 sire attend:
 Haste, and a mother's care your passage
 shall befriend.'
 She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my 25
 sight,
 Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of
 night.
 I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I
 hear;
 And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
 Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could pre-
 vent;
 And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the 35
 winds;
 And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring
 hinds:
 About the roots the cruel ax resounds,
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated 40
 wounds.
 The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy
 honours down.
 To their united force it yields, though late; 45
 And mourns, with mortal groans, th' ap-
 proaching fate:
 The roots no more their upper load sus-
 tain;
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin 50
 through the plain.
 "Descending thence, I 'scape through
 foes, and fire:
 Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
 Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
 The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
 I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
 Refus'd the journey; resolute to die,
 And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 'Go you, whose blood runs warm in every
 vein:
 Had Heaven decreed that I should life
 enjoy,
 Heaven had decreed to save unhappy
 Troy.
 15 'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
 Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining
 crew,
 And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
 20 These weak old hands suffice to stop my
 breath:
 At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
 To take my spoils: and leave my body
 bare:
 As for my sepulchre let Heaven take care.
 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
 Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a
 lingering life:
 Since every hour and moment I expire,
 30 Blasted from Heaven by Jove's avenging
 fire.'
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.
 What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve?
 He still persists his reasons to maintain;
 Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments,
 are vain.
 "Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
 What hope remains, but what my death
 must give?
 Can I without so dear a father live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy re-
 main;
 And you conspire with fortune, to be slain;
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches
 near:
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,

Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch
 who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 "O goddess-mother, give me back to fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 Did you for this unhappy me convey
 Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
 Shall I, my father, wife, and son, behold
 Weltering in blood, each other's arms unfold?
 Haste! gird my sword, though spent and overcome:
 'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.
 I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.
 Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I wield!
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield:
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
 I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
 And, cross the threshold, in my passage lay;
 Embrac'd my knees; and, when I would have gone,
 Shew'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.
 'If death be your design, at least,' said she, 'Take us along to share your destiny.
 If any further hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life, Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!'
 While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
 For while I held my son, in the short space,
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
 Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hand to Heaven, and this request preferr'd:
 'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'
 Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
 A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
 There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
 And trailing vanish'd in th' Idean grove.
 It swept a path in Heaven, and shone a guide;
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur dy'd.
 "The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
 'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay,
 I yield, I follow where Heaven shows the way.
 Keep (O my country gods!) our dwelling place,
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
 This tender child; these omens are your own;
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
 At least accomplish what your signs fore-show:
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
 "He said: the crackling flames appear on high,
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire;
 And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
 'Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
 One death, or one deliverance, we will share.

My hand shall lead our little son; and
you,

My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict
commands:

Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres¹ hallow'd once, a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;
By long religion kept: there bend your
feet;

And, in divided parties, let us meet.

Our country gods, the relics, and the
bands,

Hold you, my father, in your guiltless
hands:

In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:
Till, in some living stream, I cleanse the
guilt

Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.²
Thus, ordering all that prudence could
provide,

I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils: then, on my bending
back,

The welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung,
And, with unequal paces, tript along.
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through every dark and every devious³⁰
way.

I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shocks of lances
bore,

At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear:³⁵
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,

Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the shades⁴⁰
with fear,

Cry'd out, 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes
are nigh!

Their swords and shining armour I descry.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown of-⁴⁵
fence,

Had sure bereft my mind of better sense:
For while, through winding ways, I took
my flight,

And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,⁵⁰
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,

Or weary sat, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.

I knew not, or reflected, till I met

My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat:

⁵ We met: not one was wanting, only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched
me.

What mad expressions did my tongue re-
fuse!

¹⁰ Whom did I not of gods or men accuse!

This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me
more

Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.

Stung with my loss, and raving with de-
spair,

¹⁵ Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath

²⁰ My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing
death.

Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.

I tread my former tracks: through night
explore

²⁵ Each passage, every street I cross'd be-
fore.

All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find
her there:

Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:

The house was fill'd with foes, with flames
beset.

Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets
of fire,

Through air transported, to the roofs
aspire.

From thence to Priam's palace I resort,

And search the citadel, and desert court.

Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's
church;

A guard of Grecians had possess'd the
porch:

There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the
prey,

And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.

The spoils which they from ransack'd
houses brought,

And golden bowls from burning altars
caught.

¹ Goddess of agriculture and abundance.

The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
 The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of
 priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd
 hands,
 And captive matrons, in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I pro-
 claim,
 Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's
 name.
 Creüsa still I call: at length she hears;
 And, sudden, thro' the shades of night
 appears.
 Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
 But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with
 fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair,
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my
 grief:
 'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead
 relief;
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your
 pain:
 You bear no more than what the gods or-
 dain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to
 fly;
 Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
 Long wandering ways for you the powers
 decree:
 On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On Latium's¹ happy shore you shall be
 cast:
 Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flowery meadows, and the feeding
 folds.
 There end your toils: and there your fates
 provide

A quiet kingdom and a royal bride:
 There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
 And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch, with servile
 5 shame,
 Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian
 dame:
 Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
 My goddess-mother,² or my royal race.
 10 And now farewell: the parent of the gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
 I trust our common issue to your care.'
 She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
 I strove to speak, but horror ty'd my
 15 tongue;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I
 flung:
 And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces
 hung.
 20 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
 "Thus, having pass'd the night in
 fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again.
 25 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and
 old:
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
 With arms appointed, and with treasure
 30 fraught.
 Resolv'd and willing under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The Morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor³ led the
 35 day:
 Before the gates the Grecians took their
 post:
 And all pretence of late relief were lost.
 I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
 40 And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

¹ The region between Etruria and Campagna along the Tyrenean sea. Creüsa's prophecy is another device of Vergil to connect the past with the future.

² Creüsa was also of divine birth.

³ The morning star, son of Venus, son of Aurora and the hunter Cephalus.

DRAMA

GREEK

ÆSCHYLUS

(525-456 B.C.)

Very little reliable information has come down to us regarding Æschylus. It seems fairly certain that he was born of noble parents at Eleusis, the center of the worship of Demeter. During his earlier years he achieved some success as a soldier in the wars against Persia. Tradition has it that he fought in the battles of Marathon, Artemisium, Salamis, and Platæa (490-479 B.C.). His first dramatic work was presented at Athens in 499, when he was twenty-six years old, and he apparently composed some eighty or ninety plays between this date and his last presentation in 458. Of these plays only seven are extant in their entirety. They are *The Suppliants*, *The Persians*, *Prometheus Bound* (ca. 475 B.C.), *The Seven Against Thebes*, *Agamemnon*, *The Libation Bearers*, and *The Eumenides*, composed probably in the order named. There are fragments of about seventy others and frequent references to them in Greek literature. Æschylus was highly regarded by his own and succeeding generations in Greece. He was at least a dozen times victor in the dramatic contests at Athens, and even after his death the performances of his plays were subsidized by the government. Along with Pindar, Simonides, and Bacchylides he was accorded the patronage of Hiero the First, tyrant of Syracuse (478-467). Æschylus's services to the development of Greek tragedy were of the utmost importance. His introduction of a regularly constituted second actor was the step which transformed a mere lyric interlude into full-fledged drama. Aristotle uses Æschylus's dramas frequently as illustrations in his discussion of tragedy.

It is supposed that the play here presented, *Prometheus Bound*, was the second of a trilogy, of which the first was *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer* and the third, *Prometheus Unbound*. It is regarded by many as the greatest piece of dramatic literature in existence. However that may be, there is no doubt that the theme — the unconquerable will of Man in the face of the onslaughts of Heaven — is one that has inspired some of the most famous pieces of literature. It appears in various guises in *The Book of Job*, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, in Goethe's *Faust*, in Byron's *Manfred*, and in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

The selection is taken from *Æschylus, Tragedies and Fragments*, translated by E. H. Plumptre, D. C. Heath & Co., Vol. I, pp. 113-160.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PROMETHEUS	HERMES
OKEANOS	STRENGTH
HEPHÆSTOS	FORCE

Chorus of Ocean Nymphs

In the old time, when Cronos was sovereign of the Gods, Zeus, whom he had begotten, rose up against him, and the Gods were divided in their counsels, some, the Titans chiefly, siding with the father, and some with the son. And Prometheus, the son of Earth or Themis, though one of the Titans, supported Zeus, as did also Okeanos, and by his counsels Zeus obtained the victory, and Cronos was chained in Tartaros, and

the Titans buried under mountains, or kept in bonds in Hades. And then Prometheus, seeing the miseries of the race of men, of whom Zeus took little heed, stole the fire which till then had belonged to none but Hephæstos and was used only for the Gods, and gave it to mankind, and taught them many arts whereby their wretchedness was lessened. But Zeus, being wroth with Prometheus for this deed, sent Hephæstos, with

his two helpers, Strength and Force, to fetter him to a rock on Caucasos.

And in yet another story was the cruelty of the Gods made known. For Zeus loved Io,¹ the daughter of Inachos, king of Argos, and she was haunted by visions of the night, telling her of his passion, and she told her father thereof. And Inachos, sending to the God at Delphi, was told to drive Io forth from her home. And Zeus gave her the horns of a cow, and Hera, who hated her because she was dear to Zeus, sent with her a gadfly that stung her, and gave her no rest, and drove her over many lands.

SCENE. — *Skythia,² on the heights of Caucasos. The Euxine seen in the distance. Enter HEPHÆSTOS, STRENGTH and FORCE, leading PROMETHEUS in chains.³*

STRENGTH. Lo! to a plain, earth's boundary remote,
We now are come — the tract as Skythian known,
A desert inaccessible: and now,
Hephæstos, it is thine to do the hests⁴
The Father gave thee, to these lofty crags

To bind this crafty trickster fast in chains²⁵
Of adamantine bonds that none can break;
For he thy choice flower stealing, the bright glory
Of fire that all arts spring from, hath³⁰ bestowed it

On mortal men. And so for fault like this
He now must pay the Gods due penalty,
That he may learn to bear the sovereign rule

Of Zeus, and cease from his philanthropy.

HEPH. O Strength, and thou, O Force,
the hest of Zeus,

As far as touches you, attains its end,
And nothing hinders. Yet my courage⁴⁰ fails

To bind a God of mine own kin by force

To this bare rock where tempests wildly sweep;

And yet I needs must muster courage for it:

5 'Tis no slight thing the Father's words to scorn.

O thou of Themis⁵ [*to PROMETHEUS*] wise in counsel son,

Full deep of purpose, lo! against my will,

10 I fetter thee against thy will with bonds
Of bronze that none can loose, to this lone height,

Where thou shalt know nor voice nor face of man,

15 But, scorching in the hot blaze of the sun,
Shalt lose thy skin's fair beauty. Thou shalt long

For starry-mantled night to hide day's sheen,

20 For sun to melt the rime of early dawn;
And evermore the weight of present ill
Shall wear thee down. Unborn as yet is he

Who shall release thee: this the fate thou gain'st

As due reward for thy philanthropy.

For thou, a God not fearing wrath of Gods,
In thy transgression gav'st their power to men;

And therefore on this rock of little ease
Thou still shalt keep thy watch, nor lying down,

Nor knowing sleep, nor ever bending knee;
And many groans and wailing profitless

35 Thy lips shall utter; for the mind of Zeus
Remains inexorable. Who holds a power
But newly gained⁶ is ever stern of mood.

STRENGTH. Let be! Why linger in this idle pity?

Why dost not hate a God to Gods a foe,
Who gave thy choicest prize to mortal men?

¹ It was from Io that the one (Heracles) who was to free Prometheus from torture was to be descended.

² Skythia was the name applied by classic authors to an extensive territory in southeastern Europe and in Asia.

³ The entrance of these four characters might make it appear that here Æschylus was allowing more than the conventional two characters on the stage. However, Force does not speak at all, and Prometheus does not speak until Strength and Force have retired. It is probable that at first Prometheus is represented by an effigy of gigantic size. If so, only two regular actors were required for the play. The actor who appears as Hephæstos retires and then takes up his position behind the effigy. The other actor could appear successively as Strength, Okeanos, Io, and Hermes.

⁴ Behests.

⁵ Prometheus (Forethought) was son of Themis (Right). The meaning of these names, however, is not to be regarded as an indication that the play is allegorical.

⁶ Zeus had but recently displaced Cronos as King of Heaven.

- HEPH. Strange is the power of kin and intercourse.¹
- STRENGTH. I own it; yet to slight the Father's words,
How may that be? Is not that fear the worse?
HEPH. Still art thou ruthless, full of savagery.
STRENGTH. There is no help in weeping over him:
Spend not thy toil on things that profit not.
HEPH. O handicraft to me intolerable!
STRENGTH. Why loath'st thou it? Of these thy present griefs
That craft of thine is not one whit the cause.
HEPH. And yet I would some other had that skill.
STRENGTH. All things bring toil except for Gods to reign;
For none but Zeus can boast of freedom true.
HEPH. Too well I see the proof, and gainsay not.
STRENGTH. Wilt thou not speed to fix the chains on him,
Lest He, the Father, see thee loitering here?
HEPH. Well, here the handcuffs thou may'st see prepared.
STRENGTH. In thine hands take him. Then with all thy might
Strike with thine hammer; nail him to the rocks.
HEPH. The work goes on, I ween, and not in vain.
STRENGTH. Strike harder, rivet, give no whit of ease:
A wondrous knack has he to find resource,
Even where all might seem to baffle him.
HEPH. Lo! this his arm is fixed inextricably.
STRENGTH. Now rivet thou this other fast, that he
May learn, though sharp, that he than Zeus is duller.
HEPH. No one but him could justly blame my work.
- STRENGTH. Now drive the stern jaw of the adamant wedge
Right through his chest with all the strength thou hast.
HEPH. Ah me! Prometheus, for thy woes I groan.
STRENGTH. Again, thou 'rt loth, and for the foes of Zeus
Thou groanest: take good heed to it lest thou
Ere long with cause thyself commiserate.
HEPH. Thou see'st a sight unsightly to our eyes.
STRENGTH. I see this man obtaining his deserts:
Nay, cast thy breast-chains round about his ribs.
HEPH. I must needs do it. Spare thine o'er much bidding;
Go thou below and rivet both his legs.²
STRENGTH. Nay, I will bid thee, urge thee to thy work.
HEPH. There it is done, and that with no long toil.
STRENGTH. Now with thy full power fix the galling fetters;
Thou hast a stern o'erlooker of thy work.
HEPH. Thy tongue but utters words that match thy form.
STRENGTH. Choose thou the melting mood; but chide not me
For myself-will and wrath and ruthlessness.
HEPH. Now let us go, his limbs are bound in chains.
STRENGTH. Here then wax proud, and stealing what belongs
To the Gods, to mortals give it. What can they
Avail to rescue thee from these thy woes?
Falsely the Gods have given thee thy name,
Prometheus, Forethought; forethought thou dost need
To free thyself from this rare handiwork.
(*Exeunt* HEPHÆSTOS, STRENGTH, and FORCE, leaving PROMETHEUS on the rock.)
PROM. Thou firmament of God, and swift-winged winds,³

¹ Hephæstos, the Greek Vulcan, had taught Prometheus the use of fire.

² This is an indication of the gigantic size of the effigy used to represent Prometheus.

³ It is probable that the silence of Prometheus up to this point is due to the demands of the two-actor convention (see above), but it produces a very fine dramatic effect. The proud captive maintains a grim silence until his torturers have departed.

Ye springs of rivers, and of ocean waves
That smile innumerable! Mother of us all,
O Earth, and Sun's all-seeing eye, behold,
I pray, what I a God from Gods endure.

Behold in what foul case
I for ten thousand years
Shall struggle in my woe
In these unseemly chains.

Such doom the new-made Monarch of the
Blest

Hath now devised for me.

Woe, woe! The present and the oncoming
pang

I wail, as I search out

The place and hour when end of all these
ills

Shall dawn on me at last.

What say I? All too clearly I foresee
The things that come, and nought of pain
shall be

By me unlooked-for; but I needs must
bear

My destiny as best I may, knowing well
The might resistless of Necessity.

And neither may I speak of this my fate,
Nor hold my peace. For I, poor I, through
giving

Great gifts to mortal men, am prisoner
made

In these fast fetters; yea, in fennel stalk ¹ 30
I snatched the hidden spring of stolen fire,
Which is to men a teacher of all arts,
Their chief resource. And now this
penalty

Of that offense I pay, fast riveted
In chains beneath the open firmament.

Ha! ha! What now?

What sound, what odour floats invisibly?
Is it of God or man, or blending both?

And has one come to this remotest rock
To look upon my woes? Or what wills he?

Behold me bound, a God to evil doomed,
The foe of Zeus, and held

In hatred by all Gods

Who tread the courts of Zeus:

And this for my great love,

Too great, for mortal men.

Ah me! what rustling sounds.

Hear I of birds not far?

With the light whirr of wings

The air re-echoeth:

All that draws nigh to me is cause of fear.

5 *Enter Chorus of OCEAN NYMPHS, with wings,
floating in the air.*

CHOR. Nay, fear thou nought: in love

All our array of wings

In eager race hath come

10 To this high peak, full hardly gaining o'er

Our Father's mind and will;

And the swift-rushing breezes bore me on:

For lo! the echoing sound of blows on
iron

15 Pierced to our cave's recess, and put to
flight

My shamefast modesty,

And I in unshod haste, on winged car,

To thee rushed hitherward.

20 PROM. Ah me! ah me!

Offsprings of Tethys blest with many a
child,

Daughters of Old Okeanos that rolls ²

25 Round all the earth with never-sleeping
stream.

Behold ye me, and see

With what chains fettered fast,

I on the topmost crags of this ravine

Shall keep my sentry-post unenviable.

CHOR. I see it, O Prometheus, and a
mist

Of fear and full of tears comes o'er mine
eyes,

Thy frame beholding thus,

35 Writhing on these high rocks

In adamantine ills.

New pilots now o'er high Olympos rule,

And with new-fashioned laws

Zeus reigns, down-trampling right,

40 And all the ancient powers He sweeps
away.

PROM. Ah! would that 'neath the

Earth, 'neath Hades, too,

Home of the dead, far down to Tartaros ³

45 Unfathomable He in fetters fast

In wrath had hurled me down:

So neither had a God

Nor any other mocked at these my woes;

¹ A large stalk filled with pith, which, when dry, was a convenient means of carrying fire.

² The older of two dynasties of the sea flourished during the rule of Cronos and was founded by the Titans Oceanus and Tethys, from whom sprang three thousand river and numberless ocean nymphs.

³ Tartaros was the name given to the abysmal region below Hades.

But now, the wretched plaything of the winds,

I suffer ills at which my foes rejoice.

CHOR. Nay, which of all the Gods

Is so hard-hearted as to joy in this?

Who, Zeus excepted, doth not pity thee

In these thine ills? But He,

Ruthless, with soul unbent,

Subdues the heavenly host, nor will He cease

Until his heart be satiate with power

Or some one seize with subtle stratagem

The sovran might that so resistless seemed.

PROM. Nay, of a truth, though put to evil shame,

In massive fetters bound,

The Ruler of the Gods

Shall yet have need of me, yes, e'en of me,

To tell the counsel new

That seeks to strip from him His sceptre and his might of sovereignty.

In vain will He with words

Or suasion's honeyed charms

Sooth me, nor will I tell

Through fear of his stern threats,

Ere He shall set me free

From these my bonds, and make,

Of his own choice, amends

For all these outrages.

CHOR. Full rash art thou, and yield'st

In not a jot to bitterest form of woe;

Thou art o'er-free and reckless in thy speech:

But piercing fear hath stirred

My inmost soul to strife;

For I fear greatly touching thy distress,

As to what heaven of these woes of thine

Thou now must steer: the son of Cronos¹ hath

A stubborn mood and heart inexorable.

PROM. I know that Zeus is hard,

And keeps the Right supremely to himself;

But then, I trow, He'll be

Full pliant in his will,

When He is thus crushed down.

Then, calming down his mood

Of hard and bitter wrath,

He'll hasten unto me,

As I to him shall haste,

For friendship and for peace.

CHOR. Hide it not from us, tell us all the tale:

For what offence Zeus, having seized thee thus,

So wantonly and bitterly insults thee:

If the tale hurt thee not, inform thou us.

5 PROM. Painful are these things to me e'en to speak;

Painful is silence; everywhere is woe.

For when the high Gods fell on mood of wrath,

10 And hot debate of mutual strife was stirred,

Some wishing to hurl Cronos from his throne,

That Zeus, forsooth, might reign; while

15 others strove, Eager that Zeus might never rule the Gods:

Then I, full strongly seeking to persuade The Titans, yea, the sons of Heaven and Earth,

20 Failed of my purpose. Scorning subtle arts,

With counsels violent, they thought that they

By force would gain full easy mastery.

25 But then not once or twice my mother Themis

And Earth, one form though bearing many names,

Had prophesied the future, how 'twould run,

That not by strength nor yet by violence, But guile, should those who prospered gain the day.

And when in my words I this counsel gave,

35 They deigned not e'en to glance at it at all.

And then of all that offered, it seemed best

To join my mother, and of mine own will,

Not against his will, take my side with Zeus,

40 And by my counsels, mine, the dark deep pit

Of Tartaros the ancient Cronos holds,

Himself and his allies. Thus profiting

By me, the mighty ruler of the Gods

45 Repays me with these evil penalties:

For somehow this disease in sovereignty

Inheres, of never trusting to one's friends.

And since ye ask me under what pretence

He thus maltreats me, I will show it you;

50 For as soon as He upon his father's throne

Had sat secure, forthwith to divers Gods

He divers gifts distributed, and his realm

¹ A Titan, and father of Zeus.

Began to order. But of mortal men
He took no heed, but purposed utterly
To crush their race and plant another
new;

And, I expected, none dared cross his will; 5
But I did dare, and mortal men I freed
From passing on to Hades thunder-
stricken;

And therefore am I bound beneath these
woes,

Dreadful to suffer, pitiable to see:
And I, who in my pity thought of men
More than myself, have not been worthy
deemed

To gain like favour, but all ruthlessly 15
I thus am chained, foul shame this sight to
Zeus.

CHOR. Iron-hearted must he be and
made of rock
Who is not moved, Prometheus, by thy 20
woes:

Fain could I wish I ne'er had seen such
things,

And, seeing them, am wounded to the
heart.

PROM. Yea, I am piteous for my friends
to see.

CHOR. Did'st thou not go to farther
lengths than this?

PROM. I made men cease from con- 30
templating death.¹

CHOR. What medicine did'st thou find
for that disease?

PROM. Blind hopes I gave to live and
dwell with them. 35

CHOR. Great service that thou did'st
for mortal men!

PROM. And more than that, I gave
them fire, yes I.

CHOR. Do short-lived men the flaming 40
fire possess?

PROM. Yea, and full many an art they'll
learn from it.

CHOR. And is it then on charges such as
these 45
That Zeus maltreats thee, and no respite
gives

Of many woes? And has thy pain no end?

PROM. End there is none, except as
pleases Him. 50

CHOR. How shall it please? What
hope hast thou? See'st not

That thou hast sinned? Yet to say how
thou sinned'st

Gives me no pleasure, and is pain to thee.
Well! let us leave these things, and, if we
may, 5

Seek out some means to 'scape from this
thy woe.

PROM. 'Tis a light thing for one who has
his foot

10 Beyond the reach of evil to exhort

And counsel him who suffers. This to me
Was all well known. Yea, willing, willingly
I sinned, nor will deny it. Helping men,
I for myself found trouble: yet I thought
not 15

That I with such dread penalties as these
Should wither here on these high-towering
crag,

Lighting on this lone hill and neighbour-
less.

Wherefore wail not for these my present
woes.

But, drawing nigh, my coming fortunes
hear, 25

That ye may learn the whole tale to the
end.

Nay, hearken, hearken; show your sym-
pathy

With him who suffers now. 'Tis thus that
woe, 30

Wandering, now falls on this one, now on
that.

CHOR. Not to unwilling hearers hast
thou uttered,

Prometheus, thy request, 35
And now with nimble foot abandoning
My swiftly rushing car,

And the pure æther, path of birds of
heaven,

I will draw near this rough and rocky land,
For much do I desire

To hear this tale, full measure, of thy
woes.

*Enter OKEANOS, on a car drawn by a winged
gryphon.*

OKEAN. Lo, I come to thee, Prome-
theus,

Reaching goal of distant journey,

Guiding this my winged courier

By my will, without a bridle;

And thy sorrows move my pity.

Force, in part, I deem, of kindred

¹ I made men cease from contemplating death by providing them with interests and occupations.

Leads me on nor know I any,
Whom apart from kin I honour
More than thee in fuller measure.
This thou shalt own true and earnest:
I deal not in glozing speeches.
Come then, tell me how to help thee:
Ne'er shalt thou say that one more
friendly
Is found than unto thee is Okean.

PROM. Let be. What boots it? Thou 10
then too art come

, To gaze upon my sufferings. How did'st
dare,

Leaving the stream that bears thy name,
and caves

Hewn in the living rock, this land to visit,
Mother of iron? What then, art thou come
To gaze upon my fall and offer pity?

Behold this sight: see here the friend of
Zeus,

Who helped to seat him in his sovereignty,
With what foul outrage I am crushed by
him!

OKEAN. I see, Prometheus, and I
wish to give thee

My best advice, all subtle though thou be. 25
Know thou thyself, and fit thy soul to
moods

To thee full new. New king the Gods have
now;

But if thou utter words thus rough and
sharp,

Perchance, though sitting far away on
high,

Zeus yet may hear thee, and his present 35
wrath

Seem to thee but as child's play of distress.
Nay, thou poor sufferer, quit the rage thou
hast,

And seek a remedy for these thine ills. 40
A tale thrice-told, perchance, I seem to
speak:

Lo! this, Prometheus, is the punishment
Of thine o'er lofty speech, nor art thou
yet

Humbled, nor yieldest to thy miseries,
And fain would'st add fresh evils unto
these.

But thou, if thou wilt take me as thy
teacher,

Wilt not kick out against the pricks,
seeing well

A monarch reigns who gives account to
none.

5 And now I go, and will an effort make,
If I, perchance, may free thee from thy
woes;

Be still then, hush thy petulance of speech,
Or knowest thou not, o'er-clever as thou
art,

That idle tongues must still their forfeit
pay?

PROM. I envy thee, seeing thou art free
from blame

15 Though thou shared'st all,¹ and in my
cause wast bold;

Nay, let me be, nor trouble thou thy-
self;

Thou wilt not, canst not soothe Him; very
hard

20 Is He of soothing. Look to it thyself,
Lest thou some mischief meet with in the
way.

OKEAN. It is thy wont thy neighbours'
minds to school

25 Far better than thine own. From deeds,
not words,

I draw my proof. But do not draw me
back

30 When I am hasting on, for lo, I deem,
I deem that Zeus will grant this boon to
me,

That I should free thee from these woes of
thine.

PROM. I thank thee much, yea, ne'er
will cease to thank;

For thou no whit of zeal dost lack; yet
take,

I pray, no trouble for me; all in vain
Thy trouble, nothing helping, e'en if thou

Should'st care to take the trouble. Nay,
be still;

Keep out of harm's way; sufferer though I
be,

45 I would not therefore wish to give my
woes

A wider range o'er others. No, not so:
For lo! my mind is wearied with the grief

Of that my kinsman Atlas,² who doth
50 stand

¹ Okeanos had given his daughter Hesione in marriage to Prometheus.

² Some of the Titans were supposed to have been buried under mountains. Atlas, however, became identified with a mountain, probably the one now known as Teneriffe.

In the far West, supporting on his
shoulders
The pillars of the earth and heaven, a
burden
His arms can ill but hold: I pity too
The giant dweller of Kilikian ¹ caves,
Dread portent, with his hundred hands,
subdued
By force, the mighty Typhon ² who arose
'Gainst all the Gods, with sharp and
dreadful jaws
Hissing out slaughter, and from out his
eyes
There flashed the terrible brightness as of
one
Who would lay low the sovereignty of
Zeus.
But the unsleeping dart of Zeus came on
him,
Down-swooping thunderbolt that breathes
out flame,
Which from his lofty boastings startled
him,
For he i' the heart was struck, to ashes
burnt,
His strength all thunder-shattered; and
he lies
A helpless, powerless carcase, near the
strait
Of the great sea, fast pressed beneath the
roots
Of ancient Etna, where on highest peak
Hephaistos sits and smites his iron red-
hot,
From whence hereafter streams of fire shall
burst,
Devouring with fierce jaws the golden
plains
Of fruitful, fair Sikelia. Such the wrath
That Typhon shall belch forth with bursts
of storm,
Hot, breathing fire, and unapproachable,
Though burnt and charred by thunder-
bolts of Zeus.
Not inexperienced art thou, nor dost need
My teaching: save thyself, as thou
know'st how;
And I will drink my fortune to the dregs,
Till from his wrath the mind of Zeus shall
rest.

OKEAN. Know'st thou not this, Pro-
metheus, even this,
Of wrath's disease wise words the healers
are?

5 PROM. Yea, could one soothe the
troubled heart in time,
Nor seek by force to tame the soul's
proud flesh.

OKEAN. But in due forethought with
bold daring blent,
What mischief see'st thou lurking? Tell
me this.

PROM. Toil bootless, and simplicity full
fond.

15 OKEAN. Let me, I pray, that sickness
suffer, since
'Tis best being wise to have not wisdom's
show.

PROM. Nay, but this error shall be
deemed as mine.

OKEAN. Thy word then clearly sends
me home at once.

PROM. Yea, lest thy pity for me make a
foe. . . .

25 OKEAN. What! of that new king on his
mighty throne?

PROM. Look to it, lest his heart be
vexed with thee.

OKEAN. Thy fate, Prometheus, teaches
me that lesson.

PROM. Away, withdraw! keep thou
the mind thou hast.

OKEAN. Thou urgest me who am in act
to haste;

35 For this my bird four-footed flaps with
wings

The clear path of the æther; and full fain
Would he bend knee in his own stall at
home. (Exit.)

STROPHE I

CHOR. I grieve, Prometheus, for thy
dreary fate

Shedding from tender eyes

The dew of plenteous tears;

With streams, as when the watery south
wind blows,

My cheek is wet;

50 For lo! these things are all unenviable,

¹ Cilicia was the name for southeastern Asia Minor.

² Typhon, father of the winds, was another of the Titans. He is said by Hesiod to be lying with his head and breast under Ætna and his feet extending to Cumæ.

And Zeus, by his own laws his sway main-
taining,

Shows to the elder Gods
A mood of haughtiness.

ANTISTROPHE I

And all the country echoeth with the
moan,

And poureth many a fear
For that magnificent power

Of ancient days far-seen that thou did'st
share

With those of one blood sprung;
And all the mortal men who hold the plain
Of holy Asia as their land of sojourn,
They grieve in sympathy
For thy woes lamentable.

STROPHE II

And they, the maiden band ¹ who find
their home

On distant Colchian ² coasts,
Fearless of fight,

Or Skythian horde in earth's remotest clime,
By far Mæotic lake ³;

ANTISTROPHE II

And warlike glory of Arabia's tribes,
Who nigh to Caucasos
In rock-fort dwell,

An army fearful, with sharp-pointed spear
Raging in war's array.

STROPHE III

One other Titan only have I seen,

One other of the Gods,

Thus bound in woes of adamantine
strength —

Atlas, who ever groans
Beneath the burden of a crushing might,
The out-spread vault of heaven.

ANTISTROPHE III

And lo! the ocean billows murmur loud
In one accord with him;

The sea-depths groan, and Hades' swarthy
pit

Re-echoeth the sound,

And fountains of clear rivers, as they flow,
5 Bewail his bitter griefs.

PROM. Think not it is through pride or
stiff self-will

That I am silent. But my heart is worn,
Self-contemplating, as I see myself

10 Thus outraged. Yet what other hand
than mine

Gave these young Gods in fulness all their
gifts?

But these I speak not of; for I should tell
To you that know them. But those woes
of men,

List ye to them, — how they, before as
babes,

By me were roused to reason, taught to
think;

And this I say, not finding fault with men,
But showing my good-will in all I gave.

For first, though seeing, all in vain they
saw,

25 And hearing, heard not rightly. But, like
forms

Of phantom-dreams, throughout their
life's whole length

They muddled all at random; did not
30 know

Houses of brick that catch the sunlight's
warmth,

Nor yet the work of carpentry. They
dwelt

35 In hollowed holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
In sunless depth of caverns; and they had

No certain signs of winter, nor of spring
Flower-laden, nor of summer with her
fruits;

40 But without counsel fared their whole life
long,

Until I showed the risings of the stars,
And settings hard to recognise. And I
Found Number for them, chief device of

45 all,
Groupings of letters, Memory's handmaid
that,

And mother of the Muses. And I first
Bound in the yoke wild steeds, submissive
50 made

¹ The Amazons.

² Colchis was the name of a country in Asia, the legendary land of Medea and the Golden Fleece.

³ The sea of Asov.

Or to the collar or men's limbs, that so
 They might in man's place bear his
 greatest toils;
 And horses trained to love the rein I yoked
 To chariots, glory of wealth's pride of
 state;
 Nor was it any one but me that found
 Sea-crossing, canvas-winged cars of ships:
 Such rare designs inventing (wretched
 me!)
 For mortal men, I yet have no device
 By which to free myself from this my
 woe.
 CHOR. Foul shame thou sufferest: of
 thy sense bereaved,
 Thou errest greatly: and, like leech
 unskilled,
 Thou lovest heart when smitten with
 disease,
 And know'st not how to find the remedies
 Wherewith to heal thine own soul's sick-
 nesses.
 PROM. Hearing what yet remains
 thou'lt wonder more
 What arts and what resources I devised:
 And this the chief: if any one fell ill,
 There was no help for him, nor healing
 food,
 Nor unguent, nor yet potion; but for want
 Of drugs they wasted, till I showed to
 them
 The blendings of all mild medicaments,
 Wherewith they ward the attacks of
 sickness sore.
 I gave them many modes of prophecy;
 And I first taught them what dreams needs
 must prove
 True visions, and made known the ominous
 sounds
 Full hard to know; and tokens by the
 way.
 And flights of taloned birds I clearly
 marked, —
 Those on the right propitious to mankind,
 And those sinister, — and what form of
 life
 They each maintain, and what their
 enmities
 Each with the other, and their loves and
 friendships;
 And of the inward parts the plumpness
 smooth,
 And with what colour they the Gods would
 please,
 And the streaked comeliness of gall and
 liver:
 And with burnt limbs enwrap in fat, and
 chine,
 I led men on to art full difficult:
 And I gave eyes to omens drawn from fire,
 Till then dim-visioned. So far then for
 this.
 And 'neath the earth the hidden boons for
 men,
 Bronze, iron, silver, gold, who else could
 say
 That he, ere I did, found them? None, I
 know,
 Unless he fain would babble idle words.
 In one short word, then, learn the truth
 condensed, —
 All arts of mortals from Prometheus
 spring.
 CHOR. Nay, be not thou to men so
 overkind,
 While thou thyself art in sore evil case;
 For I am sanguine that thou too, released
 From bonds, shalt be as strong as Zeus
 himself.
 PROM. It is not thus that Fate's decree
 is fixed;
 But I, long crushed with twice ten thou-
 sand woes
 And bitter pains, shall then escape my
 bonds;
 Art is far weaker than Necessity.
 CHOR. Who guides the helm, then, of
 Necessity?
 PROM. Fates triple-formed, Erinnyes¹
 unforgetting.
 CHOR. Is Zeus, then, weaker in his
 might than these?
 PROM. Not even He can 'scape the
 thing decreed.
 CHOR. What is decreed for Zeus but
 still to reign?
 PROM. Thou may'st no further learn,
 ask thou no more.
 CHOR. 'Tis doubtless some dread secret
 which thou hidest.
 PROM. Of other theme make mention,
 for the time
 Is not yet come to utter this, but still
 It must be hidden to the uttermost;

¹ The Furies.

For by thus keeping it it is that I
Escape my bondage foul, and these my
pains.

Of mortal men break through
The harmony of Zeus.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Ah! ne'er may Zeus the Lord,
Whose sovran sway rules all,
His strength in conflict set
Against my feeble will!
Nor may I fail to serve
* The Gods with holy feast
Of whole burnt-offerings,
Where the stream ever flows
That bears my father's name,
The great Okeanos!
Nor may I sin in speech!
May this grace more and more
Sink deep into my soul
And never fade away!

ANTISTROPHE I

Sweet is it in strong hope
To spend long years of life,
With bright and cheering joy
Our heart's thoughts nourishing.
I shudder, seeing thee
Thus vexed and harassed sore
By twice ten thousand woes;
For thou in pride of heart,
Having no fear of Zeus,
In thine own obstinacy,
Dost show for mortal men,
Prometheus, love o'ermuch.

STROPHE II

See how that boon, dear friends,
For thee is bootless found.
Say, where is any help?
What aid from mortals comes?
Hast thou not seen this brief and powerless
life,
Fleeting as dreams, with which man's
purblind race
Is fast in fetters bound?
Never shall counsels vain

ANTISTROPHE II

5 This lesson have I learnt
Beholding thy sad fate,
Prometheus! Other strains
Come back upon my mind,
When I sang wedding hymns around thy
10 bath,
And at thy bridal bed, when thou did'st
take
In wedlock's holy bands
One of the same sire born,
15 Our own Hesione,
Persuading her with gifts
As wife to share thy couch.

*Enter Io¹ in form like a fair woman with a
heifer's horns, followed by the Spectre of
ARGOS.*

IO. What land is this? What people?
Whom shall I
Say that I see thus vexed
With bit and curb of rock?
25 For what offense dost thou
Bear fatal punishment?
Tell me to what far land
I've wandered here in woe.
Ah me! ah me!
30 Again the gadfly stings me miserable.
Spectre of Argos, thou, the earth-
born one —
Ah, keep him off, O Earth!
I fear to look upon that herdsman dread.
35 Him with ten thousand eyes²:
Ah lo! he cometh with his crafty look,
Whom Earth refuses even dead to hold;
But coming from beneath
He hunts me miserable,
40 And drives me famished o'er the sea-beach
sand.

STROPHE

And still his waxened reed-pipe soundeth
clear
A soft and slumberous strain.
O heavens! O ye Gods!

¹ For the connection of Io with the story of Prometheus, see page 67, note 1. It may be further-
more that the poet was interested in Io as another person suffering at the hands of Zeus.

² Argos, with ten thousand eyes, who was sent by Hera, wife of Zeus, to guard Io. At the in-
stigation of Zeus he was killed by Hermes.

- Whither do these long wanderings lead me on?
 For what offence, O son of Cronos, what,
 Hast thou thus bound me fast
 In these great miseries!
 Ah me! ah me!
 And why with terror of the gadfly's sting
 Dost thou thus vex me, frenzied in my soul?
 Burn me with fire, or bury me in earth, 10
 Or to wild sea-beasts give me as a prey:
 Nay, grudge me not, O King,
 An answer to my prayers:
 Enough my many-wandered wanderings
 Have exercised my soul, 15
 Nor have I power to learn
 How to avert the woe.
 (To PROMETHEUS). Hear'st thou the
 voice of maiden crowned with horns?
 PROM. Surely I heard the maid by gad-20
 fly driven,
 Daughter of Inachos, who warmed the
 heart
 Of Zeus with love, and now through Hera's
 hate 25
 Is tried, perforce, with wanderings over-
 long!
- ANTISTROPHE
- IO. How is it that thou speak'st my
 father's name?
 Tell me, the suffering one,
 Who art thou, who, poor wretch,
 Who thus so truly nam'st me miserable, 35
 And tell'st the plague from Heaven,
 Which with its haunting stings
 Wears me to death? Ah woe!
 And I with famished and unseemly
 bounds 40
 Rush madly, driven by Hera's jealous
 craft.
 Ah, who of all that suffer, born to woe,
 Have trouble like the pain that I endure?
 But thou, make clear to me
 What yet for me remains,
 What remedy, what healing for my pangs.
 Show me, if thou dost know:
 Speak out and tell me,
 The maid by wanderings vexed. 50
 PROM. I will say plainly all thou seek'st
 to know;
- Not in dark tangled riddles, but plain
 speech,
 As it is meet that friends to friends should
 speak;
 5 Thou see'st Prometheus who gave fire to
 men.
 IO. O thou to men as benefactor known,
 Why, poor Prometheus, sufferest thou this
 pain?
 PROM. I have but now mine own woes
 ceased to wail.
 IO. Wilt thou not then bestow this
 boon on me?
 PROM. Say what thou seek'st, for I will
 tell thee all.
 IO. Tell me, who fettered thee in this
 ravine?
 PROM. The counsel was of Zeus, the
 hand Hephæstos'.
 IO. Of what offence dost thou the
 forfeit pay?
 PROM. Thus much alone am I content
 to tell.
 IO. Tell me, at least, besides, what end
 shall come
 To my drear wanderings; when the time
 shall be.
 PROM. Not to know this is better than
 to know.
 IO. Nay, hide not from me what I have
 to bear.
 PROM. It is not that I grudge the boon
 to thee.
 IO. Why then delayest thou to tell the
 whole?
 PROM. Not from ill will, but loth to vex
 thy soul.
 IO. Nay, care thou not beyond what
 pleases me.
 PROM. If thou desire it I must speak.
 Hear then.
 CHOR. Not yet though; grant me share
 of pleasure too.
 Let us first ask the tale of her great woe,
 45 While she unfolds her life's consuming
 chances;
 Her future sufferings let her learn from
 thee.
 PROM. 'Tis thy work, Io, to grant these
 their wish,
 On other grounds and as thy father's
 kin¹:

¹ Io's father, Inachos, was son of Okeanos, and hence a brother to the sea nymphs.

For to bewail and moan one's evil chance,
Here where one trusts to gain a pitying
tear

From those who hear, — this is not labour
lost.

IO. I know not how to disobey your
wish;

So ye shall learn the whole that ye desire
In speech full clear. And yet I blush to tell
The storm that came from God, and 10
brought the loss

Of maiden face, what way it seized on me.
For nightly visions, coming evermore
Into my virgin bower, sought to woo me
With glozing words. "O virgin greatly 15
blest,

Why art thou still a virgin when thou
might'st

Attain to highest wedlock? For with dart
Of passion for thee Zeus doth glow, and 20
fain

Would make thee his. And thou, O child,
spurn not

The bed of Zeus, but go to Lerna's ¹ field,
Where feed thy father's flocks and herds, 25
That so the eye of Zeus may find repose
From this his craving." With such vis-
ions I

Was haunted every evening, till I dared
To tell my father all these dreams of night, 30
And he to Pytho and Dodona ² sent
Full many to consult the Gods, that he
Might learn what deeds and words would
please Heaven's lords.

And they came bringing speech of oracles 35
Shot with dark sayings, dim and hard to
know.

At last a clear word came to Inachos
Charging him plainly, and commanding
him

To thrust me from my country and my
home,

To stray at large to utmost bounds of
earth;

And, should he gainsay, that the fiery 45
bolt

Of Zeus should come and sweep away his
race.

And he, by Loxias' ³ oracles induced,

Thrust me, against his will, against mine
too,

And drove me from my home; but, spite of
all,

5 The curb of Zeus constrained him this to
do.

And then forthwith my face and mind were
changed;

And horned, as ye see me, stung to the
quick

By biting gadfly, I with maddened leap
Rushed to Kerchneia's fair and limpid
stream,

And fount of Lerna. And a giant herds-
man,

Argos, full rough of temper, followed me,
With many an eye beholding, on my track.

And him a sudden and unlooked-for
doom

Deprived of life. And I, by gadfly stung,
By scourge from Heaven am driven from
land to land.

What has been done thou hearest. And if
thou

Can'st tell what yet remains of woe, de-
clare it;

Nor in thy pity soothe me with false words;
For hollow words, I deem, are worst of ills.

CHOR. Away, away, let be:

Ne'er thought I that such tales
Would ever, ever come unto mine ears;
Nor that such terrors, woes, and outrages,
Hard to look on, hard to bear,

Would chill my soul with sharp goad,
double-edged.

Ah fate! Ah fate!

I shudder, seeing Io's fortune strange.

PROM. Thou art too quick in groaning,
full of fear:

40 Wait thou a while until thou hear the rest.

CHOR. Speak thou and tell. Unto the
sick 'tis sweet

Clearly to know what yet remains of pain.

PROM. Your former wish ye gained full
easily.

Your first desire was to learn of her
The tale she tells of her own sufferings;
Now therefore hear the woes that yet
remain

¹ A marshy region in Argolis, Greece.

² Pytho is identified with Delphi, seat of the oracle of Apollo. Dodona was the seat of the old Greek oracle dedicated to Zeus.

³ Surname of Apollo.

For this poor maid to bear at Hera's hands.
And thou, O child of Inachos! take heed
To these my words, that thou may'st hear
the goal

Of all thy wanderings.

Prometheus then describes the first part of Io's wanderings, bringing her as far as the coast of Asia.

For great as are the ills thou now hast
heard,

Know that as yet not e'en the prelude's
known.

IO. Ah woe! woe! woe!

PROM. Again thou groan'st and criest.
What wilt do

When thou shalt learn the evils yet to
come?

CHOR. What! are there troubles still to
come for her?

PROM. Yea, stormy sea of woe most
lamentable.

IO. What gain is it to live? Why cast I
not

Myself at once from this high precipice,
And, dashed to earth, be free from all
my woes?

Far better were it once for all to die
Than all one's days to suffer pain and grief.

PROM. My struggles then full hardly
thou would'st bear,

For whom there is no destiny of death;
For that might bring a respite from my
woes:

But now there is no limit to my pangs
Till Zeus be hurled out from his sover-
eignty.

IO. What! shall Zeus e'er be hurled
from his high state?

PROM. Thou would'st rejoice, I trow,
to see that fall.

IO. How should I not, when Zeus so
foully wrongs me?

PROM. That this is so thou now may'st
hear from me.

IO. Who then shall rob him of his
sceptred sway?

PROM. Himself shall do it by his own
rash plans.

IO. But how? Tell this, unless it
bringeth harm.

PROM. He shall wed one for whom one
day he'll grieve.

IO. Heaven-born or mortal? Tell, if
tell thou may'st.

PROM. Why ask'st thou who? I may
not tell thee that.

IO. Shall his bride hurl him from his
throne of might?

PROM. Yea; she shall bear child
mightier than his sire.¹

IO. Has he no way to turn aside that
doom?

PROM. No, none; unless I from my
bonds be loosed.

IO. Who then shall loose thee 'gainst
the will of Zeus?

PROM. It must be one of thy posterity.

IO. What, shall a child of mine free
thee from ills?

PROM. Yea, the third generation after
ten.

IO. No more thine oracles are clear to
me.

PROM. Nay, seek not thou thine own
drear fate to know.

IO. Do not, a boon presenting, then
withdraw it.

PROM. Of two alternatives, I'll give
thee choice.

IO. Tell me of what, then give me
leave to choose.

PROM. I give it then. Choose, or that I
should tell

Thy woes to come, or who shall set me
free.

CHOR. Of these be willing one request
to grant

To her, and one to me; nor scorn my
words;

Tell her what yet of wanderings she must
bear,

And me who shall release thee. This I
crave.

PROM. Since ye are eager, I will not
refuse

To utter fully all that ye desire.

Here is related the remainder of Io's wanderings, which end on the banks of the Nile.

There Zeus shall give thee back thy mind
again,

¹ This refers to the legend that Zeus, becoming enamored of Thetis, daughter of Nereus, followed her to the Caucasus. There Prometheus warned him that a child born of their union should overthrow his father.

With hand that works no terror touching
thee, —

Touch only — and thou then shalt bear a
child

Of Zeus begotten, Epaphos, "Touch- 5
born,"

Swarthy of hue, whose lot shall be to reap
The whole plain watered by the broad-
streamed Neilos;

And in the generation fifth from him 10
A household numbering fifty shall return
Against their will to Argos, in their flight
From wedlock with their cousins. And
they too

(Kites but a little space behind the doves) 15
With eager hopes pursuing marriage rites
Beyond pursuit shall come; and God shall
grudge

To give up their sweet bodies. And the
land 20

Pelasgian¹ shall receive them, when by
stroke

Of woman's murderous hand these men
shall lie

Smitten to death by daring deed of night: 25
For every bride shall take her husband's
life,

And dip in blood the sharp two-edged
sword

(So to my foes may Kypris show herself!) 30
Yet one of that fair band² shall love per-
suade

Her husband not to slaughter, and her will
Shall lose its edge; and she shall make her
choice

Rather as weak than murderous to be
known.

And she at Argos shall a royal seed
Bring forth (long speech 'twould take to
tell this clear) 40

Famed for his arrows, who shall set me
free³

From these my woes. Such was the oracle
Mine ancient mother Themis, Titan-born,
Gave to me; but the manner and the 45
means, —

That needs a lengthy tale to tell the whole,
And thou can'st nothing gain by learning
it.

Io. Eleleu! Oh, Eleleu! 50
The throbbing pain inflames me, and the
mood

Of frenzy-smitten rage;
The gadfly's pointed sting,
Not forged with fire, attacks,
And my heart beats against my breast
with fear.

Mine eyes whirl round and round:
Out of my course I'm borne
By the wild spirit of fierce agony,
And cannot curb my lips,
10 And turbid speech at random dashes on
Upon the waves of dread calamity.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Wise, very wise was he
Who first in thought conceived this maxim
sage,
And spread it with his speech, —
That the best wedlock is with equals
20 found,
And that a craftsman, born to work with
hands,
Should not desire to wed
Or with the soft luxurious heirs of wealth,
25 Or with the race that boasts its lineage
high.

ANTISTROPHE I

Oh, ne'er, oh ne'er, dread Fates,
May ye behold me as the bride of Zeus,
The partner of his couch,
Nor may I wed with any heaven-born
spouse!
35 For I shrink back, beholding Io's lot
Of loveless maidenhood,
Consumed and smitten low exceedingly
By the wild wanderings from great Hera
sent!

STROPHE II

To me, when wedlock is on equal terms,
It gives no cause to fear:
45 Ne'er may the love of any of the Gods,
The strong Gods, look on me
With glance I cannot 'scape!

ANTISTROPHE II

50 That fate is war that none can war against,
Source of resourceless ill;

¹ Argos.² Hypermnestra.³ Heracles.

Nor know I what might then become of me:

I see not how to 'scape
The counsel deep of Zeus.

PROM. Yea, of a truth shall Zeus, 5
though stiff of will,

Be brought full low. Such bed of wedlock
now

Is he preparing, one to cast him forth
In darkness from his sovereignty and 10
throne.

And then the curse his father Cronos spake
Shall have its dread completion, even that
He uttered when he left his ancient throne;
And from these troubles no one of the Gods 15
But me can clearly show the way to 'scape.
I know the time and manner: therefore
now

Let him sit fearless, in his peals on high
Putting his trust, and shaking in his hands 20
His darts fire-breathing. Nought shall
they avail

To hinder him from falling shamefully
A fall intolerable. Such a combatant
He arms against himself, a marvel dread, 25
Who shall a fire discover mightier far
Than the red levin, and a sound more
dread

Than roaring of the thunder, and shall
shiver 30

That plague sea-born that causeth earth to
quake,

The trident, weapon of Poseidon's
strength:

And, stumbling on this evil, he shall learn 35
How far apart a king's lot from a slave's.

CHOR. What thou dost wish thou mut-
terest against Zeus.

PROM. Things that shall be, and things
I wish, I speak. 40

CHOR. And must we look for one to
master Zeus?

PROM. Yea, troubles harder far than
these are his.

CHOR. Art not afraid to vent such 45
words as these?

PROM. What can I fear whose fate is
not to die?

CHOR. But He may send on thee worse
pain than this. 50

PROM. So let Him do: nought finds me
unprepared.

CHOR. Wisdom is theirs whoAdrasteia
worship.¹

PROM. Worship then, praise and flatter
him that rules;

5 My care for Zeus is nought, and less than
nought:

Let Him act, let Him rule this little while,
E'en as He will; for long He shall not rule
Over the Gods. But lo! I see at hand
The courier of the Gods, the minister
Of our new sovereign. Doubtless he has
come

To bring me tidings of some new device.

Enter HERMES.

HERM. Thee do I speak to, — thee, the
teacher wise,

The bitterly o'er-bitter, who 'gainst Gods
Hast sinned in giving gifts to short-lived
men —

I speak to thee, the filcher of bright fire.
The Father bids thee say what marriage
thou

Dost vaunt, and who shall hurl Him from
his might;

And this too not in dark mysterious speech,
But tell each point out clearly. Give me
not,

Prometheus, task of double journey.
Zeus,

Thou seest, is not with such words ap-
peased.

PROM. Stately of utterance, full of
haughtiness

Thy speech, as fits a messenger of Gods.
Ye yet are young in your new rule, and
think

To dwell in painless towers. Have I not
Seen two great rulers driven forth from
thence?

And now the third, who reigneth, I shall
see

In basest, quickest fall. Seem I to thee
To shrink and quail before these new-
made Gods?

Far, very far from that am I. But thou,
Track once again the path by which thou
camest;

Thou shalt learn nought of what thou
askest me.

HERM. It was by such self-will as this
before

¹ Those who believe in an inevitable retribution, independent even of the gods.

- That thou did'st bring these sufferings
on thyself.
- PROM. I for my part, be sure, would
never change
My evil state for that thy bonds slave's 5
lot.
- HERM. To be the bonds slave of this
rock, I trow,
Is better than to be Zeus' trusty herald!
- PROM. So it is meet the insulter to in- 10
sult.
- HERM. Thou waxest proud, 'twould
seem, of this thy doom.
- PROM. Wax proud! God grant that I
may see my foes 15
Thus waxing proud, and thee among the
rest!
- HERM. Dost blame me then for thy
calamities?
- PROM. In one short sentence — all the 20
Gods I hate,
Who my good turns with evil turns repay.
- HERM. Thy words prove thee with no
slight madness plagued.
- PROM. If to hate foes be madness, 25
mad I am.
- HERM. Not one could bear thee wert
thou prosperous.
- PROM. Ah me!
- HERM. That word is all un- 30
known to Zeus.
- PROM. Time waxing old can many a
lesson teach.
- HERM. Yet thou at least hast not true
wisdom learnt.
- PROM. I had not else addressed a slave
like thee.
- HERM. Thou wilt say nought the
Father asks, 'twould seem.
- PROM. Fine debt I owe him, favour to 40
repay.
- HERM. Me as a boy thou scornest then,
forsooth.
- PROM. And art thou not a boy, and
sillier far,
If that thou thinkest to learn aught from
me?
There is no torture nor device by which
Zeus can impel me to disclose these
things
Before these bonds that outrage me be
loosed.
Let then the blazing levin-flash be hurled;
- With white-winged snow-storm and with
earth-born thunders
Let Him disturb and trouble all that is;
Nought of these things shall force me to
declare
Whose hand shall drive him from his
sovereignty.
- HERM. See if thou findest any help in
this.
- PROM. Long since all this I've seen,
and formed my plans.
- HERM. O fool, take heart, take heart at
last in time,
To form right thoughts for these thy
present woes.
- PROM. Like one who soothes a wave,
thy speech in vain
Vexes my soul. But deem not thou that I,
Fearing the will of Zeus, shall e'er become
As womanised in mind, or shall entreat
Him whom I greatly loathe, with upturned
hand,
In woman's fashion, from these bonds of
mine
To set me free. Far, far am I from that.
- HERM. It seems that I, saying much,
shall speak in vain;
For thou in nought by prayers art pacified,
Or softened in thy heart, but like a colt
Fresh harnessed, thou dost champ thy bit,
and strive,
And fight against the reins. Yet thou art
stiff
In weak device; for self-will, by itself,
35 In one who is not wise, is less than nought.
Look to it, if thou disobey my words,
How a great storm and triple wave of ills,
Not to be 'scaped, shall come on thee; for
first
With thunder and the levin's blazing flash
The Father this ravine of rock shall crush,
And shall thy carcass hide, and stern
embrace
Of stony arms shall keep thee in thy place.
45 And having traversed space of time full
long,
Thou shalt come back to light, and then
his hound,
The winged hound of Zeus, the ravening
eagle,
50 Shall greedily make banquet of thy flesh,
Coming all day an uninvited guest,
And glut himself upon thy liver dark.

And of that anguish look not for the end,
Before some god shall come to bear thy
woes,¹

And will to pass to Hades' sunless realm,
And the dark cloudy depths of Tartaros. 5
Wherefore take heed. No feigned boast is
this,

But spoken all too truly; for the lips
Of Zeus know not to speak a lying speech,
But will perform each single word. And 10
thou,

Search well, be wise nor think that self-
willed pride
Shall ever better prove than counsel good.

CHOR. To us doth Hermes seem to utter 15
words

Not out of season; for he bids thee quit
Thy self-willed pride and seek for counsel
good.

Hearken thou to him. To the wise of 20
soul

It is foul shame to sin persistently.

PROM. To me who knew it all
He hath this message borne; 25
And that a foe from foes

Should suffer is not strange.
Therefore on me be hurled
The sharp-edged wreath of fire;
And let heaven's vault be stirred
With thunder and the blasts 30

Of fiercest winds; and Earth
From its foundations strong,
E'en to its deepest roots,
Let storm-wind make to rock; 35

And let the Ocean wave,
With wild and foaming surge,
Be heaped up to the paths
Where move the stars of heaven;
And to dark Tartaros
Let Him my carcass hurl, 40
With mighty blasts of force:
Yet me he shall not slay.

HERM. Such words and thoughts
from one
Brain-stricken one may hear 45
What space divides his state
From frenzy? What repose
Hath he from maddened rage?

But ye who pitying stand,
And share his bitter griefs,
Quickly from hence depart,
Lest the relentless roar
Of thunder stun your soul.

CHOR. With other words attempt
To counsel and persuade,
And I will hear; for now
Thou hast this word thrust in
That we may never bear.
How dost thou bid me train
My soul to baseness vile?
With him I will endure
Whatever is decreed.
Traitors I've learned to hate,
Nor is there any plague
That more than this I loathe.

HERM. Nay, then, remember ye
What now I say, nor blame
Your fortune: never say
That Zeus hath cast you down
To evil not foreseen.
Not so; ye cast yourselves:
For now with open eyes,
Not taken unawares,
In Ate's endless net
Ye shall entangled be
By folly of your own.

(A pause and then flashes of lightning
and peals of thunder.)

PROM. Yea, now in very deed,
No more in word alone,
The earth shakes to and fro,
And the loud thunder's voice
Bellows hard by, and blaze
The flashing levin-fires;
And tempests whirl the dust,
And gusts of all wild winds
On one another leap,
In wild conflicting blasts,
And sky with sea is blent:
Such is the storm from Zeus
That comes as working fear,
In terrors manifest.
O Mother venerable!
O Æther! rolling round,
The common light of all,
See'st thou what wrongs I bear?

¹ In a later legend, Cheiron resigns his immortality and submits to die in the place of the doomed Prometheus, — a curious foreshadowing of the doctrine of vicarious atonement.

ARISTOPHANES

(ca. 440-ca. 380 B.C.)

Aristophanes, the greatest comic poet of antiquity, was born in Athens about 440 B.C. Little is known of his life. In 427 he brought out his first comedy under an assumed name. Of forty-four pieces originally written by him only eleven remain. Of these the most famous are *The Acharnians*, *The Birds* (ca. 400 B.C.), *The Wasps*, *The Clouds*, *Lysistrata*, and *The Frogs*. These are the very flower of Attic comedy. To appreciate them, however, requires considerable familiarity with Athenian life of the period, for Aristophanes's plays are filled with references to contemporary politics, customs, and literature. Next to his keen and brilliant wit the most noteworthy characteristic of Aristophanes is his truly Attic grace and polish. It was said of him that the Graces sought out his soul as a dwelling-place. He was conservative in his political and social ideas. He clung to the older ideals of art, learning, and manners; hence his attack upon Socrates in *The Clouds* and upon Euripides, the dramatic innovator, in *The Frogs*. The freedom of the old comedy afforded ample play for his satirical gifts, and he made such good use of them that no weakness of god or man was exempt from his assaults.

In view of the difficulty of understanding Aristophanes without an introduction to the purpose and form of his comedies, it has been thought advisable to include somewhat full excerpts from the illuminating explanatory notes of the translator.

The following selection is from *The Plays of Aristophanes*, a metrical version with notes by John Hookham Frere, London, George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., and New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE BIRDS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PEISTHETAIRUS, an Athenian citizen, but disgusted with his own country, starts on his travels proposing to seek his fortune in the kingdom of the Birds. He is represented as the essential man of business and ability, the true political adventurer, the man who directs everything and everybody, who is never in the wrong, never at a loss, never at rest, never satisfied with what has been done by others, uniformly successful in his operations. He maintains a constant ascendancy, or, if he loses it for a moment, recovers it immediately.

EUPEPIDES, a simple, easy-minded, droll companion, his natural follower and adherent, as the merry-andrew is of the mountebank. It will be seen that, like the merry-andrew, he interposes his buffoonish comments on the grand oration delivered by his master.

EPOPS, King of the Birds, formerly Tereus king of Thrace, but long ago, according to the records of mythology, transformed into a *Hoopoe*. He appears as the courteous dignified sovereign of a primitive uncivilized race whom he is desirous to improve; he gives a gracious reception to strangers arriving from a country more advanced in civilization, and adopts the projects of aggrandizement suggested to him by Peisthetairus.

THE CHORUS OF BIRDS, his subjects, retain, on the contrary, their hereditary hatred and suspicion of the human race; they are ready to break out into open mutiny against their king, and to massacre his foreign (human) advisers upon the spot. It is with the greatest difficulty that they can be prevailed upon to hear reason, and attend to the luminous exposition of Peisthetairus. His harangue has the effect of conciliating and convincing them: his projects are adopted without a dissentient voice. War is not immediately declared against the gods, but a sort of Mexican blockade is established by proclamation.

PROMETHEUS, a malcontent deity, the ancient patron of the human race, still retaining a concealed attachment to the deposed dynasty of Saturn. He comes over secretly with intelligence which Peisthetairus avails himself of, and which proves ultimately decisive in the subjugation of the gods.

NEPTUNE, HERCULES, TRIBALLUS, or the **TRIBALLIAN**, joint ambassadors from the gods commissioned to treat with Peisthetairus. Neptune is represented as a formal, dignified personage of the old school, Hercules as a passionate, wrong-headed, greedy blockhead; he is cajoled and gained over by Peisthetairus, and in his turn intimidates the Triballian, an ignorant barbarian deity who is hardly able

to speak intelligibly. They join together, Neptune is outvoted, and Peisthetairus concludes a treaty by which his highest pretensions are realized.

The characters above mentioned are the only ones who contribute in any way to the progress of the drama; the remainder, a very amusing set of persons, are introduced in detached scenes, exemplifying the various interruptions and annoyances incident to the man of business, distracting his attention and embarrassing him in the exercise of his authoritative functions. There are, however, exceptions.

IRIS, who is brought in, having been captured and detained for an infringement of the blockade.

A PRIEST, who comes to sacrifice at the inauguration of the new city.

TWO MESSENGERS, arriving from different quarters with very interesting and satisfactory intelligence.

The rest are a mere series of intruders on the time and attention of the great man.

POET, a ragged vagabond, who comes begging with an inaugural ode on the foundation of the new city.

A SOOTHISAYER, arriving with Oracles relative to the same important event, and a demand of perquisites due to himself by divine authority.

METON, the Astronomer, proposes to make a plan and survey of the new city.

A COMMISSIONER from Athens, a very authoritative personage.

A VENDOR of copies of decrees; he enters reading them aloud like a hawk to attract purchasers.

PARRICIDE, a young man, who has beaten his father and proposes to strangle him, offers himself as a desirable acquisition to the new colony.

KINESIAS, the dithyrambic poet, applies for a pair of wings.

INFORMER, a young man, whose hereditary trade is that of an informer, and whose practice extends to the islands, comes with the same application.

SCENE. — *A wild desolate country with a bare open prospect on one side, and some upright rocks covered with shrubs and brushwood in the centre of the stage.* PEISTHETAIROS and EUELPIDES appear as a couple of worn-out pedestrian travellers, the one with a raven and the other with a jackdaw on his hand. They appear to be seeking for a direction from the motions and signals made to them by the Birds.

EUELPIDES. (*speaking to his jackdaw*)
Right on, do ye say? to the tree there in the distance?

PEISTHETAIROS. (*speaking first to his raven, and then to his companion*)
Plague take ye! Why this creature calls us back!

EU. What use can it answer tramping up and down?
We're lost, I tell ye: our journey's come to nothing.

PEIS. To think of me travelling a thousand stadia¹
With a raven for my adviser!

EU. Think of me, too,
Going at the instigation of a jackdaw,
To wear my toes and my toe-nails to pieces!

PEIS. I don't know even the country where we've got to.

EU. And yet you expect to find a country here,

A country for yourself!

PEIS. Truly not I;

5 Not even Execestides² could do it,
That finds himself a native everywhere.

* EU. Oh dear! We're come to ruin, utter ruin!

PEIS. Then go that way, can't ye:
10 'the Road to Ruin'!

EU. He has brought us to a fine pass, that crazy fellow,
Philocrates the poulterer; he pretended
To enable us to find where Tereus lives;
15 The king that was, the Hoopoe that is now;
Persuading us to buy these creatures of him,

That raven there for threepence, — and this other,

This little Tharrelides³ of a jackdaw,
He charged a penny for: but neither of 'em

Are fit for anything but to bite and scratch.
(*Speaking to his jackdaw.*)

Well, what are ye after now? — gaping and poking!

You've brought us straight to the rock.
Where would you take us?

There's no road here!

30 PEIS. No, none, not even a path.

¹ A stadion was the equivalent of about 600 feet.

² A foreign "barbarian" arrogating to himself the privileges of a true-born Athenian.

³ One Tharrelides was nicknamed Jackdaw, and Euelpides calls his pet Tharrelides! Peisthetairus is the bearer of the raven; his companion is equipped with a jackdaw.

EU. Nor don't your raven tell us anything?
 PEIS. She's altered somehow — she croaks differently.
 EU. But which way does she point? 5 What does she say?
 PEIS. Say? Why, she says, she'll bite my fingers off.
 EU. Well, truly it's hard upon us, hard indeed,
 To go with our own carcasses to the crows, And not be able to find 'em after all.
 (*Turning to the audience.*)¹
 For our design, most excellent spectators (Our passion, our disease, or what you 15 will),
 Is the reverse of that which Sacas² feels; For he, though not a native, strives perforce
 To make himself a citizen: whilst we, 20 Known and acknowledged as Athenians born
 (Not hustled off, nor otherwise compelled), Have deemed it fitting to betake ourselves
 To these our legs, and make our person 25 scarce.
 Not through disgust or hatred or disdain Of our illustrious birthplace, which we deem
 Glorious and free; with equal laws or-30 dained
 For fine and forfeiture and confiscation, With taxes universally diffused;
 And suits and pleas abounding in the Courts.
 For grasshoppers sit only for a month Chirping upon the twigs; but our Athenians
 Sit chirping and discussing all the year, Perched upon points of evidence and law. 40
 Therefore we trudge upon our present travels,
 With these our sacrificial implements, To seek some easier unlitigious place;
 Meaning to settle there and colonize. 45
 Our present errand is in search of Tereus (The Hoopoe that is now), to learn from him
 If in his expeditions, flights, and journeys,

He ever chanced to light on such a spot.
 PEIS. Holloh!
 EU. What's that?
 PEIS. My raven
 here points upwards.
 Decidedly!
 EU. Ay, and here's
 my jackdaw too,
 Gaping as if she saw something above.
 10 Yes, — I'll be bound for it; this must be the place:
 We'll make a noise, and know the truth of it.
 PEIS. Then 'kick against the rock'.
 EU. Knock you your head
 Against the rock! — and make it a double knock!
 PEIS. Then fling a stone at it!
 EU. With all my heart,
 20 Holloh there!
 PEIS. What do you mean with your Holloh?
 You should cry Hoop for a Hoopoe.
 EU. Well then, Hoop!
 Hoop and holloh, there! — Hoopoe, Hoopoe, I say!
 TROCHILUS. What's here? Who's bawling there? Who wants my master?
 (*The door is opened, and both parties start at seeing each other.*)
 EU. Oh mercy, mighty Apollo! what a beak!
 TR. Out! out upon it! a brace of bird-catchers!
 35 EU. No, no; don't be disturbed; think better of us.
 TR. You'll both be put to death.
 EU. But we're not men.
 TR. Not men! what are ye? what do ye call yourselves?
 EU. The fright has turned me into a yellow-hammer.
 TR. Poh! Stuff and nonsense!
 EU. I can prove it to ye.
 45 Search!
 TR. But your comrade here; what bird is he?
 PEIS. I'm changed to a golden pheasant just at present.

¹ Peisthetairus, it will be seen, allows his companion to put himself forward with the newly discovered natives; he allows him also to address the audience, not choosing to compromise himself by unnecessary communications.

² Acestor, a tragical poet, not being a genuine Athenian, was called Sacas, from the name of a Thracian tribe.

- EU. Now tell me, in heaven's name, what creature are ye?
 TR. I'm a slave bird.
 EU. A slave? how did it happen?
 Were you made prisoner by a fighting cock?
 TR. No. When my master made himself a Hoopoe,
 He begged me to turn bird to attend upon him.
 EU. Do birds then want attendance?
 TR. Yes, of course.
 In his case, having been a man before,
 He longs occasionally for human diet,
 His old Athenian fare: pilchards, for instance.
 Then I must fetch the pilchards; sometimes porridge;
 He calls for porridge, and I mix it for him.
 EU. Well, you're a dapper waiter, a didapper;
 But didapper, I say, do step within there,
 And call your master out.
 TR. But just at present
 He's taking a little rest after his luncheon,
 Some myrtle berries and a dish of worms.
 EU. No matter, call him here. We wish to speak to him.
 TR. He'll not be pleased, I'm sure; but notwithstanding,
 Since you desire it, I'll make bold to call him. (*Exit.*)
 PEIS. (*looking after him*)
 Confound ye, I say, you've frightened me to death.
 EU. He has scared away my jackdaw; it's flown away.
 PEIS. You let it go yourself, you coward.
 EU. Tell me,
 Have not you let your raven go?
 PEIS. Not I.
 EU. Where is it then?
 PEIS. Flown off of its own accord.
 EU. You did not let it go! you're a brave fellow!
 (*The HOOPOE from within.*)
 HOO. Open the door, I say; let me go forth.
- The royal HOOPOE appears with a tremendous beak and crest.*
 EU. O Hercules, what a creature! What a plumage!
 And a triple tier of crests; what can it be!
 HOO. Who called? who wanted me?
 EU. May the heavenly powers . . . Confound ye, I say (*aside*)
 HOO. You mock at me perhaps, Seeing these plumes. But, stranger, you must know —
 That once I was a man.
 EU. We did not laugh
 At you, Sir.
 HOO. What, then, were you laughing at?
 EU. Only that beak of yours seemed rather odd.
 HOO. It was your poet Sophocles that reduced me
 To this condition¹ with his tragedies.
 EU. What are you, Tereus? Are you a bird, or what?
 HOO. A bird.
 EU. Then where are all your feathers?
 HOO. Gone.
 EU. In consequence of an illness?
 HOO. No, the birds
 At this time of the year leave off their feathers,
 But you! What are ye? Tell me.
 EU. Mortal men.
 HOO. What countrymen?
 EU. Of the country of the Triremes.²
 HOO. Jurymen, I suppose?
 EU. Quite the reverse.
 We're anti-jurymen.
 HOO. Does that breed still
 Continue amongst you?
 EU. Some few specimens³
 You'll meet with, here and there, in country places.
 HOO. And what has brought you here?
 What was your object?
 EU. We wished to advise with you.
 HOO. With me! For what?

¹ Tereus. See page 90, note 2.

² Galleys with three banks of oars. The Athenians were at that time undisputed masters of the sea.

³ The love of litigation and the passion for sitting on juries, with the exception of a few who retained their old agricultural habits, had infected the whole Athenian community.

- EU. Because you were a man: the same as us;
 And found yourself in debt: the same as us;
 And did not like to pay: the same as us;
 And after that, you changed into a bird;
 And ever since have flown and wandered far
 Over the lands and seas, and have acquired
 All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.
 Therefore we come as suppliants, to beseech
 Your favour and advice to point us out
 Some comfortable country, close and snug,
 A country like a blanket or a rug,
 Where we might fairly fold ourselves to rest.
 HOO. Do you wish then for a greater State than Athens?
 EU. Not greater; but more suitable for us.
 HOO. It's clear you're fond of aristocracy.
 EU. What him, the son of Scellias' Aristocrates?
 I abhor him.
 HOO. Well, what kind of a town would suit ye?
 EU. Why, such a kind of town as this, for instance,
 A town where the importunities and troubles
 Are of this sort. Suppose a neighbour calls
 Betimes in the morning with a sudden summons:
 'Now, don't forget', says he, 'for heaven's sake,
 To come to me to-morrow; bring your friends,
 Children and all; we've wedding cheer at home.
 Come early, mind ye, and, if you fail me now,
 Don't let me see your face, when I'm in trouble'.
 HOO. So, you're resolved to encounter all these hardships!
- (To PEISTHETAIRUS.)
 And what say you?
 PEIS. My fancy's much the same.
 HOO. How so?
 PEIS. To find a place of the same sort;
 A kind of place, where a good jolly father
 Meets and attacks me thus: 'What's come to ye
 With my young people? You don't take to 'em.
 What! they're not reckoned ugly! You might treat 'em,
 As an old friend, with a little attention surely,
 And take a trifling civil freedom with 'em'.
 HOO. Ay! You're in love I see with difficulties
 And miseries. Well, there's a city in fact
 Much of this sort; one that I think might suit ye,
 Near the Red Sea.
 EU. No, no! not near the sea!¹
 Lest I should have the Salaminian galley²
 Arriving some fine morning, with a summons
 Sent after me, and a pursuivant to arrest me.
 But could not you tell us of some Grecian city?
 HOO. Why, there's in Elis there the town of Lepreum.
 EU. No, no! No Lepreums: nor no lepers neither.
 No leprosy for me. Melanthius³
 Has given me a disgust for leprosy.
 HOO. Then there's Opuntius in the land of Locris.
 EU. Opuntius? Me to be like Opuntius! With his one eye! Not for a thousand drachmas.
 But tell me, among the birds here, how do ye find it?
 What kind of an existence?
 HOO. Pretty fair;
 Not much amiss. Time passes smoothly enough;

¹ A humorous blunder. The Red Sea was in fact as inaccessible to ancient European navigation as the Caspian.

² The Salaminian galley had been sent to arrest Alcibiades, then one of the joint commanders in Sicily. This was one of the most fatal acts of the popular insanity which it was the poet's object to mitigate and counteract.

³ Melanthius, a tragic poet, said to have been leprous.

And money is out of the question. We don't use it.

EU. You've freed yourselves from a great load of dross.

HOO. We've our field sports. We spend 5 our idle mornings

With banqueting and collations in the gardens,

With poppy-seeds and myrtle.

EU. So your time 10 Is passed like a perpetual wedding-day.

(PEISTHETAIRUS, who has hitherto felt his way by putting EUCLIPIDES forward, and allowing him to take the lead, and who has paid no attention to this trifling inconclusive conversation, breaks out as from a profound reflective reverie.)

PEIS. Ha! What a power is here! What opportunities!

If I could only advise you. I see it all! 20 The means for an infinite empire and command!

HOO. And what would you have us do? What's your advice?

PEIS. Do? What would I have ye do? 25 Why first of all

Don't flutter and hurry about all open-mouthed,

In that undignified way. With us, for instance, 30

At home, we should cry out 'What creature's that?'

And Teleas would be the first to answer, 'A mere poor creature, a weak restless animal,

A silly bird, that's neither here nor there'.

HOO. Yes, Teleas might say so. It would be like him.

But tell me, what would you have us do?

PEIS. (*emphatically*) Concentrate! 40 Bring all your birds together. Build a city.

HOO. The birds! How could we build a city? Where?

PEIS. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question! Look down.

HOO. I do.

PEIS. Look up now.

HOO. So I do.

PEIS. Now turn your neck round. 50

HOO. I should sprain it though.

PEIS. Come, what d'ye see?

HOO. The clouds and sky; that's all.

PEIS. Well, that we call the pole and the atmosphere:

And would it not serve you birds for a metropole?

HOO. Pole? Is it called a pole?

PEIS. Yes, that's the name.

Philosophers of late call it the pole; Because it wheels and rolls itself about, As it were, in a kind of a roly-poly way.

Well, there then, you may build and fortify,

And call it your Metropolis — your Acropolis.

From that position you'll command mankind,

And keep them in utter, thorough subjugation,

Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.

And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em,

And starve 'em to a surrender.

HOO. In what way?

PEIS. Why thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see,

In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven.

A case of the same kind occurs with us.

Our people in Athens, if they send to Delphi 30

With deputations, offerings, or what not, Are forced to obtain a pass from the Boeotians:

Thus when mankind on earth are sacrificing, 35

If you should find the gods grown mutinous

And insubordinate, you could intercept All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.

HOO. By the earth and all its springs springs and nooses!

Odds nets and snares! This is the cleverest notion:

And I could find it in my heart to venture, 45 If the other birds agree to the proposal.

PEIS. But who must state it to them?

HOO. You yourself.

They'll understand ye. I found them mere barbarians,

But, living here a length of time amongst them,

I have taught them to converse and speak correctly.

PEIS. How will you summon them?
 HOO. That's easy enough;
 I'll just step into the thicket here hard by,
 And call my nightingale. She'll summon
 them. 5

And when they hear her voice, I promise
 you
 You'll see them all come running here pell-
 mell.¹

PEIS. My dearest, best of birds! don't 10
 lose a moment,
 I beg, but go directly into the thicket;
 Nay, don't stand here, go call your
 nightingale.

(Exit HOOPOE.) 15

(Song from behind the scene, supposed to be sung
 by the HOOPOE.)

Awake! awake!
 Sleep no more, my gentle mate! 20
 With your tiny tawny bill,
 Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
 On vale or hill;
 Or in her airy, rocky seat,
 Let her listen and repeat 25
 The tender ditty that you tell,
 The sad lament,
 The dire event,
 To luckless Itys² that befell.
 Thence the strain 30
 Shall rise again,
 And soar amain,
 Up to the lofty palace gate,
 Where mighty Apollo sits in state,
 In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre, 35
 Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir.
 While all the gods shall join with thee
 In a celestial symphony.

(A solo on the flute, supposed to be the nightin-
 gale's call.) 40

PEIS. O Jupiter! the dear, delicious
 bird!
 With what a lovely tone she swells and
 falls,
 Sweetening the wilderness with delicate 45
 air.

EU. Hist!

PEIS. What?

EU. Be quiet, can't ye?
 PEIS. What's the matter?
 EU. The Hoopoe is just preparing for a
 song.

HOO. Hoop! hoop!
 Come in a troop,
 Come at a call,
 One and all,
 Birds of a feather
 All together.
 Birds of a humble, gentle bill,
 Smooth and shrill,
 Dieted on seeds and grain,
 Rioting on the furrowed plain,
 Pecking, hopping,
 Picking, popping,
 Among the barley newly sown.
 Birds of bolder, louder tone,
 Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
 Mavises and thrushes,
 On the summer berries brousing,
 On the garden fruits carousing,
 All the grubs and vermin smousing.
 You that in a humbler station,
 With an active occupation,
 Haunt the lowly watery mead,
 Warring against the native breed,
 The gnats and flies, your enemies,
 In the level marshy plain
 Of Marathon, pursued and slain.

You that in a squadron driving
 From the seas are seen arriving,
 With the cormorants and mews
 Haste to land and hear the news!
 All the feathered airy nation,
 Birds of every size and station,
 Are convened in convocation.
 For an envoy, queer and shrewd,
 Means to address the multitude,
 And submit to their decision
 A surprising proposition,
 For the welfare of the State.

Come in a flurry,
 With a hurry-scurry,
 Hurry to the meeting and attend to the
 debate.

¹ The song was executed by a female performer on the flute, a great favorite of the public and with the poet.

² Son of Tereus, King of Thrace. He was killed by his mother, Procne, and her sister, Philomela, and was served as food to Tereus in revenge for the latter's treatment of his wife. The gods in indignation transformed Procne into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale forever bemoaning the fate of Itys, and Tereus into a hawk or, according to some, into a hoopoe.

- EU. How they thicken, how they muster,¹
 How they clutter, how they cluster!
 Now they ramble here and thither,
 Now they scramble all together. 5
 What a fidgeting and clattering!
 What a twittering and chattering!
 Don't they mean to threaten us?
 What think ye?
- PEIS. Yes, methinks they do. 10
- EU. They're gaping with an angry look
 against us both.
- PEIS. It's very true.
- CHOR. Where is he, the magistrate that
 assembled us to deliberate? 15
- HOO. Friends and comrades, here am I,
 your old associate and ally.
- CHOR. What have ye to communicate
 for the benefit of the State?
- HOO. A proposal safe and useful, practicable, profitable. 20
- Two projectors are arrived here, politicians
 shrewd and able.
- CHOR. Whee! Whaw! Where?
 Where? 25
 What? What? What? What?
 What?
- HOO. I repeat it — human envoys are
 arrived, a steady pair,
 To disclose without reserve a most stupendous, huge affair. 30
- CHOR. Chief, of all that ever were, the
 worst the most unhappy one!
 Speak, explain!
- HOO. Don't be alarmed! 35
- CHOR. Alas! alas! what have you done?
- HOO. I've received a pair of strangers,
 who desired to settle here.
- CHOR. Have you risked so rash an act?
- HOO. I've done it, and I persevere. 40
- CHOR. But, where are they?
- HOO. Near beside you; near as I am;
 very near.
- CHOR. Oút alás! oút alás!
- We are betrayed, cruelly betrayed
 To a calamitous end,
 Our comrade and our friend,
 Our companion in the fields and in
 the pastures
 Is the author of all our miseries and
 disasters.
 Our ancient sacred laws and
 solemn oath
 Transgressing both!
 Treasonably delivering us as a
 prize
 To our horrible immemorial enemies,
 To a detestable race
 Execrably base!
 For the bird our chief, hereafter he must
 answer to the State;
 With respect to these intruders, I propose,
 without debate,
 On the spot to tear and hack them.
- EU. There it is, our death and ruin!
 Ah, the fault was all your own, you know
 it; it was all your doing;
 You that brought me here; and why?
- PEIS. Because I wanted an attendant.
- EU. Here, to close my life in tears.
- PEIS. No, that's a foolish
 fear, depend on't.
- EU. Why a foolish fear?
- PEIS. Consider; when you're
 left without an eye,
 It's impossible in nature; how could you
 contrive to cry?
- CHOR. Form in rank, form in rank;
 Then move forward and out-flank:
 Let me see them overpowered,
 Hacked, demolished and devoured;
 Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
 Nor woody fastnesses on high,
 Shall protect them if they fly.

¹ The first appearance of the Chorus must have been a critical point for the success of a play. The audience had been brought into good humor by their favorite musical performer, by whom all the preceding songs were probably executed; for the dialogue on the stage passes solely between Peisthetairus and Euelpides, and the Hoopoe, who is supposed to sing, does not appear. The Chorus now appears, and, in the original, forty lines follow, in which Peisthetairus and Euelpides act as showmen to the exhibition of twenty-four figures, dressed in imitation of the plumage of as many different kinds of birds, which are passed in review with suitable remarks as they successively take their places in the orchestra. This passage is here omitted. The language of the birds consists almost wholly of short syllables, the effect of which it is impossible to imitate in English. Some accents, which are added, may serve to approximate it.

- Where's the Captain? What detains him?
 What prevents us to proceed?
 On the right there, call the Captain! Let
 him form his troop and lead.
 EU. There it is, where can I fly?
 PEIS. Sirrah, be quiet, wait a bit.
 EU. What, to be devoured amongst
 them!
 PEIS. Will your legs or will your wit
 Serve to escape them?
 EU. I can't tell.
 PEIS. But I can tell; do as you're bid;
 Fight we must; you see the pot, just there
 before ye; take the lid,
 And present it for a shield; the spit will
 serve you for a spear;
 With it you may scare them off, or spike
 them if they venture near.
 EU. What can I find to guard my eyes?
 PEIS. Why there's the
 very thing you wish,
 Two vizard helmets ready made, the cul-
 lender and skimming dish.
 EU. What a clever, capital, lucky de-
 vice, sudden and new!
 Nicias,¹ with all his tactics, is a simpleton
 to you.
 CHOR. Steady, birds! present your
 beaks! in double time, charge and
 attack;
 Pounce upon them, smash the potlid,
 clapperclaw them, tear and hack.
 HOO. Tell me, most unworthy creatures,
 scandal of the feathered race,
 Must I see my friends and kinsmen mas-
 sacred before my face?
 CHOR. What! do you propose to spare
 them? where will your forbearance
 cease,
 Hesitating to destroy destructive creatures
 such as these?
 HOO. Enemies they might have been;
 but here they come, with fair de-
 sign,
 With proposals of advice, for your advan-
 tage and for mine.
 CHOR. Enemies time out of mind! they
 that have spilt our fathers' blood,
 How should they be friends of ours, or
 give us counsel for our good?
 HOO. Friendship is a poor adviser;
 politicians deep and wise
- Many times are forced to learn a lesson
 from their enemies;
 Diligent and wary conduct is the method
 soon or late
 5 Which an adversary teaches; whilst a
 friend or intimate
 Trains us on to sloth and ease, to ready
 confidence; to rest,
 In a careless acquiescence; to believe and
 hope the best.
 10 Look on earth! behold the nations, all in
 emulation vying,
 Active all, with busy science engineering,
 fortifying;
 15 To defend their hearths and homes, with
 patriotic industry,
 Fencing every city round with massy walls
 of masonry:
 Tactical devices old they modify with new
 design;
 Arms offensive and defensive to perfection
 they refine;
 Galleys are equipped and armed, and
 armies trained to discipline.
 25 Look to life, in every part; in all they
 practise, all they know,
 Every nation has derived its best instruc-
 tion from the foe.
 CHOR. We're agreed to grant a hearing;
 if an enemy can teach
 30 Anything that's wise or useful, let him
 prove it in his speech.
 PEIS. (*aside*) Let's retire a pace or two;
 you see the change in their behaviour.
 HOO. Simple justice I require, and I
 request it as a favour.
 CHOR. Faith and equity require it, and
 the nation hitherto
 Never has refused to take direction and
 advice from you.
 PEIS. (*aside*) They're relenting by de-
 grees;
 Recover arms and stand at ease.
 CHOR. Back to the rear! resume your
 station,
 Ground your wrath and indigna-
 tion!
 Sheathe your fury! stand at ease,
 While I proceed to question
 these:
 What design has brought them
 here?

¹ A famous general.

Ho, there, Hoopoe! can't he hear?

HOO. What's your question?

CHOR. Who are these?

HOO. Strangers from the land of Greece.

CHOR. What design has brought them thence?

What's their errand or pretence? 10

HOO. They come here simply with a view

To settle and reside with you;
Here to remain and here to live.

CHOR. What is the reason that they give?

HOO. A project marvellous and strange.

CHOR. Will it account for such a change, 20

Coming here so vast a distance?

Does he look for our assistance

To serve a friend or harm a foe?

HOO. Mighty plans he has to show
(Hinted and proposed in brief) 25

For a power beyond belief;

Ocean, earth, he says, and air,

All creation everywhere,

Everything that's here or there,

An empire and supremacy 30

Over all beneath the sky,

Is attainable by you,

Your just dominion and your

due.

CHOR. Tell us, was he fool or mad? 35

HOO. No, believe me; grave and sad.

CHOR. Did his reasons and replies

Mark him as discreet and wise?

HOO. With a force, a depth, a reach

Of judgment, a command of 40

speech,

An invention, a facility,

An address, a volubility,

More than could be thought

believable; 45

'Tis a varlet inconceivable!

CHOR. Let us hear him! let us hear him!

Bid him begin! for raised on high

Our airy fancy soars; and I

Am rapt in hope; ready to fly. 50

The King Hoopoe now gives some orders in a pacific spirit, directing that all warlike weapons be removed and hung up at the

back of the chimney as before. He then calls upon Peisthetairus to communicate to the assembled commonalty the propositions which had been before discussed in private conference between themselves. Peisthetairus, however, sees his advantage and insists upon the previous conclusion of a formal treaty of peace: this is done, and the Chorus swear to it (relapsing for a moment into their real character) 'as they hope to win the prize by a unanimous vote'. But if they should fail they imprecate upon themselves the penalty of (gaining the prize notwithstanding, but) 'gaining it only by a casting vote'. Peace is proclaimed, the armament is dissolved by proclamation, and the Chorus recommences singing.

(To the CHORUS.)

HOO. Here you, take these same arms,
in the name of heaven,

And hang them quietly in the chimney corner;

(Turning to PEISTHETAIROS.)

And you communicate your scheme, exhibiting

Your proofs and calculations — the discourse

Which they were called to attend to.

PEIS. No, not I!

By Jove; unless they agree to an armistice,

Such as the little poor baboon, our neighbour,

The sword cutler, concluded with his wife,

That they sha'n't bite me, or take unfair advantage

In any way.

CHOR. We won't.

PEIS. Well, swear it then!

CHOR. We swear; by our hope of gaining the first prize,

With the general approval and consent

Of the whole audience, and of all the judges —

And if we fail, may the reproach befall us,

Of gaining it, only by the casting vote.

HERALD. Hear, ye good people all! the troops are ordered

To take their arms within doors;
and consult

On the report and entry to be
made

Upon our journal of this day's
proceedings.

CHOR. Since time began

The race of man

Has ever been deceitful, faithless ever.

Yet may our fears be vain!

Speak therefore and explain:

If, in this realm of ours,

Your clearer intellect, searching and
clever,

Has noticed means or powers,

Unknown and undetected,

In unambitious indolence neglected,

Guide and assist our ignorant endeavour:

You for your willing aid, and ready wit,

Will share with us the common benefit. 20

Now speak to the business and be not
afraid;

The birds will adhere to the truce that we
made.

We omit here a rather long debate on the question of the safety of the birds' trusting their life-long enemies, men. Peisthetairus, by a great show of literary and historical references, succeeds in persuading them to accept him. We resume with a choral song, one of the finest in all the work of Aristophanes. This type of ode, called the "parabasis," was a distinctive feature of Attic comedy. It was addressed by the chorus to the audience during intermission in the action and concerned itself mainly with public affairs and personages. It was usually followed by choral comments, called "epirrema" and "ante-pirrema," at the conclusion of which the actors appear again on the stage.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day, 40

Naked and featherless, feeble and queru-
lous,

Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!

Attend to the words of the Sovereign

Birds

(Immortal, illustrious lords of the air),

Who survey from on high, with a merciful
eye,

Your struggles of misery, labour, and care.

When you may learn and clearly discern

Such truths as attract your inquisitive
turn;

Which is busied of late, with a mighty
debate,

5 A profound speculation about the creation,

And organical life, and chaotical strife,

And various notions of heavenly motions,

And rivers and oceans, and valleys and
mountains,

10 And sources of fountains, and meteors on
high,

And stars in the sky. We propose by-and-
by

(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all
clear.

And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a
dunce,

When his doubts are explained and ex-
pounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,

In the dungeon of Erebus ¹ foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,

25 Or solid or rare, or figure or form,

But horrible Tartarus ² ruled in the storm:

At length, in the dreary chaotical closet

Of Erebus old was a privy deposit,

By Night the primæval in secrecy laid;

30 A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade

Was brooded and hatched; till time came
about:

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,

35 Sparkling and florid, with stars in his fore-
head,

His forehead and hair, and a flutter and
flare,

As he rose in the air, triumphantly fur-
nished

To range his dominions, on glittering
pinions,

All golden and azure, and blooming and
burnished:

45 He soon, in the murky Tartarean re-
cesses,

With a hurricane's might, in his fiery
caresses

Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched

50 To being and life, begotten and hatched,

¹ Offspring of Chaos who represents the mysterious darkness that is under the earth, the realm of Pluto.

² Pluto.

The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on
 earth,
 More tamely combined, of a temperate 5
 kind;
 When chaotical mixture approached to a
 fixture.
 Our antiquity proved, it remains to be
 shown,
 That Love is our author, and master
 alone.
 Like him, we can ramble, and gambol and
 fly
 O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky: 15
 And, all the world over we're friends to the
 lover,
 And, when other means fail, we are found
 to prevail,
 When a peacock or pheasant is sent as a 20
 present.
 All lessons of primary daily concern,
 You have learnt from the Birds, and con-
 tinue to learn,
 Your best benefactors and early instruc- 25
 tors.
 We give you the warning of seasons re-
 turning.
 When the cranes are arranged, and
 muster afloat
 In the middle air, with a creaking note,
 Steering away to the Lybian sands,
 Then careful farmers sow their lands;
 The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
 The sail, the ropes, the rudder and oar 35
 Are all unshipped, and housed in store.
 The shepherd is warned, by the kite
 reappearing,
 To muster his flock, and be ready for
 shearing.
 You quit your old cloak, at the swallow's
 behest,
 In assurance of summer, and purchase a
 vest.
 For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in 45
 fine,
 For every oracular temple and shrine,
 The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
 For on us you depend, and to us you repair
 For counsel and aid, when a marriage is 50
 made,
 A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
 Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
 An ox or an ass, that may happen to pass,
 A voice in the street, or a slave that you
 meet,
 A name or a word by chance overheard,
 If you deem it an omen, you call it a *Bird*;
 And if birds are your omens, it clearly will
 follow,
 10 That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.
 Then take us as gods, and you'll soon
 find the odds;
 We'll serve for all uses, as Prophets and
 Muses;
 We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here
 together;
 We'll not keep away, scornful and proud,
 a-top of a cloud
 (In Jupiter's way), but attend every day,
 To prosper and bless all you possess,
 And all your affairs, for yourselves and
 your heirs.
 And, as long as you live, we shall give
 You wealth and health, and pleasure and
 treasure,
 In ample measure;
 And never bilk you of pigeon's milk,
 Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,
 In laughter and mirth, on the face of the
 earth, 30
 Laughing, quaffing, carousing, bousing;
 Your only distress shall be the excess
 Of ease and abundance and happiness.

SEMICHORUS

Muse, that in the deep recesses
 Of the forest's dreary shade,
 Vocal with our wild addresses,
 40 Or in the lonely lowly glade,
 Attending near, art pleased to hear
 Our humble bill tuneful and shrill:

When, to the name of omnipotent Pan ¹
 Our notes we raise, or sing in praise
 Of mighty Cybele,² from whom we began,
 Mother of Nature, and every creature,
 Winged or unwinged, of birds or man,
 Aid and attend, and chant with me
 The music of Phrynichus, open and plain,
 The first that attempted a loftier strain,

¹ Son of Mercury and god of woods and fields.

² The Phrygian conception of Rhea, wife of Cronos, mother of Jupiter, and goddess of the earth.

Ever busy like the bee, with the sweets of
harmony.

EPIRREMA

Is there any person present sitting a spec-
tator here,
Who desires to pass his time, freely with-
out restraint or fear?
Should he wish to colonize, he never need

be checked or chid,
For the trifling indiscretions, which the
testy laws forbid.

Parricides are in esteem: among the
birds we deem it fair,
A combat honourably fought betwixt a
game-cock and his heir!

There the branded runagate, branded and
mottled in the face,
Will be deemed a motley bird; a motley
mark is no disgrace.

Spintharus,¹ the Phrygian born, will
pass a muster there with ease,
Counted as a Phrygian fowl; and even
Execestides,
Once a Carian and a slave, may there be
nobly born and free,
Plume himself on his descent, and hatch a
proper pedigree.

SEMICHORUS

Thus the swans in chorus follow,
On the mighty Thracian stream,
Hymning their eternal theme —
Praise to Bacchus and Apollo:
The welkin rings, with sounding wings,
With songs and cries and melodies;
Up to the thunderous Æther ascending:

Whilst all that breathe, on earth be-
neath,
The beasts of the wood, the plain and
the flood,
In panic amazement are crouching and
bending;

With the awful qualm, of a sudden
calm,

Ocean and air in silence blending.
The ridge of Olympus is sounding on
high,
Appalling with wonder the lords of the sky,
And the muses and Graces
Enthroned in their places,
Join in the solemn symphony.

ANTEPIRREMA

Nothing can be more delightful than the
having wings to wear!

A spectator sitting here, accommodated
with a pair,

Might for instance (if he found a tragic
chorus dull and heavy)

Take his flight, and dine at home; and if
he did not choose to leave ye,

Might return in better humour, when the
weary drawl was ended.

Introduce then wings in use — believe me,
matters will be mended:

Patroclides would not need to sit there,
and befoul his seat;

Flying off he might return, eased in a mo-
ment, clean and neat.

Trust me wings are all in all! Diitrephes²
has mounted quicker

Than the rest of our aspirants, soaring on
his wings of wicker:

Basket work, and crates, and hampers,
first enabled him to fly;

First a captain, then promoted to com-
mand the cavalry;

With his fortunes daily rising, office and
preferment new,

An illustrious, enterprising, airy, gallant
cockatoo.

PEIS. Well, there it is!³ Such a comi-
cal set out,

By Jove, I never saw!
EU. Why, what's the matter?

What are you laughing at?
PEIS. At your pen feathers:

¹ A playwright whom Aristophanes regarded as a barbarian.

² Diitrephes gained his fortune through the manufacture of baskets, hampers, etc.

³ The persons of the drama appear again upon the stage, Peisthetairus and Euelpides having both been in the meanwhile equipped with a sumptuous pair of wings. They are supposed to have been entertained behind the scenes with a royal collation in the palace of the Hoopoe. Peisthetairus is accordingly in extreme good humor, and, being now in the height of his advancement, recollects that it will be right to behave to his former comrade with the hearty familiarity of an old acquaintance; he accordingly begins with a ludicrous simile on his appearance.

- I'll tell ye exactly now the thing you're like;
 You're just the perfect image of a goose,
 Drawn with a pen in a writing master's flourish.
- EU. And you're like a plucked black-bird to a tittle.
- PEIS. Well then, according to the line in Æschylus,
 'It's our own fault, the feathers are our own'.¹
- EU. Come, what's to be done?
- HOO. First, we must choose a name,
 Some grand sonorous name, for our new city:
 Then we must sacrifice.
- EU. I think so too.
- PEIS. Let's see — let's think of a name — what shall it be?
- What say ye, to the Lacedæmonian name? Sparta sounds well — suppose we call it Sparta.
- EU. Sparta! What *Sparto*? — Rushes! — no, not I;
- I'd not put up with *Sparto* for a mattress,²
 Much less for a city — we're not come to that.
- PEIS. Come then, what name shall it be?
- EU. Something appropriate,
 Something that sounds majestic, striking and grand,
 Alluding to the clouds and the upper regions.
- PEIS. What think ye of clouds and cuckoos? Cuckoo-cloudlands
 Or Nephelococcugia?
- HOO. That will do;
 A truly noble and sonorous name.
- EU. I wonder, if that Nephelococcugia
 Is the same place I've heard of: people tell me,
 That all Theagenes's rich possessions
 Lie there; and Æschines's whole estate.³
- PEIS. Yes! and a better country it is by far,
- Than all that land in Thrace, the fabulous plain
 Of Phlegra; where those earthborn landed giants
 Were bullied and out-vapoured by the gods.
- EU. It will be a genteelish, smart concern, I reckon,
 This city of ours. . . . Which of the deities
 Shall we have for a patron? We must weave our mantle,
 Our sacred mantle of course . . . the yearly mantle
 To one or other of 'em.
- PEIS. Well, Minerva?⁴
 Why should not we have Minerva? she's established,
 Let her continue; she'll do mighty well.
- EU. No — there I object; for a well-ordered city,
 The example would be scandalous; to see
 The goddess, a female born, in complete armour
 From head to foot; and Cleisthenes⁵
 with a distaff.
- PEIS. What warden will ye appoint for the Eagle tower,
 Your citadel, the fort upon the rock?
- HOO. That charge will rest with a chief
 of our own choice,
 Of Persian race, a chicken of the game,
 An eminent warrior.
- EU. Oh my chick-hiddy —
 My little master. I should like to see him,
 Strutting about and roosting on the rock.
- PEIS. Come, you now! please to step to the atmosphere;
 And give a look to the work, and help the workmen;
 And between whiles fetch brick and tiles,
 and such like;
 Draw water, stamp the mortar — do it barefoot;
 Climb up the ladders; tumble down again:
 Keep constant watch and ward; conceal your watch lights;

¹ Æschylus alludes to a fable in which an eagle complains of being wounded by an arrow feathered from his own wings.

² Sparto still retains its name, under the form "esparto," and is still used for mattresses and occasionally for cordage.

³ Theagenes and Æschines, in boasting of wealth they did not possess, pretended to have estates in Thrace.

⁴ Athena.

⁵ An effeminate Greek.

Then go the rounds, and give the counter-
sign,
Till you fall fast asleep. Send heralds off,
A brace of them — one to the gods above;
And another, down below there, to man- 5
kind.

Bid them, when they return, inquire for
me.

EU. For me! for me! You may be
hanged for me. 10

PEIS. Come, friend, go where I bid
you; never mind;

The business can't go on without you,
anyhow.

It's just a sacrifice to these new deities, 15
That I must wait for; and the priest that's
coming.

Holloh, you boy there! bring the basin and
ewer!

CHOR. We urge, we exhort you, and ad- 20
vise,

To ordain a mighty sacrifice;

And before the gods to bring

A stupendous offering;

Either a sheep or some such 25
thing!

To please the critics of the age,

Sacrificed upon the stage.

Sound amain the Pythian strain!

Let Chœris¹ be brought here to sing. 30

PEIS. Have done there with your
puffing . . . heaven and earth,

What's here! I've seen a many curious
things,

But never saw the like of this before, 35

A crow with a flute and a mouthpiece.

Priest, your office:

Perform it! Sacrifice to the new deities!

PRI. I will — but where's the boy gone
with the basket?

Let us pray to the holy flame,

And the holy hawk that guards the
same;

To the sovereign deities, 45

All and each, of all degrees,
Female and male!

CHOR. Hail, thou hawk of Sunium, hail!

PRI. To the Delian and the Pythian
swan,

And to the Latonian quail,

All hail!

CHOR. To the bird of awful stature,
Mother of gods, mother of man;

Great Cybele! nurse of Nature!

Glorious ostrich, hear our cry!

Fearful and enormous creature,

Hugest of all things that fly,

O preserve and prosper us,

Thou mother of Cleocritus!²

Grant the blessings that we seek,

For us and for the Chians' eke!

PEIS. That's right, the Chians³ —
Don't forget the Chians!

PRI. To the heroes, birds, and heroes'
sons,

We call at once, we call and cry,

To the woodpecker, the jay, the

pie,

To the mallard and the wigeon,

To the ringdove and the pigeon,

To the petrel and the sea-mew,

To the dottrel and the curlew,

To the vultures and the hawks,

To the cormorants and the

storks,

To the rail, to the quail,

To the peewit, to the tomtit.

PEIS. Have done there!⁴ Call no more
of them; are you mad? —

Inviting all the cormorants and the vul-
tures,

For a victim such as this! Why, don't
you see,

40 A kite at a single swoop would carry it off?

Get out of my way there with your crowns
and fillets!

I'll do it myself! I'll make the sacrifice!

PRI. Then I must commence again,
In a simple, humble strain;

¹ Chœris, a bad musician (the constant butt of the comic poets), is called for, to complete the shabbiness of the performance. His representative, the crow (who is the Chœris among the birds), sounds some discordant notes till Peisthetairus stops him.

² Nothing is known of him except that his figure resembled that of an ostrich.

³ Inhabitants of Chios, one of the islands that claimed to be Homer's birthplace.

⁴ Peisthetairus, who can do everything better than everybody else, undertakes to perform the sacrifice. This is sufficiently in character. By making him the chief operator, a greater comic effect is given to the series of interruptions which disturb him, until in despair he determines to transfer the sacrifice elsewhere. In this way the poet avoids the vulgar reality which he had before ridiculed.

And invite the gods anew
To visit us — but very few —
Or only just a single one,
All alone,

In a quiet easy way;
Wishing you may find enough
If you dine with us to-day.
Our victim is so poor and thin,
Merely bones, in fact, and skin.

PEIS. We sacrifice and pray to the 10
winged deities.

Enter a POET, very ragged and shabby, with a
very mellifluous submissive mendicatory
demeanour. Peisthetairus, the essential
man of business and activity, entertaining 15
a supreme contempt for his profession and
person, is at no great pains to conceal it;
but, recollecting at the same time that it is
advisable to secure the suffrages of the
literary world, and that the character of a 20
patron is creditable to a great man, he
patronizes him accordingly, not at his own
expense, but by bestowing upon him
certain articles of apparel put in requi-
sition for that purpose. This first act of
confiscation is directed against the property 25
of the Church; the Scholiast informs us,
that he begins by stripping the Priest.

POET. 'For the festive, happy day,
Muse prepare an early lay,
To Nephelococcugia.'

PEIS. What's here to do? What are
you? Where do you come from?

POET. An humble menial of the Muses'
train,

As Homer expresses it. 35

PEIS. A menial, are you?
With your long hair? ¹ A menial!

POET. 'Tis not that,
No! but professors of the poetical art
Are simply styled the 'Menials of the 40
Muses',

As Homer expresses it.

PEIS. Ay, the Muse has given you
A ragged livery. Well, but friend, I say —
Friend! — Poet! — What the plague has 45
brought you here?

POET. I've made an ode upon your new-
built city,
And a charming composition for a
chorus,

And another, in Simonides's ² manner.

PEIS. When were they made? What
time? How long ago?

POET. From early date, I celebrate in
song

5 The noble Nephelococcugian State.

PEIS. That's strange, when I'm just
sacrificing here,

For the first time, to give the town a name.

POET. Intimations, swift as air,
To the Muses' ear, are carried,
Swifter than the speed and
force,

Of the fiery-footed horse,

Hence, the tidings never
tarried;

Father, patron, mighty lord,
Founder of the rising State,
What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve, incline
To bestow on me and mine.

PEIS. This fellow will breed a bustle,
and make mischief,

If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of
him.

You there, you've a spare waistcoat; pull
it off!

And give it this same clever, ingenious
poet —

30 There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye
seem to want it!

POET. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What a bounteous hand be-
stows

Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain,
He the wanderer, cold and
lonely,

With an under-waistcoat only,
Must a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse averse to
mention,

To your gentle comprehension,
Trusts her enigmatic strain.

PEIS. I comprehend it enough; you
want a jerkin;

Here, give him yours; one ought to en-
courage genius.

50 There, take it, and good-by to ye!

POET. Well, I'm going;

¹ Slaves were forbidden to wear long hair.

² One of the most prolific of Greek poets, particularly famous for *The Lamentation of Danaë*.

And as soon as I get to the town, I'll set to work,
And finish something, in this kind of way:

'Seated on your golden throne,
Muse, prepare a solemn ditty,
To the mighty,
To the flighty,
To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
To the lofty-seated city'.

PEIS. Well, I should have thought, that
jerkin might have cured him
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings'. How
the plague
Did the fellow find us out? I should not
have thought it.

Come, once again, go round with the
basin and ewer.
Peace! Silence! Silence!

Enter a SOOTHSAYER with a great air of arrogance and self-importance. He comes on the authority of a book of Oracles (which he pretends to possess, but which he never produces), in virtue of which he lays claim to certain sacrificial perquisites and fees. Peisthetairus encounters him with a different version composed upon the spot; in virtue of which he dismisses the Soothsayer with a good lashing.

SOOTH. Stop the sacrifice! 30

PEIS. What are you?

SOOTH. A Soothsayer, that's what I am.

PEIS. The worse luck for ye.

SOOTH. Friend, are you in your senses?

Don't trifle absurdly with religious matters.

Here's a prophecy of Bakis, which expressly

Alludes to Nephelococcugia.

PEIS. How came it, then, you never
prophesied

Your prophecies before the town was built?

SOOTH. The spirit withheld me.

PEIS. And is it allowable now,
To give us a communication of them?

SOOTH. Hem!
'Moreover, when the crows and daws
unite,

To build and settle, in the midway right,
Between tall Corinth and fair Sicyon's
height,

Then to Pandora ¹ let a milk white goat

Be slain and offered, and a comely coat
Given to the Soothsayer, and shoes a
pair;

When he to you this Oracle shall bear'.

5 Following the Soothsayer, various other typical characters come in, an Astronomer, a Commissioner, and a Hawker, and are disposed of in summary fashion. This part we omit, and return to the play with the following choral song, the opening lines of which are descriptive of the cruel madness of the times. Diagoras was a foreign poet living in Athens, and was consequently suspected of being implicated in an imaginary plot.

EPIRREMA

At the present urgent crisis, all your efforts
and attention

Are directed to secure Diagoras's apprehension:

20 Handsome bounties have been offered of a
talent for his head.

Likewise, with respect to tyrants (tyrants
that are gone and dead)

25 Bounties of a talent each, for all that can
be killed or caught:

With a zealous emulation, we, the Birds,
have also thought

Just and proper, to proclaim, from this
time forth, that we withdraw

From Philocrates the fowler the protection of the law:

Furthermore, we fix a price, for bringing
him alive or dead;

35 Four, if he's secured alive; a single talent
for his head:

He, that ortolans and quails to market
has presumed to bring;

And the sparrows, six a penny, tied together in a string;

With a wicked art retaining, sundry doves
in his employ,

Fastened, with their feet in fetters, forced
to serve for a decoy;

45 Farther, we declare and publish our
command to men below,

All the birds you keep in prison, to release,
and let them go.

We shall, else, revenge ourselves, and we
shall teach the tyrants yet,

How to chirp and dance in fetters in the
tangles of a net.

¹ The first woman, created by Jupiter to plague man; cf. Pandora's box.

CHORUS

Blest are they,
 The birds alway,
 With perfect clothing,
 Fearing nothing,
 Cold or sleet or summer heat.
 As it chanches,
 As he fancies,
 Each his own vagary follows,
 Dwelling in the dells and hollows;
 When, with eager weary strain,
 The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
 Parched upon the sultry plain,
 Maddened with the raging heat,
 We secure a cool retreat,
 In the shady nooks and coves,
 Recesses of the sacred groves,
 Many a herb, and many a berry
 Serves to feast, and make us merry.

ANTEPIRREMA

To the judges of the prize, we wish to
 mention, in a word,
 The return we mean to make, if our per-
 formance is preferred.
 First then, in your empty coffers, you
 shall see the sterling owl,¹
 From the mines of Laurium, familiar as a
 common fowl;
 Roosting among the bags and pouches,
 each at ease upon his nest;
 Undisturbed, rearing and hatching little
 broods of interest;
 If you wish to cheat in office, but are inex-
 pert and raw,
 You should have a kite for agent, capable
 to gripe and claw;
 Cranes and cormorants shall help you, to a
 stomach and a throat,
 When you feast abroad; but, if you give a
 vile, unfriendly vote,
 Hasten and provide yourselves, each, with
 a little silver plate,
 Like the statues of the gods, for the pro-
 tection of his pate;
 Else, when forth abroad you ramble, on a
 summer holiday,
 We shall take a dirty vengeance, and
 befoul your best array.

PEISTHETAIRUS

Well, friends and birds! the sacrifice has
 succeeded,
 Our omens have been good ones: good and
 fair.
 But, what's the meaning of it? We've no
 news
 From the new building yet! No mes-
 senger!
 Oh! there, at last, I see — there's somebody
 Running at speed, and panting like a racer.
*Enter a MESSENGER, quite out of breath; and
 speaking in short snatches.*
 MESS. Where is he? Where? Where is
 he? Where? Where is he? —
 The president Peisthetairus?
 PEIS. (*coolly*) Here am I.
 MESS. (*in a gasp of breath*) Your for-
 tification's finished.
 PEIS. Well! that's well.
 MESS. A most amazing, astonishing
 work it is!
 So, that Theagenes and Proxenides²
 Might flourish and gasconade and prance
 away,
 Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-
 hand,
 Driving abreast upon the breadth of the
 wall,
 Each in his own new chariot.
 PEIS. You surprise me.
 MESS. And the height (for I made the
 measurement myself)
 Is exactly a hundred fathoms.
 PEIS. Heaven and earth!
 How could it be? such a mass! who could
 have built it?
 MESS. The Birds; no creature else, no
 foreigners,
 Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons,
 But, they themselves, alone, by their own
 efforts
 (Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness) —
 The Birds, I say, completed everything:
 There came a body of thirty thousand
 cranes
 (I won't be positive, there might be more)
 With stones from Africa, in their craws
 and gizzards,

¹ The figure of the owl stamped on the coin of Athens.² Another pretender to great wealth.

Which the stone-curlews and stone-chat-
terers

Worked into shape and finished. The
sand-martins

And mud-larks, too, were busy in their
department,

Mixing the mortar, while the water birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the
water

To temper, and work it.

PEIS. (*in a fidget*) But, who served the
masons?

Whom did you get to carry it?

MESS. To carry it?

Of course, the carrion crows and carrying
pigeons.

PEIS. (*in a fuss, which he endeavours to
conceal*)

Yes! yes! But after all, to load your hods,
How did you manage that?

MESS. Oh capitally,

I promise you. There were the geese, all
barefoot

Trampling the mortar, and, when all was
ready,

They handed it into the hods, so cleverly,
With their flat feet!

PEIS. (*A bad joke, as a vent for irritation*)
They footed it, you mean —

Come; it was handily done though, I
confess.

MESS. Indeed, I assure you, it was a
sight to see them;

And trains of ducks there were, clambering
the ladders,

With their duck legs, like bricklayer's
'prentices,

All dapper and handy, with their little
trowels.

PEIS. In fact, then, it's no use engaging
foreigners,

Mere folly and waste, we've all within
ourselves.

Ah, well now, come! But about the
woodwork? Heh!

Who were the carpenters? Answer me
that!

MESS. The woodpeckers, of course;
and there they were,

Labouring upon the gates, driving and
banging,

With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a
din,

Such a clatter, as they made, hammering
and hacking,

In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights, hard at work in the
arsenal.

And now their work is finished, gates and
all,

Staples and bolts, and bars and everything;
The sentries at their posts; patrols ap-
pointed;

The watchmen in the barbican; the bea-
cons

Ready prepared for lighting; all their
signals

Arranged — but I'll step out, just for a
moment,

To wash my hands. You'll settle all the
rest. (*Exit.*)

PEISTHETAIRUS, surprised at the rapid conclu-
sion of the work, feeling, from the volubility
and easy manner of the Messenger, the blow
which his authority has received, seeing
that nothing is left for him to superintend,
nothing to direct, nothing to suggest, or to
find fault with, remains in an attitude of
perplexity and astonishment, with his
hands clasped across his forehead.

CHOR. (*to PEISTHETAIRUS, in a sort of
self-satisfied drawling tone*)

Heigh-day! Why, what's the matter with
ye? Sure!

Ah! well now, I calculate, you're quite
astonished;

You did not know the nature of our birds:
I guess you thought it an impossible
thing,

To finish up your fortification job

Within the time so cleverly.

PEIS. (*recovering himself and looking
round*) Yes, truly

Yes, I'm surprised indeed; I must con-
fess —

I could almost imagine to myself

It was a dream, an illusion, altogether —

But, there's the watchman of the town,
I see!

In alarm and haste, it seems! He's
running here —

The WATCHMAN enters, with a shout of alarm.

Well, what's the matter?

W. A most dreadful business:

One of the gods, just now — Jupiter's
gods —

Has bolted through the gates, and driven
on
Right into the atmosphere, in spite of us,
And all the jackdaws, that were mounting
guard.

PEIS. (*animated at the prospect of
having something to manage*)

What an outrage! what an insult! Which
of 'em?

Which of the gods?

W. We can't pretend to say;
We just could ascertain that he wore wings.
We're clear upon that point.

PEIS. But a light party
Ought surely to have been sent in such a
case;

A detachment —

W. A detachment has been sent
Already: a squadron of ten thousand
hawks,

Besides a corps of twenty thousand hobby
hawks,

As a light cavalry, to scour the country:
Vultures and falcons, ospreys, eagles, all
Have sallied forth; the sound of wings is
heard,

Rushing and whizzing round on every side,
In eager search. The fugitive divinity
Is not far off, and soon must be dis-
covered.

PEIS. Did nobody think of slingers?
Where are they?

Where are the slingers got to? Give me a
sling.

Arrows and slings, I say! — Make haste
with 'em.

CHORUS

The verses which follow belong to a species of 40
songs, which are alluded to in Aristophanes
more than once. They may properly be
called 'Watch-songs', being sung by the
Watchmen and Soldiers on guard, to keep
themselves and their comrades awake and
alert.

War is at hand,
On air and land,
Proclaimed and fixt.
War and strife,
Eager and rife,
Are kindled atwixt

This State of ours,
And the heavenly powers.

Look with care,
To the circuit of air.

Watch lest he,
The deity,
Whatever he be,
Should unaware
Escape and flee.

But hark! the rushing sound of hasty
wings

Approaches us. The deity is at hand.
PEIS. Holloh you! Where are ye flying?

Where are ye going?
Hold! Halt! Stop there, I tell ye! —
Stop this instant!

What are ye? Where do you come from?
Speak, explain.

IRIS. Me? From the gods, to be sure!
the Olympian gods.

PEIS. (*pointing to the flaunting append-
ages of her dress*)

What are ye? With all your flying trump-
ery!

A helmet? or a galley? What's your name?

IRIS. Iris, the messenger of the gods.

PEIS. A messenger!

Oh! you're a naval messenger, I reckon,

30 The Salaminian galley, or the Paralian? ¹

You're in full sail, I see.

IRIS. What's here to do?

PEIS. Are there no birds in waiting?

Nobody

To take her into custody?

IRIS.

Me, to custody?

Why, what's all this?

Peis.

You'll find to your

cost, I promise ye.
IRIS. Well, this seems quite unac-
countable!

PEIS. Which of the gates

Did ye enter at, ye jade? How came you
here?

45 IRIS. Gates! — I know nothing about
your gates, not I.

PEIS. Fine innocent ignorant airs, she
gives herself!

You applied to the pelicans, I suppose? —

50 The captain

Of the cormorants on guard admitted
you?

¹ The two sacred galleys of the Athenians.

- IRIS. Why, what the plague! what's this?
- PEIS. So, you confess! You come without permission!
- IRIS. Are you mad? 5
- PEIS. Did neither the sitting magistrates nor bird-masters Examine and pass you?
- IRIS. Examine me, forsooth!
- PEIS. This is the way then! — without 10 thanks or leave
You ramble and fly, committing trespasses
In an atmosphere belonging to your neighbours!
- IRIS. And where would you have us fly 15 then? Us, the gods!
- PEIS. I neither know nor care. But, I know this,
They sha'n't fly here. And another thing I know.
I know — that, if there ever was an instance
Of an Iris or a rainbow, such as you,
Detected in the fact, fairly condemned,
And justly put to death — it would be you. 25
- IRIS. But, I'm immortal.
- PEIS. (*coldly and peremptorily*) That would make no difference:
We should be strangely circumstanced indeed,
With the possession of a sovereign power,
And you, the gods, in no subordination,
No kind of order! fairly mutinying,
Infringing and disputing our commands.
— Now then, you'll please to tell me where you're going?
Which way you're steering with those wings of yours?
- IRIS. I? . . . I'm commissioned from 40 my father Jove,
To summon human mortals to perform
Their rites and offerings and oblations, due
To the powers above.
- PEIS. And whom do you mean? what 45 powers?
- IRIS. What powers? Ourselves, the Olympian deities!
- PEIS. So then! you're deities, the rest of ye! 50
- IRIS. Yes, to be sure. What others should there be?
- PEIS. Remember — ! once for all — ! that we, the Birds,
Are the only deities, from this time forth;
And not your father Jove. By Jove! not he!
- IRIS. Oh! rash, presumptuous wretch! Incense no more
The wrath of the angry gods! lest ruin drive
Her ploughshare o'er thy mansion; and destruction,
With hasty besom, sweep thee to the dust;
Or flaming lightning smite thee with a flash,
Left in an instant smouldering and extinct.
- PEIS. Do ye hear her? — Quite in tragedy! — quite sublime!
Come, let me try for a bouncer in return.
20 Let's see. Let's recollect. 'Me dost thou deem,
Like a base Lydian or a Phrygian slave,
With hyperbolical bombast to scare?'
I tell ye, and you may tell him. Jupiter —
If he provokes me, and pushes things too far —
Will see some eagles of mine, to outnumber his,
With firebrands in their claws about his house.
30 And, I shall send a flight of my Porphyrions¹
A hundred covey or more, armed cap-à-pie
To assault him in his sublime celestial towers:
35 Perhaps, he may remember in old times,
He found enough to do with one Porphyrion.
And for you, Madam Iris, I shall strip
Your rainbow-shanks, if you're impertinent,
Depend upon it, and I myself, in person
Will ruin you, myself — ! Old as I am.
IRIS. Curse ye, you wretch, and all your filthy words.
PEIS. Come, scuttle away; convey your person elsewhere;
Be brisk, and leave a vacancy. Brush off.
IRIS. I shall inform my father. He shall know
Your rudeness and impertinence. He shall, —

¹ The Greek name for flamingo.

He'll settle ye and keep ye in order. You shall see.

PEIS. Oh dear! is it come to that! No, you're mistaken,

Young woman, upon that point; I'm not your man,

I'm an old fellow grown; I'm thunder-proof,

Proof against flames and darts and female arts:

You'd best look out for a younger customer.

CHORUS

Notice is hereby given,

To the deities of heaven;

Not to trespass here,

Upon our atmosphere;

Take notice; from the present day,

No smoke or incense is allowed

To pass this way.

PEIS. Quite strange it is! quite unaccountable!

That herald to mankind, that was despatched,

What has become of him? He's not yet returned.

Enter HERALD.

HER. O Peisthetairus, happiest, wisest, best,

Cleverest of men! Oh! most illustrious!

Oh! most inordinately fortunate!

Oh! most . . . Oh! do for shame, do, bid me have done.

PEIS. What are you saying?

HER. All the people of Earth

Have joined in a complimentary vote, decreeing

A crown of gold to you, for your exertions.

PEIS. I'm much obliged to the people of Earth. But why?

What was their motive?

HER. O most noble founder

Of this supereminent celestial city,

You can't conceive the clamour of applause,

The enthusiastic popularity,

That attends upon your name; the impulse and stir,

That moves among mankind, to colonize And migrate hither. In the time before, There was a Spartan mania, and people went

5 Stalking about the streets, with Spartan staves,

With their long hair, unwashed and slovenly,

Like so many Socrates's: but, of late, 10 Birds are the fashion — Birds are all in all —

Their modes of life are grown to be mere copies

Of the birds' habits; rising with the lark; 15 Scratching and scrabbling suits and informations;

Picking and pecking upon points of law; Brooding and hatching evidence. In short,

It has grown to such a pitch, that names of 20 birds

Are given to individuals; Chærephon

Is called an owl, Theagenes a goose,

Philocles a cock sparrow, Midias

A dunghill cock. And all the songs in vogue 25

Have something about birds, swallows or doves;

Or about flying, or a wish for wings.

Such is the state of things, and I must 30 warn you,

That you may expect to see some thousands of them

Arriving here, almost immediately,

With a clamorous demand for wings and 35 claws:

I advise you to provide yourself in time.

PEIS. Come, it won't do then, to stand dawdling here:

Go you, fill the hampers and the baskets 40 there

With wings, and bid the loutish porter bring them,

While I stop here, to encounter the newcomers.

CHORUS¹

Shortly shall the noble town,

Populous and gay,

Shine in honour and renown.

PEIS. (*drily*) Why, perhaps she may.

CHOR. The benignant powers of love,

¹ As before, the author relieves himself of the embarrassment of the presence of the chorus by ridiculing its attributes. In this instance he uses the poetic and imaginative quality of the chorus as

- From their happy sphere,
From the blest abodes
above . . .
- PEIS. (*venting his ill humour on the servant*)
Curse ye, rascal! can't ye move!
- CHOR. . . . Are descending here,
Where in all this earthly range,
He that wishes for a change
Can he find a seat,
Joyous and secure as this,
Filled with happiness and bliss,
Such a fair retreat?
Here are all the lovely faces,
Gentle Venus and the Graces,
And the little Cupid;
Order, ease and harmony,
Peace and affability.
- PEIS. The scoundrel is so stupid,
Quicker, sirrah! bring it quicker!
- CHOR. Let him bring the woven wicker
With the winged store.
I, myself, in very deed,
With the varlet will proceed,
And smite him more and more;
Like a sluggish ass he seems,
Or even, as a man that dreams,
Therefore smite him sore.
- PEIS. He's a lazy rogue, it's true.
- CHOR. Now range them forth, displayed in order due,
Feathers of every form and size and hue,
With shrewd intent, adapting every pinion,
To the new residents of your dominion.
- PEIS. I vow by the hawks and eagles!
I won't bear it;
I'll beat ye, I will myself, you lazy rascal!
- Enter a YOUNG MAN, singing*
- 'Oh! for an eagle's force and might,
Loftily to soar
Over land and sea, to light
On a lonely shore'.
- PEIS. Well, here's a song that's something to the purpose.
- Y. MAN. Ay, ay, there's nothing like it — wings and flying!
- Wings are your only sort. I'm a bird-fancier.
In the new fashion quite. I've taken a notion
To settle and live amongst ye. I like your laws.
PEIS. What laws do you mean? We've many laws amongst us.
Y. MAN. Your laws in general; but particularly
The law that allows of beating one's own father.
PEIS. Why, truly, yes! we esteem it a point of valour,
In a chicken, if he clapperclaws the old cock.
Y. MAN. That was my view, feeling a wish in fact
To throttle mine, and seize the property.
PEIS. Yes, but you'd find some difficulties here,
An obstacle insurmountable, I conceive;
An ancient statute standing unrepealed,
Engraved upon our old Ciconian columns.
It says, that when a stork or a ciconia
Has brought his lawful progeny of young storks
To bird's estate, and enabled them to fly,
The sire shall stand entitled to a maintenance
At the son's cost and charge in his old age.
Y. MAN. I've managed finely it seems to mend myself!
Forced to maintain my father after all!
- PEIS. No, no; not quite so bad; since you're come here,
As a well-wisher to the establishment,
Zealous and friendly, we'll contrive to equip you
With a suit of armour, as a soldier's orphan.
And now, young man, let me suggest some notions,
Things that were taught me when a boy.
'Your father?'
'Strike him not' — rather take this pair of wings,

a contrast to the practical, bustling spirit of Peisthetairus. The latter at first favors them with a gruff acquiescence, then loses all patience and vents his ill humor in scolding his servant, and later tries to evade their sympathy by relapsing into comparative good humor. When the chorus begins its usual practice of exhorting and advising, he flies into a pretended rage with his servant and is running off the stage to beat him when the first specimens of the new colonists make their appearance.

- And this cockspur; imagine you've a
coxcomb
Upon your head, to serve you for a helmet;
Look out for service, and enlist yourself; 5
Get into a garrison; live upon your pay;
And let your father live. You're fond of
fighting,
And fond of flying — take a flight to
Thrace;
There you may please yourself; and fight
your fill.
Y. MAN. By Jove, you're right. The
notion's not a bad one.
I'll follow it up!
PEIS. (*very gravely and quietly*)
You'll find it the best way. (*Exit Y. MAN.*)
- Enter CINESIAS, ¹ singing*
- 'Fearless, I direct my flight 20
To the vast Olympian height;
Thence at random, I repair,
Wafted in the whirling air,
With an eddy, wild and strong,
Over all the fields of song'. 25
PEIS. Ah! well, Cinesias, I'm quite glad
to see ye;
But, what has brought ye and all your
songs and music,
Hobbling along with your old chromatic 30
joints?
CIN. (*singing*) 'Let me live, and let me
sing,
Like a bird upon the
the wing'. 35
PEIS. No more of that; but tell us
plainly in prose,
What are ye come for? what's your scheme,
your object?
CIN. I was anxious to procure a pair of 40
wings,
To say the truth; wishing to make a tour
Among the clouds, collecting images
And metaphors, and things of that descrip-
tion.
PEIS. How so! do you procure 'em from
the clouds?
CIN. Entirely! Our dithyrambic busi-
ness absolutely
- Depends upon them; our most approved
commodities,
The dusty, misty, murky articles,
With the suitable wings and feathers, are
imported
Exclusively from thence. I'll give you a
sample,
A thing of my own composing. You shall
judge.
10 PEIS. But, indeed, I'd rather not.
CIN. But, indeed, you must;
It's a summary view of flying, compre-
hending it
In all its parts, in every point of view.
15 CINESIAS, *singing*
'Ye gentle feathered tribes,
Of every plume and hue,
That, in uninhabited air,
Are hurrying here and there;
Oh! that I, like you,
Could leave this earthly level,
For a wild aerial revel:
O'er the waste of ocean,
To wander, and to dally
With the billow's motion;
Or, in an eager sally,
Soaring to the sky,
To range and rove on high
With my plummy sails.
Buffeted and baffled, with the gusty gales,
Buffeted and baffled. . . .'
(*While CINESIAS is repeating these last lines,
PEISTHETAIRUS comes behind him, and gives
him a flap with a huge pair of wings.*)
CIN. A pretty, civil joke indeed!
PEIS. What joke?
I'm only buffeting you with the plummy sails,
I thought it was what you wanted.
CIN. Well, that's fine!
Pretty respect for a master such as me,
A leader of the band, that all the tribes
Are ready to fight for, to bespeak him first.
PEIS. Well, we've a little unfledged
chorus here,
45 That Leotrophides ² hatched, poor puny
nestlings,
I'll give 'em you for scholars.
CIN. Ah, laugh on!

¹ Cinesias, a lame dithyrambic poet and musician, arrives in the hopes of being able to provide himself with wings, which will enable him to look after his concerns among the clouds, the great emporium for business with all persons who are embarked in the dithyrambic line.

² Cinesias and Leotrophides were both ridiculed for their flimsy figures.

Laugh on! but take my word for it, here I
 stay,
 Till you provide me with a pair of wings,
 Proper to circumnavigate the skies.

(Exit CIN.) 5

*Enter SYCOPHANT, singing*¹

'Tell us who the strangers are,
 Gentle swallow. Birds of air,
 Party-coloured, poor and bare,
 Tell us who the strangers are;
 Gentle swallow, tell me true'.

PEIS. Here's a fine plague broke out.
 See yonder fellow

Sauntering along this way, swaggering and 15
 singing.

SYC. Ho! gentle swallow! I say, my
 gentle swallow,

My gentle swallow! how often must I call?

PEIS. Why, there it is; the prodigal in 20
 the fable

Seeking for swallows in a ragged coat.

SYC. (in an arrogant overbearing tone)

Who's he, that's set to serve out wings?
 Where is he?

PEIS. 'Tis I, but what do you want?
 You should explain.

SYC. Wings! Wings! You need not
 have asked me. Wings I want.

PEIS. Do you mean to fly for flannel 30
 to Pellene?²

SYC. (a little disconcerted at this allusion
 to his attire)

No, no! But I'm employed . . . I em-
 ploy myself,

In fact, among the allies and islanders;
 I'm in the informing line.

PEIS. (in a tone of very grave irony, which
 the SYCOPHANT, not perceiving, pro-
 ceeds more fluently than before)

I wish you joy.

SYC. And a mover and manager for
 prosecutions,

In criminal suits, and so forth, you under-
 stand me;

So I wish to equip myself with a pair of
 wings,

To whisk about, and trounce the islanders.

PEIS. Would it be doing things in better
 form,

To serve a summons flying, think ye?

SYC. (not knowing very well what to make
 of him) No,

Not that, but just to avoid the risk of pi-
 rates,

To return in company with a flight of
 cranes

(As they do with the gravel in their giz-
 zards),

10 With a bellyful of lawsuits for my ballast.

PEIS. (in a grave, primitive, and somewhat
 twaddling tone, intended to reanimate
 the impertinence of the SYCOPHANT)

So, this is your employment! A young
 man

Like you, to be an informer! Is it possible?

SYC. Why shouldn't it? I was never
 bred to labour.

PEIS. (as before) But sure, there are
 other lawful occupations,

In which a brisk young fellow, such as you,
 Might earn an honest, decent livelihood

In credit and goodwill, without informing.

SYC. (thoroughly taken in, and, thinking
 he has to deal with a mere silly well-
 meaning old man, becomes emphatically
 insolent)

Wings, my good fellow! wings I want —
 not words.

PEIS. (drily) I'm giving you wings, al-
 ready.

SYC. (a little puzzled and taken aback)
 What, with words?

Is that your way?

35 PEIS. (in a tone of very grave banter)

Yes, for mankind in general
 Are winged as it were, and brought to
 plume themselves

In different ways by speeches and dis-
 course.

SYC. (confused and puzzled)

What, all?

PEIS. (as before) Yes, all. I'll give you
 a striking instance:

45 You must have heard, yourself, elderly
 people

Sitting conversing in the barber's shop.

And one says, 'Well, Diitrephes has talked
 So much to my young man, he has brought

50 him at last

¹ If any one passage were to be selected from the remains of Aristophanes as particularly illustrative of the manner in which he delights to exhibit character, perhaps it would be this.

² Famous for woolen cloth, pieces of which were given for prizes at the games.

To plume himself in driving.' And another

Says that his son is quite amongst the clouds,

Grown flighty of late, with studying tragedy.

SYC. (*with a sort of hesitating laugh*)

So, words are wings, you say.

PEIS. No doubt of it.

I say it, and I repeat it; human nature is marvellously raised and elevated

By words. I was in hopes, that I might raise you

By words of good advice, to another sphere;

To live in an honest calling.

SYC. (*feeling himself bantered and beaten, but restive and angry*)

But I won't though.

PEIS. (*coolly*) Why, what will you do? 20

SYC. (*sulkily at first, but animating as he proceeds*)

Why, I won't disgrace my family; My father and my grandfather before him Served as informers; and I'll stick to it, 25 The profession. So, you'll please to hand 'em me out;

A pair of your best wings, vulture's or hawk's,

To fly to the Islands, with my summonses, 30 And home again, to record them in the courts,

And out again, to the Islands.

PEIS. (*in a tone of interest and sympathy, as if he was himself an amateur desirous of displaying his professional knowledge*) 35

Yes, that's well,

I understand ye, I think; your method is, To be beforehand with 'em? Your defendant, 40

You get him cast for non-appearance, heh? Before he can arrive; and finish him In his absence, heh?

SYC. (*completely taken in, delighted — rubbing his hands*)

By Jove, you're up to it!

PEIS. Then, whilst he's sailing here you get the start,

And fly, to pounce upon the property,

To rummage out the chattels.

SYC. That's the trick,

The notion of it! — I see, you're up to it.

A man must whisk about, here and away, Just like a whipping-top.

PEIS. Ay, yes, you're right,

I understand you — the instance is a good one.

15 A whipping-top, you say. Well, by good luck

I've here a capital slashing suit of wings, To serve ye, made of a cow-hide from Coryra.

SYC. O heaven! what's there? a horse-whip?

PEIS. Wings, I tell ye,

To whisk ye about, to flog ye, and make ye fly.

SYC. Oh dear! oh dear!

PEIS. Scamper away, you scoundrel! Vanish, you vagabond! whisk yourself off! I'll pay ye for your practices in the courts, Your pettifoggicorascalities. (*Exit SYC.*)

(*To the attendants.*)

Come bundle up the wings. Let's take 'em back. (*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS: STROPHE

We have flown, and we have run,¹

Viewing marvels, many a one;

In every land beneath the sun.

But, the strangest sight to see

Was a huge exotic tree,

Growing, without heart or pith,

Weak and sappy, like a wyth;

But, with leaves and boughs withal,

Comely, flourishing and tall.

¹ Fabulous notions respecting the unknown portions of the world seem to have been nearly the same (or at least of the same character) in the time of Aristophanes as in the days of Sir John Mandeville. But it will be seen that by a strange coincidence wonderful and remote objects have an unaccountable analogy to things and persons at Athens; as in the following instance of the enormous tree, which by the botanists was considered as belonging to the sycophant genus, but which was vulgarly called Cleonymus; whereas at Athens there happened to be a person of precisely the same name, equally distinguished for his size, and having the same peculiarity of being classed among the Sycophants. And, what is more singular, as the Athenian Cleonymus had lost his shield in battle, it so happened that his vegetable counterpart was a deciduous tree, with leaves of a scutiform or shield-like shape, which it was also in the habit of losing.

This the learned all ascribe
 To the sycophantic tribe;
 But the natives there, like us,
 Call it a Cleonymus.
 In the spring's delightful hours,
 It blossoms with rhetoric flowers;
 I saw it standing in the field,
 With leaves, in figure like a shield;
 On the first tempestuous day,
 I saw it cast those leaves away.

ANTISTROPHE ¹

There lies a region out of sight,
 Far within the realm of night,
 Far from torch and candle light.
 There in feasts of meal and wine,
 Men and demigods may join,
 There they banquet, and they dine,
 Whilst the light of day prevails;
 At sunset, their assurance fails.
 If any mortal then presumes,
 Orestes, sallying from the tombs,
 Like a fierce heroic sprite,
 Assaults and strips the lonely wight.

PROMETHEUS, PEISTHETAIRUS,
CHORUS

PRO. (*enters muffled up, peeping about* 30
him with a look of anxiety and suspicion)
 Oh dear! If Jupiter should chance to see
 me!

Where's Peisthetairus? Where?

PEIS. Why, what's all this? 35
 This fellow muffled up?

PRO. Do look behind me;
 Is anybody watching? any gods
 Following and spying after me?

PEIS. No, none, 40
 None that I can see, there's nobody. But
 you!

What are ye?

PRO. Tell me, what's the time of day?

PEIS. Why, noon, past noon; but tell 45
 me, who are ye? Speak.

PRO. Much past, — how much?

PEIS. (*aside*) Confound the fool, I say!
 The insufferable blockhead!

PRO. How's the sky?

Open or overcast? Are there any clouds?

PEIS. (*aloud and angrily*)

Be hanged!

5 PRO. Then I'll disguise myself no
 longer.

PEIS. My dear Prometheus!

PRO. Hold your tongue, I beg;

Don't mention my name! If Jupiter
 10 should see me,

Or overhear ye, I'm ruined and undone.

But now, to give you a full complete ac-
 count

Of everything that's passing, there in
 15 heaven —

The present state of things. . . . But
 first I'll trouble you

To take the umbrella, and hold it overhead,
 Lest they should overlook us.

20 PEIS. What a thought!
 Just like yourself! A true Promethean
 thought!

Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never
 fear.

25 PRO. D'ye mind me?

PEIS. Yes, I mind ye. Speak away.

PRO. (*emphatically*) Jupiter's ruined.

PEIS. Ruined! How? Since when?

PRO. From the first hour you fortified
 and planted

Your atmospheric settlements. Ever since,
 There's not a mortal offers anything
 In the shape of sacrifice. No smoke of
 victims!

No fumes of incense! Absolutely nothing!
 We're keeping a strict fast — fasting per-
 force,

From day to day — the whole community.
 And the inland barbarous gods in the
 upper country

Are broken out, quite mutinous and sav-
 age,

With hunger and anger; threatening to
 come down

With all their force, if Jupiter refuses
 To open the ports, and allow them a free
 traffic

For their entrails and intestines, as be-
 fore.

¹ The antistrophe is a romantic and mysterious description of a junketing public-house, which seems to have been popular, but from which it was not safe to return to town after dusk. Orestes, an heroic name, was also the name or the nickname of a noted robber. It was reckoned extremely dangerous to meet a demigod after sunset.

- PEIS. (*a little annoyed at being obliged to ask the question*)
 What — are there other barbarous gods, besides,
 In the upper country?
 PRO. Barbarous? — to be sure! They're all of Excecestides's kindred.
 PEIS. (*as before hesitating, but with a sort of affected ease*)
 Well — but — the name now. The same 10 I need not tell you that.
 barbarous deities —
 What name do you call 'em?
 PRO. (*surprised at PEISTHETAIRUS'S ignorance*)
 Call them! The Triballi! 15
 PEIS. (*giving vent to his irritation by a forced joke*)
 Ah! well then, that accounts for our old saying:
 Confound the *Tribe* of them! 20
 PRO. (*annoyed and drily*) Precisely so. But, now to business. Thus much, I can tell ye;
 That envoys will arrive immediately
 From Jupiter, and those upland wild Tri- 25
 balli,
 To treat for a peace. But, you must not consent
 To ratify or conclude, till Jupiter
 Acknowledges the sovereignty of the 30
 birds;
 Surrendering up to you the sovereign queen,
 Whom you must marry.
 PEIS. Why, what queen is that? 35
 PRO. What queen? A most delightful charming girl,
 Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters,
 Serves out his thunderbolts, arranges 40
 everything;
 The constitutional laws and liberties,
 Morals and manners, the marine department,
 Freedom of speech, and threepence for the 45
 juries.
 PEIS. Why, that seems all in all.
 PRO. Yes, everything,

I tell ye, in having her, you've everything:
 I came down hastily to say thus much;
 I'm hearty, ye know; I stick to principle.
 Steady to the human interest — always
 was.

PEIS. Yes! we're obliged to you for our roast victuals.

PRO. And I hate these present gods, you know, most thoroughly.

PEIS. (*with a sort of half-sneer*) No, no, you need not,

You're known of old, for an enemy to the gods.

PRO. Yes, yes, like Timon,¹ I'm a perfect Timon;

Just such another. But I must be going;

Give me the umbrella; if Jupiter should see me,

He'll think that I'm attending a procession.

PEIS. That's well, but don't forget the folding chair,

For a part of your disguise. Here, take it with you. (*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS

Beyond the navigable seas,²
 Amongst the fierce Antipodes,
 There lies a lake, obscure and holy,
 Lazy, deep, melancholy,
 Solitary, secret, hidden,
 Where baths and washing are forbidden.
 Socrates, beside the brink,
 Summons from the murky sink
 Many a disembodied ghost;
 And Pisander reached the coast
 To raise the spirit that he lost;
 With a victim, strange and new,
 A gawky camel, which he slew
 Like Ulysses — whereupon,
 The grizzly sprite of Chœrephon
 Flitted round him; and appeared
 With his eyebrows and his beard,
 Like a strange infernal fowl,
 Half a vampire, half an owl.

¹ A Greek philosopher, nicknamed the "misanthrope."

² Under the same form of a description of the wonders of the Terra Incognita, we have here again one of those pieces of personal satire peculiar to the ancient comedy. It is directed against Socrates and his school, including by name his friend Chœrephon. The uncleanly habits imputed to them have already been alluded to, but it is difficult to conceive what is the imputation conveyed by describing them as engaged in the evocation of spirits.

NEPTUNE, *the TRIBALLIAN ENVOY*,
HERCULES¹

NEP. There's Nephelococcugia, that's
the town,
The point we're bound to, with our em-
bassy.

(*Turning to the TRIBALLIAN.*)

But you! What a figure have ye made
yourself!

What a way to wear a mantle! slouching
off

From the left shoulder! hitch it round, I
tell ye,

On the right side. For shame — come — 15
so; that's better,

These folds, too, bundled up. There,
throw them round

Even and easy — so. Why, you're a
savage,

A natural born savage. Oh! democracy!
What will it bring us to? When such a
ruffian

Is voted into an embassy!

TRI. (*to NEPTUNE, who is pulling his* 25
dress about)

Come, hands off!

Hands off!

NEP. Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold
your tongue,

For a very beast: in all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another — Hercules,

I say, what shall we do? What should you
think?

HER. What would I do? What do I 35
think? I've told you

Already. . . . I think to throttle him —
the fellow,

Whoever he is, that's keeping us block-
aded.

NEP. Yes, my good friend; but we were
sent, you know,

To treat for a peace. Our embassy is for
peace.

HER. That makes no difference; or if 45
it does,

It makes me long to throttle him the more.

PEIS. (*very busy, affecting not to see*
them)

Give me the Silphium spice. Where's the
cheese-grater?

Bring cheese here, somebody! Mend
the charcoal fire.

5 HER. Mortal, we greet you and hail
you! Three of us —

Three deities.

PEIS. (*without looking up*) But I'm
engaged at present;

10 A little busy, you see, mixing my sauce.

HER. Why sure! How can it be?
what dish is this?

Birds seemingly!

PEIS. (*without looking up*) Some in-
dividual birds,

Opposed to the popular democratic birds,
Rendered themselves obnoxious.

HER. So, you've plucked them,
And put them into sauce, provisionally?

20 PEIS. (*looking up*) Oh! bless me,
Hercules, I'm quite glad to see you.

What brings you here?

HER. We're come upon an embassy
From heaven, to put an end to this same
war. . . .

SERV. (*to PEISTHETAIRUS*)

The cruet's empty, our oil is out.

PEIS. No matter,

Fetch more, fetch plenty, I tell ye. We
shall want it.

30 HER. For, in fact it brings no benefit
to us,

The continuance of the war prolonging it;
And you yourselves, by being on good
terms

Of harmony with the gods . . . why, for
the future,

You'd never need to know the want of
rain,

40 For water in your tanks; and we could
serve ye

With reasonable, seasonable weather,
According as you wished it, wet or dry.

And this is our commission coming here,
As envoys, with authority to treat.

PEIS. Well, the dispute, you know, from
the beginning

Did not originate with us. The war
(If we could hope in any way to bring you

¹ See *Dramatis Personæ*, page 84. It is usual with Aristophanes to omit the explanation which a poet of the new comedy would have put into a soliloquy or a confidential conversation. Hence, a conversation is begun, a recognition takes place, the ice is broken, and the negotiation opened; while Neptune is left with his dignity in the background.

To reasonable terms) might be concluded.
Our wishes, I declare it, are for peace.
If the same wish prevails upon your part,
The arrangement in itself is obvious,
A retrocession on the part of Jupiter,
The birds again to be reintegrated
In their estate of sovereignty. This seems
The fair result; and, if we can conclude,
I shall hope to see the ambassadors to
supper.

HER. Well, this seems satisfactory;
I consent.

NEP. (*to HERCULES*) What's come to
ye? What do ye mean? Are ye gone
mad?

You glutton; would you ruin your own
father,

Depriving him of his ancient sovereignty?

PEIS. (*to NEPTUNE*) Indeed! And would
not it be a better method

For all your deities, and confirm your
power,

To leave the birds to manage things below?

You sit there, muffled in your clouds
above,

While all mankind are shifting, skulking,
lurking,

And perjuring themselves here out of sight.

Whereas, if you would form a steady strict
Alliance with the Birds, when any man

(Using the common old familiar oath —
'By Jupiter and the crow') foreswore
himself,

The crow would pick his eyes out, for his
pains.

NEP. Well, that seems plausible —
that's fairly put.

HER. I think so, too.

PEIS. (*to the TRIBALLIAN*) Well, what
say you?

TRIB. Say true.

PEIS. Yes. He consents, you see!
But I'll explain now

The services and good offices we could do
you.

Suppose a mortal made a vow, for instance,
To any of you; then he delays and shuffles,
And says 'the gods are easy creditors'.

In such a case, we could assist ye, I say,
To levy a fine.

NEP. (*open to conviction, but anxious to
proceed on sure ground*)
How would you do it? Tell me.

PEIS. Why, for example, when he's
counting money,

Or sitting in the bath, we give the warrant
To a pursuivant of ours, a kite or magpie;
5 And they pounce down immediately, and
distrain

Cash or apparel, money or money's worth,
To twice the amount of your demand upon
him.

10 HER. Well, I'm for giving up the
sovereignty,

For my part.

NEP. (*convinced, but wishing to avoid
responsibility, by voting last*)

15 The Triballian, what says he?

HER. (*aside to the TRIBALLIAN,
showing his fist*)

You, sir; do you want to be well banged
or not?

20 Mind, how you vote! Take care how you
provoke me.

TRIB. Yaw, yaw. Goot, goot.

HER. He's of the same opinion.

NEP. Then, since you're both agreed,
I must agree.

25 HER. (*shouting to PEISTHETAIRUS,
the negotiators having withdrawn to
consult at the extremity of the stage*)

Well, you! we've settled this concern,
30 you see,

About the sovereignty; we're all agreed.

PEIS. Oh faith, there's one thing more,
I recollect,

Before we part; a point that I must
35 mention.

As for dame Juno, we'll not speak of her;
I've no pretensions, Jupiter may keep her;

But, for that other queen, his manager,

The sovereign goddess, her surrender to me
40 Is quite an article indispensable.

NEP. Your views, I find, are not dis-
posed for peace:

We must turn homewards.

PEIS. As you please, so be it.

45 Cook, mind what you're about there with
the sauce;

Let's have it rich and savoury, thicken it
up!

HER. How now, man? Neptune! are
you flying off?

50 Must we remain at war, here, for a woman?

NEP. But what are we to do?

HER. Do? Why, make peace

- NEP. I pity you really! I feel quite ashamed
And sorry to see you; ruining yourself!
If anything should happen to your father,
After surrendering the sovereignty,
What's to become of you? When you yourself
Have voted away your whole inheritance:
At his decease, you must remain a beggar.
PEIS. (*aside to HERCULES*) Ah there! I thought so; he's coming over ye;
Step here a moment! Let me speak to ye!
Your uncle's chousing you, my poor dear friend,
You've not a farthing's worth of expectation,
From what your father leaves. Ye can't inherit
By law: ye're illegitimate, ye know.
HER. Heigh-day! Why, what do you mean?
PEIS. I mean the fact!
Your mother was a foreigner; Minerva
Is counted an heiress, everybody knows;
How could that be, supposing her own father
To have had a lawful heir?
HER. But, if my father
Should choose to leave the property to me,
In his last will.
PEIS. The law would cancel it!
And Neptune, he that's using all his influence
To work upon ye, he'd be the very first
To oppose ye, and oust ye, as the testator's brother.
I'll tell ye what the law says, Solon's law:
'A foreign heir shall not succeed,
Where there are children of the lawful breed:
But, if no native heir there be,
The kinsman nearest in degree
Shall enter on the property.'
HER. Does nothing come to me, then? Nothing at all,
Of all my father leaves?
PEIS. Nothing at all,
I should conceive. But you perhaps can tell me.
Did he, your father, ever take ye with him,
To get ye enrolled upon the register?
- HER. No, truly I . . . thought it strange . . . he . . . never did.
PEIS. Well, but don't think things strange. Don't stand there, stammering,
Puzzling and gaping. Trust yourself to me,
'Tis I must make your fortune after all!
If you'll reside and settle amongst us here,
I'll make you chief commander among the birds,
Captain, and Autocrat and everything.
Here you shall domineer and rule the roast,
With splendour and opulence and pigeon's milk.
HER. (*in a more audible voice, and in a formal, decided tone*)
I agreed with you before: I think your argument
Unanswerable. I shall vote for the surrender.
PEIS. (*to NEPTUNE*) And what say you?
NEP. (*firmly and vehemently*) Decidedly I dissent.
PEIS. Then it depends upon our other friend,
It rests with the Triballian; what say you?
TRI. Me tell you; pretty girl, grand beautiful queen,
Give him to birds.
HER. Ay, give her up, you mean.
NEP. Mean! He knows nothing about it. He means nothing
But chattering like a magpie.
PEIS. Well, 'the magpies'
He means, the magpies or the birds in general.
The republic of the birds — their government —
That the surrender should be made to them.
NEP. (*in great wrath*) Well, settle it yourselves; amongst yourselves;
In your own style: I've nothing more to say.
HER. (*to PEISTHETAIRUS*)
Come, we're agreed in fact, to grant your terms;
But you must come, to accompany us to the sky;
To take back this same queen, and the other matters.

¹ Famous Athenian sage and lawgiver.

PEIS. (*very quietly*) It happens lucky enough, with this provision
 For a marriage feast. It seems prepared on purpose.
 HER. Indeed, and it does. Suppose, in the meanwhile,
 I superintend the cookery, and turn the roast,
 While you go back together.
 NEP. (*with a start of surprise and disgust*) 10 Turn the roast!
 A pretty employment! Won't you go with us?
 HER. No, thank ye; I'm mighty comfortable here.
 PEIS. Come, give me a marriage robe; I must be going.

CHORUS

Along the Sycophantic shore,¹
 And where the savage tribes adore
 The waters of the Clepsydra,²
 There dwells a nation, stern and strong,
 Armed with an enormous tongue,
 Wherewith they smite and slay:

With their tongues, they reap and sow,
 And gather all the fruits that grow,
 The vintage and the grain;
 Gorgias is their chief of pride,
 And many more there be beside
 Of mickle might and main.

Good they never teach, nor show
 But how to work men harm and woe,
 Unrighteousness and wrong;
 And hence the custom doth arise,
 When beasts are slain in sacrifice,
 We sever out the tongue.

HARBINGER OR HERALD, ANNOUNCING THE
APPROACH OF PEISTHETAIRUS

O fortunate! O triumphant! O beyond 45 Jupiter, that god sublime,

All power of speech or thought, supremely blest,
 Prosperous happy birds! Behold your king,
 5 Here in his glorious palace! Mark his entrance,
 Dazzling all eyes, resplendent as a star;
 Outshining all the golden lights, that beam
 From the rich roof, even as a summer sun,
 Or brighter than the sun, blazing at noon.
 He comes; and at his side a female form
 Of beauty ineffable; wielding on high,
 In his right hand, the winged thunderbolt,
 Jove's weapon. While the fumes of incense spread
 15 Circling around, and subtle odours steal
 Upon the senses from the wreathed smoke,
 Curling and rising in the tranquil air,
 See, there he stands! Now must the sacred Muse
 20 Give with auspicious words her welcome due.

SEMICHORUS

25 Stand aside and clear the ground,
 Spreading in a circle round
 With a worthy welcoming;
 To salute our noble king
 30 In his splendour and his pride,
 Coming hither, side by side,
 With his happy lovely bride.
 O the fair delightful face!
 35 What a figure! What a grace!
 What a presence! What a carriage!
 What a noble worthy marriage.

Let the birds rejoice and sing,
 40 At the wedding of the king:
 Happy to congratulate
 Such a blessing to the State.
 Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

¹ We have here another satiric song. The poet had exhibited a caricature of the Socratic school of philosophy. The same vein of ridicule is now directed against the Sophists, who tended equally to produce an undesirable change in the general character of the nation. Their public exhibitions had operated as an incentive to the natural propensity of the Athenian people, already disposed to divert their attention to litigation and speechifying. At the same time their private lessons were purchased in some instances at an enormous price by young men of wealth aspiring to political eminence and celebrity.

² A clock marking the time allotted to each advocate in the courts of justice. The name also belonged to certain springs and streams.

When the Fates, in former time,
 Matched him with the Queen of Heaven,
 At a solemn banquet given,
 Such a feast was held above;
 And the charming God of Love,
 Being present in command,
 As a Bridesman took his stand,
 With the golden reins in hand.
 Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

PEIS. I accept and approve the marks
 of your love,
 Your music and verse I applaud and ad-
 mire.

But rouse your invention, and raising it 15
 higher,

Describe me the terrible engine of Jove,
 The thunder of earth and the thunder
 above.

CHORUS

O dreaded bolt of heaven,
 The clouds with horror cleaving,

And ye terrestrial thunders deep and
 low
 Closed in the subterranean caves below,
 That even at this instant growl and rage,
 5 Shaking with awful sound this earthly
 stage,
 Our king by you has gained his due;
 By your assistance, yours alone,
 Everything is made his own,
 10 Jove's dominion and his throne;
 And his happiness and pride,
 His delightful lovely bride.
 Hymen, Hymen, Ho!

PEISTHETAIRUS

Birds of ocean and of air,
 Hither in a troop repair,
 To the royal ceremony,
 20 Our triumphant matrimony!
 Come for us to feast and feed ye!
 Come to revel, dance, and sing! —
 Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
 Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

LATIN

SENECA

(4 B.C.—65 A.D.)

Lucius Annæus Seneca, son of Marcus Annæus Seneca the rhetorician, was born in Cordova, Spain, about the beginning of the Christian era. He was best known to the Roman world as a philosopher and politician. He came to Rome early in life and readily won recognition as an orator. Suspected of intimacy with Julia, niece of Claudius, he was banished to Corsica. After eight years he was recalled, A.D. 59, and made the tutor of the young Nero. When Nero became emperor, Seneca was retained as one of his chief advisers. At length Nero became impatient of his former tutor's restraint upon his vicious practices and seized upon the pretext of the conspiracy of Piso to sentence him to death.

Nine tragedies are ascribed to Seneca: *Hercules Furens*, *Thyestes*, *Phænissa*, *Phædra*, *Œdipus*, *Hecuba*, *Medea*, *Agamemnon*, and *Hercules Œtæus*. These tragedies, as the titles indicate, dealt with subjects taken from Greek tradition, many of which had been treated by the great masters of the Golden Age of Greece. Seneca's tragedies are inferior dramatically to those of the Greeks. *They are marred by over-emphasis on intrigue, by the accentuation of the horrible and sensational, and by artificiality of diction and redundancy of ornament. In spite of all this, however, they have their merits. They are excellent in finish and technique and contain many fine passages. The apothegms and philosophical reflections drawn from the writer's interpretation of Stoic doctrines, although an obstacle to dramatic effectiveness, gave to the world a large number of succinct and very quotable pieces of wisdom. Perhaps their greatest importance lies in the fact that they represent an important step in the development of drama as a form. The action falls into about five well-defined divisions — later to become "acts." The chorus recedes into a mere decoration, preparing the way for the transfer of its functions to a person of the play.

It is possible that Seneca's tragedies were not intended for stage production, but rather for

recitation. It is difficult to see, however, why the dramatists of the Renaissance should have been so attracted by non-stage plays. Seneca's influence upon the drama of the Renaissance was powerful, especially in France and England. In France his influence is apparent in the work of the early dramatists Jodelle, Garnier, and Hardy. In England *Gorboduc*, *Ferrex and Porrex*, and *The Misfortunes of Arthur* were direct imitations of Seneca. His indirect influence is felt in many later plays, perhaps the most noteworthy being Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. In fact, we may safely say that most Elizabethan dramatists looked upon him as the greatest of all writers of tragedy, and that he is to a very large degree responsible for the melodramatic element in Elizabethan tragedy. He has been called "the most modern of the ancients."

The romantic story of the strange barbarian sorceress, Medea, which we give here, had been treated by Euripides in his tragedy *Medea*, and by the Greek Apollonius of Rhodes in the *Argonautica*, part of which is printed in this volume. Probably the most famous treatment in modern times is that of the French neo-classicist Corneille. The general theme is utilized also by Lessing in his *Miss Sara Sampson*. The background of the story as used by Seneca is as follows: When Jason came to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, Medea, daughter of the king of Colchis, helped him to get possession of it (see the notes on the *Argonautica*). She then accompanied Jason in his flight. They were pursued by Absyrtus, Medea's brother. Medea, however, lured him into an interview and slew him. Jason took Medea back to Colchis with him as his wife. When they reached Jason's home, they found that Pelias had killed Æson, Jason's father, and Jason asked Medea to contrive revenge. Accordingly Medea persuaded the daughters of Pelias to cut him up and boil him in a cauldron in order to restore him to youth and vigor. Needless to say, the experiment failed. His son Acastus expelled Jason and Medea from the kingdom. They went to Corinth, where Jason attempted to rehabilitate himself by arranging a marriage with Creusa, daughter of Creon, king of Corinth. The rest is set forth in the play.

To the modern reader the attempts of Jason to justify his desertion of Medea must seem weak. The indignation of an ancient audience, however, would be softened somewhat by the knowledge that Medea, being a foreigner, had no legal status in Greece, and therefore was not to be regarded as a legitimate wife, whatever her moral claims might be; and that Jason, like Admetus who allowed his wife to die in his stead (Cf. Euripides' *Alcestis*), was hampered by his obligations as a king — obligations which, in primitive society, could not be ignored.

This selection is from *The Tragedies of Seneca*, rendered into English verse by Ella Isabel Harris, London, Oxford University Press, 1904.

MEDEA

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

MEDEA, daughter of Æetes, King of Colchis.

JASON, Chief of the Argonauts; nephew of Pelias, King of Iolcos in Thessaly.

CREON, ruler of Corinth.

ÆGEUS, King of Athens.

NURSE of Medea.

TWO CHILDREN of Jason and Medea.

ATTENDANT on the Children.

A MESSENGER.

CHORUS of Corinthian women, with their LEADER, soldiers and attendants.

The scene is laid in Corinth, and represents the front of Medea's house in Corinth. A road to the right leads toward the royal castle, one on the left to the harbor.

ACT I

SCENE I

MEDEA. (*alone*) Ye gods of marriage; 5
 Lucina,¹ guardian of the genial bed;
 Pallas,² who taught the tamer of the seas
 To steer the Argo³; stormy ocean's lord;
 Titan,⁴ dividing bright day to the world;
 And thou three-formed Hecate,⁵ who dost 10
 shed
 Thy conscious splendor on the hidden
 rites!
 Ye by whom Jason plighted me his troth;
 And ye Medea rather should invoke: 15
 Chaos of night eternal; realm opposed
 To the celestial powers; abandoned souls;
 King of the dusky realm; Persephone,⁶
 By better faith betrayed; you I invoke,
 But with no happy voice. Approach, ap- 20
 proach,
 Avenging goddesses with snaky hair,⁷
 Holding in blood-stained hands your sul-
 phurous torch!
 Come now as horrible as when of yore 25
 Ye stood beside my marriage-bed; bring
 death
 To the new bride, and to the royal seed,
 And Creon; worse for Jason I would ask —
 Life! Let him roam in fear through un- 30
 known lands,
 An exile, hated, poor, without a home;
 A guest now too well known, let him, in
 vain,
 Seek alien doors, and long for me, his wife! 35
 And, yet a last revenge, let him beget
 Sons like their father, daughters like their
 mother!
 'Tis done; revenge is even now brought
 forth — 40
 I have borne sons to Jason. I complain
 Vainly, and cry aloud with useless words;

Why do I not attack mine enemies?
 I will strike down the torches from their
 hands,
 The light from heaven. Does the sun see
 this,
 The author of our race, and still give light?
 And, sitting in his chariot, does he still
 Run through the accustomed spaces of the
 sky,
 Nor turn again to seek his rising place,
 And measure back the day? Give me the
 reins;
 Father,⁸ let me in thy paternal car
 Be borne aloft the winds, and let me curb
 15 With glowing bridle those thy fiery steeds!
 Burn Corinth; let the parted seas be
 joined!
 This still remains — for me to carry up
 The marriage torches to the bridal room,
 And, after sacrificial prayers, to slay
 The victims on their altars. Seek, my
 soul —
 If thou still livest, or if aught endures
 Of ancient vigor — seek to find revenge
 25 Through thine own bowels; throw off
 woman's fears,
 Intrench thyself in snowy Caucasus.
 All impious deeds Phasis⁹ or Pontus⁹ saw,
 Corinth shall see. Evils unknown and
 wild,
 Hideous, frightful both to earth and
 heaven,
 Disturb my soul, — wounds, and the
 scattered corpse,
 35 And murder. I remember gentle deeds,
 A maid did these; let heavier anguish
 come,
 Since sterner crimes befit me now, a wife!
 Gird thee with wrath, prepare thine ut-
 40 most rage,
 That fame of thy divorce may spread as
 far

¹ The goddess who presides over the birth of children.

² See page 7, note 3.

³ The ship in which Jason sailed to seek the Golden Fleece. Cf. the story of the Argonauts by Apollonius Rhodius, p. 40.

⁴ Here the Sun.

⁵ Goddess of moon and night, of childbirth, and of the underworld and magic. Her threefold function caused her to be represented in triple form.

⁶ Persephone, or Proserpine. She was daughter of Zeus and Demeter and was carried off to Hades by Pluto.

⁷ The furies.

⁸ Medea was granddaughter of Phœbus, the Sun.

⁹ The Phasis was a river of Colchis at the mouth of which the Argonauts landed. Pontus Euxinus was the name of the Black Sea.

As of thy marriage! Make no long delay.
How dost thou leave thy husband? As
thou cam'st.
Homes crime built up, by crime must be
dissolved.

SCENE II

Enter CHORUS of Corinthian women, singing the marriage song of Jason and Creusa.

CHORUS. Be present at the royal marriage feast,
Ye gods who sway the scepter of the deep,
And ye who hold dominion in the heavens;
With the glad people come, ye smiling gods!
First to the scepter-bearing thunderers
The white-backed bull shall stoop his lofty head;
The snowy heifer, knowing not the yoke, Is due to fair Lucina; and to her
Who stays the bloody hand of Mars, and gives
To warring nations peace, who in her horn
Holds plenty, sacrifice a victim mild.
Thou who at lawful bridals dost preside,
Scattering darkness with thy happy torch,
Come hither with slow step, dizzy with wine,
Binding thy temples with a rosy crown.
Thou star that bringest in the day and night,
Slow-rising on the lover, ardently
For thy clear shining maids and matrons long.
In comeliness the virgin bride excels
The Athenian women and the strong-limbed maids
Of Sparta's unwall'd town, who on the top
Of high Taygetus¹ try youthful sports;
Or those who in the clear Æonian stream,²
Or in Alpheus'³ sacred waters bathe.
The child of the wild thunder,⁴ he who tames

And fits the yoke to tigers, is less fair
Than the Aæonian prince. The glorious god
Who moves the tripod, Dian's brother
mild⁵;
The skillful boxer Pollux⁶; Castor,⁶ too,
Must yield the palm to Jason. O ye gods
Who dwell in heaven, ever may the bride
Surpass all women, he excel all men!
Before her beauty in the women's choir
The beauty of the other maids grows dim;
So with the sunrise pales the light of stars,
So when the moon with brightness not her own
Fills out her crescent horns, the Pleiads fade.
Her cheeks blush like white cloth 'neath Tyrian dyes,
Or as the shepherd sees the light of stars
Grow rosy with the dawn. O happy one,
Accustomed once to clasp unwillingly
A wife unloved and reckless, snatched away
From that dread Colchian marriage, take thy bride,
The Æolian virgin — 'tis her father's will.
Bright offspring of the thyrsus-bearing god,⁷
The time has come to light the torch of pine;
With fingers dripping wine flash out the fires,
Sound the gay music of the marriage song,
Let the crowd pass their jests; 'tis only she
Who fled her home to wed a stranger guest
Need steal away into the silent dark.

ACT II

SCENE I

MEDEA, NURSE.

MEDEA. Alas, the wedding chorus strikes my ears;

¹ A range of mountains near Sparta.

² The fountain of Aganippe in Æonia, a part of Bœotia. It was said that this spring was frequented by the Muses.

³ The chief river of Peloponnesus.

⁴ Apollo.

⁵ Brothers who were known also as the Dioscuri, Zeus-born. Castor was famous for his skill in taming and managing horses, Pollux for his boxing. They were companions of Jason in the quest for the Golden Fleece.

⁶ Bacchus. The thyrsus was a staff entwined with ivy and surmounted by a pine cone. It was usually waved in the air by the Mænads, the women attendants of Bacchus.

⁷ Bacchus.

Woe, woe to me! I could not hitherto
 Believe — can hardly yet believe such
 wrong.
 And this is Jason's deed? Of father, home,
 And kingdom reft, can he desert me now,
 Alone and in a foreign land? Can he
 Despise my worth who saw the flames and
 seas
 By my art conquered? thinks, perchance,
 all crime
 Exhausted! Tossed by every wave of
 doubt,
 I am distracted, seeking some revenge.
 Had he a brother! Ah, he has a bride;
 Through her be thrust the steel! Is this 15
 enough?
 If Grecian or barbarian cities know
 Crime that this hand knows not, that
 crime be done!
 Thy sins return to mind exhorting thee: 20
 The stolen treasure of a kingdom, too;
 Thy little comrade, wicked maid, de-
 stroyed,
 Torn limb from limb and scattered on the
 sea
 An offering to his father; Pelias old
 Killed in the boiling cauldron. I have shed
 Blood basely, but not yet, not yet have
 shown
 The power of wrath, unhappy love did all. 30
 Had Jason any choice, by foreign law
 And foreign power constrained? He
 should have bared
 His breast to feel the sword. O bitter
 grief,
 Speak milder, milder words. Let Jason
 live;
 Mine as he was, if this be possible,
 But, if not mine, still let him live secure,
 To spare me still the memory of my gift! 40
 The fault is Creon's; he abuses power
 To annul our marriage, sever strongest
 ties,
 And tear the children from their mother's
 breast;
 Let Creon pay the penalty he owes.
 I'll heap his home in ashes, the dark flame
 Shall reach Malea's dreaded cape, where
 ships
 Find passage only after long delay.
 NURSE. Be silent, I implore thee, hide
 thy pain
 Deep in thy bosom. He who silently
 Bears grievous wounds, with patience, and
 a mind
 Unshaken, may find vengeance. Hidden
 wrath
 Finds strength, when open hatred loses
 hope
 Of vengeance.
 MEDEA. Light is grief that hides itself,
 And can take counsel. Great wrongs lie
 10 not hid.
 I am resolved on action.
 NURSE. Foster-child,
 Restrain thy fury; hardly art thou safe
 Though silent.
 MEDEA. Fortune tramples on the meek,
 But fears the brave.
 NURSE. When courage is in place
 It wins approval.
 MEDEA. It can never be
 20 That courage should be out of place.
 NURSE. To thee,
 In thy misfortune, hope points out no way.
 MEDEA. The man who cannot hope
 should naught despair.
 25 NURSE. Colchis is far away, thy hus-
 band lost;
 Of all thy riches nothing now remains.
 MEDEA. Medea now remains! Land,
 sea, sword, fire,
 God and the thunderbolt, are found in me.
 NURSE. The king is to be feared.
 MEDEA. I claim a king
 For father.
 NURSE. Hast thou then no fear of arms?
 35 MEDEA. I, who saw warriors spring
 from earth?
 NURSE. Thou'lt die!
 MEDEA. I wish it.
 NURSE. Flee!
 MEDEA. Nay, I repent of flight.
 NURSE. Thou art a mother.
 MEDEA. And thou seest by whom.
 NURSE. Wilt thou not fly?
 MEDEA. I fly, but first revenge.
 45 NURSE. Vengeance may follow thee.
 MEDEA. I may, perchance,
 Find means to hinder it.
 NURSE. Restrain thyself
 And cease to threaten madly; it is well
 50 That thou adjust thyself to fortune's
 change.
 MEDEA. My riches, not my spirit, for-
 tune takes.

The hinge creaks, — who is this? Creon
himself,
Swelling with Grecian pride.

SCENE II

CREON *with Attendants*, MEDEA.

CREON. What, is Medea of the hated
race
Of Colchian Æetes not yet gone?
Still she is plotting evil; well I know
Her guile, and well I know her cruel hand.
Whom does she spare, or whom let rest
secure?

Verily I had thought to cut her off
With the swift sword, but Jason's prayers
availed
To spare her life. She may go forth un-
harm'd
If she will set our city free from fear.
Threatening and fierce, she seeks to speak
with us;

Attendants, keep her off, bid her be still,
And let her learn at last, a king's com-
mands
Must be obeyed. Go, haste, and take her
hence.

MEDEA. What fault is punished by my
banishment?

CREON. A woman, innocent, doth ask, 30
'What fault?'

MEDEA. If thou wilt judge, examine;
or if king,
Command.

CREON. Unjust or just, a king must be 35
Obeyed.

MEDEA. An unjust king not long en-
dures.

CREON. Go! 'Plain to Colchis!

MEDEA. Willingly I go; 40
Let him who brought me hither take me
hence.

CREON. Thy words come late, my edict
has gone forth.

MEDEA. The man who judges, one 45
side still unheard,
Were hardly a just judge, though he judge
justly.

CREON. Pelias for listening to thee died,
but speak,

Let me give time to hear so fair a plea.

MEDEA. How hard it is to calm a wrath-
ful soul,

How he who takes the scepter in proud
5 hands

Deems his own will sufficient, I have
learned;

Have learned it in my father's royal house.
For though the sport of fortune, suppliant,

10 Banished, alone, forsaken, on all sides
Distressed, my father was a noble king.

I am descended from the glorious sun.

What lands the Phasis in its winding course
Bathes, or the Euxine touches where the

15 sea
Is freshened by the water from the lakes,
Or where armed maiden cohorts try their

skill
Beside Thermodon,¹ all these lands are

20 held
Within my father's kingdom, where I
dwelt

Noble and favored, and with princely
power.

25 He, whom kings seek, sought then to wed
with me.

Swift, fickle fortune cast me headlong
forth,

And gave me exile. Put thy trust in
thrones —

Such trust as thou mayst put in what light
chance

Flings here and there at will! Kings have
one power,

A matchless honor time can never take:
To help the wretched, and to him who

asks
To give a safe retreat. This I have

brought
From Colchis, this at least I still can claim:

I saved the flower of Grecian chivalry,
Achaian chiefs, the offspring of the gods;

It is to me they owe their Orpheus
Whose singing melted rocks and drew the

45 trees;
Castor and Pollux are my twofold gift;
Boreas' sons,² and Lynceus³ whose sharp

eye
Could pierce beyond the Euxine, are my

50 gift,

¹ The river on the borders of which lived the Amazons.

² Zetes and Calais, members of the expedition of the Argonauts.

³ Another of the Argonauts, famous for his keen sight.

And all the Argonauts. Of one alone,
The chief of chiefs, I do not speak; for
him

Thou owest me naught; those have I
saved for thee,

This one is mine. Rehearse, now, all my
crime;

Accuse me; I confess; this is my fault —
I saved the Argo! Had I heard the voice
Of maiden modesty or filial love,

Greece and her leaders had regretted it,
And he, thy son-in-law, had fallen first
A victim to the fire-belching bull.

Let fortune trample on me as she will,
My hand has succored princes, I am glad!
Thou hast the recompense for all my
crimes.

Condemn me, but give back the cause of
crime.

Creon, I own my guilt — guilt known to 20
thee

When first a suppliant I touched thy knees,
And asked with outstretched hands pro-
tecting aid.

Again I ask a refuge, some poor spot 25
For misery to hide in; grant a place
Withdrawn, a safe asylum in thy realm,
If I must leave the city.

CREON. I am no prince who rules with
cruel sway,

Or tramples on the wretched with proud
foot.

Have I not shown this true by choosing
him

To be my son-in-law who is a man
Exiled; without resource, in fear of foes?

One whom Acastus, king of Thessaly,
Seeks to destroy, that so he may avenge
A father weak with age, bowed down with
years,

Whose limbs were torn asunder? That
foul crime

His pious sisters impiously dared,
Tempted by thee; if thou wilt go away,
Jason can then maintain his innocence;
No guiltless blood has stained him, and
his hands

Touched not the sword, are yet unstained
by thee.

Foul instigator of all evil deeds,
With woman's wantonness in daring aught,
And man's courageous heart — and void of
shame,

Go, purge our kingdom; take thy deadly
herbs,

Free us from fear; dwelling in other lands
Afar, invoke the gods.

5 MEDEA. Thou bidst me go?
Give back the ship and comrade of my
flight.

Why bid me go alone? Not so I came.
If thou fear war, both should go forth, nor
choice

Be made between two equally at fault:
That old man fell for Jason's sake; im-
pute

To Jason flight, rapine, a brother slain,
And a deserted father; not all mine
The crimes to which a husband tempted
me;

'Tis true I sinned, but never for myself.

CREON. Thou shouldst be gone, why
waste the time with words?

MEDEA. I go, but going make one last
request:

Let not a mother's guilt drag down her
sons.

25 CREON. Go, as a father I will succor
them,

And with a father's care.

MEDEA. By future hopes,
By the king's happy marriage, by the
strength

30 Of thrones, which fickle fortune sometimes
shakes,

I pray thee grant the exile some delay
That she, perchance about to die, may
press

35 A last kiss on her children's lips.

CREON. Thou seekst
Time to commit new crime.

MEDEA. In so brief time
40 What crime were possible?

CREON. No time too short
For him who would do ill.

MEDEA. Dost thou deny
To misery short space for tears?

45 CREON. Deep dread
Warns me against thy prayer; yet I will
grant

One day in which thou mayst prepare for
flight.

50 MEDEA. Too great the favor! Of the
time allowed,

Something withdraw. I would depart in
haste.

CREON. Before the coming day is
ushered in
By Phœbus, leave the city or thou diest.
The bridal calls me, and I go to pay
My vows to Hymen.

SCENE III

CHORUS. He rashly ventured who was
first to make
In his frail boat a pathway through the
deep;
Who saw his native land behind him fade
In distance blue; who to the raging winds
Trusted his life, his slender keel between
The paths of life and death. Our fathers
dwelt
In an unspotted age, and on the shore
Where each was born he lived in quiet-
ness,
Grew old upon his father's farm content;
With little rich, he knew no other wealth
Than his own land afforded. None knew
yet
The changing constellations, nor could use
As guides the stars that paint the ether;
none
Had learned to shun the rainy Hyades¹;
None had as yet to Goat¹, or Northern
Wain¹
That follows slow by old Boötes² driven,
Or Boreas, or Zephyr, given names.
Rash Tiphys was the first to tempt the
deep
With spreading canvas; for the winds to
write
New laws; to furl the sail; or spread it
wide
When sailors longed to fly before the gale,
And the red topsail fluttered in the breeze.
The world so wisely severed by the seas
The pine of Thessaly united, bade
The ocean suffer scourgings at our hands,
And distant waters bring us unknown
fears.
The ill-starred ship paid heavy penalty

When the two cliffs, the gateway of the
sea,
Moved as though smitten by the thunder-
bolt,
5 And the imprisoned waters smote the stars.
Bold Tiphys paled, and from his trembling
hand
Let fall the rudder; Orpheus' music died,
His lyre untouched; The Argo lost her
voice.
10 When, belted by her girdle of wild dogs,
The maid of the Sicilian straits³ gave
voice
From all her mouths, who feared not at her
bark?
15 Who did not tremble at the witching song
With which the Sirens charmed the Auso-
nian sea?
The Thracian Orpheus' lyre had almost
forced
20 Those hinderers of ships to follow him!
What was the journey's prize? The golden
fleece,
Medea, fiercer than the raging flood, —
Worthy reward for those first mariners!
The sea forgets its former wrath; sub-
mits
To the new laws; and not alone the ship
Minerva builded, manned by sons of
30 kings,
Finds rowers; other ships may sail the
deep.
Old metes are moved, new city walls spring
up
On distant soil, and nothing now remains
As it has been in the much-traveled world.
The cold Araxes' stream the Indian drinks;
The Persian quaffs the Rhine; a time shall
come
40 With the slow years, when ocean shall
strike off
The chains from earth, and a great world
shall then
Lie opened; Tiphys shall win other lands —
45 Another Tiphys-Thule⁴ cease to be
Earth's utmost bound.

¹ The name of a constellation.

² The constellation called the Wagoner.

³ Scylla and Charybdis, according to the myth, were two monsters in the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily. Scylla dwelt in a cave high up on a rock. She barked like a dog and had six heads. She was originally a beautiful maiden. Charybdis lived under a fig tree on a rock on the opposite side, and three times each day swallowed down the waters of the sea.

⁴ An island in the north part of the North Sea, regarded by the ancients as the northernmost point of the earth.

ACT III

SCENE I

MEDEA, NURSE.

NURSE. Stay, foster-child, why fly so swiftly hence?

Restrain thy wrath! curb thy impetuous haste!

As a Bacchante,¹ frantic with the god And filled with rage divine, uncertain walks

The top of snowy Pindus or the peak Of Nysa, so Medea wildly goes Hither and thither; on her face the mark Of frenzied rage, her visage flushed, her breast

Shaken by sobs. She cries aloud, her eyes Are drowned in scalding tears; again she laughs;

All passions surge within her angry heart. Where will she fling the burden of her soul?

She hesitates, she threatens, storms, complains,

Where falls her vengeance? where will break this wave

Of fury? Passion overflows! she plans No easy crime, no ordinary deed.

Herself she will surpass; I mark old signs Of raging; something terrible she plans, Some deed inhuman, devilish, and wild. Ye gods, avert the horrors I foresee!

MEDEA. Wretch, dost thou seek how far to show thy hate?

Imitate love! And must I then endure Without revenge the royal marriage-torch?

Shall this day prove unfruitful, sought and gained

Only by earnest effort? While the earth Hangs free within the heavens; while the vault

Of heaven sweeps round the earth with changeless change;

While the sands lie unnumbered; while the day

Follows the sun, the night brings up the stars,

Arcturus never wet in ocean's wave

Rolls round the pole; while rivers seaward flow,

My hate shall never cease to seek revenge. Did ever fierceness of a ravaging beast;

Or Scylla or Charybdis sucking down The waters of the wild Ausonian And the Sicilian seas; or Ætna fierce, That holds imprisoned great Enceladus² Breathing forth flame, so glow as I with threats?

Not the swift rivers, nor the storm-tossed sea,

Nor wind-blown ocean, nor the force of flame

By storm-wind fanned, can imitate my wrath.

I will o'erthrow and bring to naught the world!

Did Jason fear the king? Thessalian war? True love fears naught. Or was he forced to yield,

And gave consent unwillingly? But still He might have sought his wife for one farewell.

This too he feared to do. He might have gained

From Creon some delay of banishment. One day is granted for my two sons' sake!

I do not make complaint of too short time, It is enough for much; this day shall see

What none shall ever hide. I will attack The very gods, and shake the universe!

NURSE. Lady, thy spirit so disturbed by ills

Restrain, and let thy storm-tossed soul find rest.

MEDEA. Rest I can never find until I see

All dragged with me to ruin; all shall fall When I do; — so to share one's woe is joy.

NURSE. Think what thou hast to fear if thou persist;

No one can safely fight with princely power.

SCENE II

The Nurse withdraws; enter JASON.

JASON. The lot is ever hard; bitter is fate,

¹ A female celebrant of the festival of Bacchus, a festival that was characterized by religious frenzy.

² A giant who made war upon the gods. Zeus buried him under Mount Ætna.

Equally bitter if it slay or spare;
God gives us remedies worse than our ills.
Would I keep faith with her I deem my
wife

I must expect to die; would I shun death
I must forswear myself. Not fear of death
Has conquered honor, but love full of fear
Knowing the father's death involves the
sons.

O holy Justice, if thou dwell in heaven, 10
I call on thee to witness that the sons
Vanquish their father! Say the mother's
love

Is fierce and spurns the yoke, she still will
deem

Her children of more worth than marriage
joys.

I fain would go to her with prayers, and lo,
She starts at sight of me, her look grows
wild,

Hatred she shows and grief.

MEDEA.

Jason, I flee!

I flee, it is not new to change my home,
The cause of banishment alone is new;
I have been exiled hitherto for thee.
I go, as thou compellst me, from thy home,
But whither shall I go? Shall I, perhaps,
Seek Phasis, Colchis, and my father's
realm

Whose soil is watered by a brother's blood? 30
What land dost thou command me seek?
what sea?

The Euxine's jaws through which I led
that band

Of noble princes when I followed thee, 35
Adulterer, through the Symplegades?
Little Iolchos? Tempe? Thessaly?

Whatever way I opened up for thee
I closed against myself. Where shall I go?

Thou drivest into exile, but hast given 40
No place of banishment. I will go hence.
The king, Creusa's father, bids me go,
And I will do his bidding. Heap on me
Most dreadful punishment, it is my due.

With cruel penalties let the king's wrath 45
Pursue thy mistress, load my hands with
chains,

And in a dungeon of eternal night
Imprison me — 'tis less than I deserve!
Ungrateful one, recall the fiery bull; 50

The earth-born soldiers, who at my com-
mand

Slew one another; and the longed-for
spoils

Of Phrixus' ram,¹ whose watchful guard-
ian,

5 The sleepless dragon, at my bidding slept;
The brother slain; the many, many crimes
In one crime gathered. Think how, led by
me,

By me deceived, that old man's daughters
dared

To slay their aged father, dead for aye!

By thy hearth's safety, by thy children's
weal,

By the slain dragon, by these blood-stained
15 hands

I never spared from doing aught for thee,
By thy past fears, and by the sea and sky
Witnesses of our marriage, pity me!

Happy thyself, make me some recompense!

20 Of all the ravished gold the Scythians
brought

From far, as far as India's burning plains,
Wealth our wide palace hardly could con-
tain,

25 So that we hung our groves with gold, I
took

Nothing. My brother only bore I thence,
And him for thee I sacrificed. I left

My country, father, brother, maiden
shame:

This was my marriage portion; give her
own

To her who goes an exile.

JASON. When angry Creon thought to
have thee slain,

Urged by my prayers, he gave thee ban-
ishment.

MEDEA. I looked for a reward; the
gift I see

40 Is exile.

JASON. While thou mayst fly, fly in
haste!

The wrath of kings is ever hard to bear.

MEDEA. Thou giv'st me such advice
because thou lov'st

Creusa; wouldst divorce a hated wife!

JASON. And does Medea taunt me with
my loves?

MEDEA. More — treacheries and mur-
ders.

JASON. Canst thou charge
Such sins to me?

¹ The Golden Fleece.

- MEDEA. All I have ever done.
 JASON. It only needs that I should share the guilt
 Of these thy crimes!
 MEDEA. Thine are they, thine alone; He is the criminal who reaps the fruit.
 Though all should brand thy wife with infamy,
 Thou shouldst defend and call her innocent:
 She who has sinned for thee, toward thee hold pure.
 JASON. To me my life is an unwelcome gift
 Of which I am ashamed.
 MEDEA. Who is ashamed
 To owe his life to me can lay it down.
 JASON. For thy sons' sake control thy fiery heart.
 MEDEA. I will have none of them, I cast them off,
 Abjure them; shall Creusa to my sons Give brothers?
 JASON. To an exile's wretched sons A mighty queen will give them.
 MEDEA. Never come
 That evil day that mingles a great race
 With race unworthy, — Phœbus' glorious sons
 With sons of Sisyphus.¹
 JASON. What, cruel one,
 Wouldst thou drag both to banishment?
 Away!
 MEDEA. Creon has heard my prayer.
 JASON. What can I do?
 MEDEA. For me? Some crime perhaps.
 JASON. Two wrathful kings
 I fear.
 MEDEA. Medea's wrath is still more fierce!
 Let us essay our power, the victor's prize
 Be Jason.
 JASON. Passion-weary, I submit;
 Thou too shouldst fear a lot so often tried.
 MEDEA. Fortune has ever served me faithfully.
 JASON. Acastus comes.
 MEDEA. Creon's a nearer foe,
 Flee thou from both. Medea does not ask
 That thou shouldst arm thyself against the king,
 Or soil thy hands with murder of thy kin;
 Flee with me innocent.
 JASON. Who will oppose
 If double war ensue, and the two kings Join forces?
 MEDEA. Add to them the Colchian troops
 And King Æetes, Scythian hosts and Greeks,
 Medea conquers all!
 JASON. I greatly fear
 A scepter's power.
 MEDEA. Do not covet it.
 JASON. We must cut short our converse, lest it breed
 Suspicion.
 MEDEA. Now from high Olympus send
 Thy thunder, Jupiter; stretch forth thy hand,
 Prepare thy lightning, from the riven clouds
 Make the world tremble, nor with careful hand
 Spare him or me; whichever of us dies
 Dies guilty; thy avenging thunderbolt
 Cannot mistake the victim.
 JASON. Try to speak
 More sanely; calm thyself. If aught can aid
 Thy flight from Creon's house, thou needst but ask.
 MEDEA. My soul is strong enough, and wont to scorn
 The wealth of kings; this boon alone I crave,
 To take my children with me when I go;
 Into their bosoms I would shed my tears,
 New sons are thine.
 JASON. Would I might grant thy prayer;
 Paternal love forbids me, Creon's self
 Could not compel me to it. They alone
 Lighten the sorrow of a grief-parched soul.
 For them I live, I sooner would resign
 Breath, members, light.
 MEDEA. (*aside*) 'Tis well! He loves his sons,
 This, then, the place where he may feel a wound!

¹ A king of Corinth, who was punished in the lower world, where he had to roll up hill a huge stone, which as soon as it reached the top always rolled down again.

(To JASON) Before I go, thou wilt, at least,
permit

That I should give my sons a last farewell,
A last embrace? But one thing more I
ask:

If in my grief I've poured forth threatening
words,

Retain them not in mind; let memory hold
Only my softer speech, my words of wrath
Obliterate.

JASON. I have erased them all
From my remembrance. I would counsel
thee

Be calm, act gently; calmness quiets pain.

(Exit JASON.)

SCENE III

MEDEA, NURSE.

MEDEA. He's gone! And can it be
he leaves me so,

Forgetting me and all my guilt? Forgot?
Nay, never shall Medea be forgot!

Up! Act! Call all thy power to aid thee
now;

This fruit of crime is thine, to shun no
crime!

Deceit is useless, so they fear my guile.
Strike where they do not dream thou canst
be feared.

Medea, haste, be bold to undertake
The possible — yea, that which is not so!
Thou, faithful nurse, companion of my
griefs

And varying fortunes, aid my wretched
plans.

I have a robe, gift of the heavenly powers,
An ornament of a king's palace, given
By Phœbus to my father as a pledge
Of sonship; and a necklace of wrought
gold;

And a bright diadem, inlaid with gems,
With which they used to bind my hair.

These gifts,

Endued with poison by my magic arts,
My sons shall carry for me to the bride.
Pay vows to Hecate, bring the sacrifice,
Set up the altars. Let the mounting flame
Envelop all the house.

SCENE IV

CHORUS. Fear not the power of flame,
nor swelling gale,

5 Nor hurtling dart, nor cloudy wind that
brings

The winter storms; fear not when Danube
sweeps

10 Unchecked between his widely severed
shores,

Nor when the Rhone hastes seaward, and
the sun

Has broken up the snow upon the hills,
And Hæmus¹ flows in rivers.

15 A wife deserted, loving while she hates,
Fear greatly; blindly burns her anger's
flame,

She cares not to be ruled, nor bears the
curb,

20 Nor fears to die; she courts the hostile
swords.

Ye gods, we ask your grace divine for him
Who safely crossed the seas; the ocean's
lord

25 Is angry for his conquered kingdom's sake;
Spare Jason, we entreat!

Th' impetuous youth² who dared to
drive the car

Of Phœbus, keeping not the wonted course,
30 Died in the heavenly fires himself had lit.

Few are the evils of the well-known way;
Seek the old paths your fathers safely trod,
The sacred federations of the world

Keep still inviolate.

35 The men who dipped the oars of that brave
ship;

Who plundered of their shade the sacred
groves

Of Pelion; passed between the unstable
cliffs;

Endured so many hardships on the deep;
And cast their anchor on a savage coast,

Passing again with ravished foreign gold,
Atoned with fearful death for dire wrong

45 To Ocean's sacred laws.

The angry deep demanded punishment:

To an unskilful pilot Tiphys gave

The rudder. On a foreign coast he fell,

Far from his father's kingdom, and he lies

¹ A mountain in Thrace.

² Phæton, son of Phœbus. He was granted by his father the privilege of driving the chariot of the Sun for one day. Unable to control the horses, he swooped too near the earth and caused great destruction.

With nameless shades, under a lowly tomb.
 Becalmed in her still harbor Aulis held
 Th' impatient ships, remembering in wrath
 The king that she lost thence.
 Sweet voiced Camena's son,¹ who touched 5
 his lyre
 So sweetly that the floods stood still, the
 winds
 Were silent, and the birds forgot to sing,
 And forests followed him, on Thracian 10
 fields
 Lies dead, his head borne down by He-
 brus' stream.²
 He touched again the Styx³ and Tartarus,
 But not again returns.
 Alcides⁴ overthrew the north wind's sons;
 He slew that son⁵ of Neptune who could
 take
 Unnumbered forms; but after he had
 made
 Peace over the land and sea, and opened
 wide
 The realm of Dis,⁶ lying on Æta's top⁷
 He gave his body to the cruel fire,
 Destroyed by his wife's gift — the fatal 25
 robe
 Poisoned with Centaur's blood.
 Ancæus⁸ fell a victim to the boar
 Of Calydonia; Meleager⁹ slew
 His mother's brother, perished by the hand 30
 Of his own mother. They have merited
 Their lot, but what the crime that he
 atoned
 Whom great Alcides sought so long in
 vain,

The tender Hylas¹⁰ drawn beneath safe
 waves?
 Go now, brave soldiers, boldly plow the
 main,
 But fear the gentle streams.
 Idmon¹¹ the serpents buried in the sands
 Of Libya, though he knew the future well.
 Mopsus,¹² to others true, false to himself,
 Fell far from Thebes; and, if the seer spoke
 true,
 Peleus¹³ must wander exiled from his
 realm;
 And Nauplius,¹⁴ seeking injury to the
 Greeks
 15 By his deceitful beacon fires, shall fall
 Into the ocean; Palamides, too,
 Shall suffer, dying for his father's sin.
 Oïleus,¹⁵ smitten by the thunderbolt,
 Shall perish on the sea; Admetus' wife¹⁶
 20 To save her husband's life shall give her
 own.
 He who commanded that the golden spoil
 Be carried in the ships had traveled far,
 But, plunged in seething cauldron, Pelias
 died
 In narrow limits. 'Tis enough, ye gods;
 Ye have avenged the sea!

ACT IV

SCENE I

NURSE. I shrink with horror! Ruin
 threatens us!

35 How terribly her wrath inflames itself!

¹ Orpheus.

² The stream into which were cast the lyre and head of Orpheus.

³ The river in Hades by which even the gods feared to swear.

⁴ Hercules.

⁵ Son of Neptune, Proteus.

⁶ Hades; Dis was the Roman name of Pluto.

⁷ Hercules ascended his funeral pile on top of Mt. Æta, which is between Thessaly and Actolia.

⁸ One of the Argonauts, who was killed in an attempt to free the land of Calydon from the ravages of a monstrous boar.

⁹ The Argonaut who actually slew the Calydonian boar. After the boar was slain, the Calydonians and the Curetes fought over the head and hide. In this war Meleager slew his mother's brother, who was prince of the Curetes.

¹⁰ A beautiful youth, who accompanied Hercules on the expedition of the Argonauts. He went on shore at Mysia to get water, and was drawn down into the sea by the naiads because of his beauty.

¹¹ An Argonaut who joined the expedition knowing that he would meet his death.

¹² Another of the Argonauts and one of the Calydonian hunters.

¹³ Probably most famous as the father of Achilles. He was a hero on his own account, however, and a member of the Argonautic expedition. The exile referred to was his punishment for the murder of his step-brother, Phocus.

¹⁴ A king of Euboea, who, in revenge for the death of his son Palamides, lured the returning Greeks upon the rocks by false signal fires.

¹⁵ Father of Ajax.

¹⁶ Alcestis, who was made the heroine of a play by Euripides.

Her former force awakes, thus I have seen
 Medea raging and attacking God,
 Compelling heaven. Greater crime than
 then
 She now prepares. No sooner had she
 sought
 Wildly her fatal shrine than she put forth
 Her every power, and what before she
 feared
 She does; lets loose all ills, mysterious arts. 10
 With her left hand the dismal sacrifice
 Preparing, she invokes whatever ills
 The Libyan sands with their fierce heat
 create,
 Or frost-bound Taurus¹ with perpetual 15
 snow
 Encompasses. Drawn by her magic spell,
 Come from their desert holes a scaly host.
 The serpent drags his heavy length along,
 Darts his forked tongue, and seeks his des- 20
 tined prey.
 Hearing her incantation, he draws back
 And knots his swelling body coiling it. —
 'They are but feeble poisons earth brings
 forth,
 And harmless darts,' she says, 'heaven's
 ills I seek.
 Now is the time for deeper sorcery.
 The dragon like a torrent shall descend,
 Whose mighty folds the Great and Lesser 30
 Bear
 Know well (the Great Bear o'er the Phryg-
 ians shines,
 The Less o'er Tyre); Ophiuchus² shall
 loose
 His grasp, and poison flow. Come at my
 call,
 Python,³ who dared to fight twin dei-
 ties.
 The Hydra⁴ once cut off by Hercules, 40
 Accustomed from its wounds to gain fresh
 strength,
 Shall come. Thou ever watchful Colchian
 one,⁵
 Be present with the rest — thou, who first 45
 slept
 Lulled by my incantations.' When the
 brood
 Of serpents has been called she blends the
 juice
 Of poisonous herbs; all Eryx⁶ pathless
 heights
 5 Bear, or the snow-capped top of Caucasus
 Wet with Prometheus' blood,⁷ where
 winter reigns;
 All that the rich Arabians use to tip
 Their poisoned shafts, or the light Par-
 thians,
 Or warlike Medes; all Suebian witches cull
 In the Hyrcanian forests in the north;
 All poisons that the earth brings forth in
 spring
 15 When birds are nesting; or when winter
 cold
 Has torn away the beauty of the groves
 And bound the world in icy manacles.
 Whatever herb gives flower the cause of
 death,
 Or juice of twisted root, her hands have
 culled.
 These on Thessalian Athos grew, and those
 On mighty Pindus; on Pangæus' height
 25 She cut the tender leaves with bloody
 scythe.
 These Tigris nurtured with its eddies deep,
 The Danube those; Hydaspes rich in
 gems
 30 Flowing with current warm through levels
 dry,
 Bætis that gives its name to neighboring
 lands
 And meets the western ocean languidly,
 35 Have nurtured these. The knife cut those
 at dawn;
 These other herbs at dead of night were
 reaped;
 And these were plucked with the en-
 charmed nail.
 Death-dealing plants she chooses, wrings
 the blood
 Of serpents, and she takes ill-omened birds,
 The sad owl's heart, the quivering en-
 trails cut
 From the horned owl living; — sorts all
 these.
 In some the eager force of flame is found,

¹ A mountain range in Asia Minor.² A constellation, supposed to represent a man with a serpent in his hands.³ The serpent who was produced from the mud left on the earth after the deluge of Deucalion.⁴ A nine-headed serpent slain by Hercules.⁵ The dragon who guarded the Golden Fleece.⁶ A mountain especially dear to Venus.⁷ See the play by Æschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, p. 66.

In some the bitter cold of sluggish ice;
To these she adds the venom of her words
As greatly to be feared. But lo, I hear
The sound of her mad footstep and her
song.
Earth trembles when she hears.

SCENE II

MEDEA, *before the altar of Hecate.*

MEDEA. Lo, I invoke you, all ye silent
shades,
Infernal gods, blind Chaos,¹ sunless home
Of shadowy Dis, and squalid caves of
Death
Bound by the banks of Tartarus. Lost
souls,
For this new bridal leave your wonted toil.
Stand still, thou whirling wheel; Ixion² 20
touch
Again firm ground; come, Tantalus,³
and drink
Unchecked the wave of the Pirenean fount.
Let heavier punishment on Creon wait: —
Thou stone of Sisyphus, worn smooth, roll
back;
And ye Danaïdes⁴ who strive in vain
To fill your leaking jars, I need your aid.
Come at my invocation, star of night, 30
Endued with form most horrible, nor
threat
With single face, thou three-formed deity!
For thee, according to my country's
use,
With hair unfiled and naked feet
I've trod the lonely groves; called forth
the rain
From cloudless skies; have driven back
the sea;

And forced the ocean to withdraw its
waves.

Earth sees heaven's laws confused, the
sun and stars

5 Shining together, and the two Bears wet
In the forbidden ocean. I have changed
The circle of the seasons: — at my word
Earth flourishes with summer; Ceres
sees

10 A winter harvest; Phasis' rushing stream
Flows to its source; and Danube that
divides

Into so many mouths restrains its flood
Of waters — hardly moving past its shores.

15 The winds are silent; but the waters speak,
The wild seas roar; the home of ancient
groves

Loses its leafy shade; and day returns
At my command; the sun stands still in
heaven. 20

My incantations move the Hyades.⁵

It is thy hour, Dian.

For thee my bloody hands have wrought
this crown

25 Nine times by serpents girt; those knotted
snakes

Rebellious Typhon⁶ bore, who made
revolt

Against Jove's kingdom; Nessus⁷ gave
this blood 30

When dying; Ceta's funeral pyre provides
These ashes which have drunk the poi-
soned blood

Of dying Hercules; and here thou seest
35 Althea's⁸ vengeful brand, she sacrificed
A mother's to a sister's love. These quills
The Harpies⁹ left within some trackless
cave,

Their refuge when they fled from Zetes'
40 wrath;

¹ A yawning abyss wherein brooded Night and Mist and Fiery Air. Out of this Heaven and Earth were born.

² King of the Lapithæ, who, for offenses against Zeus, was chained to a wheel that rolled perpetually in the air.

³ Son of Zeus, who was punished for revealing the secret counsels of Olympus. He was tortured with thirst and placed in a lake, the waters of which always receded when he tried to drink of them.

⁴ The fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, who were punished in Hades by being compelled to try to fill with water a jar with a hole in it.

⁵ Daughters of Atlas.

⁶ A giant who rebelled against Zeus and was buried in Tartarus under Mt. Ætna.

⁷ A centaur killed by Hercules.

⁸ Mother of Meleager, who caused her son's death in revenge for his killing of her brother. See page 128, note 9.

⁹ Birds with the heads of maidens. They were sent by the gods to torment Phineus, but were driven away by Calais and Zetes, sons of Boreas.

And these were dropped by the Stymphalian birds¹
That felt the wound of arrows dipped in blood

Of the Lernæan Hydra.

The altars find a voice, the tripod moves,
Stirred by the favoring goddess. Her swift car

I see approach — not the full-orbed that rolls

All night through heaven; but as, with darkened light,

Her orb contracted, with wan face she moves

Through night's dark skies, vexed by Thessalian charms.

So, pale one, from thy torch shed murky light,

Affright the nations that they clash for thee

Corinthian cymbals. Here I pay to thee,
On altars made of turf and red with blood,
These solemn rites; have stolen from the tomb

This torch that gives its baleful funeral light;

To thee with bowed head I have made my prayer;

And, in accordance with funereal use,
Have filleted my loosened hair, have plucked

This branch that grows beside the Stygian wave;

Like a wild Mænad,² laying bare my breast,

With sacred knife I cut for thee my arm;
My blood is on the altars! Hand, learn well

To use the knife and shed blood dear to thee.

See, from the wound, the sacred stream flows forth.

Daughter of Perses,³ have I asked too oft
Thine aid? Recall no more my former prayers.

To-day as always I invoke thine aid
For Jason only! Ah, endue this robe

With such a baleful power that the bride
May feel at its first touch consuming fire
Of serpent's poison in her inmost veins;
For fire flames hid in the bright gold, a

5 gift

Prometheus gave and taught me how to store —

He now atones his daring theft from heaven
With tortured vitals. Mulciber⁴ has

10 given

This flame, and I in sulphur nurtured it;
I brought a spark from the destroying fire
Of Phæthon; I have the flame breathed forth

15 By the Chimæra,⁵ and the fire I snatched
From Colchis' savage bull; and mixed with these

Medusa's⁶ venom. I have bade all keep
Their poison unrevealed; now, Hecate, add

20 The sting to poison, keep the seeds of flame
Hid in my gift; let them deceive the sight
Nor burn the touch; but let them penetrate

Her very heart and veins, melt all her limbs,

Consume her bones in smoke. Her burning hair

Shall glow more brightly than the nuptial torch!

30 My vows are heard, and Hecate thrice has barked,

And shaken fire from her gleaming brand.
'Tis finished! Call my sons. My royal

gifts,

35 Ye shall be borne by them to the new bride.

Go, go, my sons, a hapless mother's brood,
Placate with gifts and prayers your father's wife!

40 But come again with speed, that I may know

A last embrace!

SCENE III

CHORUS. Where hastes the blood-stained Mænad, headlong driven

¹ A flock of birds with brazen claws, wings, and beaks, expelled from a lake near Stymphalus in Arcadia by Hercules. Their feathers were arrows.

² A Bacchanté, see page 121, note 3.

³ Another name for Vulcan.

⁴ A fire-breathing monster killed by Bellerophon. It was a combination of lion, dragon, and goat.

⁵ A monster whose hairs were hissing snakes. No one could look at her without being turned to stone.

⁶ Hecate.

By angry love? What mischief plots her
rage?

With wrath her face grows rigid; her
proud head

She fiercely shakes, and dares defiantly
Threaten the king.

Who would believe her exiled from the
realm?

Her cheeks glow crimson, pallor puts to
flight

The red, no color lingers on her face;

Her steps are driven to and fro as when

A tigress rages, of her young bereft,

Beside the Ganges in the gloomy woods.

Medea knows not now to curb her love

Or hate. Now love and hate together rage.

When will she leave the fair Pelasgian
fields,

The wicked Colchian one, and free from
fear

Our king and kingdom? Drive with not
slow rein

Thy car, Diana; let the sweet night hide

The sunlight. Hesperus, end the dreaded
day.

ACT V

SCENE I

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER. (*Enters in haste.*) All are
destroyed, the royal empire falls,

Father and child lie in one funeral pyre.

CHORUS. Destroyed by what deceit?

MESSENGER. That which is wont
To ruin princes — gifts.

CHORUS. Could these work harm?

MESSENGER. I myself wonder, and can
hardly deem

The wrong accomplished, though I know
it done.

CHORUS. How did it happen?

MESSENGER. A destructive fire
Spreads everywhere as at command; even
now

The city is in fear, the palace burned.

CHORUS. Let water quench the flames.

MESSENGER. It will not these,
As by a miracle floods feed the fire.

The more we fight it so much more it
glows.

SCENE II

MEDEA, NURSE.

5 NURSE. Up! up! Medea! Swiftly flee
the land

Of Pelops; seek in haste a distant shore.

MEDEA. Shall I fly? I? Were I al-
ready gone

10 I would return for this, that I might see
These new betrothals. Dost thou pause,
my soul,

And shrink to follow up thy first success?

This joy's but the beginning of revenge.

15 Thou still dost love if thou art satisfied
To widow Jason. For this work prepare:

Honor begone, and maiden modesty, —

It were a light revenge pure hands could
yield.

20 Strengthen thy drooping spirit, stir up
wrath,

Drain from thy heart its all of ancient
force,

Thy deeds till now call love; awake, and
25 act,

That they may see how light, how little
worth,

All former crime — the prelude of revenge!

What was there great my novice hands

30 could dare?

What was the madness of my girlhood
days?

I am Medea now, through crime made
strong.

35 Rejoice, because through thee thy brother
died;

Rejoice, because through thee his limbs
were torn;

Through thee thy father lost the golden
fleece;

That, armed by thee, his daughters Pelias
slew.

Find thou a way, revenge. No novice
hand

45 Thou bring'st to crime; what wilt thou do;
what dart

Let fly against thy treacherous enemy?

I know not what of crime my madness
plots,

50 Nor yet dare I confess it to myself!
In folly I made haste — would that my
foe

Had children by this other! Mine are his,

We'll say Creusa bore them! 'Tis enough;
Through them my heart at last finds just
revenge;
My soul must be prepared for this last
crime.
Ye who were once my children, mine no
more,
Pay ye the forfeit for your father's crimes.
Awe strikes my spirit and benumbs my
hand;
My heart beats wildly; vanished is my
rage,
And mother love, returning, now drives
out
The hatred of the wife. I shed their blood? 15
My children's blood? Give better counsel,
rage!
Be far from thee this crime! What guilt is
theirs?
Is Jason not their father? — guilt enough! 20
And, greater guilt, Medea calls them sons.
They are not sons of mine, so let them
die!
Nay, rather let them perish since they are!
But they are innocent! — my brother was! 25
Waverest thou? Do tears make wet thy
cheek?
Do wrath and love like adverse tides impel
Now here, now there? As when the winds
wage war
And the wild waves against each other
smite,
And warring tides run high, and ocean
raves,
My heart is beaten, and love drives out 35
wrath,
As wrath drives love. My anger dies in
love.
Dear sons, sole solace of a storm-tossed
house,
Come hither, lock your arms about my
neck;
You may be safe for him, if safe for me!
But I am driven into exile, flight;
Torn from my bosom weeping, soon they'll 45
go
Lamenting for my kisses — let them die
For father and for mother! Once again
Rage swells, hate burns; again the fury
seeks

Th' unwilling hand — I follow where
wrath leads.
Would that the children that made proud
the heart
5 Of Niobe ¹ were mine, that I had borne
Twice seven sons! In bearing only two
I have been cursed! And yet it is enough
For father, brother, that I have borne
two. —
10 Where does that horde of furies haste?
whom seek?
For whom prepare their fires? or for
whom
Brandish the infernal band the bloody
torch?
The huge snake hisses writhing, as they
lash
Their serpent scourges; with her hostile
brand
Whom does Megæra ² seek? What dim-
seen shade
Is that which hither brings its scattered
limbs?
It is my brother, and he seeks revenge;
I grant it, thrust the torches in my eyes;
Kill, burn; the furies have me in their
power!
Brother, command the avenging god-
desses
30 To leave me, and the shades to seek their
place
In the infernal regions without fear;
Here leave me to myself, and use this
hand
35 That held the sword — your soul has found
revenge.
(Kills one of her sons.)
What means this sudden noise? They
come in arms
40 And seek to slay me. Having thus be-
gun
My murders, I will go upon the roof,
Come, follow thou, I'll take the dead with
me.
45 Strike now, my soul, nor longer hide thy
power,
But show the world thy strength.
*(She goes out with the nurse and the living boy,
and carries with her the body of her dead
son.)*
50

¹ Daughter of Tantalus. She had seven sons and daughters, all of whom were killed by Apollo in punishment of her defiance of Latona.

² One of the Furies.

SCENE III

JASON in the foreground, MEDEA with the children appears upon the roof.

JASON. Ye faithful ones, who share
In the misfortunes of your harassed king,
Hasten to take the author of these deeds.
Come hither, hither, cohorts of brave men;
Bring up your weapons; overthrow the
house.

MEDEA. I have recaptured now my
crown and throne,
My brother and my father; Colchians
hold
The golden fleece; my kingdom is won
back;
My lost virginity returns to me!
O gods at last appeased! Glad nuptial
day!
Go, finished is the crime. Not yet com-
plete
Is vengeance, finish while thy hand is
strong
To smite. Why stay, why hesitate, my
soul?

Thou art able! All thine anger falls to
nought!

I do repent of that which I have done!
What hast thou done, O miserable one?
What, miserable? Though I should repent,
'Tis done, great joy fills my unwilling
heart,

And, lo, the joy increases. But one thing
Before was lacking — Jason did not see!
All that he has not seen I count as lost.

JASON. She threatens from the roof;
let fire be brought,

That she may perish burned with her own
flame.

MEDEA. Pile high the funeral pyre of
thy sons,

And rear their tomb. To Creon and thy
wife

I have already paid the honors due.
This son is dead, and this one too shall die,

And thou shall see him perish.

JASON. By the gods,
By our sad flight together, and the bond
I have not willingly forsaken, spare

5 Our son! If there is any crime, 'tis mine;
Put me to death, strike down the guilty
one.

MEDEA. There where thou askest
mercy, and canst feel

10 The sting, I thrust the sword. Go, Jason,
seek

Thy virgin bride, desert a mother's bed.

JASON. Let one suffice for vengeance.

MEDEA. Had it been

15 That one could satisfy my hands with
blood,

I had slain none. Although I should slay
two,

The number is too small for my revenge.

20 JASON. Then go, fill up the measure of
thy crime,

I ask for nothing but that thou should'st
make

A speedy end.

MEDEA. Now, grief, take slow revenge;
It is my day; haste not, let me enjoy.

(Kills the other child.)

JASON. Slay me, mine enemy!

MEDEA. Dost thou implore

30 My pity? It is well! I am avenged.

O vengeance, no more offerings can I give,
Nothing is left to immolate to thee!

Look up, ungrateful Jason, recognize

Thy wife; so I am wont to flee. The way
35 Lies open through the skies; two dragons
bend

Their necks, submissive to the yoke. I go
In my swift car through heaven. Take
thy sons!

40 *(She casts down to him the bodies of her children,
and is borne away in a chariot drawn by
dragons.)*

JASON. Go through the skies sublime,
and in thy flight

45 Prove that there are no gods where'er thou
goest.

PLAUTUS

(254?-184 B.C.)

T. Maccius Plautus was born in a small village of Umbria. He came to Rome early in life and took service about the theaters. He saved a little money and set up in business, but failed quickly. He then went to work turning a handmill for a baker. When he was about thirty years of age, he finally managed to get a theatrical producer interested in some plays he had written during his leisure hours, and was enabled to leave his degrading occupation and turn his whole attention to literature. He continued writing plays until his death at about seventy years of age. He was a prolific writer and is supposed to have written some 130 plays. Of these only twenty survive. The most famous are the *Captivi* (The Captives), the *Miles Gloriosus* (The Boastful Soldier), the *Menæchmi* (The Twin Brothers), and the *Aulularia* (The Pot of Gold).

Roman comedy, of which the play here given is an example, was based directly upon the later comedies of the Greeks. Between the time of Aristophanes and the time of Plautus, Greek comedy had suffered many changes. The elaborate settings and costumes and the expensive chorus had departed with the declining prosperity of the Greek city state. The later comedy was simple in setting and required few characters. It dealt with domestic rather than political life, and leaned strongly toward what is now known as the "comedy of manners." Very few examples of the New Greek Comedy have come down to us. The largest body of fragments now accessible is attributed to Menander. The close correspondence in spirit and material between Menander's plays and the Roman comedy shows clearly that the Latin is merely an adaptation of the Greek. But, although Greek comedy forms the basis, a strong Roman flavor is perceptible throughout. The result is a curious anachronistic mixture of Greek and Roman life. Since the material is drawn largely from domestic life, the scenes consist largely of family tangles. Dinners, dowries, bequests, intrigues, and lost children furnish the necessary complications. The characters are worried heads of families, domineering wives, profligate sons, slave-dealers, professional diners-out, and scheming servants. The plots are complicated, and the action lively. The play is kept moving by the conventional devices of mistaken identity, specious argument, abusive dialogue, and intrigue. The clever slave is often the arch-plotter who, by his schemes, keeps the affairs of the people of the play in a state of confusion. The humor is of a rapid, mercurial sort, which depends largely upon misunderstandings, pantomime, and virtuosity in playing on words; hence much of its effect is lost in translation. Plautus's racy slang should be translated into the current idiom at least every two years. Most of our translations are in learned slang and have little savor for the palate of the modern reader. Yet it is better to know Plautus in translation than not to know him at all, for his writings form a very important part of our literary heritage.

The Roman comedy, for all its jocular nature, seems to have survived the Dark Ages. We have no definite record of the performance of the plays, but the writers are often referred to. As early as the tenth century Hrotswitha, a nun of Gandersheim, felt it incumbent upon her to compose a series of plays in imitation of Terence, the successor of Plautus — plays which she thought would furnish better moral instruction for the young than that afforded by the work of the pagan writer himself. How far her example was followed by others, the disappearance of mediæval texts makes it impossible to say. Undoubtedly the revival of the dramatic presentation of Roman comedy or imitations thereof suffered from the popularity of the comic elements in the vernacular ecclesiastical drama. By the sixteenth century, however, the imitators of Roman comedy in the Netherlands, Germany, France, and England had made their productions a standard commodity for school exercises. In England, *Ralph Roister Doister* (1534-41), the play often referred to as the first English comedy, owes a heavy debt to Plautus. Shakespeare used the *Menæchmi* of Plautus as one of the models for his *Comedy of Errors*, and Jonson's comedies are strongly influenced by the Roman comedy. In France, Molière created a new comedy using the Roman comic dramatists as his models. Lessing in Germany was likewise indebted to Plautus for plots and structure.

The play here presented, *The Captives* (ca. 200 B.C.), is in some ways not entirely representative of Roman comedy. First, it narrowly escapes being a tragedy; second, it contains scenes of real nobility. In spite of the fact that the serious note is rarely prominent in Roman comedy, it has been deemed fitting to include *The Captives* for the reason that it is usually ranked the best of Roman comedies. Lessing, in fact, calls it the finest play ever staged. The theme, friendship, has been widely used in literature.

Every reader knows the classic list of famous friends: David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Cicero and Scipio, Roland and Oliver, Antonio and Bassanio, etc. To this list of famous friends the reader may wish, after reading the play, to add the names of Tyndarus and Philocrates. Nearly all the conventional elements of Roman comedy are present in the play, but in reading it one has the feeling that in this instance Plautus was breaking with the established tradition and striving for something finer and nobler. The father is intelligent and reasonable, the young man is earnest and moral, the slave is a nobleman in disguise. The only character that seems to retain its typical Roman comedy characteristics is the parasite, the professional diner-out. Even such a popular writer as Plautus would hardly have dared to deprive a Roman audience of its parasite.

THE CAPTIVES

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ERGASILUS, a parasite
 HEGIO, an old gentleman
 PHILOCRATES, an Elean Knight } the prisoners
 TYNDARUS, son of Hegio
 ARISTOPHONTES, a prisoner

PHILOPOLEMUS, a young man, son of Hegio
 STALAGMUS, a slave
 Overseers of slaves
 A boy

THE PROLOGUE

These two captives (*pointing to PHILOCRATES and TYNDARUS*), whom you see standing here, are standing here because — they are both standing, and are not sitting. That I am saying this truly, you are my witnesses. The old man, who lives here (*pointing to HEGIO'S house*), is Hegio — his father (*pointing to TYNDARUS*). But under what circumstances he is the slave of his own father, that I will here explain to you, if you give attention. This old man had two sons; a slave stole one child when four years old, and, flying hence, he sold him in Elis, to the father of this captive (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*). Now, do you understand this? Very good. I' faith, that man at a distance there (*pointing*) says, no. Come nearer then.¹ If there isn't room for you to sit down, there is for

you to walk; since you'd be compelling an actor to bawl like a beggar. I'm not going to burst myself for your sake, so don't you be mistaken. You who are enabled by your means to pay your taxes, listen to the rest²; I care not to be in debt to another. This runaway slave, as I said before, sold his young master, whom, when he fled, he had carried off, to this one's father. He, after he bought him, gave him as his own private slave to this son of his, because they were of about the same age. He is now the slave at home of his own father, nor does his father know it. (Verily, the Gods do treat us men just like footballs.) You hear the manner now how he lost one son. Afterwards, the Ætolians³ are waging war with the people of Elis, and, as happens in warfare, the other son is taken prisoner. The physician Menarchus buys him there in Elis.⁴ On this, this He-

¹ Some commentators think this was a device of the Prologue to get the attention of the audience focused on the stage. Their eyes would follow the man who had been pointed out as he walked down to the front.

² Here he addresses the people in the better seats, pretending to give up his attempt to quiet the turbulent poor in the rear of the theater.

³ The inhabitants of Ætolia, a province in middle Greece.

⁴ The most westerly district of the Peloponnesus, with a capital of the same name, in the vicinity of which Olympia was situated.

gio begins to traffic in Elean captives, if perchance, he may be able to find one to change for that captive son of his. He knows not that this one who is in his house is his own son. And as he heard yesterday that an Elean knight of very high rank and very high family was taken prisoner, he has spared no expense to rescue his son. In order that he may more easily bring him back home, he buys both of these of 10 the Quæstors¹ out of the spoil.

Now they, between themselves, have contrived this plan, that, by means of it, the servant may send away hence his master home. And therefore among them- 15 selves they change their garments and their names. He, there (*pointing*), is called Philocrates; this one (*pointing*), Tyndarus; he this day assumes the character of this one, this one of him. And 20 this one to-day will cleverly carry out this play and cause his master to gain his liberty; and by the same means he will save his own brother, and, without knowing it, will cause him to return back a free 25 man to his own country to his father, just as often now, on many occasions, a person has done more good unknowingly than knowingly. But unconsciously, by their devices, they have so planned and 30 devised their plot, and have so contrived it by their design, that this one is living in servitude with his own father. And thus now, in ignorance, he is the slave of his own father. What poor creatures are men, 35 when I reflect upon it! This plot will be performed by us — a play for your entertainment. But there is, besides, a thing which, in a few words, I would wish to inform you of. Really, it will be worth your 40 while to give your attention to this play. 'Tis not composed in the hackneyed style, nor yet like other plays, nor are there in it any ribald lines unfit for utterance: here is neither the perjured procurer, nor the 45 artful courtesan, nor yet the braggart captain. Don't you be afraid because I've said there's war between the Ætoli-ans and

the Eleans. There (*pointing*), at a distance, beyond the scenes, the battles will be fought. For this were almost impossible for a Comic establishment, that we should 5 at a moment attempt to be acting Tragedy. If, therefore, any one is looking for a battle, let him commence the quarrel; if he shall find an adversary more powerful, I'll cause him to be the spectator of a battle that isn't pleasant to him, so that hereafter he shall hate to be a spectator of them all. I now retire. Fare ye well, at home, most upright judges, and in warfare most valiant combatants.

ACT I

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. The young men have given me the name of "the mistress," for this reason, because invoked² I am wont to attend at the banquet. I know that buffoons say 5 that this is absurdly said, but I affirm that it is rightly said. For at the banquet the lover, when he throws the dice, invokes his mistress. Is she then invoked, or is she not? She is, most clearly. But, i' faith, 10 we Parasites with better reason are so called, whom no person ever either invites or invokes, and who, like mice, are always eating the victuals of another person. When business is laid aside,³ when people 15 repair to the country, at that same moment is business laid aside for our teeth. Just as, when it is hot weather, snails lie hidden in secret, and live upon their own juices, if the dew doesn't fall; so, when 20 business is laid aside, do Parasites lie hidden in retirement, and miserably live upon their own juices, while in the country the persons are rustivating whom they sponge upon. When business is laid aside, we 25 Parasites are greyhounds; when business recommences, like mastiffs, we are annoying-like and very troublesome-like.⁴ And here, indeed, unless, i' faith, any Parasite is

¹ The Quæstors had the selling of the spoils after a war.

² This is rather a poor pun on the Latin word *invocatus*, which means "invoked" as a god would be, and "unasked."

³ In the heat of summer.

⁴ An attempt to reproduce in English two of the extravagantly playful coinages which abound in Plautus's comedies.

able to endure cuffs with the fist, and pots to be broken about his head, why he may e'en go with his wallet outside the Trigemian Gate. That this may prove my lot, there is some danger. For since my patron has fallen into the hands of the enemy — (such warfare are the Ætoliens now waging with the Eleans; for this is Ætolia; this Philopolemus has been made captive in Elis, the son of this old man Hegio who lives here (*pointing to the house*) — a house which to me is a house of woe, and which so oft as I look upon, I weep). Now, for the sake of his son, has he commenced this dishonourable traffic, very much against his own inclination. He buys up men that have been made captives, if perchance he may be able to find some one for whom to gain his son in exchange. An object which I really do much desire that he may gain, for, unless he finds him, there's nowhere for me to find myself. I have no hopes in the young men; they are all too fond of themselves. He, in fine, is a youth with the old-fashioned manners, whose countenance I never rendered cheerful without a return. His father is worthily matched, as endowed with like manners. Now I'll go to him; — but his door is opening, the door from which full oft I've sallied forth drunk with excess of cheer. (*He stands aside.*)

SCENE II

Enter, from his house, HEGIO and a SLAVE.

HEG. Now, give attention you, if you please. Those two captives whom I purchased yesterday of the Quæstors out of the spoil, put upon them chains of light weight; take off those greater ones with which they are bound. Permit them to walk, if they wish, out of doors, or if indoors, but so that they are watched with the greatest care. A captive at liberty is like a bird that's wild; if opportunity is once given for escaping, 'tis enough; after that, you can never catch him.

SLAVE. Doubtless we all are free men

more willingly than we live the life of slaves.

HEG. You, indeed, don't seem to think so.¹

5 SLAVE. If I have nothing to give, should you like me to give myself to flight? ²

HEG. If you do so give yourself, I shall at once have something to be giving to you.

SLAVE. I'll make myself just like the 10 wild bird you were telling of.

HEG. 'Tis just as you say; for if you do so, I'll be giving you to the cage. But enough of prating; take you care of what I've ordered, and be off. (*The SLAVE goes into the house.*) I'll away to my brother's, to my other captives; I'll go see whether they've been making any disturbance last night. From there I shall forthwith betake myself home again.

20 ERG. (*apart*). It grieves me that this unhappy old man is following the trade of a slave-dealer, by reason of the misfortune of his son. But, if by any means he can be brought back here, I could even endure for him to become an executioner,

HEG. (*overhearing him*). Who is it that's speaking?

ERG. 'Tis I, who am pining at your affliction, growing thin, waxing old, and shockingly wasting away. Wretched man that I am, I'm but skin and bone through leanness; nor does anything ever do me good that I eat at home; even that ever so little which I taste out of doors, the same 35 refreshes me.

HEG. Ergasilus, save you!

ERG. (*crying*). May the Gods kindly bless you, Hegio!

HEG. Don't weep.

ERG. Must I not weep for him? Must I not weep for such a young man?

HEG. I've always known you to be a friend to my son, and I have understood him to be so to you.

ERG. Then at last do we men know our blessings, when we have lost those things which we once had in our power. I, since your son fell into the power of the enemy, knowing by experience of what value he

50 was, now feel his loss.

¹ Slaves were often given their liberty for unusually faithful service. Hegio thinks this slave shows no disposition to earn his freedom.

² The slave pretends that Hegio expects him to buy his freedom.

HEG. Since you, who are no relation, bear his misfortune so much amiss, what is it likely that I, a father, should do, whose only son he is?

ERG. I, no relation to him? He, no relation to me? Oh, Hegio! never do say that, nor come to such a belief. To you he is an only child, but to me he is even more only than an only one.

HEG. I commend you, in that you consider the affliction of your friend your own affliction. Now be of good heart.

ERG. (*crying*). Oh, dear!

HEG. (*half-aside*). 'Tis this afflicts him, that the army for guttling is now disbanded. Meanwhile, have you found no one to command for you the army that you mentioned as disbanded?

ERG. What do you think? All to whom it used to fall are in the habit of declining that province since your son Philopolemus was taken prisoner.

HEG. I' faith, 'tisin't to be wondered at, that they are in the habit of declining that province. You have necessity for numerous troops, and those of numerous kinds. Well, first you have need of the Bakerians. Of these Bakerians there are several kinds. You have need of Roll-makerians, you have need too of Confectionerians, you have need of Poultererians, you have need of Beccaficorians¹; besides, all the maritime forces are necessary for you.

ERG. How the greatest geniuses do frequently lie concealed! How great a general now is this private individual!

HEG. Only have good courage; for I trust that in a few days I shall bring him back home. For see now; there's a captive here, a young man of Elis, born of a very high family, and of very great wealth; I trust that it will come to pass that I shall get my son in exchange for him.

ERG. May the Gods and Goddesses grant it so!

HEG. But are you invited out anywhere to dinner?

ERG. Nowhere that I know of. But, pray, why do you ask me?

HEG. Because this is my birthday;

for that reason I'd like you to be invited to dinner at my house.

ERG. 'Tis kindly said.

HEG. But if you can be content to eat a very little —

ERG. Ay, even ever so little; for on such fare as that do I enjoy myself every day at home.

HEG. Come, then, please, set yourself up for sale.

ERG. I'll put myself up for purchase, just like a landed estate, unless any one shall privately make a better offer that pleases myself and my friends more, and to my own conditions will I bind myself.

HEG. You are surely selling me a bottomless pit, and not a landed estate. But if you are coming, do so in time.

ERG. Why, for that matter, I'm at leisure even now.

HEG. Go then, and hunt for a hare; at present, in me you have but a ferret, for my fare is in the way of frequenting a rugged road.

ERG. You'll never repulse me by that, Hegio, so don't attempt it. I'll come, in spite of it, with teeth well shod.

HEG. Really, my viands are but of a rough sort.

ERG. Are you in the habit of eating brambles?

HEG. Mine is an earthy dinner.

ERG. A pig is an earthy animal.

HEG. Earthy from its plenty of vegetable.

ERG. Treat your sick people at home with that fare? Do you wish anything else?

HEG. Come in good time.

ERG. You are putting in mind one who remembers quite well. (*Exit.*)

HEG. I'll go in-doors, and in the house I'll make the calculation how little money I have at my banker's; afterwards I'll go to my brother's, whither I was saying I would go. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT II

SCENE I

Enter, from the house, PHILOCRATES, TYNDARUS, and SLAVES and CAPTIVES of HEGIO.

SLAVE. If the immortal Gods have so

¹ Beccafico is the name belonging to a kind of bird.

willed it that you should undergo this affliction, it becomes you to endure it with equanimity; if you do so, your trouble will be lighter. At home you were free men, I suppose; now if slavery has befallen you, 'tis a becoming way for you to put up with it, and by your dispositions to render it light, under a master's rule. Unworthy actions which a master does must be deemed worthy ones.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Alas! alas! alas!

SLAVE. There's no need for wailing; you cause much injury to your eyes. In adversity, if you use fortitude of mind, it is of service.

PHIL. *and* TYND. But we are ashamed, because we are in bonds.

SLAVE. But in the result it might cause vexation to our master, if he were to release you from chains, or allow you to be loose, whom he has purchased with his money.

PHIL. *and* TYND. What does he fear from us? We know our duty, what it is, if he allows us to be loose.

SLAVE. Why, you are meditating escape. I know what it is you are devising.

PHIL. *and* TYND. We, make our escape? Whither should we escape?

SLAVE. To your own country.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Out upon you; it would ill befit us to be following the example of runaways.

SLAVE. Why, faith, should there be an opportunity, I don't advise you not.

PHIL. *and* TYND. Do you allow us to make one request.

SLAVE. What is it, pray?

PHIL. *and* TYND. That you will give us an opportunity of conversing, without these and yourselves for overlookers.

SLAVE. Be it so; go you away from here, you people. Let's step here, on one side. (*To the other CAPTIVES and SLAVES.*) But commence upon a short conversation only.

PHIL. Oh, yes, it was my intention so to do. Step aside this way (*to TYNDARUS*).

SLAVE (*to the other CAPTIVES*). Stand apart from them.

TYND. (*to the SLAVE*). We are both greatly obliged to you, by reason of your

doing so, since you allow us to obtain what we are desirous of.

PHIL. Step here then, at a distance now, if you think fit, that no listeners may be enabled to overhear our discourse, and that this plan of ours mayn't be divulged before them; for a stratagem is no stratagem, if you don't plan it with art, but it is a very great misfortune if it becomes disclosed. For if you are my master, and I represent myself as your servant, still there's need of foresight, and need of caution, that this may be carried out discreetly and without overlookers, with carefulness and with cautious prudence and diligence. So great is the matter that has been commenced upon; this must not be carried out in any drowsy fashion.

TYND. Just as you shall desire me to be, I will be.

PHIL. I trust so.

TYND. For now you see that for your precious life I'm setting at stake my own, as dear to me.

PHIL. I know it.

TYND. But remember to know it when you shall be enjoying that which you wish for; for mostly, the greatest part of mankind follow this fashion; until they obtain what they wish for, they are rightminded; but when they have now got it in their power, from being rightminded they become most deceitful, and most dishonest; now I do consider that you are towards me as I wish. What I advise you, I would advise my own father.

PHIL. I' faith, if I could venture I, would call you father; for next to my own father, you are my nearest father.

TYND. I understand.

PHIL. And therefore I remind you the more frequently that you may remember it. I am not your master, but your servant; now this one thing I do beseech you. Inasmuch as the immortal Gods have disclosed to us their wishes, that they desire me to have once been your master, and now to be your fellow-captive; what formerly of my right I used to command you, now with entreaties do I beg of you, by our uncertain fortunes, and by the kindness of my father towards you, and by our common captiv-

ity, which has befallen us by the hand of the enemy, don't you pay me any greater respect than I did you when you were my slave; and don't you forget to remember who you were, and who you now are.

TYND. I know, indeed, that I now am you, and that you are I.

PHIL. Well, if you are able carefully to remember that, I have some hope in this scheme of ours.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, from his house, speaking to those within.

HEG. I shall return in-doors just now, when I shall have discovered from these people what I want to know. (*To the SLAVES.*) Where are those persons whom I ordered to be brought out of doors here, before the house?

PHIL. By my faith, I find that you have taken due precaution that we shouldn't be missed by you, so walled in are we with chains and keepers.

HEG. He that takes precaution that he mayn't be deceived is hardly on his guard, even while he's taking precaution; even when he has supposed that he has taken every precaution, full often is this wary man outwitted. Was there not good reason, indeed, for me to watch you carefully, whom I purchased with so large a sum of ready money?

PHIL. Troth, it isn't fair for us to hold you to blame, because you watch us closely; nor yet for you us, if we go away hence, should there be an opportunity.

HEG. As you are here, so is my son a captive there among your people.

PHIL. He, a captive?

HEG. Even so.

PHIL. We, then, have not proved the only cowards.¹

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES, supposing him to be the SERVANT of the other.*) Step you aside this way, for there are some things that I wish to enquire of you in private, on which subjects I would have you not to be untruthful to me. (*They step aside.*)

PHIL. I will not be, as to that which I shall know; if I shall not know anything, that which I don't know I'll tell you of.

TYND. (*aside*). Now is the old fellow in the barber's shop; now, at this very instant, is Philocrates wielding the razor. He hasn't cared, indeed, to put on the barber's cloth, so as not to soil his dress. But whether to say that he's going to shave him close, or trim him through the comb, I don't know; but if he's wise, he'll scrape him right well to the very quick.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). Which would 15 you? Would you prefer to be a slave, or a free man? — Tell me.

PHIL. That which is the nearest to good, and the furthest off from evil, do I prefer; although my servitude hasn't proved very grievous to me, nor has it been otherwise to me than if I had been a son in the family.

TYND. (*aside*). Capital! I wouldn't purchase, at a talent's price even, Thales 25 the Milesian²; for compared with this man's wisdom, he was a very twaddler. How cleverly has he suited his language to the slave's condition.

HEG. Of what family is this Philocrates born?

PHIL. The Polyplusian³; which family is especially powerful there, and held in highest esteem.

HEG. What is he himself? In what esteem is he held there?

PHIL. In the highest, and that by the very highest men.

HEG. Since, then, he is held in such great respect among the Eleans, as you 40 tell of, what substance has he? — Of large amount?

PHIL. Enough for him, even, when an old man, to be melting out the tallow.

HEG. What is his father? Is he living?

PHIL. When we departed thence, we left him alive; whether he's living now or not, Orcus, forsooth, must know that.

TYND. (*aside*). The matter's all right; he's not only lying, but he's even philosophizing now.

¹ Persons who allow themselves to be captured instead of fighting to the last.

² One of the seven wise men of Greece.

³ A name coined for the occasion, meaning "very wealthy."

HEG. What's his name?

PHIL. Thesaurochrysoniccroesides.¹

HEG. That name has been given, I suppose, by reason of his wealth, as it were.

PHIL. Troth, not so, but rather by reason of his avarice and grasping disposition; for, indeed, he was Theodoromedes originally by name.

HEG. How say you? Is his father 10 covetous?

PHIL. Ay, by my faith, he is covetous. Why, that you may even understand it the better, — when he's sacrificing at any time to his own Genius, the vessels that 15 are needed for the sacrifice he uses of Samian ware, lest the Genius himself should steal them; from this, consider how much he would trust other people.

HEG. (*addressing TYNDARUS as though* 20 *PHILOCRATES*). Do you then follow me this way. (*Aside.*) The things that I desire to know, I'll enquire of him. (*Addressing TYNDARUS.*) Philocrates, this person has done as it becomes an honest 25 man to do. For from him I've learnt of what family you are sprung; he has confessed it to me. If you are willing to own these same things (which, however, understand that I already know from him), 30 you will be doing it for your own advantage.

TYND. He did his duty when he confessed the truth to you, although, Hegio, I wished carefully to conceal both my 35 rank and my wealth; now, inasmuch as I've lost my country and my liberty, I don't think it right for him to be dreading me rather than you. The might of warfare has made my fortunes on a level with 40 himself. I remember the time when he didn't dare to do it in word; now, in deed, he is at liberty to offend me. But don't you see? Human fortune moulds and fashions just as she wills. Myself, who 45 was a free man she has made a slave, from the very highest the very lowest. I, who was accustomed to command, now obey the mandates of another. And indeed, if I meet with a master just such as I proved 50 the ruler in my own household, I shall not

fear that he will rule me harshly or severely. With this, Hegio, I wished you to be acquainted, unless perchance you yourself wish it not.

5 HEG. Speak boldly out.

TYND. As free a man was I till lately as your son.² As much did a hostile hand deprive me of my liberty as him of his. As much is he a slave among my people, as I am now a slave here with yourself. There is undoubtedly a God, who both hears and sees the things which we do. Just as you shall treat me here, in the same degree will he have a care for him. To the well-deserving will he show favour, to the ill-deserving will he give a like return. As much as you lament your son, so much does my father lament me.

HEG. That I am aware of. But do you admit the same that he has disclosed to me?

TYND. I confess that my father has very great wealth at home, and that I am born of a very noble family; but I entreat 10 you, Hegio, let not my riches make your mind too prone to avarice, lest it should seem to my father, although I am his only son, more suitable that I should be a slave in your house, bountifully supplied at 15 your expense and with your clothing, rather than be living the life of a beggar where 'twould be far from honourable.

HEG. By the favour of the Gods and of my forefathers, I am rich enough. I don't quite believe that every kind of gain is serviceable to mankind. I know that gain has already made many a man famous; and yet there are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than 20 to make gain. Gold I detest: many a one has it persuaded to many an evil course. Now give your attention to this, that you may know as well what my wishes are. My son, taken prisoner, is in servitude at 25 Elis there among your people; if you restore him to me, don't you give me a single coin besides; both you and him, your servant, I'll send back from here; on no other terms can you depart hence.

TYND. You ask what's very right and very just, and you are the very kindest

¹ Another fictitious name, meaning "a son of Croesus abounding in golden treasure."

² Notice the dramatic irony in this speech. Tyndarus, of course, is speaking to his own father.

person of all mankind. But whether is he in servitude to a private person or to the public?

HEG. In private servitude to Menarchus, a physician.

PHIL. By my faith, that person's surely his father's dependant. Why really, that's down as pat for you, as the shower is when it rains.

HEG. Do you then cause this person, 10 my son, to be redeemed.

TYND. I'll do so: but this I beg of you, Hegio —

HEG. Whatever you wish, so that you request nothing against my interest, I'll do. 15

TYND. Listen then, and you'll know. I don't ask for myself to be released, until he has returned. But I beg of you to give me him (*pointing to PHILOCRATES*) with a price set upon him, that I may send him 20 to my father, that this person, your son, may be redeemed there.

HEG. Why no; I'd rather send another person hence, when there shall be a truce, to confer with your father there, and to 25 carry your injunctions which you shall entrust him with, just as you wish.

TYND. But it's of no use to send to him one that he doesn't know; you'd be losing your labour. Send this person; he'll 30 have it all completed, if he gets there. And you cannot send any person to him more faithful, nor one in whom he places more confidence, nor who is more a servant after his own mind; nor, in fact, one to 35 whom he would more readily entrust your son. Have no fears; at my own peril I'll make proof of his fidelity, relying upon his disposition; because he is sensible that I'm kindly disposed towards him.

HEG. Well then, I'll send him with a price set upon him, on the surety of your promise, if you wish it.

TYND. I do wish it; so soon as ever it can, I want this matter to be brought to 45 completion.

HEG. What reason is there, then, that if he doesn't return, you should not pay me twenty minæ¹ for him?

TYND. Yes — very good.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES, who obey*). Release him now forthwith; and, indeed, both

of them. (*On being released, PHILOCRATES goes into the house.*)

TYND. May all the Gods grant you all your desires, since you have deigned me 5 honour so great, and since you release me from my chains. Really, this is not so irksome now, since my neck is free from the collar-chain.

HEG. The kindnesses that are done to the good, thanks for the same are pregnant with blessings. Now, if you are about to send him thither, direct, instruct him, give him the orders which you wish to be carried to your father. Should you like me 10 to call him to you?

TYND. Do call him. (*HEGIO goes to the door, and calls PHILOCRATES.*)

SCENE III

Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.

HEG. May this affair turn out happily for myself and for my son, and for yourselves. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Your new master wishes you to pay faithful obedience to your former owner in what he wishes. For I have presented you to him, with the price of twenty minæ set upon you: and he says that he is desirous to send 30 you away hence to his father, that he may there redeem my son, and that an exchange may be made between me and him for our respective sons.

PHIL. My disposition takes its course straight in either direction, both to yourself and to him; as a wheel you may make use of me; either this way or that can I be 40 turned, whichever way you shall command me.

HEG. You yourself profit the most from your own disposition, when you endure slavery just as it ought to be endured. Follow me. (*To TYNDARUS.*) See here's your man.

TYND. I return you thanks, since you give me this opportunity and permission to send this messenger to my parents, who may relate all the matter in its order to my father, what I'm doing here, and 50 what I wish to be done. (*To PHILOCRATES.*) Now, Tyndarus, thus is it arranged between myself and him, that I'm

¹ A mina would be in our currency about \$18.50.

to send you, valued at a fixed price, to my father in Elis; so that, if you don't return hither, I'm to give twenty minæ for you.

PHIL. I think that you've come to a right understanding. For your father expects either myself or some messenger to come here to him.

TYND. I wish you, then, to mind what message it is I want you to carry hence to my country to my father.

PHIL. Philocrates, as up to this moment I have done, I will take all due care to endeavour that which may especially conduce to your interest, and to pursue the same with heart and soul, and with my ears.

TYND. You act just as you ought to act; now I wish you to give attention. In the first place of all, carry my respects to my mother and my father, and to my relations, and to any one else you see well-disposed towards me: say that I am in health here, and that I am a slave, in servitude to this most worthy man, who has ever honored me more and more with his respect, and does so still.

PHIL. Don't you be instructing me as to that; I can still easily bear that in mind.

TYND. For, indeed, except that I have a keeper, I deem myself to be a free man. Tell my father on what terms I have agreed with this party about his son.

PHIL. What I remember, it is sheer delusion to be putting me in mind of.

TYND. To redeem him, and to send him back here in exchange for both of us.

PHIL. I'll remember it.

HEG. But as soon as he can, that is especially to the interest of us both.

PHIL. You are not more anxious to see your son, than he is to see his.

HEG. My son is dear to myself, and his own to every man.

PHIL. (*to TYNDARUS*). Do you wish any other message to be carried to your father?

TYND. Say that I am well here; and do you boldly tell him, Tyndarus, that we have been of dispositions for uninterrupted harmony between ourselves, and that you have neither been deserving of censure, nor that I have proved your enemy; and

that still, amid miseries so great, you have shown implicit obedience to your master, and that you have never abandoned me, either in deed or in fidelity, amid my wavering, unprosperous fortunes. When my father shall know this, Tyndarus, how well-disposed you have proved towards his son and himself, he will never be so avaricious but that he'll give you your liberty for nothing. And by my own endeavours, if I return hence, I'll make him do so the more readily. For by your aid and kindness, and good disposition and prudence, you have caused me to be allowed to return to my parents once again, inasmuch as to Hegio you have confessed both my rank and my wealth; by means of which, through your wisdom, you have liberated your master from his chains.

PHIL. The things which you mention I have done, and I am pleased that you remember this. Deservedly have they been done for you by me; for now, Philocrates, if I, too, were to mention the things that you have kindly done for me, the night would cut short the day. For, had you been my slave even, no otherwise were you always obliging to me.

HEG. Ye Gods, by our trust in you! behold the kindly disposition of these persons! How they draw the very tears from me! See how cordially they love each other, and with what praises the servant has commended his master.

PHIL. I' troth, he hasn't commended me the one hundredth part of what he himself deserves to be commended in my praises.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRAATES*). Since, then, you have acted most becomingly, now there's an opportunity to add to your good deeds in managing this matter with fidelity towards him.

PHIL. I am not able more to wish it done, than by my endeavours to try to bring it about. That you may know this, Hegio, with praises do I call supreme Jove to witness that I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates.

HEG. You are a worthy fellow.

PHIL. And that I will never in anything act otherwise towards him than towards my own self.

TYND. I wish you to put these speeches to the test, both by your deeds and your actions; and inasmuch as I have said the less about you than I had wished, I wish you the more to give me your attention, and take you care not to be angry with me by reason of these words. But, I beseech you, reflect that you are sent hence home with a price set upon you at my risk, and that my life is here left as a pledge for you. Do not you forget me the very moment that you have left my presence, since you will have left me here behind a captive in captivity for yourself, and don't consider yourself as free, and forsake your pledge, and not use your endeavours for you to bring his son home again, in return for me. Understand that you are sent hence valued at twenty minæ. Take care to prove scrupulously faithful; take care that you show not a wavering fidelity. For my father, I am sure, will do everything that he ought to do. Preserve me as a constant friend to you, and find out this person so lately discovered. These things, by your right hand, holding you with my own right hand, do I beg of you; do not prove less true to me than I have proved to you. This matter do you attend to; you are now my master, you my patron, you my father; to you do I commend my hopes and my fortunes.

PHIL. You have given injunctions enough. Are you satisfied if I bring back accomplished what you have enjoined?

TYND. Satisfied.

PHIL. (*to HEGIO*). According to your wishes, and (*to TYNDARUS*) according to yours, will I return hither provided. Is there anything else?

TYND. For you to return back as soon as ever you can.

PHIL. The business itself reminds me of that.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRAATES*). Follow me, that I may give you your expenses for the journey at my banker's; on the same occasion I'll get a passport from the Prætor.

TYND. What passport?

HEG. For him to take with him hence to the army, that he may be allowed to go home from here. (*To TYNDARUS*.) You go in-doors.

TYND. Speed you well.

PHIL. Right heartily, farewell. (*TYNDARUS goes into the house.*)

HEG. (*aside*). I' faith, I compassed my design, when I purchased these men of the 5 Quæstors out of the spoil. I have released my son from slavery, if so it pleases the Gods, and yet I hesitated a long time whether I should purchase or should not purchase these persons. Watch that man in-doors, if you please, you servants, that he may nowhere move a foot without a guard. I shall soon make my appearance at home; now I'm going to my brother's, to see my other captives; at the same time 15 I'll enquire whether any one knows this young man. (*To PHILOCRAATES*.) Do you follow, that I may despatch you. I wish attention first to be paid to that matter. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. Wretched is that man who is in search of something to eat, and finds that with difficulty; but more wretched is he who both seeks with difficulty, and finds nothing at all; most wretched is he, who, when he desires to eat, has not that which he may eat. But, by my faith, if I only could, I'd willingly tear out the eyes of this 35 day; — with such enmity has it filled all people towards me. One more starved out I never did see, nor one more filled with hunger, nor one who prospers less in whatever he begins to do. So much do my stomach and my throat take rest on these fasting holidays. Away with the profession of a Parasite to very utter and extreme perdition! so much in these days do the young men drive away from them the needy drolls. They care nothing now-a-days for these Laconian men of the lowest benches — these whipping-posts, who have their clever sayings without provision and without money. They now-a-days seek 50 those who, when they've eaten at their pleasure, may give them a return at their own houses. They go themselves to market, which formerly was the province of

the Parasites. They go themselves from the Forum to the procurers with face as exposed as the magistrates in court, with face exposed, condemn those who are found guilty; nor do they now value buffoons at one farthing; all are so much in love with themselves. For, when, just now, I went away from here, I came to some young men in the Forum: "Good morrow," said I; "whither are we going together to breakfast?" On this, they were silent. "Who says, 'here, at my house,' or who makes an offer?" said I. Just like dumb men, they were silent, and didn't smile at me. "Where do we dine?" said I. On this they declined. I said one funny saying out of my best bon mots, by which I formerly used to get feasting for a month; not an individual smiled; at once I knew that the matter was arranged by concert. Not even one was willing to imitate a dog when provoked; if they didn't laugh, they might, at least, have grinned with their teeth. From them I went away, after I saw that I was thus made sport of. I went to some others; then to some others I came; then to some others — the same result. All treat the matter in confederacy, just like the oil-merchants in the Velabrum.¹ Now, I've returned thence, since I see myself made sport of there. In like manner do other Parasites walk to and fro, to no purpose, in the Forum. Now, after the foreign fashion, I'm determined to enforce all my rights. Those who have entered into a confederacy, by which to deprive us of food and life, — for them I'll name a day. I'll demand, as the damages, that they shall give me ten dinners at my own option, when provisions are dear: thus will I do. Now I'll go hence to the harbour. There is my only hope of a dinner; if that shall fail me, I'll return here to the old gentleman, to his unsavoury dinner.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. (*to himself*). What is there more delightful than to manage one's own interests well for the public good, just as I

did yesterday, when I purchased these men. Every person, as they see me, comes to meet me, and congratulates me on this matter. By thus stopping and detaining unlucky me, they've made me quite tired. With much ado have I survived from being congratulated, to my misfortune. At last, to the Prætor did I get. There, scarcely did I rest myself. I asked for a passport; it was given me: at once I delivered it to Tyndarus. He started for home. Thence, straightway, after that was done, I passed by my house; and I went at once to my brother's, where my other captives are. I asked about Philocrates from Elis, whether any one of them all knew the person. This man (*pointing to ARISTOPHONTES*) called out that he had been his intimate friend; I told him that he was at my house. At once he besought and entreated me that I would permit him to see him. Forthwith I ordered him to be released from chains. Thence have I come. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Now, do you follow me, that you may obtain what you have besought of me, the opportunity of meeting with this person. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III

Enter TYNDARUS, from the house.

TYND. Now stands the matter so, that I would much rather that I had once existed, than that I still exist; now do my hopes, my resources, and my succour, desert me and spurn themselves. This is that day, when, for my life, no safety can be hoped; nor yet is death my end; nor hope is there, in fact, to dispel this fear for me; nor cloak have I anywhere for my deceitful stratagems; nor for my devices or my subterfuges is there anywhere a screen presented to me. No deprecating is there for my perfidy; no means of flight for my offences. No refuge is there anywhere for my trusting; and no escape for my cunning schemes. What was concealed is now exposed; my plans are now divulged. The whole matter is now laid open; nor is there any ado about this matter, but that I must perish outright, and meet with de-

¹ A street in Rome on the Aventine Hill, where especially oil dealers and cheesemongers sold their wares.

struction, both on behalf of my master and myself. This Aristophontes has proved my ruin, who has just now come into the house. He knows me. He is the intimate friend and kinsman of Philocrates. Not Salvation herself can save me now, even if she wishes; nor have I any means of escape, unless, perchance, I devise some artifice in my mind. (*He meditates.*) Plague on it! — how? What can I contrive? — what can I think of? Some very great folly and trifling I shall have to begin with. I'm quite at a loss. (*He retires aside.*)

SCENE IV

Enter HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES, from the house.

HEG. Whither am I to say, now, that this man has betaken himself from the house out of doors?

TYND. (*apart*). Now, for a very certainty, I'm done for; the enemies are coming to you, Tyndarus! What shall I say? — what shall I talk of? What shall I deny, or what confess? All matters are reduced to uncertainty. How shall I place confidence in my resources? I wish the Gods had destroyed you, before you were lost to your own country, Aristophontes, who, from a plot well concerted, are making it disconcerted. This plan is ruined outright, unless I find out for myself some extremely bold device.

HEG. (*to ARISTOPHONTES*). Follow me. See, there is the man; go to him and address him.

TYND. (*aside, and turning away*). What mortal among mortals is there more wretched than myself?

ARIST. (*coming up to him*). Why's this, that I'm to say that you are avoiding my gaze, Tyndarus? And why that you are slighting me as a stranger, as though you had never known me? Why, I'm as much a slave as yourself; although at home I was a free man, you, even from your childhood, have always served in slavery in Elis.

HEG. I' faith, I'm very little surprised,

if either he does avoid your gaze, or if he does shun you, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates.

TYND. Hegio, this person was accounted a madman in Elis. Don't you give ear to what he prates about; for at home he has pursued his father and mother with spears, and that malady sometimes comes upon him which is spit out.¹ Do you this instant stand away at a distance from him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Away with him further off from me.

ARIST. Do you say, you whipp'd knave, that I am mad, and do you declare that I have followed my own father with spears? And that I have that malady, that it's necessary for me to be spit upon?

HEG. Don't be dismayed; that malady afflicts many a person to whom it has proved wholesome to be spit upon, and has been of service to them.

ARIST. Why, what do you say? Do you, too, credit him?

HEG. Credit him in what?

ARIST. That I am mad?

TYND. Do you see him, with what a furious aspect he's looking at you? 'Twere best to retire, Hegio; it is as I said, his frenzy grows apace; have a care for yourself.

HEG. I thought that he was mad, the moment that he called you Tyndarus.

TYND. Why, he's sometimes ignorant of his own name, and doesn't know what it is.

HEG. But he even said that you were his intimate friend.

TYND. So far from that, I never saw him. Why, really, Alcmaeon,² and Orestes,² and Lycurgus² besides, are my friends on the same principle that he is.

ARIST. Villain, and do you dare speak ill of me, as well? Do I not know you?

HEG. I' faith, it really is very clear that you don't know him, who are calling him Tyndarus, instead of Philocrates. Him whom you see, you don't know; you are addressing him as the person whom you don't see.

ARIST. On the contrary this fellow's saying that he is the person who he is not;

¹ The disease referred to is probably epilepsy.

² Famous frenzied characters from ancient Greek tradition.

and he says that he is not the person who he really is.

TYND. You've been found, of course, to excel Philocrates in truthfulness.

ARIST. By my troth, as I understand the matter, you've been found to brazen out the truth by lying. But i' faith, prithee, come then, look at me.

TYND. (*looking at him*). Well!

ARIST. Say, now; do you deny that 10 you are Tyndarus?

TYND. I do deny it, I say.

ARIST. Do you say that you are Philocrates?

TYND. I do say so, I say.

ARIST. (*to HEGIO*). And do you believe him?

HEG. More, indeed, than either you or myself. For he, in fact, who you say that he is (*pointing to TYNDARUS*), has set out 20 hence to-day for Elis, to this person's father.

ARIST. What father, when he's a slave.

TYND. And so are you a slave, and yet 25 you were a free man; and I trust that so I shall be, if I restore his son here to liberty.

ARIST. How say you, villain? Do you say that you were born a free man [*liber*]? 30

TYND. I really do not say that I am Liber, but that I am Philocrates.

ARIST. How's this? How this scoundrel, Hegio, is making sport of you now. For he's a slave himself, and never, except 35 his own self, had he a slave.

TYND. Because you yourself are destitute in your own country, and haven't whereon to live at home, you wish all to be found like to yourself; you don't do 40 anything surprising. 'Tis the nature of the distressed to be ill-disposed, and to envy the fortunate.

ARIST. Hegio, take you care, please, that you don't persist in rashly placing 45 confidence in this man; for so far as I see, he is certainly now putting some device in execution, in saying that he is redeeming your son from captivity; that is by no means satisfactory to me.

TYND. I know that you don't wish that to be done; still I shall effect it, if the Gods assist me. I shall bring him back

here, and he will restore me to my father, in Elis. For that purpose have I sent Tyndarus hence to my father.

ARIST. Why, you yourself are he; nor 5 is there any slave in Elis of that name, except yourself.

TYND. Do you persist in reproaching me with being a slave — a thing that has befallen me through the fortune of war?

ARIST. Really, now, I cannot contain myself.

TYND. (*to HEGIO*). Ha! don't you hear him? Why don't you take to flight? He'll be pelting us just now with stones 15 there, unless you order him to be seized.

ARIST. I'm distracted.

TYND. His eyes strike fire; there's need of a rope, Hegio. Don't you see how his body is spotted all over with 20 livid spots? Black bile is disordering the man.

ARIST. And, by my faith, if this old gentleman is wise, black pitch will be disordering you with the executioner, and giving a light to your head.

TYND. He's now talking in his fit of delirium; sprites are in possession of the man.

HEG. By my troth, suppose I order him to be seized?

TYND. You would be acting more wisely.

ARIST. I'm vexed that I haven't a stone, to knock out the brains of that whip-scoundrel, who's driving me to madness by his taunts.

TYND. Don't you hear that he's looking for a stone?

ARIST. I wish to speak with you alone, separately, Hegio.

HEG. Speak from where you are, if you want anything; though at a distance, I shall hear you.

TYND. Yes, for, by my faith, if you approach nearer, he'll be taking your nose off with his teeth.

ARIST. By heavens, Hegio, don't you believe that I am mad, or that I ever was so, or that I have the malady which 50 that fellow avers. But if you fear anything from me, order me to be bound; I wish it, so long as that fellow is bound as well.

TYND. Why really, Hegio, rather let him be bound that wishes it.

ARIST. Now hold your tongue! I'll make you, you false Philocrates, to be found out this day to be a real Tyndarus. Why are you making signs at me?

TYND. I, making signs at you? (*To HEGIO.*) What would he do, if you were at a greater distance off?

HEG. What do you say? What if I approach this madman?

TYND. Nonsense; you'll be made a fool of; he'll be prating stuff, to you, neither the feet nor the head of which will ever be visible. The dress only is wanting; in seeing this man, you behold Ajax¹ himself.

HEG. I don't care; still I'll approach him. (*Advances to ARISTOPHONTES.*)

TYND. (*aside*). Now am I utterly undone; now between the sacrifice and the stone do I stand, nor know I what to do.

HEG. I lend you my attention, Aristophontes, if there is anything that you would wish with me.

ARIST. From me you shall hear that truth, which now you think to be false, Hegio. But I wish, in the first place, to clear myself from this with you — that madness does not possess me, and that I have no malady, except that I am in captivity; and, so may the King of Gods and of men make me to regain my native land, that fellow there is no more Philocrates than either I or you.

HEG. Come, then, tell me who he is?

ARIST. He whom I've told you all along from the beginning. If you shall find him any other than that person, I show no cause why I shouldn't suffer the loss with you both of my parents and of my liberty for ever.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). What say you to this?

TYND. That I am your slave, and you my master.

HEG. I didn't ask that — were you a free man?

TYND. I was.

ARIST. But he really wasn't; he is deceiving you.

TYND. How do you know? Were

you, perchance, the midwife of my mother, since you dare to affirm this so boldly?

ARIST. When a boy, I saw yourself, a boy.

TYND. But, grown up, I now see you grown up; so, there's for you, in return. If you did right, you wouldn't be troubling yourself about my concerns; do I trouble myself about yours?

HEG. Was his father called Thesau-rochrysonicocroesides?

ARIST. He was not; and I never heard that name before this day. Theodoromedes was the father of Philocrates.

TYND. (*aside*). I'm downright undone. Why don't you be quiet, heart of mine? Go and be stretched, and hang yourself; you are throbbing so, that unfortunate I can hardly stand up for my fear.

HEG. Is a full assurance given me that this was a slave in Elis, and that he is not Philocrates?

ARIST. So fully, that you will never find this to be otherwise; but where is he now?

HEG. Where I the least, and he the most could wish himself. In consequence, then, I'm cut asunder, disjointed, to my sorrow, by the devices of this scoundrel, who has bamboozled me by his tricks just as he has thought fit. But do, please, have a care that you are right.

ARIST. Why, I assure you of this, as an ascertained and established fact.

HEG. For certain?

ARIST. Why, nothing, I say, will you find more certain than this certainty. Philocrates, from a boy, has been my friend.

HEG. But of what appearance is your friend Philocrates?

ARIST. I'll tell you: with a thin face, sharp nose, light hair, dark eyes, somewhat ruddy, with hair rather crisp and curling.

HEG. The description is like.

TYND. (*aside*). Ay, so much so, indeed, that I've this day, much to my sorrow, got into the midst of this, i' faith. Woe to those unfortunate rods which this day will be meeting their end upon my back.

HEG. I see that I've been imposed

upon.

¹ The famous Ajax Telamon celebrated in the *Iliad*.

TYND. (*aside*). Why, fetters, do you delay to run towards me and to embrace my legs, that I may have you in custody?

HEG. And have these two rascally captives really deceived me this day with their tricks? The other one pretended that he was the servant, and this one that he himself was the master. I've lost the kernel; for a security, I've left the shell. To such a degree have they imposed upon me, both on this side and that, with their trickeries. Still, this fellow shall never have the laugh against me. Colaphus, Cordalio, Corax (*to the SLAVES*), go you away and bring out the thongs.

SLAVE. Are we to be sent to gather faggots? (*The SLAVES go and bring the thongs from the house.*)

SCENE V

HEGIO, TYNDARUS, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Put the manacles on this whipp'd villain.

TYND. (*whilst the SLAVES are fastening him*). What's the matter? What have I done wrong?

HEG. Do you ask the question? You weeder and sower of villainies, and in especial their reaper.

TYND. Ought you not to have ventured to say the harrower first? For countrymen always harrow before they weed.

HEG. Why, with what assurance he stands before me.

TYND. It's proper for a servant, innocent and guiltless, to be full of confidence, most especially before his master.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES*). Bind this fellow's hands tightly, will you.

TYND. I am your own — do you command them to be cut off even. But what is the matter on account of which you blame me?

HEG. Because me and my fortunes, so far as in you singly lay, by your rascally and knavish stratagems you have rent in pieces, and have distracted my affairs and spoiled all my resources and my plans, in that you've thus robbed me of Philocrates by your devices. I thought that he

was the slave, you the free man. So did you say yourselves, and in this way did you change names between you.

TYND. I confess that all was done so, as you say, and that by a stratagem he has got away from you, through my aid and cleverness; and prithee, now, do you blame me for that, i' faith?

HEG. Why, it has been done with your extreme torture for the consequence.

TYND. So I don't die by reason of my misdeeds, I care but little. If I do die here, then he returns not, as he said he would; but when I'm dead, this act will be remembered to my honour, that I caused my captive master to return from slavery and the foe, a free man, to his father in his native land; and that I preferred rather to expose my own life to peril, than that he should be undone.

HEG. Take care, then, to enjoy that fame at Acheron.¹

TYND. He who dies for virtue's sake, still does not perish.

HEG. When I've tortured you in the most severe manner, and for your schemes put you to death, let them say either that you have perished or that you have died; so long as you do die, I don't think it matters if they say you live.

TYND. I' faith, if you do do so, you'll do it not without retribution, if he shall return here, as I trust that he will return.

ARIST. (*aside*). O ye immortal Gods! I understand it now; now I know what the case really is. My friend Philocrates is at liberty with his father, in his native land. 'Tis well; nor have I any person to whom I could so readily wish well. But this thing grieves me, that I've done this person a bad turn, who now on account of me and my talking is in chains.

HEG. (*to TYNDARUS*). Did I not forbid you this day to utter anything false to me?

TYND. You did forbid me.

HEG. Why did you dare to tell me lies?

TYND. Because the truth would have prejudiced him whom I was serving; now falsehood has advantaged him.

HEG. But it will prejudice yourself.

TYND. 'Tis very good. Still, I have saved my master, whom I rejoice at being

¹ The river of woe in the Underworld.

saved, to whom my elder master has assigned me as a protector. But do you think that this was wrongly done?

HEG. Most wrongfully.

TYND. But I, who disagree with you, say, rightly. For consider, if any slave of yours had done this for your son, what thanks you would have given him. Would you have given that slave his freedom or not? Would not that slave have been in highest esteem with you? Answer me that.

HEG. I think so.

TYND. Why, then, are you angry with me?

HEG. Because you have proved more faithful to him than to myself.

TYND. How now? Did you expect, in a single night and day, for yourself to teach me — a person just made captive, a recent slave, and in his novitiate — that I should rather consult your interest than his, with whom from childhood I have passed my life?

HEG. Seek, then, thanks from him for that. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him where he may receive weighty and thick fetters, thence, after that, you shall go to the quarries for cutting stone. There, while the others are digging out eight stones, unless you daily do half as much work again, you shall have the name of the six-hundred-stripe man.

ARIST. By Gods and men, I do entreat you, Hegio, not to destroy this man.

HEG. He shall be taken all care of. For at night, fastened with chains, he shall be watched; in the daytime, beneath the ground, he shall be getting out stone. For many a day will I torture him; I'll not respite him for a single day.

ARIST. Is that settled by you?

HEG. Not more settled that I shall die. (*To the SLAVES.*) Take him away this instant to Hippolytus, the blacksmith; bid thick fetters to be rivetted on him. From there let him be led outside the gate to my freedman, Cordalus, at the stone-quarries. And tell him that I desire this man so to be treated, that he mayn't be in any respect worse off than he who is the most severely treated.

TYND. Why, since you are unwilling,

do I desire myself to survive? At your own hazard is the risk of my life. After death, no evil have I to apprehend in death. Though I should live even to extreme age, still, short is the space for enduring what you threaten me with. Farewell and prosper; although you are deserving for me to say otherwise. You, Aristophontes, as you have deserved of me, so fare you; for on your account has this befallen me.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES.*) Carry him off.

TYND. But this one thing I beg, that, if Philocrates should come back here, he will give me an opportunity of meeting him.

HEG. (*to the SLAVES.*) At your peril, if you don't this instant remove him from my sight. (*The SLAVES lay hold of TYNDARUS, and push him along.*)

TYND. I' troth, this really is violence, to be both dragged and pushed at the same time. (*He is borne off by the SLAVES.*)

SCENE VI

HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. He has been led off straight to prison, as he deserves. Let no one presume to attempt such an enterprise. Had it not been for you who discovered this to me, still would they have been leading me by the bridle with their tricks. Now am I resolved henceforth never to trust any person in anything. This once I have been deceived enough; I did hope, to my sorrow, that I had rescued my son from slavery. That hope has forsaken me. I lost one son, whom, a child in his fourth year, a slave stole from me; and, indeed, never since have I found either slave or son; the elder one has fallen in the hands of the enemy. What guilt is this of mine? As though I had become the father of children for the purpose of being childless. (*To ARISTOPHONTES.*) Follow this way. I'll conduct you back where you were. I'm determined to have pity upon no one, since no one has pity upon me.

ARIST. Forth from my chains with evil omen did I come; now I perceive that with like ill omen to my bonds I must return.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter ERGASILUS.

ERG. Supreme Jove! thou dost preserve me, and dost augment my means. Plenty, extreme and sumptuous, dost thou present to me; celebrity, profit, enjoyment, mirth, festivity, holidays, sights, provisions, carousings, abundance, joyousness. And to no man have I now determined with myself to go a-begging; for I'm able either to profit my friend or to destroy my enemy, to such extent has this delightful day heaped delights upon me in its delightfulness. I have lighted upon a most rich inheritance without incumbrances. Now will I wend my way to this old gentleman Hegio, to whom I am carrying blessings as great as he himself prays for from the Gods, and even greater. Now, this is my determination, in the same fashion that the slaves of Comedy are wont, so will I throw my cloak around my neck, that from me, the first of all, he may learn this matter. And I trust that I, by reason of this news, shall find provision up to the end.

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, at a distance.

HEG. *(to himself)*. The more that I involve this matter in my breast, the more is my uneasiness of mind increased. That I should have been duped in this fashion to-day! and that I wasn't able to see through it! When this shall be known, then I shall be laughed at all over the city. The very moment that I shall have reached the Forum, all will be saying, "This is that clever old gentleman, who had the trick played him." But is this Ergasilus, that I see coming at a distance? Surely he has got his cloak gathered up; what, I wonder, is he going to do?

ERG. *(advancing, and talking to himself)*. Throw aside from you all tardiness, Ergasilus, and speed on this business. I

threaten, and I strictly charge no person to stand in my way, unless any one shall be of opinion that he has lived long enough. For whoever does come in my way, shall stop me upon his face. *(He runs along, flourishing his arms about.)*

HEG. *(to himself)*. This fellow's beginning to box.

ERG. *(to himself)*. I'm determined to do it; so that every one may pursue his own path, let no one be bringing any of his business in this street; for my fist is a balista,¹ my arm is my catapulta, my shoulder a battering-ram; then against whomsoever I dart my knee, I shall bring him to the ground. I'll make all persons to be picking up their teeth, whomsoever I shall meet with.

HEG. *(to himself)*. What threatening is this? For I cannot wonder enough.

ERG. I'll make him always to remember this day and place, and myself as well. Whoever stops me upon my road, I'll make him put a stop to his own existence.

HEG. *(to himself)*. What great thing is this fellow preparing to do, with such mighty threats?

ERG. I first give notice, that no one, by reason of his own fault, may be caught — keep yourselves in-doors at home, and guard yourselves from my attack.

HEG. *(to himself)*. By my faith, 'tis strange if he hasn't got this boldness by means of his stomach. Woe to that wretched man, through whose cheer this fellow has become quite swaggering.

ERG. Then the bakers, that feed swine, that fatten their pigs upon refuse bran, through the stench of which no one can pass by a baker's shop; if I see the pig of any one of them in the public way, I'll beat the bran out of the masters themselves with my fists.

HEG. *(to himself)*. Royal and imperial edicts does he give out. The fellow is full; he certainly has his boldness from his stomach.

ERG. Then the fishmongers, who supply stinking fish to the public — who are carried about on a gelding, with his galloping galling pace — the stench of whom,

¹ An ancient cannon-like machine, for war; and a large engine of war for throwing lances, stones etc.

drives all the loungers in the Basilica¹ into the Forum, I'll bang their heads with their bulrush fish-baskets, that they may understand what annoyance they cause to the noses of other people. And then the butchers, as well, who render the sheep destitute of their young — who agree with you about killing lamb, and then offer you lamb at double the price — who give the name of wether mutton to a ram — if I should only see that ram in the public way, I'll make both ram and owner most miserable beings.

HEG. (*to himself*). Well done! He really does give out edicts fit for an Ædile,² and 'tis indeed a surprising thing if the Ætolians haven't made him inspector of markets.

ERG. No Parasite now am I, but a right royal king of kings; so large a stock of provision for my stomach is there at hand in the harbour. But why delay to overwhelm this old gentleman Hegio with gladness? With him, not a person among mankind exists equally fortunate.

HEG. (*apart*). What joy is this, that he, thus joyous, is going to impart to me?

ERG. (*knocking at HEGIO'S door*). Hallo, hallo! — where are you? Is any one coming to open this door?

HEG. (*apart*). This fellow's betaking himself to my house to dine.

ERG. Open you both these doors, before I shall with knocking cause the destruction, piecemeal, of the doors.

HEG. (*apart*). I'd like much to address the fellow. (*Aloud*.) Ergasilus!

ERG. Who's calling Ergasilus?

HEG. Turn round, and look at me.

ERG. (*not seeing who it is*). A thing that Fortune does not do for you, nor ever will do, you bid me to do. But who is it?

HEG. Look round at me. 'Tis Hegio.

ERG. (*turning round*). O me! Best of the very best of men, as many as exist, you have arrived opportunely.

HEG. You've met with some one at the harbour to dine with; through that you are elevated.

ERG. Give me your hand.

HEG. My hand?

ERG. Give me your hand, I say, this instant.

HEG. Take it. (*Giving him his hand*.)

ERG. Rejoice.

HEG. Why should I rejoice?

ERG. Because I bid you; come now, rejoice.

HEG. I' faith, my sorrows exceed my rejoicings.

ERG. 'Tis not so, as you shall find; I'll at once drive away every spot of sorrow from your body. Rejoice without restraint.

HEG. I do rejoice, although I don't at all know why I should rejoice.

ERG. You do rightly; now order —

HEG. Order what?

ERG. A large fire to be made.

HEG. A large fire?

ERG. So I say, that a huge one it must be.

HEG. What, you vulture, do you suppose that for your sake I'm going to set my house on fire?

ERG. Don't be angry. Will you order, or will you not order, the pots to be put on, and the saucepans to be washed out, the bacon and the dainties to be made warm in the heated cooking-stoves, another one, too, to go purchase the fish?

HEG. This fellow's dreaming while awake.

ERG. Another to buy pork, and lamb, and pullets.

HEG. You understand how to feed well, if you had the means.

ERG. Gammons of bacon, too, and lampreys, spring pickled tunny-fish, mackerel, and sting-ray; large fish, too, and soft cheese.

HEG. You will have more opportunity, Ergasilus, here at my house, of talking about these things than of eating them.

ERG. Do you suppose that I'm saying this on my own account?

HEG. You will neither be eating nothing here to-day, nor yet much more than usual, so don't you be mistaken. Do you then bring an appetite to my house for

50 your every-day fare.

ERG. Why, I'll so manage it, that you

¹ A public building in the Forum, used as an exchange.

² A magistrate in charge of buildings, streets, markets, etc.

yourself shall wish to be profuse, though I myself should desire you not.

HEG. What, I?

ERG. Yes, you.

HEG. Then you are my master.

ERG. Yes, and a kindly disposed one. Do you wish me to make you happy?

HEG. Certainly I would, rather than miserable.

ERG. Give me your hand.

HEG. (*extending his hand*). Here is my hand.

ERG. All the Gods are blessing you.

HEG. I don't feel it so.

ERG. Why, you are not in a quickset hedge, therefore you don't feel it; but order the vessels, in a clean state, to be got for you forthwith in readiness for the sacrifice, and one lamb to be brought here with all haste, a fat one.

HEG. Why?

ERG. That you may offer sacrifice.

HEG. To which one of the Gods?

ERG. To myself, i' faith, for now am I your supreme Jupiter. I likewise am your salvation, your fortune, your life, your delight, your joy. Do you at once, then, make this Divinity propitious to you by cramming him.

HEG. You seem to me to be hungry.

ERG. For myself am I hungry, and not for you.

HEG. I readily allow of it at your own good will.

ERG. I believe you; from a boy you were in the habit —

HEG. May Jupiter and the Gods confound you.

ERG. I' troth, 'tis fair that for my news you should return me thanks; such great happiness do I now bring you from the harbour.

HEG. Now you are flattering me. Begone, you simpleton; you have arrived behind time, too late.

ERG. If I had come sooner, then for that reason you might rather have said that. Now, receive this joyous news of me which I bring you; for at the harbour I just now saw your son Philopolemus in the common fly-boat, alive, safe and sound, and likewise there that other young

man together with him, and Stalagmus your slave, who fled from your house, who stole from you your little son, the child of four years old.

5 HEG. Away with you to utter perdition! You are trifling with me.

ERG. So may holy Gluttony love me, Hegio, and so may she ever dignify me with her name, I did see —

10 HEG. My son?

ERG. Your son, and my good Genius.

HEG. That Elean captive, too?

ERG. Yes, by Apollo.

HEG. The slave, too? My slave Stalagmus, he that stole my son —?

ERG. Yes, by Cora.

HEG. So long a time ago?

ERG. Yes, by Præneste!

HEG. Is he arrived?

20 ERG. Yes, by Signia!

HEG. For sure?

ERG. Yes, by Phrysinone!

HEG. Have care, if you please.

ERG. Yes, by Alatrium!

HEG. Why are you swearing by foreign cities?

ERG. Why, because they are just as disagreeable as you were declaring your fare to be.

30 HEG. Woe be to you!

ERG. Because that you don't believe me at all in what I say in sober earnestness. But of what country was Stalagmus, at the time when he departed hence?

HEG. A Sicilian.

ERG. But now he is not a Sicilian — he is a Boian¹; he has got a Boian woman. A wife, I suppose, has been given to him for the sake of obtaining children.

HEG. Tell me, have you said these words to me in good earnest?

ERG. In good earnest.

HEG. Immortal Gods, I seem to be 45 born again, if you are telling the truth.

ERG. Do you say so? Will you still entertain doubts, when I have solemnly sworn to you? In fine, Hegio, if you have little confidence in my oath, go yourself to the harbour and see.

HEG. I'm determined to do so. Do you arrange in-doors what's requisite. Use,

¹ From the region of northern Italy.

ask for, take from my larder what you like; I appoint you cellarman.

ERG. Now, by my troth, if I have not prophesied truly to you, do you comb me out with a cudgel.

HEG. I'll find you in victuals to the end, if you are telling me the truth.

ERG. Whence shall it be?

HEG. From myself and from my son.

ERG. Do you promise that?

HEG. I do promise it.

ERG. But I, in return, promise you that your son has arrived.

HEG. Manage as well as ever you can.

ERG. A happy walk there to you, and a happy walk back. *(Exit HEGIO.)*

SCENE III

ERGASILUS, *alone.*

ERG. He has gone away from here, and has entrusted to me the most important concern of catering. Immortal Gods, how I shall now be slicing necks off of sides; how vast a downfall will befall the gammon; how vast a belabouring the bacon! How great a using-up of udders, how vast a bewailing for the brawn! How great a bestirring for the butchers, how great a preparation for the porksellers! But if I were to enumerate the rest of the things which minister to the supply of the stomach, 'twould be sheer delay. Now will I go off to my government, to give laws to the bacon, and, those gammons that are hanging uncondemned, to give aid to them. *(Goes into the house.)*

ACT V

SCENE I

Enter a LAD, a servant of HEGIO.

LAD. May Jupiter and the Deities confront you, Ergasilus, and your stomach, and all Parasites, and every one who henceforth shall give a dinner to Parasites. Destruction and devastation and ruin have just now entered our house. I was afraid that he would be making an attack on me, as though he had been an hungry wolf. And very dreadfully, upon my faith, was I

frightened at him; he made such a gnashing with his teeth. On his arrival, the whole larder, with the meat, he turned upside down. He seized a knife, and first cut off the kernels of the neck from three sides. All the pots and cups he broke, except those that held a couple of gallons; of the cook he made enquiry whether the salting pans could be set on the fire to be made hot. All the cellars in the house he has broken into, and has laid the store-closet open. *(At the door.)* Watch him, servants, if you please; I'll go to meet the old gentleman. I'll tell him to get ready some provisions for his own self, if, indeed, he wishes himself to make use of any. For in this place, as this man, indeed, is managing, either there's nothing already, or very soon there will be nothing. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II

Enter HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, PHILOCRATES, and, behind them, STALAGMUS.

HEG. To Jove and to the Deities I return with reason hearty thanks, inasmuch as they have restored you to your father, and inasmuch as they have delivered me from very many afflictions, which, while I was obliged to be here without you, I was enduring, and inasmuch as I see that that fellow *(pointing to STALAGMUS)* is in my power, and inasmuch as his word *(pointing to PHILOCRATES)* has been found true to me.

PHILOP. Enough now have I grieved from my very soul, and enough with care and tears have I disquieted myself. Enough now have I heard of your woes, which at the harbour you told me of. Let us now to this business.

PHIL. What now, since I've kept my word with you, and have caused him to be restored back again to freedom?

HEG. Philocrates, you have acted so that I can never return you thanks enough, in the degree that you merit from myself and my son.

PHILOP. Nay, but you can, father, and you will be able, and I shall be able; and the Divinities will give the means for you to return the kindness he merits to one who deserves so highly of us; as, my

father, you are able to do to this person who so especially deserves it.

HEG. What need is there of words? I have no tongue with which to deny whatever you may ask of me.

PHIL. I ask of you to restore to me that servant whom I left here as a surety for myself; who has always proved more faithful to me than to himself; in order that for his services I may be enabled to give him 10 a reward.

HEG. Because you have acted thus kindly, the favour shall be returned, the thing that you ask; both that and anything else that you shall ask of me, you shall obtain. And I would not have you blame me, because in my anger I have treated him harshly.

PHIL. What have you done?

HEG. I confined him in fetters at the 20 stone-quarries, when I found out that I had been imposed upon.

PHIL. Ah wretched me! That for my safety misfortunes should have happened to that best of men.

HEG. Now, on this account, you need not give me even one groat of silver for him. Receive him of me without cost that he may be free.

PHIL. On my word, Hegio, you act with 30 kindness; but I entreat that you will order this man to be sent for.

HEG. Certainly. (*To the attendants, who immediately obey.*) Where are you? Go this instant, and bring Tyndarus here. 35 (*To PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRAATES.*) Do you go in-doors; in the meantime, I wish to enquire of this statue for whipping, what was done with my younger son. Do you go bathe in the meantime.

PHILOP. Philocrates, follow me this way in-doors.

PHIL. I follow you. (*They go into the house.*)

SCENE III

HEGIO and STALAGMUS.

HEG. Come you, step this way, you worthy fellow, my fine slave.

STAL. What is fitting for me to do, when you, such a man as you are, are speaking false? I was never a handsome,

or a fine, or a good person, or an honest one, nor shall I ever be; assuredly, don't you be forming any hopes that I shall be honest.

5 HEG. You easily understand pretty well in what situation your fortunes are. If you shall prove truth-telling, you'll make your lot from bad somewhat better. Speak out, then, correctly and truthfully; but never yet truthfully or correctly have you acted.

STAL. Do you think that I'm ashamed to own it, when you affirm it?

HEG. But I'll make you to be ashamed; 15 for I'll cause you to be blushes all over.

STAL. Heyday — you're threatening stripes, I suppose, to me, quite unaccustomed to them! Away with them, I beg. Tell me what you bring, that you may carry off hence what you are in want of.

HEG. Very fluent indeed. But now I wish this prating to be cut short.

25 STAL. As you desire, so be it done.

HEG. (*to the AUDIENCE*). As a boy he was very obedient; now that suits him not. Let's to this business; now give your attention, and inform me upon what I ask. If you tell the truth, you'll make your fortunes somewhat better.

STAL. That's mere trifling. Don't you think that I know what I'm deserving of?

HEG. Still, it is in your power to escape 35 a small portion of it, if not the whole.

STAL. A small portion I shall escape, I know; but much will befall me, and with my deserving it, because I both ran away, 40 and stole your son and sold him.

HEG. To what person?

STAL. To Theodoromedes the Polyplusian, in Elis, for six minæ.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods! He surely 45 is the father of this person, Philocrates.

STAL. Why, I know him better than yourself, and have seen him more times.

HEG. Supreme Jove, preserve both 50 myself and my son for me. (*He goes to the door, and calls aloud.*) Philocrates, by your good Genius, I do entreat you, come out, I want you.

SCENE IV

Enter PHILOCRATES, from the house.

PHIL. Hegio, here am I; if you want anything of me, command me.

HEG. He (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) declares that he sold my son to your father, in Elis, for six minæ.

PHIL. (*to STALAGMUS*). How long since did that happen?

STAL. This is the twentieth year, 10 commencing from it.

PHIL. He is speaking falsely.

STAL. Either I or you do. Why, your father gave you the little child, of four years old, to be your own 15 slave.

PHIL. What was his name? If you are speaking the truth, tell me that, then.

STAL. Pægnium, he used to be called; 20 afterwards, you gave him the name of Tyndarus.

PHIL. Why don't I recollect you?

STAL. Because it's the fashion for persons to forget, and not to know him 25 whose favour is esteemed as worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me, was he the person whom you sold to my father, who was given me for my private service?

STAL. It was his son (*pointing to* 30 *HEGIO*).

HEG. Is this person now living?

STAL. I received the money. I cared nothing about the rest.

HEG. (*to PHILOCRATES*). What do you 35 say?

PHIL. Why, this very Tyndarus is your son, according, indeed, to the proofs that he mentions. For, a boy himself together with me from boyhood was he 40 brought up, virtuously and modestly, even to manhood.

HEG. I am both unhappy and happy, if you are telling the truth. Unhappy for this reason, because, if he is my son, I 45 have badly treated him. Alas! why have I done both more and less than was his due. That I have ill treated him I am grieved; would that it only could be undone. But see, he's coming here, in a 50 guise not according to his deserts.

SCENE V

Enter TYNDARUS, in chains, led in by the SERVANTS.

TYND. (*to himself*). I have seen many of the torments which take place at Acheron often represented in paintings; but most certainly there is no Acheron equal to where I have been in the stone-quarries. There, in fine, is the place where real lassitude must be undergone by the body in laboriousness. For when I came there, just as either jackdaws, or ducks, or quails, are given to Patrician children, for them to play with, so in like fashion, when I arrived, a crow was given me with which to amuse myself. But see, my master's before the door; and lo! my other master has returned from Elis.

HEG. Hail to you, my much wished-for son.

TYND. Ha! how — my son? Ay, ay, I know why you pretend yourself to be the father, and me to be the son; it is because, just as parents do, you give me the means 25 of seeing the light.

PHIL. Ha! to you, Tyndarus.

TYND. And to you, for whose sake I am enduring these miseries.

PHIL. But now I'll make you in freedom come to wealth. For (*pointing to* 30 *HEGIO*) this is your father; (*pointing to STALAGMUS*) that is the slave who stole you away from here when four years old, and sold you to my father for six minæ. He gave you, when a little child, to me a little child for my own service. He (*pointing to* 35 *STALAGMUS*) has made a confession, for we have brought him back from Elis.

TYND. How, where's Hegio's son?

PHIL. Look now; in-doors is your own brother.

TYND. How do you say? Have you brought that captive son of his?

PHIL. Why, he's in-doors, I say.

TYND. By my faith, you've done both well and happily.

PHIL. (*pointing to* 40 *HEGIO*). Now this is your own father; (*pointing to* 45 *STALAGMUS*) this is the thief who stole you when a little child.

TYND. But now, grown up, I shall give him grown up to the executioner for his thieving.

PHIL. He deserves it.

TYND. I' faith, I'll deservedly give him the reward that he deserves. (To HEGIO.) But tell me, I pray you, are you my father?

HEG. I am he, my son.

TYND. Now, at length, I bring it to my recollection, when I reconsider with myself: troth, I do now at last recall to memory that I had heard, as though through a mist, that my father was called Hegio.

HEG. I am he.

PHIL. I pray that your son may be lightened of these fetters, and this slave be loaded with them.

HEG. I'm resolved that that shall be the first thing attended to. Let's go in-doors, that the blacksmith may be sent

for, in order that I may remove those fetters from you, and give them to him. (They go into the house.)

STAL. To one who has no savings of his own, you'll be rightly doing so.

The COMPANY of PLAYERS coming forward.

Spectators, this play is founded on chaste manners. No wenching is there in this, and no intriguing, no exposure of a child, no cheating out of money; and no young man in love here makes his mistress free without his father's knowledge. The Poets find but few Comedies of this kind,

where good men might become better. Now, if it pleases you, and if we have pleased you, and have not been tedious, do you give this sign of it: you who wish that chaste manners should have their reward, give us your applause.

PHILOSOPHY

HEBREW

THE BOOK OF JOB

The *Book of Job* is a symposium in which are set forth various representative opinions concerning the justice of God. The discussion is set in motion by the widely known story of a just and patient man tried by adversity. Job, after being subjected to a series of almost unbearable misfortunes, at length speaks forth his doubt of God's justice. He is answered by his friends in a series of speeches. The conclusion, which is probably of later composition than the rest of the book, gives the final solution of the problem in a powerful and stirring nature poem which describes the vastness and inscrutability of God's ways.

CHAPTER I

1 There was a man in the land of Uz,¹ whose name *was* Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil.

2 And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters.

3 His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, 10 and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east.

4 And his sons went and feasted *in their* 15 houses, every one his day; and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them.

5 And it was so, when the days of *their* feasting were gone about, that Job sent 20 and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. 25 Thus did Job continually.

6 ¶ Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD,² and Satan came also among them.

7 And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going

to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

8 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that *there* 5 is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

9 Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?

10 Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

11 But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

12 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath *is* in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD.

13 ¶ And there was a day when his sons and his daughters *were* eating and drinking 15 wine in their eldest brother's house:

14 And there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them:

15 And the Sabeans³ fell upon them, 30 and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

16 While he was yet speaking, there

¹ Probably a district situated to the south of Palestine.

² Three great literary works open in Heaven: the *Odyssey*, *Faust*, and *Job*.

³ A nomadic tribe prowling over the districts to the north of Arabia.

came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

17 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans¹ made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

18 While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house:

19 And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

20 Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped,

21 And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD.

22 In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

CHAPTER II

1 Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the LORD.

2 And the LORD said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

3 And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? and still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause.

4 And Satan answered the LORD, and

said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.

5 But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face.

6 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life.

7 ¶ So went Satan forth from the presence of the LORD, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

8 And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes.

9 ¶ Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die.

10 But he said unto her, Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

11 ¶ Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite: for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him.

12 And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven.

13 So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.

CHAPTER III

1 After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day.

2 And Job spake, and said,

3 Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.

4 Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.

¹ An ancient tribe dwelling between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

5 Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

6 *As for* that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months.

7 Lo, let that night be solitary; let no joyful voice come therein.

8 Let them curse it that curse the day, 10 who are ready to raise up their mourning.

9 Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but *have* none; neither let it see the dawning of the day:

10 Because it shut not up the doors of my *mother's* womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

11 Why died I not from the womb? *why* did I *not* give up the ghost when I 20 came out of the belly?

12 Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck?

13 For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had 25 I been at rest,

14 With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves;

15 Or with princes that had gold, who 30 filled their houses with silver:

16 Or as a hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants *which* never saw light.

17 There the wicked cease *from* troubling; and there the weary be at rest. 35

18 *There* the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

19 The small and great are there; and the servant *is* free from his master.

20 Wherefore is light given to him 40 that is in misery, and life unto the bitter *in* soul;

21 Which long for death, but it *cometh* not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

22 Which rejoice exceedingly, *and* are glad, when they can find the grave?

23 *Why is light given* to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

24 For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters.

25 For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

26 I was not in safety, neither had I 5 rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

CHAPTER IV

1 Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said,

2 *If* we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved? but who can withhold himself from speaking?

15 3 Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands.

4 Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.

5 But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.

6 *Is* not *this* thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?

7 Remember, I pray thee, who *ever* perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?

8 Even as I have seen, they that plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1 Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

2 Who *is* this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

3 Gird up now thy loins like a man; 5 for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

4 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

45 5 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

6 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner 50 stone thereof;

7 When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

8 Or *who* shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, *as if* it had issued out of the womb?

9 When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it,

10 And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors,

11 And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

12 Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place;

13 That it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it?

14 It is turned as clay to the seal; and they stand as a garment.

15 And from the wicked their light is withholden, and the high arm shall be broken.

16 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

17 Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

18 Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all.

19 Where is the way *where* light dwelleth? and *as for* darkness, where is the place thereof,

20 That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?

21 Knowest thou *it*, because thou wast then born? or *because* the number of thy days is great?

22 Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

23 Which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?

24 By what way is the light parted, *which* scattereth the east wind upon the earth?

25 Who hath divided a watercourse for

the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder;

26 To cause it to rain on the earth, *where* no man is; on the wilderness, wherein *there is* no man;

27 To satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

28 Hath the *rain* a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

29 Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

30 The waters are hid as *with* a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

31 Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,¹ or loose the bands of Orion?²

32 Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth³ in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

33 Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

34 Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee?

35 Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we *are*?

36 Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart?

37 Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven,

38 When the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together?

39 Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion? or fill the appetite of the young lions,

40 When they couch in *their* dens, and abide in the covert to lie in wait?

41 Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1 Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth? or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?

¹ A clump of seven stars.

² By "bands of Orion" are probably meant the cords by which the constellation is, as it were, drawn.

³ A constellation, perhaps Jupiter or Venus.

2 Canst thou number the months *that* they fulfil? or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?

3 They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones, they cast out their sorrows.

4 Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn; they go forth, and return not unto them.

5 Who hath sent out the wild ass free? 10 or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?

6 Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings.

7 He scorneth the multitude of the city, 15 neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.

8 The range of the mountains *is* his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.

9 Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?

10 Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee?

11 Wilt thou trust him, because his strength *is* great? or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?

12 Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather *it into* thy 30 barn?

13 *Gavest thou* the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

14 Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, 35 and warmeth them in the dust,

15 And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.

16 She is hardened against her young 40 ones, as though *they were* not hers: her labour is in vain without fear;

17 Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.

18 What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.

19 Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

20 Canst thou make him afraid as a 50 grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils *is* terrible.

21 He paweth in the valley, and re-

joiceth in *his* strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

22 He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the 5 sword.

23 The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

24 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that *it is* the sound of the trumpet.

25 He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

26 Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?

27 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?

28 She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the 20 strong place.

29 From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.

30 Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain *are*, there *is* she.

CHAPTER XL

1 Moreover the LORD answered Job, and said,

2 Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct *him*? he that reproveth God, let him answer it.

3 ¶ Then Job answered the LORD, and said,

4 Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.

5 Once have I spoken; but I will not answer: yea, twice; but I will proceed no 5 further.

6 ¶ Then answered the LORD unto Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

7 Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto 45 me.

8 Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?

9 Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?

10 Deck thyself now *with* majesty and excellency; and array thyself with glory and beauty.

11 Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath: and behold every one *that is* proud, and abase him.

12 Look on every one *that is* proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place.

13 Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret.

14 Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee. 10 of him?

15 ¶ Behold now behemoth,¹ which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.

16 Lo now, his strength *is* in his loins, and his force *is* in the navel of his belly.

17 He moveth his tail like a cedar: the 15 sinews of his stones are wrapped together.

18 His bones *are as* strong pieces of brass; his bones *are* like bars of iron.

19 He *is* the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can make his sword to 20 approach *unto him*.

20 Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play.

21 He lieth under the shady trees, in 25 the covert of the reed, and fens.

22 The shady trees cover him *with* their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about.

23 Behold, he drinketh up a river, and 30 hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.

24 He taketh it with his eyes: *his* nose pierceth through snares.

CHAPTER XLI

1 Canst thou draw out leviathan ² with a hook? or his tongue with a cord *which* thou lettest down?

2 Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

3 Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft *words* unto thee?

4 Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?

5 Wilt thou play with him as *with* a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

6 Shall the companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?

7 Canst thou fill his skin with barbed 5 irons? or his head with fish spears?

8 Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more.

9 Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not *one* be cast down even at the sight 10 of him?

10 None *is so* fierce that dare stir him up: who then is able to stand before me?

11 Who hath prevented me, that I should repay *him? whatsoever is* under the whole heaven is mine.

12 I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportion.

13 Who can discover the face of his garment? *or* who can come *to him* with his double bridle?

14 Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth *are* terrible round about.

15 *His* scales *are* his pride, shut up together *as with* a close seal.

16 One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.

17 They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

18 By his neesings ³ a light doth shine, and his eyes *are* like the eyelids of the morning.

19 Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

35 20 Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron.

21 His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.

22 In his neck remaineth strength, and 40 sorrow is turned into joy before him.

23 The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.

24 His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, 45 as hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone.

25 When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid: by reason of breakings they purify themselves.

50 26 The sword of him that layeth at him

¹ A very large strong animal, probably the hippopotamus.

² A legendary aquatic animal of huge size.

³ The peculiar effect of the play of the sun's rays upon the spray thrown from the nostrils.

cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

27 He esteemeth iron as straw, *and* brass as rotten wood.

28 The arrow cannot make him flee: 5 sling stones are turned with him into stubble.

29 Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

30 Sharp stones *are* under him: he 10 spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.

31 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.

32 He maketh a path to shine after him; *one* would think the deep *to be* hoary.

33 Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

34 He beholdeth all high *things*: he *is* a 20 king over all the children of pride.

CHAPTER XLII

1 Then Job answered the LORD, and 25 said,

2 I know that thou canst do every *thing*, and *that* no thought can be withholden from thee.

3 Who *is* he that hideth counsel with- 30 out knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

4 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou 35 unto me.

5 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee:

6 Wherefore I abhor *myself*, and repent in dust and ashes.

7 ¶ And it was *so*, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Job, the LORD said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me *the* 45 *thing that is* right, as my servant Job *hath*.

8 Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you: for him will I accept: lest I deal with you *after your* folly, in that ye have not spoken of me *the thing which is* right, like my servant Job.

9 So Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite *and* Zophar the Naamathite went, and did according as the LORD commanded them: the LORD also accepted Job.

10 And the LORD turned the captivity 15 of Job, when he prayed for his friends: also the LORD gave Job twice as much as he had before.

11 Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the LORD had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold.

12 So the LORD blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses.

13 He had also seven sons and three daughters.

14 And he called the name of the first, Jemima; and the name of the second, Kezia; and the name of the third, Kerenhappuch.

15 And in all the land were no women found *so* fair as the daughters of Job: and 40 their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.

16 After this lived Job a hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, *even* four generations.

17 So Job died, *being* old and full of days.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES

This collection, written about 250 B.C., and ascribed to a writer who called himself Koheleth (Preacher ¹), contains little if any distinctly religious material. It sets forth in pleasing language a gently cynical philosophy somewhat like that of the Persian Omar (see p. 453). Successive generations of commentators and editors have striven to endow the utterances of Koheleth with a definite religious significance; but their essentially non-religious character has kept them from figuring largely in devotional literature. This book remains in the minds of most readers a somewhat whimsically sad dissertation on the vanity of life by an urbane and polished writer who loves life but does not allow it to deceive him. The author's reference to himself as the son of David is believed to be merely a literary device.

CHAPTER I

1 The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem.

2 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all *is* vanity.

3 What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?

4 *One* generation passeth away, and *another* generation cometh: but the earth ¹⁰ abideth for ever.

5 The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.

6 The wind goeth toward the south, ¹⁵ and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.

7 All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea *is* not full: unto the place from ²⁰ whence the rivers come, thither they return again.

8 All things *are* full of labour; man cannot utter *it*: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. ²⁵

9 The thing that hath been, it *is that* which shall be; and that which is done *is* that which shall be done: and *there is* no new thing under the sun.

10 Is there *any* thing whereof it may be ³⁰ said, See, this *is* new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.

11 *There is* no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be *any* remembrance of things that are to come with *those* ³⁵ that shall come after.

12 ¶ I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem.

13 And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things ⁴⁰

that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith.

14 I have seen all the works, that are done under the sun; and, behold, all *is* vanity and vexation of spirit.

15 *That which is* crooked cannot be made straight: and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

16 I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all *they* that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and ¹⁵ knowledge.

17 And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

18 For in much wisdom *is* much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

CHAPTER II

1 I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also *is* vanity.

2 I said of laughter, *It is* mad: and of mirth, What doeth it?

3 I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what *was* that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

4 I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards:

5 I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all *kind of* fruits:

6 I made me pools of water, to water

¹ The general sense of the Hebrew name is "debater" or "speaker in the assembly," not "preacher."

therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees:

7 I got *me* servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me:

8 I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, *as* musical instruments, and that of all sorts.

9 So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me.

10 And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour.

11 Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all *was* vanity and vexation of spirit, and *there* was no profit under the sun.

12 ¶ And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what *can* the man *do* that cometh after the king? *even* that which hath been already done.

13 Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

14 The wise man's eyes *are* in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.

15 Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also *is* vanity.

16 For *there is* no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now *is* in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise *man?* as the fool.

17 Therefore I hated life; because the work that *is* wrought under the sun *is* grievous unto me: for all *is* vanity and vexation of spirit.

18 ¶ Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

19 And who knoweth whether he shall

be a wise *man* or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun. This *is* also vanity.

20 Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun.

21 For there is a man whose labour *is* in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not laboured therein shall he leave it *for* his portion. This also *is* vanity and a great evil.

22 For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun?

23 For all his days *are* sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This *is* also vanity.

24 ¶ *There is* nothing better for a man, *than* that he should eat and drink, and *that* he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it *was* from the hand of God.

25 For who can eat, or who else can hasten *hereunto*, more than I?

26 For God giveth to a man that *is* good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to *him that is* good before God. This also *is* vanity and vexation of spirit.

CHAPTER III

1 To every *thing there is* a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up *that which is* planted;

3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

6 A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

CHAPTER IV

9 What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?

10 I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

11 He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

12 I know that *there is* no good in them, but for *a man* to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

13 And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, *it is* the gift of God.

14 I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth *it*, that *men* should fear before him.

15 That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.

16 ¶ And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, *that* wickedness *was* there; and the place of righteousness, *that* iniquity *was* there.

17 I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for *there is* a time there for every purpose and for every work.

18 I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

19 For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all *is* vanity.

20 All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

21 Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

22 Wherefore I perceive that *there is* nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that *is* his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

1 So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of *such as were* oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors *there was* power; but they had no comforter.

2 Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive.

3 Yea, better *is he* than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

4 ¶ Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This *is* also vanity and vexation of spirit.

5 The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

6 Better *is* a handful *with* quietness, than both the hands full *with* travail and vexation of spirit.

7 ¶ Then I returned, and I saw vanity under the sun.

8 There is one *alone*, and *there is* not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet *is there* no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither *saith he*, For whom do I labour, and bereave my soul of good? This *is* also vanity, yea, it *is* a sore travail.

9 ¶ Two *are* better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.

10 For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him *that is* alone when he falleth; for *he hath* not another to help him up.

11 Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm *alone*?

12 And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

13 ¶ Better *is* a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished.

14 For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas also *he that is* born in his kingdom becometh poor.

15 I considered all the living which walk under the sun, with the second child that shall stand up in his stead.

16 *There is no end of all the people, even of all that have been before them: they also that come after shall not rejoice in him. Surely this also is vanity and vexation of spirit.*

CHAPTER V

1 Keep thy foot, when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil.

2 Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter *any* thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.

3 For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is *known* by multitude of words.

4 When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it; for *he hath* no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed.

5 Better is *it* that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.

6 Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel, that it *was* an error: wherefore should God be angry at thy voice, and destroy the work of thine hands?

7 For in the multitude of dreams and many words *there are also divers* vanities: but fear thou God.

8 ¶ If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for *he that is* higher than the highest regardeth; and *there be* higher than they.

9 ¶ Moreover the profit of the earth is for all: the king *himself* is served by the field.

10 He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity.

11 When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is *there* to the owners thereof, saving the be-
holding of *them* with their eyes?

12 The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but

the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.

13 There is a sore evil *which* I have seen under the sun, *namely*, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.

14 But those riches perish by evil travail: and he begetteth a son, and *there is* nothing in his hand.

15 As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand.

16 And this also is a sore evil, *that* in all points as he came, so shall he go: and what profit hath he that hath laboured for the wind?

17 All his days also he eateth in darkness, and *he hath* much sorrow and wrath with his sickness.

18 ¶ Behold *that* which I have seen: *it is* good and comely *for one* to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for *it is* his portion.

19 Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.

20 For he shall not much remember the days of his life; because God answereth *him* in the joy of his heart.

CHAPTER VI

1 There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men:

2 A man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease.

3 ¶ If a man beget a hundred *children*, and live many years, so that the days of his years be many, and his soul be not filled with good, and also *that* he have no burial; I say, *that* an untimely birth is better than he.

4 For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness.

5 Moreover he hath not seen the sun, nor known *any thing*: this hath more rest than the other.

6 ¶ Yea, though he live a thousand years twice *told*, yet hath he seen no good: do not all go to one place?

7 All the labour of man *is* for his mouth, and yet the appetite is not filled.

8 For what hath the wise more than the fool? what hath the poor, that knoweth to 10 walk before the living?

9 ¶ Better *is* the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire: this *is* also vanity and vexation of spirit.

10 That which hath been is named 15 already, and it is known that it *is* man: neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he.

11 ¶ Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what *is* man the better?

12 For who knoweth what *is* good for man in *this* life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow? for who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?

CHAPTER VII

1 A good name *is* better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the 30 day of one's birth.

2 ¶ *It* is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that *is* the end of all men; and the living will lay *it* to his heart.

3 Sorrow *is* better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

4 The heart of the wise *is* in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools *is* in 40 the house of mirth.

5 *It* is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than for a man to hear the song of fools.

6 For as the crackling of thorns under 45 a pot, so *is* the laughter of the fool: this also *is* vanity.

7 ¶ Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad; and a gift destroyeth the heart.

8 Better *is* the end of a thing than the 50 beginning thereof: *and* the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.

9 Be not hasty in thy spirit to be

angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

10 Say not thou, What *is the cause* that the former days were better than 5 these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.

11 ¶ Wisdom *is* good with an inheritance: and *by it* there *is* profit to them that see the sun.

12 For wisdom *is* a defence, *and* money *is* a defence: but the excellency of knowledge *is*, *that* wisdom giveth life to them that have it.

13 Consider the work of God: for who 15 can make *that* straight, which he hath made crooked?

14 In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the 20 other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

15 All *things* have I seen in the days of my vanity: there is a just *man* that perisheth in his righteousness, and there 25 is a wicked *man* that longeth *his life* in his wickedness.

16 Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?

17 Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?

18 *It* is good that thou shouldest take hold of this; yea, also from this withdraw 35 not thine hand: for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all.

19 Wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty *men* which are in the city.

20 For *there is* not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.

21 Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken; lest thou hear thy servant curse thee:

22 For oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.

23 ¶ All this have I proved by wisdom: I said, I will be wise; but it *was* far from 50 me.

24 That which is far off, and exceeding deep, who can find it out?

25 I applied mine heart to know, and

to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of *things*, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness:

26 And I find more bitter than death the woman, whose heart *is* snares and nets, and her hands *as* bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her.

27 Behold, this have I found, saith the 10 Preacher, *counting* one by one, to find out the account;

28 Which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all 15 those have I not found.

29 Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.¹

CHAPTER VIII

1 Who *is* as the wise *man*? and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and 25 the boldness of his face shall be changed.

2 I *counsel thee* to keep the king's commandment, and *that* in regard of the oath of God.

3 Be not hasty to go out of his sight: 30 stand not in an evil thing; for he doeth whatsoever pleaseth him.

4 Where the word of a king *is*, *there is* power: and who may say unto him, What doest thou?

5 Whoso keepeth the commandment shall feel no evil thing: and a wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment.

6 ¶ Because to every purpose there *is* 40 time and judgment, therefore the misery of man *is* great upon him.

7 For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be?

8 *There is* no man that hath power 45 over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither *hath he* power in the day of death: and *there is* no discharge in *that* war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.

9 All this have I seen, and applied my heart unto every work that is done under

the sun: *there is* a time wherein one man ruleth over another to his own hurt.

10 And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this *is* also vanity.

11 Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

12 ¶ Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his *days* be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him:

13 But it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong *his* days, *which are* as a shadow; because he feareth not before God.

20 14 There is a vanity which is done upon the earth; that there be just *men*, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked *men*, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous: I said that this also *is* vanity.

15 Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry: for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun.

16 ¶ When I applied mine heart to know wisdom, and to see the business that 35 *is* done upon the earth: (for also *there is that* neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes:)

17 Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that *is* done under the sun: because though a man labour to seek *it* out, yet he shall not find *it*; yea further; though a wise *man* think to know *it*, yet shall he not be able to find *it*.

CHAPTER IX

1 For all this I considered in my heart even to declare all this, that the righteous, 50 and the wise, and their works, *are* in the hand of God: no man knoweth either love or hatred by all *that is* before them.

¹ Evil devices.

2 All *things come* alike to all: *there is* one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as *is* the good, so *is* the sinner; *and* he that sweareth, as *he* that feareth an oath.

3 This *is* an evil among all *things* that are done under the sun, that *there is* one event unto all: yea, also the heart of the sons of men *is* full of evil, and madness *is* in their heart while they live, and after that *they go* to the dead.

4 ¶ For to him that *is* joined to all the living there *is* hope: for a living dog *is* better than a dead lion.

5 For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them *is* forgotten.

6 Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, *is* now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any *thing* that *is* done under the sun.

7 ¶ Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works.

8 Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment.

9 Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that *is* thy portion in *this* life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun.

10 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do *it* with thy might; for *there is* no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

11 ¶ I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race *is* not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

12 For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so *are* the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.

13 ¶ This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it *seemed* great unto me:

14 *There was* a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it.

15 Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

16 Then said I, Wisdom *is* better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom *is* despised, and his words *are* not heard.

17 The words of wise *men are* heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

18 Wisdom *is* better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good.

CHAPTER X

1 Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so *doth* a little folly him that *is* in reputation for wisdom *and* honour.

2 A wise man's heart *is* at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left.

3 Yea also, when he that *is* a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth *him*, and he saith to every one *that* he *is* a fool.

4 If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences.

5 There *is* an evil *which* I have seen under the sun, as an error *which* proceedeth from the ruler:

6 Folly *is* set in great dignity, and the rich sit in low place.

7 I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.

8 He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.

9 Whoso removeth stones shall be hurt therewith; *and* he that cleaveth wood shall be endangered thereby.

10 If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more

strength: but wisdom *is* profitable to direct.

11 Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babbler is no better.

12 The words of a wise man's mouth *are* gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.

13 The beginning of the words of his mouth *is* foolishness: and the end of his talk *is* mischievous madness.

14 A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him?

15 The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city.

16 ¶ Woe to thee, O land, when thy king *is* a child, and thy princes eat in the morning!

17 Blessed *art* thou, O land, when thy king *is* the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness!

18 ¶ By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.

19 ¶ A feast *is* made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all *things*.

20 ¶ Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

CHAPTER XI

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

2 Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.

3 If the clouds be full of rain, they empty *themselves* upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

4 He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

5 As thou knowest not what *is* the way of the spirit, *nor* how the bones *do grow* in the womb of her that *is* with child:

even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

6 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both *shall be* alike good.

7 ¶ Truly the light *is* sweet, and a pleasant *thing it is* for the eyes to behold the sun:

8 But if a man live many years, *and* rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh *is* vanity.

9 ¶ Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these *things* God will bring thee into judgment.

10 Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth *are* vanity.

CHAPTER XII

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding *is* low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5 Also *when* they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and fears *shall be* in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher

be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8 ¶ Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

9 And moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, *and* set in order many proverbs.

10 The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and *that which was* written *was* upright, *even* words of truth.

11 The words of the wise *are* as goads, and as nails fastened *by* the masters of assemblies, *which* are given from one shepherd.¹

5 12 And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books *there is* no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

13 ¶ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this *is* the whole *duty* of man.

14 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether 15 *it be* good, or whether *it be* evil.

GREEK

PLATO

(427-347 B.C.)

Next to Aristotle, Plato was the greatest of Greek philosophers. He was born of noble parents in Athens. He was fully instructed in all the important philosophies of his time; but the most important influence in moulding his ideas was the teaching of Socrates, with whom he was associated for about eight years. The ideas of Socrates, possibly reinforced by the disastrous outcome of the Peloponnesian Wars, impelled him to consider reforms that would alter the whole character of Athenian civilization. Upon the death of Socrates he went to Megara to study under Euclid. Later he traveled widely for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge of the world and his view of life. He then returned to Athens to undertake his life work. He began by attacking the educational ideas of the Sophists, and the corruption of public life by vain oratorical show. He gathered about him a group of followers and withdrew from public life to acquire knowledge. His pursuit of knowledge took him, in 390 B.C., to Italy, where he went to study the doctrines of Pythagoras. He also visited the court of the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse, who received him with great enthusiasm, but found it impossible to put up with Plato's candor, and sold him as a slave to some Spartan emissaries. He was later ransomed, and returned to Athens, where he founded the celebrated "Academy" in 387 B.C. Here he hoped to provide the proper education for those who by reason of their natural gifts and social position were destined to fill positions of power. His plans for direct reform in Athens were abandoned and he retired from all public activity. The death of the tyrant of Syracuse, however, renewed his hopes of accomplishing some practical results, even though not in Athens. He accordingly journeyed to Syracuse to enlist the interest of the new ruler. Although he was courteously received, so that he had reason to hope for some practical co-operation, the final outcome of the project was a failure, which served to emphasize in Plato's mind the folly of depending upon princes. He returned to his work and busied himself with study and writing until the day of his death.

We have Plato's work almost entire. Yet in the remains that have come down to us there seems to be much that is not Plato's. The date and provenience of the separate works, moreover, are still uncertain. The philosophical discourses are arranged in the form of dialogues in which Socrates is the chief speaker. The general tendency in all but the earlier dialogues, however, is away from the philosophical ideas of Socrates. Plato's philosophical ideas have exerted a profound influence on the thought of every generation since his time. Not every age read Plato in the original, but every age felt the impress of his utterances, either directly or in-

¹ Shepherd here means "feeder," hence, instructor of knowledge. This refers to Koheleth himself.

directly. Among the most influential of Plato's teachings is that involved in his "doctrine of ideas," according to which such abstract conceptions as truth, virtue, and goodness correspond to ideas that exist in the mind of a Supreme Being. Christianity made great use of this doctrine in re-interpreting Platonism to the modern world. The theory that truth, goodness, and other moral virtues are attributes of God himself profoundly influenced preachers, philosophers, and poets of later times.

Plato's theories of statecraft, which grew out of his ideas of education, are revealed chiefly in *The Republic*. All through the ages man has been drawn to expend his ingenuity upon the conception of the ideal state. A subject so complicated, so fraught with possibilities for human joy or suffering could hardly fail to rouse the enthusiasm of any great creative mind. To realize fully the thought that has been lavished upon it, one needs only to recall Plutarch's *Lycurgus*, where the ideal state is found in ancient Sparta, Bacon's *The New Atlantis*, where it lies on a far-away fabled island, Morris's *News from Nowhere*, in which it is projected into the future, and many other works, including Campanella's *City of the Sun*, Rousseau's *Social Contract*, Lytton's *The Coming Race*, Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, and Mercier's *The Year 2440*. Strange as it may seem to the modern mind, Plato's treatment, although one of the earliest, is still regarded as a model for clarity of vision and closeness of analysis.

The Republic (ca. 375 B.C.) is written in dialogue form, the participants being Socrates and his friends Polemarchus, Adeimantus, Niceratus, and Thrasymachus. The part here given is from Book II and deals with the constitution of a city. The purpose of the disputants is to trace the growth of a city, so that they may also see the growth of its justice and injustice.

This selection is from *The Republic of Plato*, translated by John L. Davies and David J. Vaughan, London, Macmillan and Co., 1914.

THE REPUBLIC

Well then, I proceeded, the formation of a city is due, as I imagine, to this fact, that we are not individually independent, but have many wants. Or would you assign any other cause for the founding of cities?

No, I agree with you, he replied.

Thus it is, then, that owing to our many wants, and because each seeks the aid of others to supply his various requirements, we gather many associates and helpers into one dwelling-place, and give to this joint dwelling the name of city. Is it so?

Undoubtedly.

And every one who gives or takes in exchange, whatever it be that he exchanges, does so from a belief that he is consulting his own interest.

Certainly.

Now then, let us construct our imaginary city from the beginning. It will owe its construction, it appears, to our natural wants.

Unquestionably.

Well, but the first and most pressing of all wants is that of sustenance to enable us to exist as living creatures.

Most decidedly.

Our second want would be that of a

house, and our third that of clothing and the like.

True.

Then let us know what will render our city adequate to the supply of so many things. Must we not begin with a husbandman for one, and a house-builder, and besides these a weaver? Will these suffice, or shall we add to them a shoemaker, and perhaps one or two more of the class of people who minister to our bodily wants?

By all means.

Then the smallest possible city will consist of four or five men.

So we see.

To proceed then: ought each of these to place his own work at the disposal of the community, so that the single husbandman, for example, shall provide food for four, spending four times the amount of time and labour upon the preparation of food, and sharing it with others; or must he be regardless of them, and produce for his own consumption alone the fourth part of this quantity of food, in a fourth part of the time, spending the other three parts, one in making his house, another in procuring himself clothes, and the third in providing himself with shoes, saving himself the trouble of sharing with

others, and doing his own business by himself, and for himself?

To this Adeimantus replied, Well, Socrates, perhaps the former plan is the easier of the two.

Really, I said, it is not improbable; for I recollect, myself, after your answer, that, in the first place, no two persons are born exactly alike, but each differs from each in natural endowments, one being 10 suited for one occupation, and another for another. Do you not think so?

I do.

Well; when is a man likely to succeed best? When he divides his exertions 15 among many trades, or when he devotes himself exclusively to one?

When he devotes himself to one.

Again, it is also clear, I imagine, that if a person lets the right moment for any 20 work go by, it never returns.

It is quite clear.

For the thing to be done does not choose, I imagine, to tarry the leisure of the doer, but the doer must be at the beck of the 25 thing to be done, and not treat it as a secondary affair.

He must.

From these considerations it follows that all things will be produced in superior 30 quantity and quality, and with greater ease, when each man works at a single occupation, in accordance with his natural gifts, and at the right moment, without meddling with anything else.

Unquestionably.

More than four citizens, then, Adeimantus, are needed to provide the requisites which we named. For the husbandman, it appears, will not make his own plough, 40 if it is to be a good one, nor his mattock, nor any of the other tools employed in agriculture. No more will the builder make the numerous tools which he also requires: and so of the weaver and the 45 shoemaker.

True.

Then we shall have carpenters and smiths, and many other artisans of the kind, who will become members of our 50 little state, and create a population.

Certainly.

Still it will not yet be very large, sup-

posing we add to them neatherds and shepherds, and the rest of that class, in order that the husbandmen may have oxen for ploughing, and the house-build- 5 ers, as well as the husbandmen, beasts of burden for draught, and the weavers and shoemakers wool and leather.

It will not be a small state, either, if it contains all these.

Moreover, it is scarcely possible to plant the actual city in a place where it will have no need of imports.

No, it is impossible.

Then it will further require a new class 15 of persons to bring from other cities all that it requires.

It will.

Well, but if the agent goes empty-handed, carrying with him none of the commodities in demand among those people from whom our state is to procure what it requires, he will also come empty-handed away: will he not?

I think so.

Then it must produce at home not only enough for itself, but also articles of the right kind and quantity to accommodate those whose services it needs.

It must.

Then our city requires larger numbers both of husbandmen and other crafts- 5 men.

Yes, it does.

And among the rest it will need more of 35 those agents also, who are to export and import the several commodities: and these are merchants, are they not?

Yes.

Then we shall require merchants also.

Certainly.

And if the traffic is carried on by sea, there will be a further demand for a considerable number of other persons, who are skilled in the practice of navigation.

A considerable number, undoubtedly.

But now tell me: in the city itself how are they to exchange their several productions? For it was to promote this exchange, you know, that we formed the 50 community, and so founded our state.

Manifestly, by buying and selling.

Then this will give rise to a market and a currency, for the sake of exchange.

Undoubtedly.

Suppose then that the husbandman, or one of the other craftsmen, should come with some of his produce into the market, at a time when none of those who wish to make an exchange with him are there, is he to leave his occupation and sit idle in the market-place?

By no means: there are persons who, with an eye to this contingency, undertake the service required; and these in well-regulated states are, generally speaking, persons of excessive physical weakness, who are of no use in other kinds of labour. Their business is to remain on the spot in the market, and give money for goods to those who want to sell, and goods for money to those who want to buy.

This demand, then, causes a class of retail dealers to spring up in our city. For do we not give the name of retail dealers to those who station themselves in the market, to minister to buying and selling, applying the term merchants to those who go about from city to city?

Exactly so.

In addition to these, I imagine, there is also another class of operatives, consisting of those whose mental qualifications do not recommend them as associates, but whose bodily strength is equal to hard labour: these, selling the use of their strength and calling the price of it hire, are thence named, I believe, hired labourers. Is it not so?

Precisely.

Then hired labourers also form, as it seems, a complementary portion of a state.

I think so.

Shall we say then, Adeimantus, that our city has at length grown to its full stature?

Perhaps so.

Where then, I wonder, shall we find justice and injustice in it? With which of these elements that we have contemplated, has it simultaneously made its entrance?

I have no notion, Socrates, unless perhaps it be discoverable somewhere in the mutual relations of these same persons.

Well, perhaps you are right. We must investigate the matter, and not flinch from the task.

Let us consider then, in the first place, what kind of life will be led by persons thus provided. I presume they will produce corn and wine, and clothes and shoes, and build themselves houses; and in summer, no doubt, they will generally work without their coats and shoes, while in winter they will be suitably clothed and shod. And they will live, I suppose, on barley and wheat, baking cakes of the meal, and kneading loaves of the flour. And spreading these excellent cakes and loaves upon mats of straw or on clean leaves, and themselves reclining on rude beds of yew or myrtle-boughs, they will make merry, themselves and their children, drinking their wine, wearing garlands, and singing the praises of the gods, enjoying one another's society, and not begetting children beyond their means, through a prudent fear of poverty or war.

Glaucon here interrupted me, remarking, Apparently you describe your men as feasting without anything to relish their bread.

True, I said, I had forgotten:—of course they will have something to relish their food; salt, no doubt, and olives and cheese, together with the country fare of boiled onions and cabbage. We shall also set before them a dessert, I imagine, of figs and pease and beans; and they may roast myrtle-berries and beech-nuts at the fire, taking wine with their fruit in moderation. And thus passing their days in tranquillity and sound health, they will, in all probability, live to an advanced age, and dying, bequeath to their children a life in which their own will be reproduced. Upon this Glaucon exclaimed, Why Socrates, if you were founding a community of swine, this is just the style in which you would feed them up!

How then, said I, would you have them live, Glaucon?

In a civilized manner, he replied. They ought to recline on couches, I should think, if they are not to have a hard life of it, and dine off tables, and have the usual dishes and dessert of a modern dinner.

Very good; I understand. Apparently we are considering the growth not of a city merely, but of a luxurious city. I dare say

it is not a bad plan: for by this extension of our inquiry we shall perhaps discover how it is that justice and injustice take root in cities. Now it appears to me that the city which we have described is the genuine and, so to speak, healthy city. But if you wish us also to contemplate a city that is suffering from inflammation, there is nothing to hinder us. Some people will not be satisfied, it seems, with the fare or the mode of life which we have described, but must have, in addition, couches and tables and every other article of furniture, as well as viands, and fragrant oils, and perfumes, and courtesans, and confectionery; and all these in plentiful variety. Moreover, we must not limit ourselves now to essentials in those articles which we specified at first, I mean houses and clothes and shoes, but we must set painting and embroidery to work, and acquire gold and ivory, and all similar valuables: must we not?

Yes.

Then we shall also have to enlarge our city, for our first or healthy city will not now be of sufficient size, but requires to be increased in bulk, and filled out with a multitude of callings, which do not exist in cities to satisfy any natural want; for example, the whole class of hunters, and all who practise imitative arts, including many who use forms and colours, and many who use music, poets also, with those of whom the poet makes use, rhapsodists, actors, dancers, contractors; lastly, the manufacturers of all sorts of articles, and among others those which form part of a woman's dress. We shall similarly require more personal servants, shall we not? that is to say, tutors, wet-nurses, dry-nurses, tire-women, barbers, and cooks moreover and confectioners? Swineherds again are among the additions we shall require, — a class of persons not to be found, because not wanted, in our former city, but needed among the rest in this. We shall also need great quantities of all kinds of cattle, for those who may wish to eat them; shall we not?

Of course we shall.

Then shall we not experience the need of medical men also, to a much greater extent

under this than under the former regime?

Yes, indeed.

The country too, I presume, which was formerly adequate to the support of its then inhabitants will be now too small, and adequate no longer. Shall we say so? Certainly.

Then must we not cut ourselves a slice of our neighbour's territory, if we are to have land enough both for pasture and tillage, while they will do the same to ours, if they, like us, permit themselves to overstep the limit of necessities, and plunge into the unbounded acquisition of wealth?

It must inevitably be so, Socrates.

Will our next step be to go to war, Glaucon, or how will it be?

As you say.

At this stage of our inquiry let us avoid asserting either that war does good or that it does harm, confining ourselves to this statement, that we have further traced the origin of war to causes which are the most fruitful sources of whatever evils befall a state, either in its corporate capacity, or in its individual members.

Exactly so.

Once more then, my friend, our state must receive an accession of no trifling extent, I mean that of a whole army, which must go forth and do battle with all invaders in defence of its entire property, and of the persons whom we were just now describing.

How? he asked; are not those persons sufficient of themselves?

They are not, if you and all the rest of us were right in the admissions which we made, when we were modelling our state. We admitted, I think, if you remember, that it was impossible for one man to work well at many professions.

True.

Well then, is not the business of war looked upon as a profession in itself?

Undoubtedly.

And have we not as much reason to concern ourselves about the trade of war as about the trade of shoemaking?

Quite as much.

But we cautioned the shoemaker, you

know, against attempting to be an agriculturist or a weaver or a builder besides, with a view to our shoemaking work being well done; and to every other artisan we assigned in like manner one occupation, namely, that for which he was naturally fitted, and in which, if he let other things alone, and wrought at it all his time without neglecting his opportunities, he was likely to prove a successful workman. Now is it not of the greatest moment that the work of war should be well done? Or is it so easy, that any one can succeed in it and be at the same time a husbandman or a shoemaker or a labourer at any other trade whatever, although there is no one in the world who could become a good draught-player or dice-player by merely taking up the game at unoccupied moments, instead of pursuing it as his especial study from his childhood? And will it be enough for a man merely to handle a shield or any other of the arms and implements of war, to be straightway competent to play his part well that very day in an engagement of heavy troops or in any other military service, although the mere handling of any other instrument will never make any one a true craftsman or athlete, nor will such instrument be even useful to one who has neither learnt its capabilities nor exercised himself sufficiently in its practical applications.

If it were so, these implements of war would be very valuable.

In proportion, then, to the importance of the work which these guardians have to do, will it require peculiar freedom from other engagements, as well as extraordinary skill and attention.

I quite think so.

Will it not also require natural endowments suited to this particular occupation?

Undoubtedly.

Then, apparently, it will belong to us to choose out, if we can, that especial order of natural endowments which qualifies its possessors for the guardianship of a state.

Certainly; it belongs to us.

Then, I assure you, we have taken upon ourselves no trifling task; nevertheless,

there must be no flinching, so long as our strength holds out.

No, there must not.

Do you think then, I asked, that there is any difference, in the qualities required for keeping guard, between a well-bred dog and a gallant young man?

I do not quite understand you.

Why, I suppose, for instance, they ought both of them to be quick to discover an enemy, and swift to overtake him when discovered, and strong also, in case they have to fight when they have come up with him.

Certainly, all these qualities are required.

Moreover, they must be brave if they are to fight well.

Undoubtedly.

But will either a horse, or a dog, or any other animal, be likely to be brave if it is not spirited? or have you failed to observe what an irresistible and unconquerable thing spirit is, so that under its influence every creature will be fearless and unconquerable in the face of any danger?

I have observed it.

We know then what bodily qualities are required in our guardian.

We do.

And also what qualities of the mind, namely, that he must be spirited.

Yes.

How then, Glaucon, if such be their natural disposition, are they to be kept from behaving fiercely to one another, and to the rest of the citizens?

Really it will be difficult to obviate that.

Nevertheless, they certainly ought to be gentle to their friends, and dangerous only to their enemies: else they will not wait for others to destroy them, but will be the first to do it for themselves.

True.

What then shall we do? Where shall we find a character at once gentle and high-spirited? For I suppose a gentle nature is the opposite of a spirited one?

Apparently it is.

Nevertheless a man who is devoid of either gentleness or spirit cannot possibly make a good guardian. And as they seem to be incompatible, the result is, that a good guardian is an impossibility.

It looks like it, he said.

Here then I was perplexed, but having reconsidered our conversation I said, We deserve, my friend, to be puzzled; for we have deserted the illustration which we set before us.

How so?

It never struck us, that after all there are natures, though we fancied there were none, which combine these opposite qualities.

Pray where is such a combination to be found?

You may see it in several animals, but particularly in the one which we ourselves compared to our guardian. For I suppose you know that it is the natural disposition of well-bred dogs to be perfectly gentle to their friends and acquaintance, but the reverse to strangers.

Certainly I do.

Therefore the thing is possible; and we are not contradicting nature in our endeavour to give such a character to our guardian.

So it would seem.

Then is it your opinion, that in one who is to make a good guardian it is further required that his character should be philosophical as well as high-spirited?

How so? I do not understand you.

You will notice in dogs this other trait, which is really marvellous in the creature.

What is that?

Whenever they see a stranger they are irritated before they have been provoked

by any ill-usage; but when they see an acquaintance they welcome him, though they may never have experienced any kindness at his hands. Has this never excited your wonder?

I never paid any attention to it hitherto; but no doubt they do behave so.

Well, but this instinct is a very clever thing in the dog, and a genuine philosophic symptom.

How so, pray?

Why, because the only mark by which he distinguishes between the appearance of a friend and that of an enemy is, that he knows the former and is ignorant of the latter. How, I ask, can the creature be other than fond of learning when it makes knowledge and ignorance the criteria of the familiar and the strange?

Beyond a question, it must be fond of learning.

Well, is not the love of learning identical with a philosophical disposition?

It is.

Shall we not then assert with confidence in the case of a man also, that if he is to shew a gentle disposition towards his relatives and acquaintances, he must have a turn for learning and philosophy?

Be it so.

Then in our judgment the man whose natural gifts promise to make him a perfect guardian of the state will be philosophical, high-spirited, swift-footed, and

strong.

Undoubtedly he will.

XENOPHON

(ca. 430-357 B.C.)

Xenophon was an Athenian and a pupil of Socrates. At about thirty years of age he left Athens and went to Sardis to join the Greek contingent raised by Cyrus of Persia against Artaxerxes. He accompanied Cyrus into Upper Asia on a very disastrous expedition. After a series of misfortunes including the death of Cyrus, the dispersal of the barbarian troops, and the assassination of most of the Greek generals, the Greeks found themselves practically abandoned on the plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates. At this point Xenophon came forward and played an important part in leading them out of danger. Later he and his army joined forces with the Spartans in a general pillaging expedition through Asia. It was during this period that he became acquainted with the famous Spartan general Agesilaus. He definitely threw in his lot with the Spartans and remained in their service even when they carried on war against Athens. Since returning to Athens was out of the question under the circumstances, he finally settled at Scillus in Elis, not far from Olympia. Although he was under sen-

tence of banishment from Athens, the punishment had no effect upon him until 471, when upon the downfall of Spartan supremacy he was expelled from Scillus by the Eleans. By this time the sentence of banishment from Athens had been repealed, but there is no evidence that he ever returned to his native state. It seems rather that he retired to Corinth and there ended his days. He was the author of various political, historical, and philosophical works. Probably the most famous of his writings is the *Anabasis*, which is an account of the retreat of Xenophon and the ten thousand Greeks after the downfall of Cyrus.

Xenophon wrote the *Memorabilia of Socrates* (ca. 375 B.C.) to vindicate the memory of his teacher against the charge of failing to pay due reverence to the gods and of corrupting the youth of Athens. He develops through a series of dialogues the morals and opinions of Socrates. Xenophon was a practical man, very intelligent, but not particularly prone to philosophical subtleties; hence these dialogues do not present the methods of Socrates in as complicated form as the dialogues of Plato. His main purpose is justificatory; he is interested chiefly in clearing Socrates of the charges made against him rather than in giving a complete exposition of his philosophy. He takes up the charges in due order and disposes of them, and then proceeds to introduce material showing Socrates's mode of life. The part here presented is that which deals with Socrates's ideas of friendship, a theme which seems to have attracted some of the best minds in almost every period of the world's history.

This selection is taken from Xenophon's *Anabasis or Expedition of Cyrus and the Memorabilia of Socrates*, translated by Rev. J. S. Watson, London, George Bell and Sons, 1907.

THE MEMORABILIA OF SOCRATES

CHAPTER IV

On the value of friendship. Many are more desirous to acquire property than friends, sect. 1-4. But no species of property is more valuable, lasting, and useful than a good friend: his qualities enumerated, 5-7.

1. I heard him, also, on one occasion, holding a discourse concerning friends, by which, as it seems to me, a person might be greatly benefited, both as to the acquisition and use of friends; for he said that he had heard many people observe that a true and honest friend was the most valuable of all possessions, but that he saw the greater part of mankind attending to anything rather than securing friends. 2. He observed them, he added, industriously endeavouring to procure houses and lands, slaves, cattle, and furniture; but as for a friend, whom they called the greatest of blessings, he saw the majority considering neither how to procure one, nor how those whom they had might be retained. 3. Even when friends and slaves were sick, he said that he noticed people calling in physicians to their slaves, and carefully providing other means for their recovery, but paying no attention to their friends; and that, if both died, they grieved for their slaves, and thought that they had suffered a loss, but considered

that they lost nothing in losing friends. Of their other possessions they left nothing untended or unheeded, but, when their friends required attention, they utterly neglected them.

4. In addition to these remarks, he observed that he saw the greater part of mankind acquainted with the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. 5. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable? What sort of horse, or yoke of oxen, is so useful as a truly good friend? What slave is so well-disposed or so attached, or what other acquisition so beneficial? 6. For a good friend is ready to supply whatever is wanting on the part of his friend, whether in his private affairs, or for the public interests; if he is required to do a service to any one, he assists him with the means; if any apprehension alarms him, he lends him his aid, sometimes sharing expenditure with him, sometimes co-operating with him, sometimes joining with him to persuade others, sometimes using force towards others;

frequently cheering him when he is successful, and frequently supporting him when he is in danger of falling. 7. What the hands do, what the eyes foresee, what the ears hear, what the feet accomplish, for each individual, his friend, of all such services, fails to perform no one; and oftentimes, what a person has not effected for himself, or has not seen, or has not heard, or has not accomplished, a friend has succeeded in executing for his friend; and yet, while people try to foster trees for the sake of their fruit, the greater portion of mankind are heedless and neglectful of that most productive possession which is called a friend.

CHAPTER V

On the different estimation in which different friends are to be held. We ought to examine ourselves, and ascertain at what value we may expect our friends to hold us.

1. I heard one day another dissertation of his, which seemed to me to exhort the hearer to examine himself, and ascertain of how much value he was to his friends. Finding that one of his followers was neglectful of a friend who was oppressed with poverty, he asked Antisthenes,¹ in the presence of the man that neglected his friend, and of several others, saying, "Are there certain settled values for friends, Antisthenes, as there are for slaves? 2. For, of slaves, one, perhaps, is worth two minæ, another not even half a mina, another five minæ, another ten. Nicias, the son of Niceratus, is said to have bought an overseer for his silver mines at the price of a whole talent. I am therefore considering whether, as there are certain values for slaves, there are also certain values for friends." 3. "There are, undoubtedly," replied Antisthenes; "at least I, for my part, should wish one man to be my friend rather than have two minæ; another I should not value even at half a mina; another I should prefer to ten minæ; and another I would buy for my friend at the sacrifice of all the money and revenues in the world." 4. "If such be the case, therefore," said Socrates, "it would be well for each of us to examine

himself, to consider of what value he is in the estimation of his friends; and to try to be of as much value to them as possible, in order that his friends may be less likely to desert him; for I often hear one man saying that his friend has abandoned him, and another, that a person whom he thought to be his friend has preferred a mina to him. 5. I am considering, accordingly, whether, as one sells a bad slave, and parts with him for whatever he will fetch, so it may be advisable to give up a worthless friend, when there is an opportunity of receiving more than he is worth. Good slaves I do not often see sold at all, or good friends abandoned."

CHAPTER VI

What sort of persons we should choose for our friends, sect. 1-5. How we may ascertain the characters of men, before we form a friendship with them, 6, 7. How we may attach men to us as friends, 8-13. Friendship can exist only between the good and honourable, 14-19; between whom it will continue to subsist in spite of differences of opinion, 19-28. Deductions from the preceding remarks, 29-39.

1. He appeared to me, also, to make his followers wise in examining what sort of persons it was right to attach to themselves as friends, by such conversations as the following. "Tell me, Critobulus," said he, "if we were in need of a good friend, how should we proceed to look for one? Should we not, in the first place, seek for a person who can govern his appetite, his inclination to wine or sensuality, and abstain from immoderate sleep and idleness? for one who is overcome by such propensities would be unable to do his duty either to himself or his friend." "Assuredly he would not," said Critobulus. "It appears then to you that we must avoid one who is at the mercy of such inclinations?" "Undoubtedly," replied Critobulus. 2. "Besides," continued Socrates, "does not a man who is extravagant and yet unable to support himself, but is always in want of assistance from his neighbour, a man who, when he borrows, cannot pay, and when he cannot borrow, hates him who will not lend, appear to you to be a dangerous friend?" "Assuredly,"

¹ Disciple of Socrates and later teacher of Diogenes.

replied Critobulus. "We must therefore avoid such a character?" "We must indeed." 3. "Again: what sort of friend would he be who has the means of getting money, and covets great wealth, and who, on this account, is a driver of hard bargains, and delights to receive, but is unwilling to pay?" "Such a person appears to me," said Critobulus, "to be a still worse character than the former." 4. "What then do you think of him, who, from love of getting money, allows himself no time for thinking of anything else but whence he may obtain it?" "We must avoid him, as it seems to me; for he would be useless to any one that should make an associate of him." "And what do you think of him who is quarrelsome, and likely to raise up many enemies against his friends?" "We must avoid him also, by Jupiter." "But if a man have none of these bad qualities, but is content to receive obligations, taking no thought of returning them?" "He also would be useless as a friend. But what sort of person, then, Socrates, should we endeavour to make our friend?" 5. "A person, I think, who, being the reverse of all this, is proof against the seductions of bodily pleasures, is upright and fair in his dealings, and emulous not to be outdone in serving those who serve him, so that he is of advantage to those who associate with him." 6. "How then shall we find proof of these qualities in him, Socrates, before we associate with him?" "We make proof of statuaries," rejoined Socrates, "not by forming opinions from their words, but, whomsoever we observe to have executed his previous statues skillfully, we trust that he will execute others well." 7. "You mean, then, that the man who is known to have served his former friends will doubtless be likely to serve such as may be his friends hereafter?" "Yes; for whomsoever I know to have previously managed horses with skill, I expect to manage other horses also with skill."

8. "Be it so," said Critobulus; "but by what means must we make a friend of

him who appears to us worthy of our friendship?" "In the first place," answered Socrates, "we must consult the gods, whether they recommend us to make him our friend." "Can you tell me, then," said Critobulus, "how he, who appears eligible to us, and whom the gods do not disapprove, is to be secured?" 9. "Assuredly," returned Socrates, "he is not to be caught by tracking him like the hare, or by wiles, like birds, or by making him prisoner by force, like enemies; for it would be an arduous task to make a man your friend against his will, or to hold him fast if you were to bind him like a slave; for those who suffer such treatment are rendered enemies rather than friends." 10. "How then are men made friends?" inquired Critobulus. "They say that there are certain incantations, which those who know them chant to whomsoever they please, and thus make them their friends; and that there are also love-potions, which those who know them administer to whomsoever they will, and are in consequence beloved by them." 11. "And how can we discover these charms?" "You have heard from Homer the song which the Sirens¹ sung to Ulysses, the commencement of which runs thus:

'Come hither, much-extolled Ulysses,
great glory of the Greeks.'

"Did the Sirens then, by singing this same song to other men also, detain them so that they were charmed and could not depart from them?" "No; but they sang thus to those who were desirous of being honoured for virtue." 12. "You seem to mean that we ought to apply as charms to any person such commendations as, when he hears them, he will not suspect that his eulogist utters to ridicule him; for, if he conceived such a suspicion, he would rather be rendered an enemy, and would repel men from him; as, for instance, if a person were to praise as beautiful, and tall, and strong, one who is conscious that he is short, and deformed, and weak.

"But," added Critobulus, "do you know any other charms?" 13. "No," said

¹ Sea-nymphs who enticed mariners to destruction by their sweet singing.

Socrates, "but I have heard that Pericles¹ knew many, which he used to chant to the city, and make it love him." "And how did Themistocles² make the city love him?" "Not, by Jupiter, by uttering charms to it, but by conferring on it some advantage." 14. "You appear to me to mean, Socrates, that, if we would attach to us any good person as a friend, we ourselves should be good both in speaking and acting." "And did you think it possible," said Socrates, "for a bad person to attach to himself good men as his friends?" 15. "I have seen," rejoined Critobulus, "bad orators become friends to good orators, and men bad at commanding an army become friends to men eminently good in the military art." 16. "Do you, then," said Socrates, "regarding the subject of which we are speaking, know any persons, who, being themselves useless, can make useful persons their friends?" "No, by Jupiter," replied Critobulus; "but if it is impossible for a worthless person to attach to himself good and honourable friends, it becomes now an object of consideration with me, whether it is possible for one who is himself honourable and good, to become, with ease, a friend to the honourable and good." 17. "What perplexes you, Critobulus, is, that you often see men who are honourable in their conduct, and who refrain from everything disgraceful, involved, instead of being friends, in dissensions with one another, and showing more severity towards each other than the worthless part of mankind." 18. "Nor is it only private persons," rejoined Critobulus, "that act in this manner, but even whole communities, which have the greatest regard for what is honourable, and are least inclined to anything disgraceful, are often hostilely disposed towards one another." 19. "When I reflect on the differences," continued Critobulus, "I am quite in despair about the acquisition of friends; for I see that the bad cannot be friends with one another; for how can the ungrateful, or careless, or avaricious, or faithless, or intemperate, be friends to each other? indeed the bad appear to me to be altogether disposed by nature to be mutual enemies rather than friends. 20. Again, the bad, as you observe, can never harmonize in friendship with the good; for how can those who commit bad actions be friends with those who abhor such actions? And yet, if those also who practise virtue fall into dissensions with one another about pre-eminence in their respective communities, and even hate each other through envy, who will ever be friends, or among what class of mankind shall affection and attachment be found?" 21. "But these affections act in various ways," rejoined Socrates, "for men have by nature inclinations to attachment, since they stand in need of each other, and feel compassion for each other, and co-operate for mutual benefit, and, being conscious that such is the case, have a sense of gratitude towards one another; but they have also propensities to enmity, for such as think the same objects honourable and desirable, engage in contention for them, and, divided in feelings, become enemies. Disputation and anger lead to war; the desire of aggrandizement excites ill-will; and envy is followed by hatred. 22. But, nevertheless, friendship, insinuating itself through all these hindrances, unites together the honourable and good; for such characters, through affection for virtue, prefer the enjoyment of a moderate competency without strife, to the attainment of unlimited power by means of war; they can endure hunger and thirst without discontent, and take only a fair share of meat and drink, and, though delighted with the attractions of youthful beauty, they can control themselves, so as to forbear from offending those whom they ought not to offend. 23. By laying aside all avaricious feelings too, they can not only be satisfied with their lawful share of the common property, but can even assist one another. They can settle their differences, not only without mutual offence, but even to their mutual benefit. They can prevent their anger from going so far as to cause them repentance; and envy they entirely ban-

¹ The greatest of Athenian statesmen.

² Great Athenian general and statesman during the Persian wars.

ish, by sharing their own property with their friends, and considering that of their friends as their own.

24. "How, then, can it be otherwise than natural, that the honourable and good should be sharers in political distinctions, not only without detriment, but even with advantage, to each other? Those indeed who covet honour and power in states, merely that they may be able to embezzle 10 money, to do violence to others, and to live a life of luxury, must be regarded as unprincipled and abandoned characters, and incapable of harmonious union with other men. 25. But when a person wishes 15 to attain honours in a community, in order, not merely that he may not suffer wrong himself, but that he may assist his friends as far as is lawful, and may endeavour, in his term of office, to do some 20 service to his country, why should he not, being of such a character, form a close union with another of similar character? Will he be less able to benefit his friends if he unite himself with the honourable and 25 good, or will he be less able to serve his country if he have the honourable and good for his colleagues? 26. In the public games, indeed, it is plain, that, if the strongest were allowed to unite and attack 30 the weaker, they would conquer in all the contests, and carry off all the prizes; and accordingly people do not permit them, in those competitions, to act in such a manner; but since, in political affairs, in which 35 honourable and good men rule, no one hinders another from serving his country in concert with whomsoever he pleases, how can it be otherwise than profitable for him to conduct affairs with the best men 40 as his friends, having these as colleagues and co-operators, rather than antagonists, in his proceedings? 27. It is evident, too, that if one man commences hostilities against another, he will need allies, and will need a great number of them, if he oppose the honourable and good; and those who consent to be his allies must be well treated by him, that they may be zealous in his interests; and it is much better for 50

him to serve the best characters, who are the fewer, than the inferior, who are more numerous; for the bad require far more favours than the good. 28. But strive 5 with good courage, Critobulus," he continued, "to be good yourself, and, having become so, endeavour to gain the friendship of men of honour and virtue. Perhaps I myself also may be able to assist you in this pursuit of the honourable and virtuous, from being naturally disposed to love, for, for whatever persons I conceive a liking, I devote myself with ardour, and with my whole mind, to love them, and be 10 loved in return by them, regretting their absence to have mine regretted by them, and longing for their society while they on the other hand long for mine. 29. I know that you also must cultivate such feelings, whenever you desire to form a friendship with any person. Do not conceal from my knowledge, therefore, the persons to whom you may wish to become a friend; for, from my carefulness to please those who please 25 me, I do not think that I am unskilled in the art of gaining men's affections."

30. "Indeed, Socrates," replied Critobulus, "I have long desired to receive such instructions as yours, especially if the same knowledge will have effect at once on those who are amiable in mind, and handsome in person." 31. "But, Critobulus," replied Socrates, "there is nothing in the knowledge that I communicate to make 35 those who are handsome in person endure him who lays hands upon them; for I am persuaded that men shrunk from Scylla¹ because she offered to put her hands on them; while every one, they say, was ready to listen to the Sirens, and were enchanted as they listened, because they laid hands on no one, but sang to all men from a distance." 32. "On the understanding, then, that I shall lay my hands 45 on no one," said Critobulus, "tell me if you know any effectual means for securing friends." "But will you never," asked Socrates, "apply your lips to theirs?" "Be of good courage, Socrates," said Critobulus, "for I will never apply my lips to

¹ A monster destructive to mariners, whose lower limbs were serpents and who had six heads that barked like dogs. Personified by a destructive rock in the Strait of Messina. Usually associated with Charybdis, a whirlpool.

those of any person, unless that person be beautiful." "You have now said," rejoined Socrates, "the exact contrary to what will promote your object; for the beautiful will not allow such liberties, though the deformed receive them with pleasure, thinking that they are accounted beautiful for their mental qualities."

33. "As I shall caress the beautiful, then," said Critobulus, "and caress the good with the utmost ardour, teach me, with confidence, the art of attaching my friends to me." "When, therefore, Critobulus," said Socrates, "you wish to become a

friend to any one, will you permit me to say to him concerning you, that you admire him, and desire to be his friend?" "You may say so," answered Critobulus, "for I have never known any one dislike those who praised him."

34. "But if I say of you, in addition, that, because you admire him, you feel kindly disposed towards him, will you not think that false information is given of you by me?" "No: for a kind feeling springs up in myself also towards those whom I regard as kindly disposed towards me."

35. "Such information, then," continued Socrates, "I may communicate regarding you to such as you may wish to make your friends; but if you enable me also to say concerning you, that you are attentive to your friends; that you delight in nothing so much as in the possession of good friends; that you pride yourself on the honourable conduct of your friends not less than on your own; that you rejoice at the good fortune of your friends not less than at your own; that you are never weary of contriving means by which good fortune may come to your friends; and that you think it the great virtue of a man to surpass his friends in doing them good and his enemies in doing them harm, I think that I shall be a very useful assistant to you in gaining the affections of worthy friends."

36. "But why" said Critobulus, "do you say this to me, as if you were not at liberty to say of me anything you please?" "No, by Jupiter," replied Socrates; "I have no such liberty, according to a remark that I once heard from

Aspasia¹; for she said that skilful match-makers, by reporting with truth good points of character, had great influence in leading people to form unions, but that those who said what was false did no good by their praises, for that such as were deceived hated each other and the match-maker alike; and, as I am persuaded that this opinion is correct, I think that I ought not to say, when I praise you, anything that I cannot utter with truth."

37. "You are, therefore," returned Critobulus, "a friend of such a kind to me, Socrates, as to assist me, if I have myself any qualities adapted to gain friends; but if not, you would not be willing to invent anything to serve me." "And whether, Critobulus," said Socrates,

"should I appear to serve you more by extolling you with false praises, or by persuading you to endeavour to become a truly deserving man? 38. If this point is not clear to you, consider it with the following illustrations: If, wishing to make the owner of a ship your friend, I should praise you falsely to him, pronouncing you a skilful pilot, and he, believing me, should intrust his ship to you to steer when you are incapable of steering it, would you have any expectation that you would not destroy both yourself and the ship? Or if, by false representations, I should persuade the state, publicly, to intrust itself to you as a man skilled in military tactics, in judicial proceedings, or in political affairs, what do you think that yourself and the state would suffer at your hands? Of if, in private intercourse, I should induce any of the citizens, by unfounded statements, to commit their property to your care, as being a good and diligent manager, would you not, when you came to give proof of your abilities, be convicted of dishonesty, and make yourself appear ridiculous?"

39. But the shortest, and safest, and best way, Critobulus, is, to strive to be really good in that in which you wish to be thought good. Whatever are called virtues among mankind, you will find, on consideration, capable of being increased by study and exercise. I am of opinion, that it is in accordance with these senti-

¹ Beloved of Pericles, and one of the most cultured women of antiquity.

ments, that we ought to endeavour to acquire friends; if you know any other way, make me acquainted with it." "I should be indeed ashamed," replied

Critobulus, "to say anything in opposition to such an opinion; for I should say what was neither honourable nor true."

ARISTOTLE

(384-322 B.C.)

Aristotle was born in the Macedonian city of Stagira. His father, Nicomachus, was chief physician to King Amyntas of Macedonia. After the early death of his father, Aristotle went to Atarneus in Asia Minor; then, in his eighteenth year, to Athens, where he remained for twenty years. In Athens he developed his philosophical independence under the guidance of Plato. In spite of his respect for his teacher he abandoned Plato's teachings early in life and devoted a good part of his writing to arguments against the Platonic system. Upon the death of Plato in 347 B.C. he betook himself with the poet Xenocrates to Hermias, lord of Atarneus. In 343 he was called to the court of Philip of Macedon to take charge of the education of the young prince Alexander. Here he remained for nine years, highly honored and respected. He then returned to Athens, where he set up his school of philosophy. This school was known as the *peripatetic* school, either because part of the instruction was given while walking to and fro (Greek *peripalein*) or because the place where the school was held was inclosed by shaded walks (*peripatoi*). After the rise of Athens upon the death of Alexander, Aristotle, as a friend of the former conqueror, found it inadvisable to remain there. He accordingly put his school into the hands of Theophrastus and departed for Chalcis in Eubœa, expecting, no doubt, to return after the storm had subsided. He died, however, in 322 without having returned. His character emerges from his writings sincere and noble, although according to subsequent tradition he was not free from tradition. Through his all-inclusive erudition, his broad experience, and his powers of organization he has remained a prominent figure in the field of thought for over 2000 years. His numerous writings include almost the whole field of knowledge of his time. This knowledge he essayed to systematize and reduce to some sort of philosophical unity. He wrote works on politics, physics, metaphysics, poetics, natural history, rhetoric, meteorology, and other subjects. Much of what he said has not since been superseded.

This is especially true of Aristotle's *Poetics* (ca. 350 B.C.), which is probably the most important piece of literary criticism ever written. It has influenced countless plays and dramatic essays in all European countries and in nearly every generation. Its distinction is shared somewhat by Horace's *Art of Poetry*; in fact, in the late Middle Ages Horace was better known. With the Revival of Learning, however, Aristotle leaped into the foreground. He is referred to directly by Daniello (1536) and interpreted by Minturno (1563). The most influential early treatment of Aristotle's ideas on tragedy was that of Julius Cæsar Scaliger (1561), an Italian living in France. Scaliger's interpretation was tortured and erroneous, but it brought Aristotle before the public as a critic. Castelvetro's misinterpretation of Aristotle (1570) provided the Renaissance with the three unities of action, time, and place, which were accepted by many later writers as genuine, in spite of the fact that Aristotle mentions only two of them. The direct influence of Aristotle in France began about 1548 with Sebillet, and was developed by Jean de la Taille (1570) and his contemporaries. The false unities of Aristotle, as well as his genuine principles, constituted the basic law in all dramatic disputes in France during the so-called classical period of the seventeenth century. The rules of Aristotle were followed with more or less freedom by Corneille, Racine, and Boileau. In England, despite the overpowering victory of the romantic drama in the hands of Shakespeare and Marlowe, the classicists held their own in the critical field. The principles of Aristotle supply the basis for much that was written by Sidney and Ben Jonson. With Dryden, the drama on Aristotelian models achieved success on the stage as it had previously done in France. In the eighteenth century, although Aristotle and all things classical were highly respected, critical ideas began to exhibit more independence. Addison and Johnson, although very conservative, were not slavish followers of Aristotle. Lessing, in Germany, favored the Aristotelian laws, but approached his conclusions through a consideration of the actual problems of the stage. With the growth of the romantic

spirit, Aristotelianism waned. Aristotle was, however, still widely read and highly respected as a wise man who had discovered certain fundamental things about the drama, but his day as a dictator in the realm of dramatic composition was over.

The translation of this selection was made by Ingram Bywater for *The Works of Aristotle*, under the editorship of W. D. Ross, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1924, Vol. XI.

✓THE POETICS

It is clear that the general origin of poetry was due to two causes, each of them part of human nature. Imitation is natural to man from childhood, one of his advantages over the lower animals being this, that he is the most imitative creature in the world, and learns at first by imitation. And it is also natural for all to delight in works of imitation. The truth of this second point is shown by experience: though the objects themselves may be painful to see, we delight to view the most realistic representations of them in art, the forms for example of the lowest animals and of dead bodies. The explanation is to be found in a further fact: to be learning something is the greatest of pleasures not only to the philosopher but also to the rest of mankind, however small their capacity for it; the reason of the delight in seeing the picture is that one is at the same time learning — gathering the meaning of things, e.g. that the man there is so-and-so; for if one has not seen the thing before, one's pleasure will not be in the picture as an imitation of it, but will be due to the execution or colouring or some similar cause. Imitation, then, being natural to us — as also the sense of harmony and rhythm, the metres being obviously species of rhythms — it was through their original aptitude, and by a series of improvements for the most part gradual on their first efforts, that they created poetry out of their improvisations.

Poetry, however, soon broke up into two kinds according to the differences of character in the individual poets; for the graver among them would represent noble actions, and those of noble personages; and the meaner sort, the actions of the ignoble. The latter class produced invectives at first, just as others did hymns and panegyrics. We know of

no such poem by any of the pre-Homeric poets, though there were probably many such writers among them; instances, however, may be found from Homer downwards, e.g. his *Margites*,¹ and the similar poems of others. In this poetry of invective its natural fitness brought an iambic metre into use; hence our present term 'iambic,' because it was the metre of their 'iambos' or invectives against one another. The result was that the old poets became some of them writers of heroic and others of iambic verse. Homer's position, however, is peculiar: just as he was in the serious style the poet of poets, standing alone not only through the literary excellence, but also through the dramatic character of his imitations, so too he was the first to outline for us the general forms of Comedy by producing not a dramatic invective, but a dramatic picture of the Ridiculous; his *Margites* in fact stands in the same relation to our comedies as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to our tragedies. As soon, however, as Tragedy and Comedy appeared in the field, those naturally drawn to the one line of poetry became writers of comedies instead of iambs, and those naturally drawn to the other, writers of tragedies instead of epics, because these new modes of art were grander and of more esteem than the old.

If it be asked whether Tragedy is now all that it need be in its formative elements, to consider that, and decide it theoretically and in relation to the theatres, is a matter for another inquiry.

It certainly began in improvisations — as did also Comedy; the one originating with the authors of the Dithyramb,² the other with those of the phallic songs, which still survive as institutions in many of our cities. And its advance after that was little by little, through their improving on whatever they had before them at each stage. It was in fact only after a long series of changes that the movement of

¹ "The Booby," a humorous poem of which a few fragments remain.

² A choric song in honor of Dionysus (Bacchus).

Tragedy stopped on its attaining to its natural form. (1) The number of actors was first increased to two by Æschylus, who curtailed the business of the Chorus, and made the dialogue, or spoken portion, take the leading part in the play. (2) A third actor and scenery were due to Sophocles.¹ (3) Tragedy acquired also its magnitude. Discarding short stories and a ludicrous diction, through its passing out of its satyric stage,² it assumed, though only at a late point in its progress, a tone of dignity; and its metre changed then from trochaic to iambic. The reason for their original use of the trochaic tetrameter was that their poetry was satyric and more connected with dancing than it now is. As soon, however, as a spoken part came in, nature herself found the appropriate metre. The iambic, we know, is the most speakable of metres, as is shown by the fact that we very often fall into it in conversation, whereas we rarely talk hexameters, and only when we depart from the speaking tone of voice. (4) Another change was a plurality of episodes or acts. As for the remaining matters, the superadded embellishments and the account of their introduction, these must be taken as said, as it would probably be a long piece of work to go through the details.

•As for Comedy, it is (as has been observed) an imitation of men worse than the average; worse, however, not as regards any and every sort of fault, but only as regards one particular kind, the Ridiculous, which is a species of the Ugly. The Ridiculous may be defined as a mistake or deformity not productive of pain or harm to others; the mask, for instance, that excites laughter, is something ugly and distorted without causing pain.

Though the successive changes in Tragedy and their authors are not unknown, we cannot say the same of Comedy; its early stages passed unnoticed, because it was not

as yet taken up in a serious way. It was only at a late point in its progress that a chorus of comedians was officially granted by the archon³; they used to be mere volunteers. It had also already certain definite forms at the time when the record of those termed comic poets begins. Who it was who supplied it with masks, or prologues, or a plurality of actors and the like, has remained unknown. The invented Fable, or Plot, however, originated in Sicily, with Epicharmus⁴ and Phormis⁵; of Athenian poets Crates⁶ was the first to drop the Comedy of invective and frame stories of a general and non-personal nature, in other words, Fables or Plots.

Epic poetry, then, has been seen to agree with Tragedy to this extent, that of being an imitation of serious subjects in a grand kind of verse. It differs from it, however, (1) in that it is in one kind of verse and in narrative form; and (2) in its length — which is due to its action having no fixed limit of time, whereas Tragedy endeavours to keep as far as possible within a single circuit of the sun, or something near that. This, I say, is another point of difference between them, though at first the practice in this respect was just the same in tragedies as in epic poems. They differ also (3) in their constituents, some being common to both and others peculiar to Tragedy — hence a judge of good and bad in Tragedy is a judge of that in epic poetry also. All the parts of an epic are included in Tragedy; but those of Tragedy are not all of them to be found in the Epic.

Reserving hexameter poetry and Comedy for consideration hereafter, let us proceed now to the discussion of Tragedy; before doing so, however, we must gather up the definition resulting from what has been said. •A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories,

¹ Great tragic dramatist, successor of Euripides, and, with Æschylus, one of the three most famous tragic poets of Greece.

² The stage in which a large part of the action was provided by satyrs, whose frolics and licentious jests enlivened the performance.

³ The official who paid the expenses of the performance.

⁴ A Sicilian writer of farcical comedies.

⁵ Another Sicilian writer of comedies.

⁶ A Greek writer of comedy in the fifth century B.C. Only fragments of his work remain.

each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not in a narrative form; with incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its catharsis¹ of such emotions. Here by 'language with pleasurable accessories' I mean that with rhythm and harmony or song superadded; and by 'the kinds separately' I mean that some portions are worked out with verse only, and others in turn with song.

I. As they act the stories, it follows that in the first place the Spectacle (or stage-appearance of the actors) must be some part of the whole; and in the second Melody and Diction, these two being the means of their imitation. Here by 'Diction' I mean merely this, the composition of the verses; and by 'Melody,' what is too completely understood to require explanation. But further: the subject represented also is an action; and the action involves agents, who must necessarily have their distinctive qualities both of character and thought, since it is from these that we ascribe certain qualities to their actions. There are in the natural order of things, therefore, two causes, Thought and Character, of their actions, and consequently of their success or failure in their lives. Now the action (that which was done) is represented in the play by the Fable or Plot. The Fable, in our present sense of the term, is simply this, the combination of the incidents, or things done in the story; whereas Character is what makes us ascribe certain moral qualities to the agents; and Thought is shown in all they say when proving a particular point or, it may be, enunciating a general truth. There are six parts consequently of every tragedy, as a whole (that is) of such or such quality, viz. a Fable or Plot, Characters, Diction, Thought, Spectacle, and Melody; two of them arising from the means, one from the manner, and three from the objects of the dramatic imitation; and there is nothing else besides these six. Of these, its formative elements, then, not a few of

the dramatists have made due use, as every play, one may say, admits of Spectacle, Character, Fable, Diction, Melody, and Thought.

II. The most important of the six is the combination of the incidents of the story. Tragedy is essentially an imitation not of persons but of action and life, of happiness and misery. • All human happiness or misery takes the form of action; the end for which we live is a certain kind of activity, not a quality. Character gives us qualities, but it is in our actions — what we do — that we are happy or the reverse. In a play accordingly they do not act in order to portray the Characters; they include the Characters for the sake of the action. So that it is the action in it, i.e. its Fable or Plot, that is the end and purpose of the tragedy; and the end is everywhere the chief thing. Besides this, a tragedy is impossible without action, but there may be one without Character. The tragedies of most of the moderns are characterless — a defect common among poets of all kinds, and with its counterpart in painting in Zeuxis² as compared with Polygnotus³; for whereas the latter is strong in character, the work of Zeuxis is devoid of it. And again: one may string together a series of characteristic speeches of the utmost finish as regards Diction and Thought, and yet fail to produce the true tragic effect; but one will have much better success with a tragedy which, however inferior in these respects, has a Plot, a combination of incidents, in it. And again: the most powerful elements of attraction in Tragedy, the Peripeties⁴ and Discoveries, are parts of the Plot. A further proof is in the fact that beginners succeed earlier with the Diction and Characters than with the construction of a story; and the same may be said of nearly all the early dramatists. • We maintain, therefore, that the first essential, the life and soul, so to speak, of Tragedy is the Plot; and that the Characters come second — compare the parallel in painting,

¹ A purgation, or purification.

² A Greek painter of note, about 424 B.C.

³ The Homer of painting, fifth century B.C.

⁴ Peripeties, a change of condition. This term is explained more fully in the course of the essay.

where the most beautiful colours laid on without order will not give one the same pleasure as a simple black-and-white sketch of a portrait. We maintain that Tragedy is primarily an imitation of action, and that it is mainly for the sake of the action that it imitates the personal agents. Third comes the element of Thought, i.e. the power of saying whatever can be said, or what is appropriate to the occasion. This is what, in the speeches in Tragedy, falls under the arts of Politics and Rhetoric; for the older poets make their personages discourse like statesmen, and the moderns like rhetoricians. One must not confuse it with Character. Character in a play is that which reveals the moral purpose of the agents, i.e. the sort of thing they seek or avoid, where that is not obvious — hence there is no room for Character in a speech on a purely indifferent subject. Thought, on the other hand, is shown in all they say when proving or disproving some particular point, or enunciating some universal proposition. Fourth among the literary elements is the Diction of the personages, i.e., as before explained, the expression of their thoughts in words, which is practically the same thing with verse as with prose. As for the two remaining parts, the Melody is the greatest of the pleasurable accessories of Tragedy. The Spectacle, though an attraction, is the least artistic of all the parts, and has least to do with the art of poetry. The tragic effect is quite possible without a public performance and actors; and besides, the getting-up of the Spectacle is more a matter for the costumier than the poet.

Having thus distinguished the parts, let us now consider the proper construction of the Fable or Plot, as that is at once the first and the most important thing in Tragedy. We have laid it down that a tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete in itself, as a whole of some magnitude; for a whole may be of no magnitude to speak of. Now a whole is that which has beginning, middle, and end. A beginning is that which is not itself necessarily after anything else, and which has naturally something else after it; an end is that which is naturally after something itself, either as its necessary or usual consequent, and with nothing else after it; and a middle, that which is by nature after one thing and has also another after it. A well-constructed Plot, therefore, cannot either begin or end at any point one likes; beginning and end in it must be of the forms just described. *Again: to be beautiful, a living creature, and every whole made up of parts, must not only present a certain order in its arrangements of parts, but also be of a certain definite magnitude. Beauty is a matter of size and order, and therefore impossible either (1) in a very minute creature, since our perception becomes indistinct as it approaches instantaneity; or (2) in a creature of vast size — one, say, 1,000 miles long — as in that case, instead of the object being seen all at once, the unity and wholeness of it is lost to the beholder. Just in the same way, then, as a beautiful whole made up of parts, or a beautiful living creature, must be of some size, but a size to be taken in by the eye, so a story or Plot must be of some length, but of a length to be taken in by the memory. As for the limit of its length, so far as that is relative to public performances and spectators, it does not fall within the theory of poetry. If they had to perform a hundred tragedies, they would be timed by water-clocks, as they are said to have been at one period. The limit, however, set by the actual nature of the thing is this: the longer the story, consistently with its being comprehensible as a whole, the finer it is by reason of its magnitude. As a rough general formula, 'a length which allows of the hero passing by a series of probable or necessary stages from misfortune to happiness, or from happiness to misfortune,' may suffice as a limit for the magnitude of the story.

The Unity of a Plot does not consist, as some suppose, in its having one man as its subject. An infinity of things befall that one man, some of which it is impossible to reduce to unity; and in like manner there are many actions of one man which cannot be made to form one action. One sees.

therefore, the mistake of all the poets who have written a *Heracleid*,¹ a *Theseid*,² or similar poems; they suppose that, because Heracles was one man, the story also of Heracles must be one story. Homer, however, evidently understood this point quite well, whether by art or instinct, just in the same way as he excels the rest in every other respect. In writing an *Odyssey*, he did not make the poem cover all that ever befell his hero — it befell him, for instance, to get wounded on Parnassus and also to feign madness at the time of the call to arms, but the two incidents had no necessary or probable connexion with one another — instead of doing that, he took as the subject of the *Odyssey*, as also of the *Iliad*, an action with a Unity of the kind we are describing. The truth is that, just as in the other imitative arts one imitation is always of one thing, so in poetry the story, as an imitation of action, must represent one action, a complete whole, with its several incidents so closely connected that the transposal or withdrawal of any one of them will disjoin and dislocate the whole. For that which makes no perceptible difference by its presence or absence is no real part of the whole.

From what we have said it will be seen that the poet's function is to describe, not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, i.e. what is possible as being probable or necessary. The distinction between historian and poet is not in the one writing prose and the other verse — you might put the work of Herodotus³ into verse, and it would still be a species of history; it consists really in this, that the one describes the thing that has been, and the other a kind of thing that might be. Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history, since its statements are of the nature rather of universals, whereas those of history are singulars. By a universal statement I mean one as to

what such or such a kind of man will probably or necessarily say or do — which is the aim of poetry, though it affixes proper names to the characters; by a singular statement, one as to what, say, Alcibiades⁴ did or had done to him. In Comedy this has become clear by this time; it is only when their plot is already made up of probable incidents that they give it a basis of proper names, choosing for the purpose any names that may occur to them, instead of writing like the old iambic poets about particular persons. In Tragedy, however, they still adhere to the historic names; and for this reason: what convinces is the possible; now whereas we are not yet sure as to the possibility of that which has not happened, that which has happened is manifestly possible, else it would not have come to pass. Nevertheless even in Tragedy there are some plays with but one or two known names in them, the rest being inventions; and there are some without a single known name, e.g. Agathon's *Antheus*,⁴ in which both incidents and names are of the poet's invention; and it is no less delightful on that account. So that one must not aim at a rigid adherence to the traditional stories on which tragedies are based. It would be absurd, in fact, to do so, as even the known stories are only known to a few, though they are a delight none the less to all.

It is evident from the above that the poet must be more the poet of his stories or Plots than of his verses, inasmuch as he is a poet by virtue of the imitative element in his work, and it is actions that he imitates. And if he should come to take a subject from actual history, he is none the less a poet for that; since some historic occurrences may very well be in the probable and possible order of things; and it is in that aspect of them that he is their poet.

Of simple Plots and actions the episodic are the worst. I call a Plot episodic when there is neither probability nor necessity

¹ Poems, relating the adventures of Hercules and Theseus.

² Famous Greek historian called the "father of history."

³ Famous fifth-century Greek demagogue.

⁴ A tragedy which is known to us only through Aristotle. Agathon was a fifth-century tragic writer of considerable ability.

in the sequence of its episodes. Actions of this sort bad poets construct through their own fault, and good ones on account of the players. His work being for public performance, a good poet often stretches out a Plot beyond its capabilities, and is thus obliged to twist the sequence of incident.

Tragedy, however, is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of incidents arousing pity and fear. Such incidents have the very greatest effect on the mind when they occur unexpectedly and at the same time in consequence of one another; there is more of the marvellous in them than if they happened of themselves or by mere chance. Even matters of chance seem most marvellous if there is an appearance of design as it were in them; as for instance the statue of Mityz at Argos killed the author of Mityz' death by falling down on him when a looker-on at a public spectacle; for incidents like that we think to be not without a meaning. A Plot, therefore, of this sort is necessarily finer than others.

Plots are either simple or complex, since the actions they represent are naturally of this twofold description. The action, proceeding in the way defined, as one continuous whole, I call simple, when the change in the hero's fortunes takes place without Peripety or Discovery; and complex, when it involves one or the other, or both. These should each of them arise out of the structure of the Plot itself, so as to be the consequence, necessary or probable, of the antecedents. There is a great difference between a thing happening *propter hoc* and *post hoc*.¹

A Peripety is the change of the kind

described from one state of things within the play to its opposite, and that too in the way we are saying, in the probable or necessary sequence of events; as it is for instance in *Œdipus*²: here the opposite state of things is produced by the Messenger, who, coming to gladden Œdipus and to remove his fears as to his mother, reveals the secret of his birth. And in *Lynceus*³: just as he is being led off for execution, with Danaus at his side to put him to death, the incidents preceding this bring it about that he is saved and Danaus put to death. A Discovery is, as the very word implies, a change from ignorance to knowledge, and thus to either love or hate, in the personages marked for good or evil fortune. The finest form of Discovery is one attended by Peripeties, like that which goes with the Discovery in *Œdipus*. There are no doubt other forms of it; what we have said may happen in a way in reference to inanimate things, even things of a very casual kind; and it is also possible to discover whether some one has done or not done something. But the form most directly connected with the Plot and the action of the piece is the first-mentioned. This, with a Peripety, will arouse either pity or fear — actions of that nature being what Tragedy is assumed to represent; and it will also serve to bring about the happy or unhappy ending. The Discovery, then, being of persons, it may be that of one party only to the other, the latter being already known; or both the parties may have to discover themselves. Iphigenia,⁴ for instance, was discovered to Orestes by sending the letter; and another Discovery was required to reveal him to Iphigenia.

¹ Because of something and after something.

² A play by Sophocles. (Œdipus, son of Laius and Jocasta, was born subject to a curse to the effect that he would kill his father and marry his mother. The young infant was exposed on a mountain side but was rescued by shepherds and taken to the king of Corinth, by whom he was reared and educated. Later he met his father and, without recognizing him, killed him in a dispute. He then took over the kingdom of Thebes and married the queen Jocasta, whom he did not recognize as his mother. The play of Sophocles deals with Œdipus's discovery of the fact that the curse had been carried out.

³ A drama by Theodectes, who flourished at the time the art of drama in Greece was declining.

⁴ Heroine of two plays by Euripides, *Iphigenia at Aulis* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*. In the former play her father, Agamemnon, wishes to sacrifice her on the altar of Artemis in order to procure a good wind to take the Greek army to Troy. In the latter, after she has been rescued and has taken refuge among the Taurians, among whom she serves as priestess of Artemis, her brother Orestes is brought to the altar as a sacrifice. Iphigenia recognizes him and they flee together.

Two parts of the Plot, then, Peripety and Discovery, are on matters of this sort. A third part is Suffering; which we may define as an action of a destructive or painful nature, such as murders on the stage, tortures, woundings, and the like. The other two have been already explained.

The parts of Tragedy to be treated as formative elements in the whole were mentioned in a previous Chapter. From the point of view, however, of its quantity, i.e. the separate sections into which it is divided, a tragedy has the following parts: Prologue, Episode, Exode, and a choral portion, distinguished into Parode and Stasimon; these two are common to all tragedies, whereas songs from the stage and *Commoe* are only found in some. The Prologue is all that precedes the Parode of the chorus; an Episode all that comes in between two whole choral songs; the Exode all that follows after the last choral song. In the choral portion the Parode is the whole first statement of the chorus; a Stasimon, a song of the chorus without anapaests or trochees; a *Commos*, a lamentation sung by chorus and actor in concert. The parts of Tragedy to be used as formative elements in the whole we have already mentioned; the above are its parts from the point of view of its quantity, or the separate sections into which it is divided.

The next points after what we have said above will be these: (1) What is the poet to aim at, and what is he to avoid, in constructing his Plots? and (2) What are the conditions on which the tragic effect depends?

We assume that, for the finest form of Tragedy, the Plot must be not simple but complex; and further, that it must imitate actions arousing fear and pity, since that is the distinctive function of this kind of imitation. It follows, therefore, that there are three forms of Plot to be avoided. (1) A good man must not be seen passing from happiness to misery, or (2) a bad man

from misery to happiness. The first situation is not fear-inspiring or piteous, but simply odious to us. The second is the most untragic that can be; it has no one of the requisites of Tragedy; it does not appeal either to the human feeling in us, or to our pity, or to our fears. Nor, on the other hand, should (3) an extremely bad man be seen falling from happiness into misery. Such a story may arouse the human feeling in us, but it will not move us to either pity or fear; pity is occasioned by undeserved misfortune, and fear by that of one like ourselves; so that there will be nothing either piteous or fear-inspiring in the situation. There remains, then, the intermediate kind of personage, a man not pre-eminently virtuous and just, whose misfortune, however, is brought upon him not by vice and depravity but by some error of judgement, of the number of those in the enjoyment of great reputation and prosperity; e.g. Oedipus, Thyestes,¹ and the men of note of similar families. *The perfect Plot, accordingly, must have a single, and not (as some tell us) a double issue; the change in the hero's fortunes must be not from misery to happiness, but on the contrary from happiness to misery; and the cause of it must lie not in any depravity, but in some great error on his part; the man himself being either such as we have described, or better, not worse, than that. Fact also confirms our theory. Though the poets began by accepting any tragic story that came to hand, in these days the finest tragedies are always on the story of some few houses, on that of Alcmeon,² Oedipus, Orestes, Meleager,³ Thyestes, Telephus,⁴ or any others that may have been involved, as either agents or sufferers, in some deed of horror. The theoretically best tragedy, then, has a Plot of this description. The critics, therefore, are wrong who blame Euripides⁵ for taking this line in his tragedies, and giving many of them an unhappy ending. It is, as we

¹ He was forced through the vengeance of his brother, Atreus, father of Menelaus and Agamemnon, to eat the flesh of two of his own children.

² Like Orestes, Alcmeon killed his mother, Eriphyle, to avenge his father, and experienced the same punishment.

³ One of the heroes of the Argonautic expedition and another legendary victim of circumstances.

⁴ Son of Hercules and Auge, wounded by Achilles but cured by the rust of the same spear.

⁵ See note 1, page 189.

have said, the right line to take. The best proof is this: on the stage, and in the public performances, such plays, properly worked out, are seen to be the most truly tragic; and Euripides, even if his execution be faulty in every other point, is seen to be nevertheless the most tragic certainly of the dramatists. After this comes the construction of Plot which some rank first, one with a double story (like the *Odyssey*) and an opposite issue for the good and the bad personages. It is ranked as first only through the weakness of the audiences; the poets merely follow their public, writing as its wishes dictate. But the pleasure here is not that of Tragedy. It belongs rather to Comedy, where the bitterest enemies in the piece (e.g. Orestes and Ægisthus¹) walk off good friends at the end, with no slaying of any one by any one.

The tragic fear and pity may be aroused by the Spectacle; but they may also be aroused by the very structure and incidents of the play — which is the better way and shows the better poet. The Plot in fact should be so framed that, even without seeing the things take place, he who simply hears the account of them shall be filled with horror and pity at the incidents; which is just the effect that the mere recital of the story in *Ædipus* would have on one. To produce this same effect by means of the Spectacle is less artistic, and requires extraneous aid. Those, however, who make use of the Spectacle to put before us that which is merely monstrous and not productive of fear, are wholly out of touch with Tragedy; not every kind of pleasure should be required of a tragedy, but only its own proper pleasure.

The tragic pleasure is that of pity and fear, and the poet has to produce it by a work of imitation; it is clear, therefore, that the causes should be included in the incidents of his story. Let us see, then,

what kinds of incident strike one as horrible, or rather as piteous. In a deed of this description the parties must necessarily be either friends, or enemies, or indifferent to one another. Now when enemy does it on enemy, there is nothing to move us to pity either in his doing or in his meditating the deed, except so far as the actual pain of the sufferer is concerned; and the same is true when the parties are indifferent to one another. Whenever the tragic deed, however, is done within the family — when murder or the like is done or meditated by brother on brother, by son on father, by mother on son, or son on mother — these are the situations the poet should seek after. The traditional stories, accordingly, must be kept as they are, e.g. the murder of Clytæmnestra by Orestes² and of Eriphyle by Alcmeon. At the same time even with these there is something left to the poet himself; it is for him to devise the right way of treating them. Let us explain more clearly what we mean by 'the right way.' The deed of horror may be done by the doer knowingly and consciously, as in the old poets, and in Medea's murder of her children in Euripides.³ Or he may do it, but in ignorance of his relationship, and discover that afterwards, as does the *Ædipus* in Sophocles. Here the deed is outside the play; but it may be within it, like the act of the Alcmeon in Astydamos,⁴ or that of the Telegonus in *Ulysses Wounded*.⁵ A third possibility is for one meditating some deadly injury to another, in ignorance of his relationship, to make the discovery in time to draw back. These exhaust the possibilities, since the deed must necessarily be either done or not done, and either knowingly or unknowingly.

The worst situation is when the personage is with full knowledge on the point of doing the deed, and leaves it undone. It is odious and also (through the absence of

¹ Cousin of Agamemnon, whom the latter's wife, Clytemnestra, married after killing her husband.

² The basis of the tragedy of *Electra* by Euripides, *Electra* by Sophocles, and *Orestes* by Euripides. Orestes killed his mother in revenge for the death of his father, Agamemnon.

³ The climax of the tragedy *Medea* by Euripides. The story was also used by the late Latin tragic writer Seneca (see p. 116).

⁴ The reference is evidently to Astydamos the Elder, a follower of Euripides, who wrote a play about Alcmeon.

⁵ A play which is no longer known.

suffering) untragic; hence it is that no one is made to act thus except in some few instances, e.g. Hæmon and Creon in *Antigone*.¹ Next after this comes the actual perpetration of the deed meditated. A better situation than that, however, is for the deed to be done in ignorance, and the relationship discovered afterwards, since there is nothing odious in it, and the Discovery will serve to astound us. But the best of all is the last; what we have in *Cresphontes*,² for example, where Merope, on the point of slaying her son, recognizes him in time; in *Iphigenia*, where sister and brother are in a like position; and in *Helle*,³ where the son recognizes his mother, when on the point of giving her up to her enemy.

This will explain why our tragedies are restricted (as we said just now) to such a small number of families. It was accident rather than art that led the poets in quest of subjects to embody this kind of incident in their Plots. They are still obliged, accordingly, to have recourse to the families in which such horrors have occurred.

On the construction of the Plot, and the kind of Plot required for Tragedy, enough has now been said.

• In the Characters there are four points to aim at. First and foremost, that they shall be good. There will be an element of character in the play, if (as has been observed) what a personage says or does reveals a certain moral purpose; and a good element of character, if the purpose so revealed is good. Such goodness is possible in every type of personage, even in a woman or a slave, though the one is perhaps an inferior, and the other a wholly worthless being. The second point is to make them appropriate. The Character before us may be, say, manly; but it is not appropriate in a female Character to be manly, or clever. The third is to make

them like the reality, which is not the same as their being good and appropriate, in our sense of the term. The fourth is to make them consistent and the same throughout; even if inconsistency be part of the man before one for imitation as presenting that form of character, he should still be consistently inconsistent. We have an instance of baseness of character, not required for the story, in the Menelaus in *Orestes*; of the incongruous and unbecoming in the lamentation of Ulysses in *Scylla*,⁴ and in the (clever) speech of Melanippe; and of inconsistency in *Iphigenia at Aulis*, where Iphigenia the suppliant is utterly unlike the later Iphigenia. • The right thing, however, is in the Characters just as in the incidents of the play to endeavour always after the necessary or the probable; so that whenever such-and-such a personage says or does such-and-such a thing, it shall be the necessary or probable outcome of his character; and whenever this incident follows on that, it shall be either the necessary or the probable consequence of it. From this one sees (to digress for a moment) that the Dénouement also should arise out of the plot itself, and not depend on a stage-artifice,⁵ as in *Medea*, or in the story of the (arrested) departure of the Greeks⁶ in the *Iliad*. The artifice must be reserved for matters outside the play — for past events beyond human knowledge, or events yet to come, which require to be foretold or announced; since it is the privilege of the Gods to know everything. There should be nothing improbable among the actual incidents. If it be unavoidable, however, it should be outside the tragedy, like the improbability in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. But to return to the Characters. As Tragedy is an imitation of personages better than the ordinary man, we in our way should follow the example of good portrait-painters,

¹ A tragedy of Sophocles.

² Another unknown play.

³ The chariot of the sun which snatches Medea away from the vengeance of Jason in Euripides's *Medea*.

⁴ A lost play by Euripides.

⁵ A dithyramb by Timotheus.

⁶ This is a reference to Book II of the *Iliad*, where Agamemnon persuaded the Greeks to abandon the siege, but the gods intervened. There are many modern critics who would call this criticism unjust. Homer often uses the intervention of the gods as a literary device, intending to show that the actions of men are determined by the gods. In this particular instance Minerva inspires Ulysses to oppose the intended withdrawal.

who reproduce the distinctive features of a man, and at the same time, without losing the likeness, make him handsomer than he is. The poet in like manner, in portraying men quick or slow to anger, or with similar infirmities of character, must know how to represent them as such, and at the same time as good men, as Agathon and Homer have represented Achilles.

All these rules one must keep in mind throughout, and, further, those also for such points of stage-effect as directly depend on the art of the poet, since in these too one may often make mistakes. Enough, however, has been said on the subject in one of our published writings.

Discovery in general has been explained already. As for the species of Discovery, the first to be noted is (1) the least artistic form of it, of which the poets make most use through mere lack of invention, Discovery by signs or marks. Of these signs some are congenital, like the 'lance-head which the Earth-born have on them,'¹ or 'stars,' such as Carcinus² brings in his *Thyestes*; others acquired after birth — these latter being either marks on the body, e.g. scars, or external tokens, like necklaces, or (to take another sort of instance) the ark in the Discovery in *Tyro*.³ Even these, however, admit of two uses, a better and a worse; the scar of Ulysses is an instance; the Discovery of him through it is made in one way by the nurse⁴ and in another by the swineherds.⁵ A Discovery using signs as a means of assurance is less artistic, as indeed are all such as imply reflection; whereas one bringing them in all of a sudden, as in the *Bath-story*,⁶ is of a better order. Next after these are (2) Discoveries made directly by the poet; which are inartistic for that very reason; e.g. Orestes' Dis-

covery of himself in *Iphigenia*: whereas his sister reveals who she is by the letter, Orestes is made to say himself what the poet rather than the story demands. This, therefore, is not far removed from the first-mentioned fault, since he might have presented certain tokens as well. Another instance is the 'shuttle's voice' in the *Tereus*⁷ of Sophocles. (3) A third species is Discovery through memory, from a man's consciousness being awakened by something seen. Thus in *The Cyprine* of Dicaeogenes,⁸ the sight of the picture makes the man burst into tears; and in the *Tale of Alcinous*,⁹ hearing the harper Ulysses is reminded of the past and weeps; the Discovery of them being the result. (4) A fourth kind is Discovery through reasoning; e.g. in *The Choephoroe*¹⁰; 'One like me is here; there is no one like me but Orestes; he, therefore, must be here.' Or that which Polyidus the Sophist suggested for *Iphigenia*; since it was natural for Orestes to reflect: 'My sister was sacrificed and I am to be sacrificed like her.' Or that in the *Tydeus* of Theodectes: 'I came to find a son, and am to die myself.' Or that in *The Phinida*¹¹; on seeing the place the women inferred their fate, that they were to die there, since they had also been exposed there. (5) There is, too, a composite Discovery arising from bad reasoning on the side of the other party. An instance of it is in *Ulysses the False Messenger*¹²: he said he should know the bow — which he had not seen; but to suppose from that that he would know it again (as though he had once seen it) was bad reasoning. (6) The best of all Discoveries, however, is that arising from the incidents themselves, when the great surprise comes about through a probable incident, like

¹ This quotation is not identified.

² A tragic poet of the fifth century B.C., whose works have not come down to us.

³ A lost play by Euripides.

⁴ In *Odyssey*, Book XIX.

⁵ In *Odyssey*, Book XXI.

⁶ In *Odyssey*, Book XIX.

⁷ A play no longer extant.

⁸ A tragedian of the fourth century B.C. who is little more than a name to us now.

⁹ In *Odyssey*, Book VIII.

¹⁰ A play by Æschylus. The reference is made here to the recognition between Orestes and his sister Electra.

¹¹ An unknown play.

¹² Another unknown play.

that in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles¹; and also in *Iphigenia*; for it was not improbable that she should wish to have a letter taken home. These last are the only Discoveries independent of the artifice of signs and necklaces. Next after them come Discoveries through reasoning.

At the time when he is constructing his Plots, and engaged on the Diction in which they are worked out, the poet should remember (1) to put the actual scenes as far as possible before his eyes. In this way, seeing everything with the vividness of an eye-witness as it were, he will devise what is appropriate, and be least likely to overlook incongruities. This is shown by what was censured in Carcinus, the return of Amphiaraus from the sanctuary; it would have passed unnoticed, if it had not been actually seen by the audience; but on the stage his play failed, the incongruity of the incident offending the spectators. (2) As far as may be, too, the poet should even act his story with the very gestures of his personages. Given the same natural qualifications, he who feels the emotions to be described will be the most convincing; distress and anger, for instance, are portrayed most truthfully by one who is feeling them at the moment. • Hence it is that poetry demands a man with a special gift for it, or else one with a touch of madness in him; the former can easily assume the required mood, and the latter may be actually beside himself with emotion. (3) His story, again, whether already made or of his own making, he should first simplify and reduce to a universal form, before proceeding to lengthen it out by the insertion of episodes. The following will show how the universal element in *Iphigenia*, for instance, may be viewed: A certain maiden having been offered in sacrifice, and spirited away from her sacrificers into another land, where the custom was to sacrifice all strangers to the Goddess, she was made there the priestess of this rite. Long after

that the brother of the priestess happened to come; the fact, however, of the oracle having for a certain reason bidden him go thither, and his object in going, are outside the Plot of the play. On his coming he was arrested, and about to be sacrificed, when he revealed who he was — either as Euripides puts it, or (as suggested by Polyidus) by the not improbable exclamation, 'So I too am doomed to be sacrificed, as my sister was'; and the disclosure led to his salvation. This done, the next thing, after the proper names have been fixed as a basis for the story, is to work in episodes or accessory incidents. One must mind, however, that the episodes are appropriate, like the fit of madness² in Orestes, which led to his arrest, and the purifying,² which brought about his salvation. In plays, then, the episodes are short; in epic poetry they serve to lengthen out the poem. The argument of the *Odyssey* is not a long one. A certain man has been abroad many years; Poseidon is ever on the watch for him, and he is all alone. Matters at home too have come to this, that his substance is being wasted and his son's death plotted by suitors to his wife. Then he arrives there himself after his grievous sufferings; reveals himself, and falls on his enemies; and the end is his salvation and their death. This being all that is proper to the *Odyssey*, everything else in it is episode.

(4) There is a further point to be borne in mind. Every tragedy is in part Complication and in part Dénouement; the incidents before the opening scene, and often certain also of those within the play, forming the Complication; and the rest the Dénouement. By Complication I mean all from the beginning of the story to the point just before the change in the hero's fortunes; by Dénouement, all from the beginning of the change to the end. In the *Lynceus* of Theodectes, for instance, the Complication includes, together with the presupposed incidents, the seizure of the child and that in turn of the parents;

¹ Œdipus, after becoming king of Thebes and marrying his own mother, tries to find out who killed the former king. He institutes a thorough investigation, the result of which is the revelation of his own identity.

² Both episodes mentioned in *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Orestes, after killing his mother, was driven mad by the Furies.

and the Dénouement all from the indictment for the murder to the end. Now it is right, when one speaks of a tragedy as the same or not the same as another, to do so on the ground before all else of their Plot, i.e. as having the same or not the same Complication and Dénouement. Yet there are many dramatists who, after a good Complication, fail in the Dénouement. But it is necessary for both points of construction to be always duly mastered. (5) There are four distinct species of Tragedy — that being the number of the constituents also that have been mentioned: first, the complex Tragedy, which is all Peripety and Discovery; second, the Tragedy of suffering, e.g. the *Ajaxes* and *Ixions*,¹ third, the Tragedy of character, e.g. *The Phthioides* and *Peleus*.² The fourth constituent is that of 'Spectacle,' exemplified in *The Phoroides*,³ in *Prometheus*,⁴ and in all plays with the scene laid in the nether world. • The poet's aim, then, should be to combine every element of interest, if possible, or else the more important and the major part of them. This is now especially necessary owing to the unfair criticism to which the poet is subjected in these days. Just because there have been poets before him strong in the several species of tragedy, the critics now expect the one man to surpass that which was the strong point of each one of his predecessors. (6) One should also remember what has been said more than once, and not write a tragedy on an epic body of incident (i.e. one with a plurality of stories in it), by attempting to dramatize, for instance, the entire story of the *Iliad*. In the epic owing to its scale every part is treated at proper length; with a drama, however, on the same story the result is very disappointing. This

is shown by the fact that all who have dramatized the fall of Ilium in its entirety, and not part by part, like Euripides, or the whole of the Niobe story,⁴ instead of a portion, like Æschylus, either fail utterly or have but ill success on the stage; for that and that alone was enough to ruin even a play by Agathon. Yet in their Peripeties, as also in their simple plots, the poets I mean show wonderful skill in aiming at the kind of effect they desire — a tragic situation that arouses the human feeling in one, like the clever villain (e.g. Sisyphus)⁵ deceived, or the brave wrongdoer worsted. This is probable, however, only in Agathon's sense, when he speaks of the probability of even improbabilities coming to pass. (7) The Chorus too should be regarded as one of the actors; it should be an integral part of the whole, and take a share in the action — that which it has in Sophocles, rather than in Euripides. With the later poets, however, the songs in a play of theirs have no more to do with the Plot of that than of any other tragedy. Hence it is that they are now singing intercalary pieces, a practice first introduced by Agathon. And yet what real difference is there between singing such intercalary pieces, and attempting to fit in a speech, or even a whole act, from one play into another?

The Plot and Characters having been discussed, it remains to consider the Diction and Thought. As for the Thought, we may assume what is said of it in our Art of Rhetoric, as it belongs more properly to that department of inquiry. The Thought of the personages is shown in everything to be effected by their language — in every effort to prove or dis-

¹ *Ajax*, a play by Sophocles about the Trojan hero who went mad with suffering when he failed to receive the armor of Achilles. — *Ixion* was fastened to the circumference of a ceaselessly revolving wheel as a punishment for his lack of respect to Juno.

² A lost play by Sophocles. — *Peleus*, another lost play, sometimes attributed to Sophocles.

³ A play by Æschylus no longer extant. — *Prometheus*, probably a satyric drama by Æschylus; not the famous *Prometheus Bound*.

⁴ A famous tale of the daughter of Tantalus. She had six sons and six daughters, and on this account thought herself superior to the goddess Latona, mother of Apollo and Artemis. Indignant at her presumption, Apollo and Artemis killed all the children. The grief of Niobe, immortalized in an extant classic statue, has become proverbial as the expression of a mother's sorrow.

⁵ The work of Critias. It was originally attributed to Euripides by the ancients. A long fragment of the work has been preserved.

prove, to arouse emotion (pity, fear, anger, and the like), or to maximize or minimize things. It is clear, also, that their mental procedure must be on the same lines in their actions likewise, whenever they wish them to arouse pity or horror, or to have a look of importance or probability. The only difference is that with the act the impression has to be made without explanation; whereas with the spoken word it has to be produced by the speaker, and result from his language. What, indeed, would be the good of the speaker, if things appeared in the required light even apart from anything he says?

As regards the Diction, one subject for inquiry under this head is the turns given

to the language when spoken; e.g. the difference between command and prayer, simple statement and threat, question and answer, and so forth. The theory of such matters, however, belongs to Elocution and the professors of that art. Whether the poet knows these things or not, his art as a poet is never seriously criticized on that account. What fault can one see in Homer's 'Sing of the wrath, Goddess'?¹ which Protagoras² has criticized as being a command where a prayer was meant, since to bid one do or not do, he tells us, is a command. Let us pass over this, then, as appertaining to another art, and not to that of poetry.

LONGINUS

(213-273 A.D.)

The *Treatise Concerning Sublimity* is usually ascribed to a Longinus, who was minister to Zenobia, queen of Palmyra in the third century after Christ. The probability is, however, that it was written much earlier — possibly as early as the first century of the Christian era. There has been much difficulty in deciding what is the best English equivalent of the Greek term which Longinus uses to indicate the subject of his discourse. *On Genius, On the Grand Style, On the Sublime*, and various other translations of the title have been suggested. Perhaps it is best not to trouble ourselves much over the title, but to form an impression of the author's main idea by reading his work. Longinus was one of the first critics to penetrate beyond the mere outward machinery of style and seize upon the spirit that makes great literature. He does not abandon the idea of following rules and precepts, but he sets forth as the primary consideration the necessity of "stirring the hearer." Mere structural perfection is not enough; literature must have the divine fire. His critical ideas mark a distinct departure from the fixed and formal imitative practice of his own period. The translation of the treatise into French by the poet and critic Boileau (1674) gave it widespread recognition. From that time forward it held its place as a fundamental document in the field of criticism. Longinus was the first on the ground, and very little has been said since on the subject of sublimity that is not essentially repetition.

The selection here given is taken from the earlier part of the treatise, *Longinus on the Sublime*, translated by A. O. Prickard, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.

A TREATISE CONCERNING SUBLIMITY

CHAPTER II

We, however, must at once raise this further question: is there any art of sublimity or of its opposite? For some go so far as to think all who would bring such terms under technical rules to be entirely mistaken. 'Genius,' says one, 'is inbred,

not taught; there is one art for the things of genius, to be born with them.' All natural effects are spoilt, they think, by technical rules, and become miserable skeletons. I assert that the reverse will prove true on examination, if we consider that Nature, a law to herself as she mostly is in all that is passionate and lofty, yet is no creature of random impulse delighting in mere absence of method; that she is indeed herself the first and originating prin-

¹ The opening line of the *Iliad*.

² One of the Sophists.

ciple which underlies all things, yet rules of degree, of fitting occasion, of unerring practice, and of application can be determined by method and are its contribution; in a sense all greatness is exposed to a danger of its own, if left to itself without science to control, 'unsteadied, unballasted,' abandoned to mere velocity and uninstructed venture; greatness needs the spur often, it also needs the bit. What Demosthenes¹ shows to be true of the common life of men — that of all good things the greatest is good fortune, but a second, not inferior to the first, is good counsel, and that where the latter is wanting the former is at once cancelled — we may properly apply to literature; here Nature fills the place of good fortune, Art of good counsel. Also, and this is most important, it is only from Art that we can learn the very fact that certain effects in literature rest on Nature and on her alone. If, as I said, the critic who finds fault with earnest students would take all these things into his account, he would in my opinion no longer deem inquiry upon the subjects before us to be unnecessary or unfruitful.

(Here the equivalent of about six pages of this version has been lost.)

CHAPTER III

Stay they the furnace! quench the far-flung blaze!

For if I spy one crouching habitant,
I'll twist a lock, one lock of storm-borne flame,
And fire the roof, and char the halls to ash:
Not yet, not now my noble strain is raised.

All this is tragic no longer, but burlesque of tragic; 'locks,' 'to vomit up to heaven,' 'Boreas turned flute player,' and the rest. It is turbid in expression, and confused in imagery, not forcible; and if you examine each detail in clear light, you see a gradual sinking from the terrible to the contemptible. Now when in tragedy, which by its nature is pompous and admits bombast, tasteless rant is found to be unpardonable,

I should be slow to allow that it could be in place in true history. Thus we laugh at Gorgias² of Leontini for writing 'Xerxes the Zeus of the Persians' and 'vultures, those living tombs,' and at some passages in Callisthenes³ as being stilted, not sublime, and even more at some in Cleitarchus⁴; he is a mere fantastic, he 'puffs,' to apply the words of Sophocles, 'on puny pipes, but with no mellowing gag.' So with Amphicrates, Hegesias, and Matris⁵; they often appear to themselves to be possessed, really they are no inspired revellers but children at play. We may take it that turpidity is of all faults perhaps the most difficult to avoid. It is a fact of Nature that all men who aim at grandeur, in avoiding the reproach of being weak and dry, are, we know not how, borne off into turpidity, caught by the adage: — 'To lapse from greatness were a generous fault.' As in bodies, so in writings, all swellings which are hollow and unreal are bad, and very possibly work round to the opposite condition, for 'nothing,' they say, 'so dry as a man with dropsy.'

While tumidity thus tends to overshoot the sublime, puerility is the direct opposite of all that is great; it is in every sense low and small spirited, and essentially a most ignoble fault. What then is puerility? Clearly it is a pedantic conceit, which overdoes itself and becomes frigid at the last. Authors glide into this when they make for what is unusual, artificial, above all, agreeable, and so run on the reefs of nonsense and affectation. By the side of these is a third kind of vice, found in passages of strong feeling, and called by Theodorus⁶ 'Parenthyrsus.' This is passion out of place and unmeaning, where there is no call for passion, or unrestrained where restraint is needed. Men are carried aside, as if under strong drink, into expressions of feeling which have nothing to do with the subject, but are personal to themselves and academic: then they play clumsy an-

¹ The most renowned Greek orator (384-322 B.C.).

² A Sicilian teacher of rhetoric (about 480-370 B.C.).

³ Philosopher, historian, and rhetorician, a pupil of Aristotle (died about 328 B.C.).

⁴ Historian of Alexander the Great.

⁵ Respectively, an Athenian rhetorician who died about B.C. 70; a rhetorician, probably of the third century B.C., who wrote on Alexander the Great; and the author of an encomium on Hercules.

⁶ Of Gadara or Rhodes, instructor of the emperor Tiberius.

tics before an audience which has never been moved; it cannot be otherwise, when the speakers are in an ecstasy, and the hearers are not. But we reserve room to speak of the passions elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV

Of the second fault which we mentioned, frigidity, Timæus¹ is full; an able author in other respects, and not always wanting in greatness of style; learned, acute, but extremely critical of the faults of others, while insensible to his own; often sinking into mere childishness from an incessant desire to start new notions. I will set down one or two instances only from this author, since Cæcilius² has been before me with most of them. Praising Alexander the Great, he writes: 'who annexed all Asia in fewer years than Isocrates³ took to write his *Panegyricus* in support of war against the Persians.' Truly a wonderful comparison between the Macedonian and the Sophist: yes, Timæus, clearly the Lacedæmonians were far out-matched by Isocrates in valour, for they took Messene in thirty years, he composed his *Panegyricus* in ten! Then how he turns upon the Athenians captured in Sicily: 'Because they committed impiety against Hermes, and defaced his images, they suffered punishment for it, largely on account of one man, a descendant, on the father's side, of the injured god, Hermocrates,⁴ son of Hermon.' This makes me wonder, dear Terentianus, that he does not also write of the tyrant Dionysius⁵: 'He had shown impiety towards Zeus and Heracles; therefore he was deprived of his kingdom by Dion and Heraclides.'⁶ What need to speak of Timæus, when those heroes Xenophon and Plato, although they were of Socrates' own school, sometimes forgot themselves in such paltry attempts to

please. Thus Xenophon writes in the *Constitution of the Lacedæmonians*: 'I mean to say that you can no more hear their voices than if they were made of stone, no more draw their eyes aside than if they were made of brass; you might think them more modest than the maiden-pupils in their eyes.' It was worthy of Amphicrates,⁷ not of Xenophon, to call the pupils in our eyes 'modest maidens': but what a notion, to believe that the eyes of a whole row were modest, whereas they say that immodesty in particular persons is expressed by nothing so much as by the eyes. Addressing a forward person, 'Wine laden, dog-eyed!' says Homer. Timæus, however, as if clutching at stolen goods, has not left to Xenophon even this point of frigidity. He says, speaking of Agathocles,⁸ that he even carried off his cousin, who had been given in marriage to another man, from the solemnity of Unveiling; 'Now who would have done this, who had maidens, not harlots, in his eyes?' Nay, Plato, the divine, as at other times he is, wishing to mention tablets, says: 'they will write and store in the temples memorials of cypress wood,' and again 'concerning walls, O Megillus, I would take the Spartan view, to allow our walls to sleep on the ground where they lie, and not be raised again.' And Herodotus is hardly clear of this fault, when he calls beautiful women 'pains to the eyes'; though he has some excuse, for the speakers in Herodotus are barbarians and in drink: still, not even through the mouths of such characters is it well, out of sheer pettiness, to cut a clumsy figure before all time.

CHAPTER V

All these undignified faults spring up in literature from a single cause, the craving for intellectual novelties, on which, above

¹ A Sicilian historian (about 352-256 B.C.).

² A previous writer of a treatise on sublimity.

³ A great Athenian orator (436-338 B.C.).

⁴ A Syracusan general who defended his country against Athens in 414 B.C.

⁵ Tyrant of Syracuse, 430-367 B.C.

⁶ The author is twitting the historian because of his illogical conclusions on the basis of the mere fortuitous similarity of names.

⁷ An Athenian historian (about 444-354 B.C.).

⁸ Tyrant of Syracuse, 361-289 B.C.

all else, our own generation goes wild. It would almost be true to say that the sources of all the good in us are also the sources of all the bad. Thus beauties of expression, and all which is sublime, I will add, all which is agreeable, contribute to success in our writing; and yet every one of these becomes a principle and a foundation, as of success, so of its opposite. Much the same is to be said of changes of construction, hyperboles, plurals for singulars; we will show in the sequel the danger which seems to attend each. Therefore it is necessary at once to raise the question directly, and to show how it is possible for us to escape the vices thus intimately mingled with the sublime.

CHAPTER VI

It is possible, my friend, to do this, if we could first of all arrive at a clear and discriminating knowledge of what true sublimity is. Yet this is hard to grasp: judgement of style is the last and ripest fruit of much experience. Still, if I am to speak in the language of precept, it is perhaps not impossible, from some such remarks as follow, to attain to a right decision upon the matter.

CHAPTER VII

We must, dear friend, know this truth. As in our ordinary life nothing is great which it is a mark of greatness to despise; as fortunes, offices, honours, kingdoms, and such like, things which are praised so pompously from without, could never appear, at least to a sensible man, to be surpassingly good, since actual contempt for them is a good of no mean kind (certainly men admire, more than those who have them, those who might have them, but in greatness of soul let them pass); even so it is with all that is elevated in poetry and prose writings; we have to ask whether it may be that they have that image of greatness to which so much careless praise is attached, but on a close scrutiny would be found vain and hollow, things which it is nobler to despise than to admire. For it is a fact of Nature that the soul is raised by true sublimity, it gains a proud step upwards, it is filled with joy

and exultation, as though itself had produced what it hears. Whenever therefore anything is heard frequently by a man of sense and literary experience, but does not dispose his mind to high thoughts, nor leave in it material for fresh reflection, beyond what is actually said; while it sinks, if you look carefully at the whole context, and dwindles away, this can never be true sublimity, being preserved so long only as it is heard. That is really great, which gives much food for fresh reflection; which it is hard, nay impossible, to resist; of which the memory is strong and indelible. You may take it that those are beautiful and genuine effects of sublimity which please always, and please all. For when men of different habits, lives, ambitions, ages, all take one and the same view about the same writings, the verdict and pronouncement of such dissimilar individuals give a powerful assurance, beyond all gainsaying, in favour of that which they admire.

CHAPTER VIII

Now there are five different sources, so to call them, of lofty style, which are the most productive; power of expression being presupposed as a foundation common to all five types, and inseparable from any. First and most potent is the faculty of grasping great conceptions, as I have defined it in my work on Xenophon. Second comes passion, strong and impetuous. These two constituents of sublimity are in most cases native-born, those which now follow come through art: the proper handling of figures, which again seem to fall under two heads, figures of thought, and figures of diction; then noble phraseology, with its subdivisions, choice of words, and use of tropes and of elaboration; and fifthly, that cause of greatness which includes in itself all that preceded it, dignified and spirited composition. Let us now look together at what is included under each of these heads, premising that Cæcilius has passed over some of the five, for instance, passion. If he did so under the idea that sublimity and feeling are one and the same thing, coexistent and of common origin, he is entirely wrong.

For some passions may be found which are distinct from sublimity and are humble, as those of pity, grief, fear; and again, in many cases, there is sublimity without passion; take, besides countless other instances, the poet's own venture—some lines on the Alodæ:

Upon Olympus Ossa, leafy Pelion

On Ossa would they pile, a stair to heaven¹;

and the yet grander words which follow: 10

Now had they worked their will.

In the Orators, again, speeches of panegyric, pomp, display, exhibit on every hand majesty and the sublime, but commonly lack passion: hence Orators of much passion succeed least in panegyric, and again the panegyrists are not strong in passion. Or if, on the other hand, Cæcilius did not think that passion ever contributes to sublimity, and, therefore, 20 held it undeserving of mention, he is quite in error. I should feel confidence in maintaining that nothing reaches great eloquence so surely as genuine passion in the right place; it breathes the vehemence 25 of frenzy and divine possession, and makes the very words inspired.

CHAPTER IX

After all, however, the first element, 30 great natural genius, covers far more ground than the others: therefore, as to this also, even if it be a gift rather than a thing acquired, yet so far as is possible we must nurture our souls to all that is great, 35 and make them, as it were, teem with noble endowment. How? you will ask. I have myself written in another place to this effect: — 'Sublimity is the note which rings from a great mind.' Thus it is that, 40 without any utterance, a notion, unclothed and unsupported, often moves our wonder, because the very thought is great: the silence of Ajax in the book of the Lower

World is great, and more sublime than any words. First, then, it is quite necessary to presuppose the principle from which this springs: the true Orator must have no low ungenerous spirit, for it is not possible that they who think small thoughts, fit for slaves, and practise them in all their daily life, should put out anything to deserve wonder and immortality. Great words issue, and it cannot be otherwise, from those whose thoughts are weighty. So it is on the lips of men of the highest spirit that words of rare greatness are found. Take the answer of Alexander to Parmenio,² who had said 'I were content . . .'

(Here about eighteen pages have been lost.)

. . . the distance from earth to heaven,

a measure one may call it of the stature as well of Homer as of Strife.³ Unlike this is the passage of Hesiod⁴ about Gloom (if *The Shield* is really to be assigned to Hesiod), 'From out her nostrils rheum in streams was poured': he has made the picture hateful, not terrible. But how does Homer make great all that belongs to gods?

Far as the region of blank air in sight
Of one who sitting on some beacon height
Views the long wine-dark barrens of the deep
Such space the horses of the realm of light
Urged by the gods, as on they strain and sweep,
While their hoofs thunder aloft, bound over at one leap.

He measures their leap by the interval of the boundaries of the world. Who might not justly exclaim, when he marked this extravagance in greatness, that, if the horses of the gods make two leaps, leap after leap, they will no longer find room within the world. Passing great too are the appearances in the Battle of the Gods: —

Heaven sent its clarion forth: Olympus too:

¹ The gigantic Alodæ (Otus and Ephialtes) attempted, by piling Mount Ossa upon Olympus and Mount Pelion on top of all, to scale the skies and dethrone the immortals. Jupiter slew them with his lightning.

² The story is that one of Alexander's most trusted commanders, Parmenio, said to his master that, if he were Alexander, he would be content to end the war on those terms, and run no further risks. Alexander answered that he, too, if he were Parmenio, would do the same.

³ This personage is described by Homer as follows:

"small of stature, a low head
At first she rears, but soon with loftier claim,
Her forehead in the sky, the earth doth tread."

⁴ Greek poet who flourished about 776 B.C.

Trembled too Hades in his gloomy reign,
And leapt up with a scream, lest o'er his head
Poseidon cleave the solid earth in twain,
And open the pale kingdom of the dead
Horrible, foul with blight, which e'en Immortals
dread.

You see, comrade, how, when earth is
torn up from its foundations, and Tartarus¹
itself laid bare, and the Universe
suffers overthrow and dissolution, all
things at once, heaven and hell, things
mortal and immortal, mingle in the war
and the peril of that fight. Yet all this is
terrible indeed, though, unless taken as
allegory, thoroughly impious and out of
proportion. For when Homer presents to
us woundings of the gods, their factions,
revenges, tears, bonds, sufferings, all
massed together, it seems to me that, as
he has done his uttermost to make the men
of the Trojan war gods, so he has made
the gods men. Only for us, when we are
miserable, a harbour from our ills is re-
served in death; the gods, as he draws
them, are everlasting, not in their nature,
but in their unhappiness. Far better than
the 'Battle of the Gods' are the passages
which show us divinity as something un-
defiled and truly great, with no admixture;
for instance, to take a passage which has
been worked out by many before us, the
lines on Poseidon:

Tall mountains and wild woods, from height to
height,
The city and the vessels by the main . . .
Rocked to the immortal feet that, hurrying,
bare
Poseidon in his wrath . . .
. . . the light wheels along the sea-plain rolled;
From cave and lair the creatures of the deep
Flocked to sport round him, and the crystal
heap
Of waters in wild joy disparting know
Their lord, and as the fleet pair onward sweep . . .

Thus too the lawgiver of the Jews, no
common man, when he had duly conceived
the power of the Deity, showed it forth as
duly. At the very beginning of his Laws, 45
'God said,' he writes — What? 'Let there
be light, and there was light, let there be
earth, and there was earth.' Perhaps I

shall not seem wearisome, comrade, if I
quote to you one other passage from the
poet, this time on a human theme, that
you may learn how he accustoms his read-
ers to enter with him into majesties which
are more than human. Gloom and im-
penetrable night suddenly cover the battle
of the Greeks before him; then Ajax, in
his helplessness, says: —

Zeus, sire, do thou the veil of darkness rend,
And make clear daylight, that our eyes may see:
Then in the light e'en slay us —.

Here is the very truth of the passion of
Ajax: he does not pray to live — such a
petition were too humble for the hero —
but when in impracticable darkness he
could dispose his valour to no good pur-
pose, chafing that he stands idle for the
battle, he prays for light at the speediest,
sure of finding therein at the worst a
burial worthy of his valour, even if Zeus
be arrayed against him. Truly the spirit
of Homer goes along with every struggle,
in full and carrying gale; he feels the
very thing himself, he 'rages; —

Not fire in densest mountain glade,
Nor spear-armed Ares² e'er raged dreadfuller:
Foam started from his lips, . . .

Yet he shows throughout the *Odyssey* (for
there are many reasons why we must look
closely into passages from that poem also),
that, when a great genius begins to de-
cline, the love of story-telling is a mark of
its old age. It is clear from many other
indications that this work was the second;
but more particularly from the fact that
he introduces throughout the *Odyssey*
remnants of the sufferings before Ilium,
as so many additional episodes of the
Trojan war; ay, and renders to its heroes
fresh lamentations and words of pity, as
though awarded in some far distant time.
Yes, the *Odyssey* is nothing but an epi-
logue of the *Iliad*: —

There the brave Aias³ and Achilles lie;
Patroclus there, whose wisdom matched the
gods on high;
There too Antilochus⁴ my son. . . .

¹ Hades.

² Mars.

³ Son of Telamon, one of the claimants to Achilles's arms after the latter's death. The arms were
given to Ulysses.

⁴ Son of Nestor.

From the same cause, I think, writing the *Iliad* in the heyday of his spirit, he made the whole structure dramatic and combative; that of the *Odyssey* is in the main narrative, which is the special mark of age. So it is that in the *Odyssey* one might liken Homer to a setting sun; the intensity is gone, but there remains the greatness. Here the tone of those great lays of Ilium is no longer maintained — the passages on one level of sublimity with no sinking anywhere, the same stream of passion poured upon passion, the readiness of turn, the closeness to life, the throng of images all drawn from the truth: as when Ocean¹ retires into himself, and is left lonely around his proper bounds, only the ebbings of his greatness are left to our view, and a wandering among the shallows of the fabulous and the incredible. While I say²⁰ this, I have not forgotten the storms in the *Odyssey*, nor the story of the Cyclops, nor certain other passages; I am describing an old age, but the old age of Homer. Still in all these, as they follow one another, fable prevails over action. I entered upon this digression, as I said, in order to show how very easily great genius, when the prime is passed, is turned aside to trifling: there are the stories of the wine-skin, of the companions turned by Circe to swine (whom Zoilus² called 'porkers in tears'), of Zeus fed by doves like a young bird, of Ulysses ten days without food on the wreck, there are the incredible details of the slaying of the Suitors. What can we call these but in very truth 'dreams of Zeus'? A second reason why the incidents of the *Odyssey* also should be discussed is this; that you may recognize how the decline of passion in great writers and poets passes away into character drawing: the sketches of life in the household of Ulysses much resemble a comedy of character.

LATIN

LUCRETIVUS

(95?–51? B.C.)

The life of Lucretius, one of the greatest of Roman poets and thinkers, is unfortunately obscure. About all that is known is that he belonged to the famous Lucretian family and that he lived during the most troublous times of the Roman Republic. It may be that the cruelty and bloodshed which were constantly before him were responsible for the vein of sadness that runs through his great poem *On the Nature of Things*.

It is usually supposed that he went to Greece and studied philosophy under Zeno, the famous disciple of Epicurus. The tradition that Lucretius went insane and that his poem *On the Nature of Things* (ca. 55 B.C.) was completed during his lucid intervals is, in all likelihood, false. It is apparently true, however, that he killed himself shortly after he passed his fortieth year, some say on the very day that Vergil came of age.

Lucretius is more admired in modern times than he was in his own day, or in the periods immediately following. He is mentioned with appreciation by some of the Latin writers, but there is little to show that he was properly valued, either as a poet or a philosopher. Whatever praise has been given to him in subsequent years, down almost to the present day, is nearly all in appreciation of his philosophy rather than of his poetry. Today we recognize him not only as a great thinker but as a master of poetic expression and as one of the foremost interpreters of Nature. The arguments with which he defends the principles of Epicurus have been quoted by the rationalists almost as often as Plato's by the spiritualists, and his arguments against the existence of the pagan gods of Rome have often been taken over and applied, with little change, to the Christian God by skeptical philosophers of several centuries.

This selection is taken from T. Lucretius Carus, *Of the Nature of Things*, a metrical translation by W. E. Leonard, London, Dent, 1921.

¹ According to Homer, River Ocean, a deep and mighty flood, encircling land and sea like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, was the beginning of everything.

² An envious and prejudiced critic of Homer during the fourth century before Christ.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS

BOOK I

Proem

Mother of Rome, delight of Gods and men,
 Dear Venus ¹ that beneath the gliding stars
 Makest to teem the many-voyaged main
 And fruitful lands — for all of living things
 Through thee alone are evermore conceived,
 Through thee are risen to visit the great
 sun —
 Before thee, Goddess, and thy coming on,
 Flee stormy wind and massy cloud away,
 For thee the dædal Earth bears scented
 flowers,
 For thee the waters of the unvexed deep
 Smile, and the hollows of the serene sky
 Glow with diffuséd radiance for thee!
 For soon as comes the springtime face of
 day,
 And procreant gales blow from the West
 unbarred,
 First fowls of air, smit to the heart by thee,
 Foretoken thy approach, O thou Divine,
 And leap the wild herds round the happy
 fields
 Or swim the bounding torrents. Thus
 amain,
 Seized with the spell, all creatures follow
 thee
 Whithersoever thou walkest forth to lead,
 And thence through seas and mountains
 and swift streams,
 Through leafy homes of birds and greening
 plains,
 Kindling the lure of love in every breast,
 Thou bringest the eternal generations
 forth,
 Kind after kind. And since 'tis thou alone
 Guidest the Cosmos, and without thee
 naught
 Is risen to reach the shining shores of light,
 Nor aught of joyful or of lovely born,

Thee do I crave co-partner in that verse
 Which I presume on Nature to compose
 For Memmius ² mine, whom thou hast
 willed to be
 5 Peerless in every grace at every hour —
 Wherefore indeed, Divine one, give my
 words
 Immortal charm. Lull to a timely rest
 O'er sea and land the savage works of war,
 10 For thou alone hast power with public
 peace
 To aid mortality; since he who rules
 The savage works of battle, puissant Mars,
 How often to thy bosom flings his strength
 O'er-mastered by the eternal wound of
 love —
 And there, with eyes and throat full back-
 ward thrown,
 Gazing, my Goddess, open-mouthed at
 thee,
 Pastures on love his greedy sight, his
 breath
 Hanging upon thy lips. Him thus reclined
 Fill with thy holy body, round, above!
 25 Pour from those lips soft syllables to win
 Peace for the Romans, glorious lady,
 peace!
 For in a season troublous to the state
 Neither may I attend this task of mine
 30 With thought untroubled, nor mid such
 events
 The illustrious scion of the Memmian
 house ³
 Neglect the civic cause.
 Whilst human kind
 Throughout the lands lay miserably
 crushed
 Before all eyes beneath Religion ⁴ — who
 Would show her head along the region
 skies,
 Glowering on mortals with her hideous
 face —
 A Greek ⁵ it was who first opposing dared
 Raise mortal eyes that terror to withstand,
 Whom nor the fame of Gods nor lightning's
 stroke

¹ Lucretius, actually a disbeliever in supernatural agency, addresses Venus of course fancifully. The Romans traced their origin to Æneas, who was the son of Venus by Anchises.

² Pupil and beloved friend of Lucretius, and one of an illustrious group occupied with the brilliant revival of the Epicurean school.

³ Sensible of the high claims of the public upon Memmius' time, Lucretius asks of him only the moments Rome can spare.

⁴ Religion was for Lucretius synonymous with superstition, and hence was false.

⁵ Epicurus.

Nor threatening thunder of the ominous
sky

Abashed; but rather chafed to angry zest
His dauntless heart to be the first to rend
The crossbars at the gates of Nature old.
And this his will and hardy wisdom won;
And forward thus he fared afar, beyond
The flaming ramparts of the world, until
He wandered the immeasurable All.
When he to us, a conqueror, reports
What things can rise to being, what cannot,
And by what law to each its scope pre-
scribed,

Its boundary stone that clings so deep in
Time.

Wherefore Religion now is under foot,
And us his victory now exalts to heaven.

I know how hard it is in Latin verse
To tell the dark discoveries of the Greeks,
Chiefly because our pauper-speech must
find

Strange terms to fit the strangeness of the
thing;

Yet worth of thine and the expected joy
Of thy sweet friendship do persuade me on
To bear all toil and wake the clear nights
through,

Seeking with what of words and what of
song

I may at last most gloriously uncloud
For thee the light beyond, wherewith to
view

The core of being at the centre hid.
And for the rest, summon to judgments
true,

Unbusied ears and singleness of mind
Withdrawn from cares; lest these my gifts,
arranged

For thee with eager service, thou disdain
Before thou comprehendest: since for thee
I prove the supreme law of Gods and sky,
And the primordial germs of things unfold,
Whence Nature all¹ creates, and multi-
plies

And fosters all, and whither she resolves
Each in the end when each is overthrown.
This ultimate stock we have devised to
name

Procreant atoms, matter, seeds of things,
Or primal bodies, as primal as the world.

I fear perhaps thou deemest that we fare
An impious road to realms of thought pro-
fane;

But 'tis that same religion oftener far
Hath bred the foul impieties of men:
As once at Aulis, the elected chiefs,
Foremost of heroes, Danaan counsellors,
Defiled Diana's altar, virgin queen,
With Agamemnon's daughter,² foully slain.
She felt the chaplet round her maiden
locks

And fillets, fluttering down on either cheek,
And at the altar marked her grieving sire,
The priests beside him who concealed the
knife,

And all the folk in tears at sight of her.
With a dumb terror and a sinking knee
She dropped; nor might avail her now that
first

'Twas she that gave the king a father's
name.

They raised her up, they bore the trem-
bling girl

On to the altar — hither led not now
With solemn rites and hymeneal choir,
But sinless woman, sinfully foredone,
A parent felled her on her bridal day,
Making his child a sacrificial beast

To give the ships auspicious winds for
Troy:

Such are the crimes to which religion leads.
For there shall come a time when even
thou,

Forced by the soothsayer's terror-tales,
shalt seek

To break from us. Ah, many a dream even
now

Can they concoct to rout thy plans of life,
And trouble all thy fortunes with base
fears.

I own with reason: for, if man but knew
Some fixed end to ills, they would be strong
By some device unconquered to with-
stand

Religions and the menacings of seers.
But now no skill nor instrument is theirs,

¹ Epicurus and Lucretius distinguish between the *all* and what they call *mundus*, the world. The *all* is the universe, infinite, eternal, unbeginning, and incapable of increase or decrease; the world is only a part of it, finite, has a beginning and is likely to have an end.

² Lucretius, apprehensive that his pupil may charge him with the design to delude his understanding, instances the cruel sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Since men must dread eternal pains in death.

For what the soul may be they do not know,

Whether 'tis born, or enter in at birth,
And whether, snatched by death, it die with us,

Or visit the shadows and the vasty caves
Of Orcus,¹ or by some divine decree
Enter the brute herds, as our Ennius sang,
Who first from lovely Helicon brought down

A laurel wreath of bright perennial leaves,
Renowned forever among the Italian clans.

Yet Ennius² too in everlasting verse
Proclaims those vaults of Acheron to be,
Though thence, he said, nor souls nor bodies fare,

But only phantom figures, strangely wan,
And tells how once from out those regions²⁰
rose

Old Homer's ghost to him and shed salt tears

And with his words unfolded Nature's source.

Then be it ours with steady mind to clasp
The purport of the skies — the law behind
The wandering courses of the sun and moon;

To scan the powers that speed all life be-³⁰
low;

But most to see with reasonable eyes
Of what the mind, of what the soul is made,

And what it is so terrible that breaks
On us asleep, or waking in disease,
Until we seem to mark or hear at hand
Dead men whose bones earth bosomed long ago.

Substance is Eternal

This terror, then, this darkness of the mind,

Not sunrise with its flaring spokes of light,
Nor glittering arrows of morning can dis-⁴⁵
perse,

But only Nature's aspect³ and her law,
Which, teaching us, hath this exordium:

Nothing from nothing ever yet was born.

Fear holds dominion over mortality
Only because, seeing in land and sky
So much the cause whereof no wise they
5 know,

Men think Divinities are working there.
Meantime, when once we know from
nothing still

Nothing can be create, we shall divine
10 More clearly what we seek: those elements
From which alone all things created are,
And how accomplished by no tool of Gods.
Suppose all sprang from all things: any
kind

15 Might take its origin from anything,
No fixed seed required. Men from the sea
Might rise, and from the land the scaly
breed,

And fowl full fledged come bursting from
the sky;

The hornéd cattle, the herds and all the
wild

Would haunt with varying offspring tilth
and waste;

25 Nor would the same fruits keep their olden
trees,

But each might grow from any stock or
limb

By chance and change. Indeed, and were
there not

For each its procreant atoms, could things
have

Each its unalterable mother old?

But, since produced from fixed seeds are
35 all,

Each birth goes forth upon the shores of
light

From its own stuff, from its own primal
bodies.

40 And all from all cannot become, because
In each resides a secret power its own.

Again, why see we lavished o'er the lands
At spring the rose, at summer heat the
corn,

45 The vines that mellow when the autumn
lures,

If not because the fixed seed of things

At their own season must together stream,

¹ The Lower World.

² A Latin poet who lived about a hundred years before Lucretius and who was the first after Homer to write an epic and heroic poem. He held the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls, and affirmed that the soul of Homer was in his body.

³ "Only Nature's aspect" means "reason alone."

And new creations only be revealed
 When the due time arrives and pregnant
 earth
 Safely may give unto the shores of light
 Her tender progenies? But if from naught
 Were their becoming, they would spring
 abroad
 Suddenly, unforeseen, in alien months,
 With no primordial germs, to be pre-
 served
 From procreant unions at an adverse
 hour.
 Nor on the mingling of the living seeds
 Would space be needed for the growth of
 things
 Were life an increment of nothing: then
 The tiny babe forthwith would walk a
 man,
 And from the turf would spring a branch-
 ing tree —
 Wonders unheard of; for, by Nature, each
 Slowly increases from its lawful seed,
 And through that increase shall conserve
 its kind.
 Whence take the proof that things enlarge
 and feed
 From out their proper matter. Thus it
 comes
 That earth, without her seasons of fixed
 rains,
 Could bear no produce such as makes us
 glad,
 And whatsoever lives, if shut from food,
 Prolongs its kind and guards its life no
 more.
 Thus easier 'tis to hold that many things
 Have primal bodies in common (as we see
 The single letters common to many words)
 Than aught exists without its origins.
 Moreover, why should Nature not prepare
 Men of a bulk to ford the seas afoot
 Or rend the mighty mountains with their
 hands,
 Or conquer time with length of days, if not
 Because for all begotten things abides
 The changeless stuff, and what from that
 may spring
 Is fixed forevermore? Lastly we see
 How far the tilled surpass the fields un-
 tilled
 And to the labour of our hands return
 50

Their more abounding crops; there are
 indeed
 Within the earth primordial germs of
 things,
 5 Which, as the ploughshare turns the fruit-
 ful clods
 And kneads the mould, we quicken into
 birth.
 Else would ye make, without all toil of ours,
 10 Spontaneous generations, fairer forms.
 Confess then, naught from nothing can be-
 come,
 Since all must have their seeds, wherefrom
 to grow,
 15 Wherefrom they reach the gentle fields of
 air.
 Hence too it comes that Nature all dis-
 solves
 Into their primal bodies again, and naught
 20 Perishes ever to annihilation.
 For were aught mortal in its every part,
 Before our eyes it might be snatched away
 Unto destruction; since no force were
 needed
 25 To sunder its members and undo its bands.
 Whereas, of truth, because all things exist,
 With seed imperishable, Nature allows
 Destruction or collapse of aught, until
 Some outward force may shatter by a blow,
 30 Or inward craft, entering its hollow cells,
 Dissolve it down. And more than this, if
 Time,
 That wastes with eld the works along the
 world,
 35 Destroy entire, consuming matter all,
 Whence may then Venus back to light of
 life
 Restore the generations kind by kind?
 Or how, when thus restored, may dædal
 Earth
 Foster and plenish with her ancient food,
 Which, kind by kind, she offers unto each?
 Whence may the water-springs, beneath
 the sea,
 45 Or inland rivers, far and wide away,
 Keep the unfathomable ocean full?
 And out of what does Ether feed the
 stars? ¹
 For lapsed years and infinite age must
 else
 50 Have eat all shapes of mortal stock away:

¹ The opinion that the starry fires were necessarily fed and sustained by exhalations from the earth and its oceans was not peculiar to the Epicureans.

But be it the Long Ago contained these
germs,

By which this sum of things recruited lives,
Those same infallibly can never die,
Nor nothing to nothing evermore return.
And, too, the selfsame power might end
alike

All things, were they not still together held
By matter eternal, shackled through its
parts,

Now more, now less. A touch might be
enough

To cause destruction. For the slightest
force

Would loose the web¹ of things wherein
no part

Were of imperishable stock. But now
Because the fastenings of the primordial
parts

Are put together diversely and stuff
Is everlasting, things abide the same
Unhurt and sure, until some power comes
on

Strong to destroy the warp and woof of
each:

Nothing returns to naught; but all re-
turn

At their collapse to primal forms of stuff.
Lo, the rains perish which the Ether-father
throws

Down to the bosom of the Earth-mother;
but then

Upsprings the shining grain, and boughs
are green

Amid the trees, and trees themselves wax
big

And lade themselves with fruits; and
hence in turn

The race of man and all the wild are fed;
Hence joyful cities thrive with boys and
girls;

And leafy woodlands echo with new birds;
Hence cattle, fat and drowsy, lay their
bulk

Along the joyous pastures whilst the drops
Of white ooze trickle from distended bags;

Hence the young scamper on their weak-
ling joints

Along the tender herbs, fresh hearts afisk
With warm new milk. Thus naught of
what so seems

Perishes utterly, since Nature ever
Upbuilds one thing from other, suffering
naught

To come to birth but through some other's
death.

BOOK II

Proem

'Tis sweet, when, down the mighty main,
the winds

Roll up its waste of waters, from the land
To watch another's labouring anguish far,
Not that we joyously delight that man

Should thus be smitten, but because 'tis
sweet

To mark what evils we ourselves be
spared;

'Tis sweet, again,² to view the mighty
strife

Of armies embattled yonder o'er the plains,
Ourselves no sharers in the peril; but
naught

There is more goodly than to hold the high
Serene plateaus,³ well fortified by the
wise,

Whence thou may'st look below on other
men

And see them ev'rywhere wand'ring, all
dispersed

In their lone seeking for the road of life;
Rivals in genius, or emulous in rank,

Pressing through days and nights with
hugest toil

For summits of power and mastery of the
world.⁴

O wretched minds of men! O blinded
hearts!

In how great perils, in what darks of life
Are spent the human years, however
brief! —

¹ A web or a woven thing.

² In this excellent metaphor the poet teaches that the life of a wise man is placed in tranquillity of mind and indolence of body. This was the doctrine of Epicurus.

³ The emphasis through the following sixty lines upon moderated desire and philosophical pleasure indicates a mind not only gifted above others but devoted to the ardent pursuit of knowledge and the diligent cultivation of morals.

⁴ For an Epicurean no state of life could be more unhappy than that of being the chief in a government.

O not to see that Nature for herself
 Barks after nothing, save that pain keep
 off.¹
 Disjoined from the body, and that mind
 enjoy
 Delightsome feeling, far from care and fear!
 Therefore we see that our corporeal life
 Needs little, altogether, and only such
 As takes the pain away, and can besides
 Strew underneath some number of delights. 10
 More grateful 'tis at times (for nature
 craves
 No artifice or luxury), if forsooth
 There be no golden images of boys²
 Along the halls, with right hands holding 15
 out
 The lamps ablaze, the lights for evening
 feasts,
 And if the house doth glitter not with gold
 Nor gleam with silver, and to the lyre re- 20
 sound
 No fretted and gilded ceilings overhead,
 Yet still to lounge with friends in the soft
 grass
 Beside a river of water, underneath
 A big tree's boughs, and merrily to refresh
 Our frames, with no vast outlay — most of
 all
 If the weather is laughing and the times of
 year
 Besprinkle the green of the grass around
 with flowers.
 Nor yet the quicker will hot fevers go,
 If on a pictured tapestry thou toss,
 Or purple robe, than if 'tis thine to lie 35
 Upon the poor man's bedding. Where-
 fore, since
 Treasure, nor rank, nor glory of a reign
 Avail us naught for this our body, thus
 Reckon with them likewise nothing for 40
 the mind:
 Save then perchance, when thou beholdest
 forth
 Thy legions swarming round the Field of
 Mars,

Rousing a mimic warfare — either side
 Strengthened with large auxiliaries and
 horse,
 Alike equipped with arms, alike inspired;
 5 Or save when also thou beholdest forth
 Thy fleets to swarm, deploying down the
 sea:
 For then, by such bright circumstance
 abashed,
 Religion pales and flees thy mind; oh then
 The fears of death leave heart so free of
 care.
 But if we note how all this pomp at last
 Is but a drollery and a mocking sport,
 15 And of a truth man's dread, with cares at
 heels,
 Dreads not these sounds of arms, these
 savage swords,
 But among kings and lords of all the world
 Mingles undaunted, nor is overawed
 By gleam of gold nor by the splendour
 bright
 Of purple robe, canst thou then doubt that
 this
 25 Is aught, but power of thinking? — when,
 besides,
 The whole of life but labours in the dark.
 For just as children tremble and fear all
 In the viewless dark,³ so even we at times
 30 Dread in the light so many things that be
 No whit more fearsome than what children
 feign,
 Shuddering, will be upon them in the dark.
 This terror, then, this darkness of the
 35 mind,
 Not sunrise with its flaring spokes of light,
 Nor glittering arrows of morning can dis-
 perse,
 But only nature's aspect and her law.

Atomic Motions

Now come: I will untangle for thy steps
 Now by what motions the begetting bodies
 Of the world-stuff beget the varied world,
 45 And then forever resolve it when begot,⁴

¹ The Epicureans did not chiefly follow the pleasures that affect the senses with delight but held the greatest of all pleasures to consist in an exemption from grief and pain.

² Golden statues formerly used in the houses of the rich during times of celebration.

³ As children in the dark dread everything and imagine ridiculous dangers, so all men are terrified with the supernatural beliefs which, according to Epicurus, are but the daydreams of a crazy mind.

⁴ The reason things grow is that some particles of matter fly off and adhere to them; the reason they diminish is that some minute particles having lost their hold retire and fly away from them. It would be absurd to say that these particles either come or go without motion.

And by what force they are constrained to
this,

And what the speed appointed unto them
Wherewith to travel down the vast inane:
Do thou remember to yield thee to my
words.

For truly matter coheres not, crowds not
tight,

Since we behold each thing to wane away,
And we observe how all flows on and off, 10
As 'twere, with age-old time, and from
our eyes

How eld withdraws each object at the end,
Albeit the sum is seen to bide the same,
Unharm'd, because these motes that leave 15
each thing

Diminish what they part from, but endow
With increase those to which in turn they
come,

Constraining these to wither in old age, 20
And those to flower at the prime (and yet
Biding not long time among them). Thus
the sum

Forever is replenished, and we live
As mortals by eternal give and take.
The nations wax, the nations wane away;
In a brief space the generations pass,
And like to runners hand the lamp of life ¹
One unto other.

But if thou believe

That the primordial germs of things can
stop,

And in their stopping give new motions
birth,

Afar thou wanderest from the road of 35
truth.

For since they wander through the void
inane,

All the primordial germs of things must
needs

Be borne along, either by weight their own,
Or haply by another's blow without.

For, when, in their incessancy so oft
They meet and clash, it comes to pass
amain

They leap asunder, face to face: not
strange —

Being most hard, and solid in their weights,
And naught opposing motion, from be-
hind.

And that more clearly thou perceive how
all

These mites of matter are darted round
about,

Recall to mind how nowhere in the sum
Of All exists a bottom, — nowhere is

5 A realm of rest for primal bodies; since
(As amply shown and proved by reason
sure)

Space has no bound nor measure, and
extends

10 Unmetered forth in all directions round.
Since this stands out certain, thus 'tis out
of doubt

No rest is rendered to the primal bodies
Along the unfathomable inane; but rather,

15 Inveterately plied by motions mixed,
Some, at their jamming, bound aback and
leave

Huge gaps between, and some from off the
blow

20 Are hurried about with spaces small be-
tween.

And all which, brought together with slight
gaps,

In more condens'd union bound aback,
25 Linked by their own all inter-tangled
shapes, —

These form the irrefragable roots of rocks
And the brute bulks of iron, and what else
Is of their kind. . . .

30 The rest leap far asunder, far recoil,
Leaving huge gaps between: and these
supply

For us thin air and splendour-lights of the
sun.

35 And many besides wander the mighty
void —

Cast back from unions of existing things,
Nowhere accepted in the universe,

And nowise linked in motions with the
40 rest.

And of this fact (as I record it here)
An image, a type goes on before our eyes

Present each moment; for behold when-
ever

45 The sun's light and the rays, let in, pour
down

Across dark halls of houses: thou wilt see
The many mites in many a manner mixed

Amid a void in the very light of the rays,
50 And battling on, as in eternal strife,

And in battalions contending without
halt,

¹ He alludes to the torch races at Athens.

In meetings, partings, harried up and
 down.
 From this thou mayest conjecture of what
 sort
 The ceaseless tossing of primordial seeds
 Amid the mightier void — at least so far
 As small affairs can for a vaster serve,
 And by example put thee on the spoor
 Of knowledge. For this reason too 'tis
 fit
 Thou turn thy mind the more unto these
 bodies
 Which here are witnessed tumbling in the
 light:
 Namely, because such tumblings are a sign
 That motions also of the primal stuff
 Secret and viewless lurk beneath, behind.
 For thou wilt mark here many a speck,
 impelled
 By viewless blows, to change its little
 course,
 And beaten backwards to return again,
 Hither and thither in all directions round.
 Lo, all their shifting movement is of old,
 From the primeval atoms; for the same
 Primordial seeds of things first move of
 self,
 And then those bodies built of unions small
 And nearest, as it were, unto the powers
 Of the primeval atoms, are stirred up
 By impulse of those atoms' unseen blows,
 And these thereafter goad the next in
 size:
 Thus motion ascends from the primevals
 on,
 And stage by stage emerges to our sense,
 Until those objects also move which we
 Can mark in sunbeams, though it not
 appears
 What blows do urge them.
 Herein wonder not
 How 'tis that, while the seeds of things are
 all
 Moving forever, the sum yet seems to
 stand
 Supremely still, except in cases where
 A thing shows motion of its frame as whole.
 For far beneath the ken of senses lies
 The nature of those ultimates of the world;
 And so, since those themselves thou canst
 not see,
 Their motion must they also veil from
 men —

For mark indeed, how things we *can* see,
 oft
 Yet hide their motions, when afar from us
 Along the distant landscape. Often thus,
 5 Upon the hillside will the woolly flocks
 Be cropping their goodly food and creeping
 about
 Whither the summons of the grass, be-
 gemmed
 10 With the fresh dew, is calling, and the
 lambs
 Well filled, are frisking, locking horns in
 sport:
 Yet all for us seem blurred and blent afar—
 15 A glint of white at rest on a green hill.
 Again when mighty legions, marching
 round,
 Fill all the quarters of the plains below,
 Rousing a mimic warfare, there the sheen
 Shoots up the sky, and all the fields about
 Glitter with brass, and from beneath, a
 sound
 Goes forth from feet of stalwart soldiery,
 And mountain walls, smote by the shout-
 25 ing, send
 The voices onward to the stars of heaven,
 And hither and thither darts the cavalry,
 And of a sudden down the midmost fields
 Charges with onset stout enough to rock
 30 The solid earth: and yet some post there
 is
 Up the high mountains, viewed from which
 they seem
 To stand — a gleam at rest along the
 35 plains.
 Now what the speed to matter's atoms
 given
 Thou mayest in few, my Memmius, learn
 from this:
 40 When first the dawn is sprinkling with
 new light
 The lands, and all the breed of birds
 abroad
 Flit round the trackless forests, with
 45 liquid notes
 Filling the regions along the mellow air,
 We see 'tis forthwith manifest to man
 How suddenly the risen sun is wont
 At such an hour to overspread and clothe
 50 The whole with its own splendour; but
 the sun's
 Warm exhalations and this serene light
 Travel not down an empty void; and thus

They are compelled more slowly to advance,	By aught outside them there, and they, each one
Whilst, as it were, they cleave the waves of air;	Being one unit from nature of its parts,
Nor one by one travel these particles	Are borne to that one place on which they
Of the warm exhalations, but are all	5 strive
Entangled and enmassed, whereby at once	Still to lay hold, must then, beyond a doubt,
Each is restrained by each, and from without	Outstrip in speed, and be more swiftly borne
Checked, till compelled more slowly to advance.	10 Than light of sun, and over regions rush,
But the primordial atoms with their old	Of space much vaster, in the self-same time
Simple solidity, when forth they travel	The sun's effulgence widens round the
Along the empty void, all undelayed	sky.

CICERO

(106-43 B.C.)

Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman statesman, philosopher, and orator, was born near Arpinum in 106 B.C. His education was the most complete possible in his day. He received instruction from the best teachers, who had been attracted to Rome by the growth of the great Republic, and from the scholars of Athens and Asia Minor. He began his public career some time before he arrived at the age of twenty-five, and by the time he was thirty he had gained considerable distinction. Beginning in 75 with the office of *quæstor*, he held in succession the various positions leading up to the consulship, which he attained in 66. He had confidence in the ability of Pompey and supported him consistently in the hope that he would be able to save the country from the revolutionary party. He took a strong stand against the revolutionary plans of Catiline and was hailed gratefully as the "father of his country" for his efficient work in putting down the famous Catilinian conspiracy. In the meantime he had the misfortune to incur the resentment of Clodius. Clodius got himself elected tribune and had a law made which was aimed directly at Cicero. Knowing that there was little chance of avoiding the results of this legislation, Cicero retired to voluntary exile in Greece. He was, however, recalled the next year through the intervention of his friends. Somewhat intimidated by the power of his enemies, he was forced for a time to conceal his own sentiments, and to conform, at least outwardly, to the opinions of the party in power. He was withdrawn temporarily from the storm and stress of Roman affairs by his appointment as governor of Cilicia, but returned to Rome in 49, just as the war broke out between Cæsar and Pompey. Consistently with his earlier sentiments, he took the side of Pompey, and went with him to Greece as he fled from the victorious Cæsar. After Pompey's disastrous defeat at Pharsalia, Cicero returned to Brundisium in fear of Cæsar's revenge. Cæsar, however, treated him with great consideration. For the next three or four years Cicero remained in retirement and devoted himself to philosophy. He was much distressed over the possibility of the establishment of a despotic government, and it is probable that he was not at all displeased at the assassination of Cæsar. He also feared that Antony and his friends, after the defeat of Brutus, would perpetuate Cæsar's tyranny. He returned to public life with a series of bitter attacks against them. Here again he was unfortunate in his choice of party. When Octavian and Antony finally patched up an agreement, an order went out that Cicero must die. He was now sixty-four years old and in declining health. He made a pitiful effort to escape, but was overtaken by Antony's soldiers and put to death.

As a literary figure Cicero is probably best known for his orations. He is equally distin-

¹ The Epicureans believed that light consists of small particles that flow out of the sun, which is the fountain of all light. These particles consist of seeds agitated by various motions, which are hindered in their flight by meeting with particles of the air. Atoms are simple bodies not obstructed by the motions of their own parts, and are moved through the free and unmolested void.

guished, however, in the field of philosophy and rhetoric. The purity of his language and the excellence of his style have made his works models for imitation down through the ages. During the earlier Middle Ages, Cicero was little known or understood. He was, however, recognized to some extent as an authority on rhetoric. His rhetorical writings were used by the great English scholar Alcuin, and a collection of his famous sayings was made by the Venerable Bede. Some familiarity with his writings is shown by Einhard, the biographer of Charlemagne, and there are occasional references to him in the work of other notable writers. In general, however, the impression of him was so vague that Tullius and Cicero were regarded as different persons. Toward the end of the Middle Ages his reputation increased somewhat, and he was read and admired by John of Salisbury, Roger Bacon, and Dante. When the Revival of Learning in Italy came, the young Petrarch, charmed by the sound of Cicero's language, although he then understood but little of it, became a Cicero enthusiast. As he grew older he set himself to imitate the style of Cicero and to discover and preserve his works entire. It is to Petrarch and his contemporary Poggio that we owe not only the preservation of some of Cicero's best pieces but also the recrudescence of Ciceronian classical Latin.

The attempt to revive classical Latin produced a rather large bulk of Latin literature during the Renaissance. The fact that most of it is forgotten cannot be ascribed to its inferior quality; the spectacular rise of the vernacular all over Western Europe simply eclipsed it. It may be worth remembering, however, that Petrarch wrote his epic *Africa* in Latin and that Dante at one time intended to use Latin in his great epic. The impetus given by the earlier writers to the cultivation of Ciceronian Latin resulted by 1500 in a crop of writers who composed in classical Latin with practically no errors. It is due very largely to the study of Cicero's style that the scholars of the sixteenth century began to produce grammars and dictionaries of Latin. The study of Cicero, which earlier in its career had been opposed by the Church on the score that Cicero was a pagan, now began to enlist the support of prominent churchmen. From now on Ciceronianism, if not the dominant factor in the formation of prose style, was at least a power to be reckoned with in every discussion. Of course the extreme emphasis placed by the Ciceronians on the perfection of Cicero naturally aroused opposition. The great Dutch humanist, Erasmus, although a profound admirer of Cicero, engaged in a prolonged controversy with Scaliger and other Ciceronians over what he considered their too slavish following of Ciceronian models. In any case, whether the Ciceronians were right or wrong, Cicero, through the impression of his style upon the writers of the Renaissance, preserved the Latin language to modern times.

The ideas and opinions of Cicero also exerted a marked influence on subsequent generations. Roger Ascham and his pupil Queen Elizabeth were both diligent students of Cicero, as also was Sir Philip Sidney. The most important single effect of Cicero's ideas in England was his influence upon the eighteenth-century "deists," Locke, Shaftesbury, Hume, and others who based certain of their theories on statements made by Cicero in his book *On the Nature of the Gods* (ca. 43 B.C.). Voltaire was also a great admirer of Cicero and wrote a series of letters in imitation of him. As an orator Cicero has exerted an influence that is immeasurable. At the moment when trial by jury and free parliamentary debate were instituted in England, the advantage of a knowledge of Cicero's methods became immediately obvious. To mention only a few outstanding names, Chatham, Pitt, Shaftesbury, and Burke were all students of Cicero. In France his methods were followed by Mirabeau and Robespierre, and in America by Webster, Clay, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Rufus Choate.

This selection is taken from M. Tullius Cicero, *On the Nature of the Gods*, etc., translated by C. D. Yonge, London, G. Bell & Sons, 1907.

ON THE NATURE OF THE GODS

Is it possible for any man to behold these things (the wonders of nature), and yet imagine that certain solid and individual bodies move by their natural force and gravitation, and that a world so beautifully adorned was made by their fortuitous

concourse? He who believes this may as well believe that if a great quantity of the one-and-twenty letters, composed either of gold, or any other matter, were thrown upon the ground, they would fall into such order as legibly to form the Annals of Ennius.¹ I doubt whether fortune could make a single verse of them. How there-

¹ A long narrative poem by the poet Ennius.

fore can these people assert that the world was made by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, which have no colour, no quality, which the Greeks call *poiotes*, no sense? or that there are innumerable worlds, some rising and some perishing, in every moment of time? But if a concourse of atoms can make a world, why not a porch, a temple, a house, a city, which are works of less labour and difficulty.

Certainly those men talk so idly and inconsiderately concerning this lower world, that they appear to me never to have contemplated the wonderful magnificence of the heavens; which is the next topic for our consideration.

Well, then, did Aristotle observe: "If there were men whose habitations had been always under ground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed to be happy abound with; and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain divine power and majesty, and, after some time, the earth should open, and they should quit their dark abode to come to us; where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun, and observe his grandeur and beauty, and also his generative power, inasmuch as day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky: and when night has obscured the earth, they should contemplate the heavens bespangled and adorned with stars; the surprising variety of the moon, in her increase and wane; the rising and setting of all the stars, and the inviolable regularity of their courses; when," says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are Gods, and that these are their mighty works."

Thus far Aristotle. Let us imagine also as great darkness was formerly occasioned by the irruption of the fires of Mount *Ætna*, which are said to have obscured the adjacent countries for two days to such a degree that no man could recognise his fellow; but on the third, when the sun

appeared, they seemed to be raised from the dead. Now, if we should be suddenly brought from a state of eternal darkness to see the light, how beautiful would the heavens seem! But our minds have become used to it from the daily practice and habituation of our eyes, nor do we take the trouble to search into the principles of what is always in view; as if the novelty, rather than the importance of things, ought to excite us to investigate their causes.

Is he worthy to be called a man, who attributes to a chance, not to an intelligent cause, the constant motion of the heavens, the regular courses of the stars, the agreeable proportion and connection of all things, conducted with so much reason, that our intellect itself is unable to estimate it rightly? When we see machines move artificially, as a sphere, a clock, or the like, do we doubt whether they are the productions of reason? And when we behold the heavens moving with a prodigious celerity, and causing an annual succession of the different seasons of the year, which vivify and preserve all things, can we doubt that this world is directed, I will not say only by reason, but by reason most excellent and divine? For without troubling ourselves with too refined a subtlety of discussion, we may use our eyes to contemplate the beauty of those things, which we assert have been arranged by divine providence.

First, let us examine the earth, whose situation is in the middle of the universe, solid, round, and conglobular by its natural tendency; clothed with flowers, herbs, and trees, and fruits; the whole in multitudes incredible, and with a variety suitable to every taste: Let us consider the ever cool and running springs, the clear waters of the rivers, the verdure of their banks, the hollow depths of caves, the cragginess of rocks, the heights of impending mountains, and the boundless extent of plains, the hidden veins of gold and silver, and the infinite quarries of marble.

What and how various are the kinds of animals, tame or wild? The flights and notes of birds? How do the beasts live in the fields, and in the forests? What shall

I say of men, who being appointed, as we say, to cultivate the earth, do not suffer its fertility to be choked with weeds, nor the ferocity of beasts to make it desolate; who, by the houses and cities which they build, adorn the fields, the isles, and the shores? If we could view these objects with the naked eye, as we can by the contemplation of the mind, nobody, at such a sight, would doubt there was a divine intelligence.

But how beautiful is the sea! How pleasant to see the extent of it! What a multitude and variety of islands! How delightful are the coasts! What numbers and what diversity of inhabitants does it contain; some within the bosom of it, some floating on the surface, and others by their shells clinging to the rocks! While the sea itself, approaching to the land, sports so closely to its shores, that those two elements appear to be but one.

Next above the sea is the air, diversified by day and night; when rarefied, it possesses the higher region; when condensed, it turns into clouds, and with the waters which it gathers enriches the earth by the rain. Its agitation produces the winds. It causes heat and cold according to the different seasons. It sustains birds in their flight; and, being inhaled, nourishes and preserves all animated beings.

Add to these, which alone remaineth to be mentioned, the firmament of heaven; a region the farthest from our abodes, which surrounds and contains all things. It is likewise called æther or sky, the extreme bounds and limits of the universe, in which the stars perform their appointed courses in a most wonderful manner. Amongst which, the sun, whose magnitude far surpasses the earth, makes his revolution round it; and, by his rising and setting, causes day and night; sometimes coming near towards the earth, and sometimes going from it, he every year makes two contrary reversions from the extreme point of its course. In his retreat the earth seems locked up in sadness; in his return it appears exhilarated with the heavens. The moon, which, as mathematicians demonstrate, is bigger than half the earth, makes her revolutions through the same

spaces as the sun, but, at one time approaching and at another receding from the sun, she diffuses the light which she has borrowed from him over the whole earth, and has herself also many various changes in her appearance. When she is found under the sun, and opposite to it, the brightness of her rays is lost; but when the earth directly interposes between the moon and sun, the moon is totally eclipsed. The other wandering stars have their courses around the earth in the same spaces, and rise and set in the same manner; their motions are sometimes quick, sometimes slow, and often they stand still. There is nothing more wonderful, nothing more beautiful. There is a vast number of fixed stars, distinguished by the names of certain figures, to which we find they have some resemblance.

(Here follows a series of verses describing the heavens.)

But our admiration is not limited to the objects here described. What is more wonderful is, that the world is so durable, and so perfectly made for lasting that it is not to be impaired by time; for all its parts tend equally to the centre, and are bound together by a sort of chain, which surrounds the elements; this chain is nature, which being diffused through the universe, and performing all things with judgment and reason, attracts the extremities to the centre.

If, then, the world is round, and if on that account all its parts, being of equal dimensions and relative proportions, mutually support and are supported by one another, it must follow that as all the parts incline toward the centre (for that is the lowest part of the globe) there is nothing whatever that can put a stop to that propensity, in the case of such great weights. For the same reason, though the sea is higher than the earth, yet because it has the like tendency, it is collected everywhere, equally concentrates, and never overflows, and is never wasted.

The air, which is contiguous, ascends by its lightness, but diffuses itself through the whole; therefore it is by nature joined and united to the sea, and at the same time borne by the same power towards the

heaven, by the thinness and the heat of which it is so tempered as to be made proper to supply life, and wholesome air for the support of animated beings. This is encompassed by the highest region of the heavens which is called the sky, which is joined to the extremity of the air, but retains its own heat pure and unmixed.

The stars have their revolutions in the sky, and are continued by the tendency of all parts toward the centre; their duration is perpetuated by their form and figure, for they are round; which form, as I think has been before observed, is the least liable to injury; and, as they are composed of fire, they are fed by the vapours which are exhaled¹ by the sun from the earth, the sea, and other waters; but when these vapours have nourished and refreshed the stars, and the whole sky, they are sent back to be exhaled again; so that very little is lost or consumed by the fire of the stars and the flames of the sky. Hence we Stoics² conclude, which Panætius³ is said to have doubted of, that the whole world at last would be consumed by a general conflagration; when all moisture being exhausted, neither the earth could have any nourishment, nor the air return again, since water of which it is formed would then be all consumed; so that only fire would subsist; and from this fire, which is an animating power and a Deity, a new world would arise and be re-established in the same beauty.

I should be sorry to appear to you to dwell too long upon this subject of the stars, and more especially that of the planets; whose motions, though different, make a very just agreement. Saturn, the highest, chills; Mars, placed in the middle, burns; while Jupiter, interposing, moderates their excess, both of light and heat. The two planets beneath Mars obey the sun. The sun himself fills the whole universe with his own genial light; and the moon, illuminated by him, influences conception, birth, and maturity. And who is there that is not moved by this union of things, and by this concurrence of nature agreeing

together as it were for the safety of the world, and yet I feel sure that none of these reflections have ever been made by these men.

Let us proceed from celestial to terrestrial things. What is there in them which does not prove the principle of an intelligent nature? First, as to vegetables; they have roots to sustain their stems, and to draw from the earth a nourishing moisture to support the vital principle which those roots contain. They are clothed with a rind or bark, to secure them more thoroughly from heat and cold. The vines, we see, take hold on props with their tendrils, as if with hands, and raise themselves as if they were animated; it is even said, that they shun cabbages and coleworts, as noxious and pestilential to them, and, if planted by them, will not touch any part.

But what a vast variety is there of animals? and how wonderfully is every kind adapted to preserve itself! Some are covered with hides, some clothed with fleeces, and some guarded with bristles; some are sheltered with feathers, some with scales; some are armed with horns, and some are furnished with wings to escape from danger. Nature hath also liberally and plentifully provided for all animals their proper food; I could expatiate on the judicious and curious formation and disposition of their bodies for the reception and digestion of it, for all their interior parts are so framed and disposed, that there is nothing superfluous, nothing that is not necessary for the preservation of life. Besides, nature has also given these beasts appetite and sense; in order that by the one they may be excited to procure sufficient sustenance, and by the other may distinguish what is noxious from what is salutary. Some animals seek their food walking, some creeping, some flying, and some swimming; some take it with their mouth and teeth; some seize it with their claws, and some with their beaks; some suck, some graze, some bolt it whole, and some chew it. Some are so low that they can with ease take such food as is to be found on the

¹ See Lucretius, page 210, note 1.

² Stoicism was a philosophy, strongly connected with Pantheism, founded by Zeno *ca.* 300 B.C.

³ A celebrated Stoic from Rhodes, the instructor and friend of Scipio Africanus the Younger.

ground; but the taller, as geese, swans, cranes, and camels, are assisted by a length of neck. To the elephant is given a hand, without which, from his unwieldiness of body, he would scarce have any means of attaining food.

But to those beasts which live by preying on others, nature has given either strength or swiftness. On some animals she has even bestowed artifice and cunning; as on spiders, some of which weave a sort of net to entrap and destroy whatever falls into it, others sit on the watch unobserved to fall on their prey and devour it. The naker, by the Greeks called *Pinna*,¹ has a kind of confederacy with the prawn for procuring food. It has two large shells open, into which when the little fishes swim, the naker, having notice given by the bite of the prawn, closes them immediately. Thus, these little animals, though of different kinds, seek their food in common; in which it is a matter of wonder whether they associate by any agreement, or are naturally joined together from their beginning.

There is some cause to admire also the provision of nature in the case of those aquatic animals which are generated on land, such as crocodiles, river tortoises, and a certain kind of serpents, which seek the water as soon as they are able to drag themselves along. We frequently put duck-eggs under hens, by which, as by their true mothers, the ducklings are at first hatched and nourished; but when they see the water, they forsake them and run to it, as to their natural abode, so strong is the impression of nature in animals for their own preservation.

I have read that there is a bird called *Platalea*,² the Shoveler, that lives by watching those fowls which dive into the sea for their prey, and, when they return with it, he squeezes their heads with his beak, till they drop it, and then seizes on it himself; it is said likewise that he is in the habit of filling his stomach with shell-fish, and when they are digested by the heat which exists in the stomach, he casts them up, and then picks out what is proper

nourishment. The sea-frogs, they say, are wont to cover themselves with sand, and, moving near the water, the fishes strike at them, as at a bait, and are themselves taken and devoured by the frogs. Between the kite and the crow there is a kind of natural war, and wherever one finds the eggs of the other he breaks them.

But who is there who can avoid being struck with wonder at that which has been noticed by Aristotle, who has enriched us with so many valuable remarks. When the cranes pass the sea in search of warmer climes, they fly in the form of a triangle. By the first angle they repel the resisting air; on each side their wings serve as oars to facilitate their flight; and the basis of their triangle is assisted by the wind at their stern. Those which are behind rest their necks and heads upon those which precede; and as the leader has not the same relief, because he has none to lean upon, he at length flies behind that he may also rest, while one of those who have been eased succeeds him; and through the whole flight each regularly takes his turn.

I could produce many instances of this kind, but these may suffice. Let us now proceed to things more familiar to us. The care of the beasts for their own preservation, their circumspection while feeding, and their manner of taking rest in their lairs, are generally known, but still they are greatly to be admired.

(Then follows a passage on the ability of animals to cure themselves and to propagate their kind.)

But how beautiful is nature, that has provided us such an abundance of various and delicious food; and this varying with the different seasons, so that we may be constantly pleased with change, and satisfied with abundance! How seasonable and useful to man, to beasts, and even to vegetables, are the Etesian³ winds she has bestowed, which moderate intemperate heat, and render navigation more sure and speedy! Many things must be omitted on a subject so copious; and still a great deal must be said; for it is impossible to relate the great utility of rivers, the flux and

¹ A kind of mussel.

² Winds that blow annually during the dog-days for forty days: trade-winds.

³ Spoonbill.

reflux of the sea, the mountains clothed with grass and trees, the salt-pits remote from the sea-coasts, the earth replete with salutary medicines, or, in short, the innumerable designs of nature necessary for sustenance and the enjoyment of life. We must not forget the vicissitudes of day and night, ordained for the health of animated beings, giving them a time to labour and a time to rest. Thus, if we every 10 way examine the universe, it is apparent, from the greatest reason, that the whole is admirably governed by a divine providence, for the safety and preservation of all beings.

If it should be asked for whose sake this mighty fabric was raised, shall we say for trees and other vegetables, which, though destitute of sense, are supported by nature? That would be absurd. Is it for beasts? 20 Nothing can be less probable than that the Gods should have taken such pains for beings void of speech and understanding. For whom, then, will any one presume to say that the world was made? Undoubt- 25 edly for reasonable beings; these are the Gods and men, who are certainly the most perfect of all beings, as nothing is equal to reason; it is therefore credible that the universe, and all things in it, were made 30 for the Gods and for men.

But we may yet more easily comprehend that the Gods have taken great care of the interest and welfare of men, if we examine thoroughly the structure of the body, and 35 the form and perfection of human nature. There are three things absolutely necessary for the support of life; to eat, to drink, and to breathe; for these operations the mouth is most aptly framed, which, 40 by the assistance of the nostrils, draws in the air.

The teeth are there placed to divide and grind the food. The fore-teeth, being sharp and opposite to each other, cut it 45 asunder, and the hind-teeth (called the grinders) chew it; in which office the tongue seems to assist. At the root of the tongue is the gullet, which receives whatever is swallowed; it touches the tonsils 50 on each side, and terminates at the interior extremity of the palate. When by the motions of the tongue the food is forced

into this passage, called by physicians the rough artery, which reaches to the lungs, for the entrance and return of the air we breathe; and as its orifice is joined to the roots of the tongue a little above the part to which the gullet is annexed, it is furnished with a sort of coverlid, lest, by the accidental falling of any food into it, the respiration should be stopped.

As the stomach, which is beneath the gullet, receives the meat and drink, so the lungs and the heart draw in the air from without. The stomach is wonderfully composed, consisting almost entirely of 15 nerves; it abounds with membranes and fibres, and detains what it receives, whether solid or liquid, till it is altered and digested by its force of heat, and by the animal spirits is distributed into the other parts of the body.

To this skill of nature and this care of providence, so diligent and so ingenious, many reflections may be added, which show what valuable things the Deity has bestowed on man. He has made us of a stature tall and upright, in order that we may behold the heavens, and so arrive at a knowledge of the Gods; for men are not simply to dwell here as inhabitants of the earth, but to be, as it were, spectators of the heavens and the stars, which is a privilege not granted to any other kind of animated beings. The senses, which are the interpreters and messengers of things, are placed in the head, as in a tower, and wonderfully situated for their proper uses; for the eyes, being in the highest part, have the office of sentinels, in discovering to us 50 objects; and the ears are conveniently placed in a high part of the person, being appointed to receive sound, which naturally ascends. The nostrils have the like situation, because all scent likewise ascends; and they have, with great reason, a near vicinity to the mouth, because they assist us in judging of meat and drink. The taste, which is to distinguish the quality of what we take, is in that part of the mouth where nature has laid open a passage for what we eat and drink; but the touch is equally diffused through the whole body, that we may not receive any

blows, or the too rigid attacks of cold and heat, without feeling them.

What artificer but nature, whose direction is incomparable, could have exhibited so much ingenuity in the formation of the senses? In the first place, she has covered and invested the eyes with the finest membranes, which she hath made transparent, that we may see through them, and firm in their texture, to preserve the eyes. 10 She has made them slippery and movable, that they might avoid what would offend them, and easily direct the sight wherever they will. The actual organ of sight, which is called the pupil, is so small 15 that it can easily shun whatever might be hurtful to it. The eyelids, which are their coverings, are soft and smooth, that they may not injure the eyes; and are made to shut at the apprehension of 20 any accident, or to open at pleasure; and these movements nature has ordained to be made in an instant: they are fortified with a sort of palisade of hairs, to keep off what may be noxious to them when open, 25 and to be a fence to their repose when sleep closes on them, and allow them to rest as if they were wrapped in a case. Besides, they are commodiously hidden and defended by eminences on every side; 30 for on the upper side the eyebrows turn aside the perspiration that falls from head and forehead; the cheeks beneath rise a little, so as to protect them on the lower side; and the nose is placed between them 35 as a wall of separation.

The hearing is always open, for that is a sense of which we are in need even while we are sleeping; and, the moment that any sound is admitted by it, we are awakened 40 even from sleep. It has a winding passage, lest anything should slip into it, as it might if it were straight and simple. Nature also hath taken the same precaution in making there a viscous humour, 45 that, if any little creatures should endeavour to creep in, they might stick in it as in birdlime. The ears (by which we mean the outer part) are made prominent, to cover and preserve the hearing, lest the 50 sound should be dissipated and escape before the sense is affected. Their entrances

are hard and horny, and their form winding, because bodies of this sort better return and increase the sound. This appears in the harp, lute, or horn; and from all 5 tortuous and enclosed places sounds are returned stronger.

The nostrils, in like manner, are ever open, because we have a continual use for them; and their entrances also are rather narrow, lest anything noxious should enter them; and they have always an humidity necessary for the repelling dust, and many other extraneous bodies. The taste, having the mouth as an enclosure, is admirably 15 situated, both in regard to the use we make of it and to its security.

Besides, every human sense is more exquisite than those of brutes; for our eyes, in those arts which come under our judgment, distinguish with great nicety; as in painting, sculpture, engraving, and in the gesture and motion of bodies. They understand the beauty, proportion, and, as I may so term it, the becomingness of colours 20 and figures: they distinguish things of greater importance, even virtues and vices: they know whether a man is angry or calm, cheerful or sad, courageous or cowardly, bold or timorous.

The judgment of the ears is not less admirably and scientifically contrived with regard to vocal and instrumental music. They distinguish the variety of sounds, the different sorts of voices, the treble 25 and the bass, the soft and the harsh, the sharp and the flat, of which only human ears are capable to judge. There is likewise great judgment in the smell, the taste, and the touch; to indulge and gratify 40 which senses more arts have been invented than I could wish: it is apparent to what excess we have arrived in the composition of our perfumes, the preparation of our food, and the enjoyment of corporeal 45 pleasure.

Again, he who does not perceive the soul and mind of man, his reason, prudence, and discernment, to be the work of a divine providence, seems himself to be 50 destitute of those faculties. While I am on this subject, Cotta,¹ I wish I had your eloquence: how would you illustrate so

¹ L. Aurelius Cotta, prætor.

fine a subject! you would show the great extent of the understanding; how we collect our ideas and join those which follow to those which precede, establish principles, draw consequences, define things separately, and comprehend them with accuracy; from whence you demonstrate how great is the power of intelligence and knowledge, which is such that even God himself has no qualities more admirable. How valuable (though you Academics¹ despise and even deny that we have it) is our knowledge of exterior objects, from the perception of the senses, joined to the application of the mind; by which we see in what relation one thing stands to another, and by the aid of which we have invented those arts which are necessary for the support and pleasure of life. How charming is eloquence! How divine that mistress of the universe, as you call it! It teaches us what we are ignorant of, and makes us capable of teaching what we have learned. By this we exhort others; by this we persuade them; by this we comfort the afflicted; by this we deliver the affrighted from their fear; by this we moderate excessive joy; by this we assuage the passions of lust and anger. This it is which bound men by the chains of right and law, formed the bonds of civil society, and made us quit a wild and savage life.

And it will appear incredible, unless you carefully observe the facts, how complete the work of nature is in giving us the use of speech; for, first of all, there is an artery from the lungs to the bottom of the mouth, through which the voice, having its original principle in the mind, is transmitted. Then the tongue is placed in the mouth, bounded by the teeth. It softens and modulates the voice, which would otherwise be confusedly uttered; and, by pushing it to the teeth and other parts of the mouth, makes the sound distinct and articulate. We Stoics, therefore, compare the tongue to the bow of an instrument, the teeth to the strings, and the nostrils to the sounding-board.

But how commodious are the hands

which nature has given to man, and how beautifully do they minister to many arts! For such is the flexibility of the joints, that our fingers are opened and closed without difficulty. With their help, the hand is formed for painting, carving, and engraving; for playing on stringed instruments, and on the pipe. These are matters of pleasure; there are also works of necessity, such as tilling the ground, building houses, making cloth and habits, and working in brass and iron. It is the business of the mind to invent, the senses to perceive, and the hands to execute; so that if we have buildings, if we are clothed, if we live in safety, if we have cities, walls, habitations, and temples, it is to the hands we owe them.

By our labour, that is, by our hands, variety and plenty of food are provided; for, without culture, many fruits, which serve either for present or future consumption, would not be produced; besides, we feed on flesh, fish, and fowl, catching some, and bringing up others. We subdue four-footed beasts for our carriage, whose speed and strength supply our slowness and inability. On some we put burdens, on others yokes. We convert the sagacity of the elephant and the quick scent of the dog to our own advantage. Out of the caverns of the earth we dig iron, a thing entirely necessary for the cultivation of the ground. We discover the hidden veins of copper, silver, and gold, advantageous for our use, and beautiful as ornaments. We cut down trees, and use every kind of wild and cultivated timber, not only to make fire to warm us and dress our meat, but also for building, that we may have houses to defend us from the heat and cold. With timber likewise we build ships, which bring us from all parts every commodity of life. We are the only animals who, from our knowledge of navigation, can manage, what nature has made the most violent, the sea and the winds. Thus we obtain from the ocean great numbers of profitable things. We are absolute masters of what the earth produces. We enjoy the mountains and the plains. The rivers and the

¹ Students at the gymnasium, or Academy, near Athens, which was celebrated as the place where Plato taught.

lakes are ours. We sow the seed, and plant the trees. We fertilize the earth by overflowing it. We stop, direct, and turn the rivers: in short by our hands we endeavour, by our various operations in this world, to make it as it were another nature.

But what shall I say of human reason? Has it not even entered the heavens? Man alone of all animals has observed the courses of the stars, their risings and settings. By man the day, the month, the year is determined. He foresees the eclipses of the sun and moon, and foretells them to futurity, marking their greatness, duration, and precise time. From the contemplation of these things, the mind extracts the knowledge of the gods — a knowledge which produces piety, with which is connected justice, and all the other virtues; from which arises a life of felicity, inferior to that of the gods in no single particular, except in immortality, which is not absolutely necessary to happy living. In explaining these things, I think I have sufficiently demonstrated the superiority of men to other animated beings, from whence we should infer, that neither the form and position of his limbs, nor that strength of mind and understanding, could possibly be the effect of chance.

I am now to prove, by way of conclusion, that every thing in this world, of use to us, was made designedly for us.

First of all, the universe was made for the gods and men, and all things therein were prepared and provided for our service. For the world is the common habitation or city of the gods and men; for they are the only reasonable beings: they alone live by justice and law. As, therefore, it must be presumed the cities of Athens and Lacedæmon were built for the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, and as everything there is said to belong to those people, so everything in the universe may with propriety be said to belong to the gods and men, and to them alone.

In the next place, though the revolutions of the sun, moon, and all the stars are necessary for the cohesion of the universe, yet they may be considered also as objects designed for the view and contemplation of man. There is no sight less apt to satiate

the eye, none more beautiful, or more worthy to employ our reason and penetration. By measuring their courses we find the different seasons, their durations and vicissitudes, which, if they are known to men alone, we must believe were made only for their sake.

Does the earth bring forth fruit and grain, in such excessive abundance and variety, for men, or for brutes? The plentiful and exhilarating fruit of the vine and the olive tree are entirely useless to beasts. They know not the time for sowing, tilling, or for reaping in season and gathering in the fruits of the earth, or for laying up and preserving their stores; man alone has the care and advantage of these things.

Thus, as the lute and the pipe were made for those, and those only, who are capable of playing on them, so it must be allowed that the produce of the earth was designed for those only who make use of them; and though some beasts may rob us of a small part, it does not follow that the earth produced it also for them. Men do not store up corn for mice and ants, but for their wives, their children, and their families; beasts, therefore, as I said before, possess it by stealth, but their masters openly and freely; it is for us therefore that nature hath provided this abundance. Can there be any doubt that this plenty and variety of fruit, which delight not only the taste, but the smell and sight, was by nature intended for men only? Beasts are so far from being partakers of this design, that we see that even they themselves were made for men; for of what utility would sheep be, unless for their wool, which, when dressed and woven, serves us for clothing? for they are not capable of anything, not even of procuring their own food, without the care and assistance of man. The fidelity of the dog, his affectionate fawning upon his master, his aversion to strangers, his sagacity in finding game, and his vivacity in pursuit of it, what do these qualities denote, but that he was created for our use? Why need I mention oxen? We perceive that their backs were not formed for carrying burdens, but their necks were naturally made for the yoke, and their strong broad

shoulders to draw the plough. In the Golden Age,¹ which poets speak of, they were so greatly beneficial to the husbandman in tilling the fallow ground, that no violence was ever offered to them, and it was even thought a crime to eat them: —

The Iron Age began the fatal trade
Of blood, and hammer'd the destructive blade;
Then men began to make the ox to bleed,
And on the tame and docile beast to feed.

It would take a long time to relate the advantages we receive from mules and asses, which undoubtedly were destined for our use. What is the swine good for but to eat? whose life, as Chrysippus² says, was given it but as salt to keep it from putrefying; and, as it is proper food for man, nature hath made no animal more fruitful. What a multitude of birds and fishes are taken by the art and contrivance of man only, and which are so delicious to our taste, that one would be tempted sometimes to believe that this Providence which watched over us was an Epicurean! Though we think there are some birds, the Alites and the Oscines,³ as our augurs call them, which were made merely to foretell events.

The large savage beasts we take by hunting, partly for food, partly to exercise ourselves in imitation of martial discipline, and to use those we can tame and instruct, as elephants, or to extract remedies for our diseases and wounds, as we do from certain roots and herbs, the virtues of which are known by long use and experience. Represent to yourself the whole earth and seas as if before your eyes; you will see the vast and fertile plains, the thick, shady mountains, the immense pasturage for cattle, and ships sailing over the deep with incredible celerity; nor are our discoveries only on the face of the earth, but in its secret recesses there are many useful things, which, being made for man, by man alone are discovered.

Another, and, in my opinion, the strongest proof, that the providence of

the gods takes care of us, is divination, which both of you, perhaps, will attack; you, Cotta, because Carneades⁴ took pleasure in inveighing against the Stoics; and you, Vellius, because there is nothing Epicurus ridicules so much as the prediction of events: yet the truth of divination appears in many places, on many occasions, often in private, but particularly in public concerns. We receive many intimations from the foresight and presages of augurs and auspices; from oracles, prophecies, dreams, and prodigies; and it often happens, that by these means events have proved happy to men, and imminent dangers have been avoided. This knowledge, therefore, call it a kind of transport, or an art, or a natural faculty, is certainly found only in men, and is a gift from the immortal gods. If these proofs, when taken separately, should make no impression upon your mind, yet, when collected together, they must certainly affect you.

Besides, the gods not only provide for mankind universally, but for particular men. You may bring this universality gradually to a smaller number, and again you may reduce that smaller number to individuals.

For if the reasons which I have given prove to all of us that the gods take care of all men, in every country, in every part of the world separate from our continent, they take care of those who dwell on the same land with us, from east to west; and if they regard those who inhabit this kind of great island, which we call the globe of the earth, they have the like regard for those who possess the parts of this island, as Europe, Asia, and Africa; and therefore they favor the parts of these parts, as Rome, Athens, Sparta, and Rhodes; and the particular men of these cities, separate from the whole; as Curius, Fabricius, Coruncanius, in the war with Pyrrhus; in the first Punic war, Calatinus, Duillius, Metellus, Lutatius; in the second, Maximus, Marcellus, Africa-

¹ A mythical age of universal peace and innocence in the remote past.

² One of the most distinguished of the Stoic philosophers.

³ The names of common birds.

⁴ A distinguished philosopher of Cyrene, pupil of the stoic Diogenes, and founder of the New Academy at Athens.

nus; after these, Paullus, Gracchus, Cato; and in our fathers' times, Scipio, Lælius. Rome also and Greece have produced many illustrious men, who we cannot believe were so without the assistance of the Deity; which is the reason that the poets, Homer, in particular, joined their chief heroes, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Achilles, to certain Deities, as companions in their adventures and dangers. Besides, the frequent appearances of the gods, as I have before mentioned, demonstrate their regard for cities and particular men; this is also apparent indeed from the foreknowledge of events, which we receive either sleeping or waking. We are likewise forewarned of many things by the entrails of victims, by presages, and many other means, which have been long observed with such exactness, as to produce an art of divination.

There never, therefore, was a great man without divine inspiration. If a storm should damage the corn or vineyard of a person, or any accident should deprive

him of some conveniences of life, we should not judge from thence that the Deity hates or neglects him. The gods take care of great things, and disregard the small. But to truly great men all things ever happen prosperously; as has been sufficiently asserted and proved by us Stoics, as well as by Socrates, the prince of philosophers, in his discourse on the infinite advantages arising from virtue.

This is almost the whole that hath occurred to my mind on the nature of the gods, and what I thought proper to advance. Do you, Cotta, if I may advise, defend the same cause. Remember that in Rome you keep the first rank; remember that you are Pontifex¹; and as your school is at liberty to argue on which side you please, do you rather take mine, and reason on it with that eloquence which you acquired by your rhetorical exercises, and which the Academy improved; for it is a pernicious and impious custom to argue against the gods, whether it be done seriously, or only in pretence.

¹ High priest.

POETRY: LYRIC

HEBREW

PSALMS

The psalms are the religious poetry of the ancient Hebrews. The term religious poetry, of course, implies a somewhat wider scope among the ancient Hebrew people than among the people of modern times. This collection includes poems of decidedly martial character, laments over unsatisfactory political conditions, imprecations against national foes, as well as lyrics of the most exalted religious fervor. The ascription of a certain portion of these poems to King David seems to be based on reliable authority; the collection as a whole, however, includes the work of various authors who lived in various periods of Jewish history. The ideas, the words, and the phrases have become so deeply imbedded in our consciousness that it is difficult not to think of them as part of our own literature.

The genius of early Hebraic poetry was primarily subjective in quality, and hence adapted rather to lyric and gnomic than to dramatic and epic purposes. In style it was rhythmic but not metrical in the modern sense. The lines were of approximately the same length, and each one was either a complete thought in itself or coincided with some definite division of a complete thought. They were combined in groups of two, three, or four, the group of two being the predominant arrangement. In many cases the second line of the couplet repeats, reinforces, or denies the first. Additional symmetry of form was secured through the use of various kinds of parallelism: synonymous, antithetic, and synthetic. The use of these devices gave to the poetry an effect of dignity, balance, and power.

PSALM XV

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoureth them that fear the LORD. *He that* sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

• PSALM XIX

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them *is* thy servant

warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faulls*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XXIII

1 The LORD *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear 25 no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup run- 30 neth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

PSALM XXIV

1 The earth *is* the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God 50 of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that

seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.¹

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and 5 the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who *is* this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he *is* the King of glory. Selah.

15

•PSALM XXV

1 Unto thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, I trust in thee: let me not 20 be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

3 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

4 Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

5 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou *art* the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

6 Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they *have been* ever of old.

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy 35 mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

8 Good and upright *is* the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

9 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

10 All the paths of the LORD *are* mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

45 11 For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it *is* great.

12 What man *is* he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way *that* he shall choose.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

14 The secret of the LORD *is* with them

¹ A word of unknown meaning occurring often in the *Psalms*, perhaps a musical or liturgical sign.

that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

15 Mine eyes *are* ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

16 Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I *am* desolate and afflicted.

17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

18 Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

19 Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

22 Redcem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

• PSALM XLII

1 As the hart panteth after the water 25 brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

4 When I remember these *things*, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone 35 with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? 40 and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee 45 from the land of Jordan,¹ and of the Hermonites,² from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 *Yet* the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the

night his song *shall be* with me, *and* my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where *is* thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my 10 soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, *who is* the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLVI

15

1 God *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the 20 mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 *Though* the waters thereof roar *and* be troubled, *though* the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 *There is* a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy 5 place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, *and* 30 *that* right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I *am* God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge. Selah.

PSALM LXVIII

50

1 Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

¹ The plains of Palestine.

² People from Mt. Hermon, north of the Sea of Galilee.

2 As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

3 But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

4 Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH,¹ and rejoice before him.

5 A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

6 God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

7 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; Selah:

8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

10 Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

11 The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

12 Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

13 Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

14 When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

15 The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan; a high hill as the hill of Bashan.

16 Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.

17 The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the

Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

18 Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell among them.

19 Blessed be the LORD, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. Selah.

20 He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto GOD the Lord belong the issues from death.

21 But God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses.

22 The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea:

23 That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same.

24 They have seen thy goings, O God; even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary.

25 The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; among them were the damsels playing with timbrels.²

26 Bless ye God in the congregations, even the Lord, from the fountain of Israel.

27 There is little Benjamin³ with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali.

28 Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

29 Because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee.

30 Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people, till every one submit himself with pieces of silver: scatter thou the people that delight in war.

31 Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

32 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord; Selah:

¹ Poetic form for Jahwe (Jehovah).

² Small hand-drums or tambourines.

³ This and the following are tribes of Israel named for Jacob's sons.

33 To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, *which were* of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, *and that* a mighty voice.

34 Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency *is* over Israel, and his strength *is* in the clouds.

35 O God, *thou art* terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel *is* he that giveth strength and power unto *his* people. 10 Blessed *be* God.

PSALM XCI

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place 15 of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the LORD, *He is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his 25 truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6 *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in 30 darkness; *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, *which is* my refuge, *even* the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. 45

12 They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt 50 thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set

him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: *I will be* with him in trouble; 5 I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM CXII

1 Praise ye the LORD. Blessed *is* the man *that* feareth the LORD, *that* delighteth greatly in his commandments.

2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be 15 blessed.

3 Wealth and riches *shall be* in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

4 Unto the upright there ariseth light 20 in the darkness: *he is* gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

7 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

8 His heart *is* established, he shall not be afraid, until he see *his desire* upon his enemies.

9 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for 35 ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.

10 The wicked shall see *it*, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall 40 perish.

PSALM CXXI

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help *cometh* from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The LORD *is* thy keeper: the LORD *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

• PSALM CXXX

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.

2 Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

3 If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O LORD, who shall stand?

4 But *there is* forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

6 My soul *waileth* for the LORD more than they that watch for the morning: *I say, more than* they that watch for the morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD *there is* mercy, and with him *is* plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

GREEK

PINDAR

(522?-443? B.C.)

Pindar, one of the greatest of Greek lyric poets, was born in Thebes. During his youth he was taught by the two women poets Myrtis (possibly his mother) and Corinna. He was an ardent student of poetry and applied himself diligently to acquiring the details of poetic technique.

When he made his public appearance he was received with great favor. Not only was he a popular favorite throughout his career, but he commanded the respect of some of the greatest rulers of the time. He seems to have enjoyed the patronage of Alexander of Macedon, Hiero of Syracuse, and Theron of Agrigentum. Pindar as a man, although not superstitious or credulous, was unusually pious and faithful to his religion. As a poet he was endowed with a high seriousness and had a remarkable gift of spiritual elevation. Beyond all other poets he had the ability to combine fiery and tumultuous impetuosity of spirit with the utmost regard for harmony and beauty of form. His odes were written to celebrate the victors in the Olympian, Nemean, Pythian, and Isthmian games, which were held in honor of certain gods. The Olympian and the Nemean games honored Zeus, the Pythian games, Phœbus, and the Isthmian games, Poseidon. The games consisted of athletic contests and horse-races, in which representatives from all parts of Hellas took part. Like the international Olympic games of the present day, they were assemblies of great brilliance and splendor. Pindar's tributes to the winning contestants are full of admiration and praise, but the praise is always tempered with admonition.

The odes were probably performed by a chorus of about twenty. The chorus was divided, and each half recited or chanted the strophe and the antistrophe respectively. The form of the Pindaric ode exerted great influence on later literary tradition. It was imitated by Ronsard in France, and by Jonson, Cowley, and Dryden in England. Gray's *Progress of Poesy* is supposed to have been based on Pindar's *Olympian I*.

The present selection, *Olympic Ode I*, was written ca. 475 B.C. It is translated by Abraham Moore in *The Odes of Pindar*, London, George Bell and Sons, 1887.

OLYMPIC ODE I

To Hiero the Syracusan, Winner in the Horse-race.

STROPHE I

Water the first of elements we hold ¹;
 And, as the flaming fire at night
 Glows with its own conspicuous light,
 Above proud treasure shines transcend-
 ent gold:

But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire
 For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
 Look not within the range of day 10
 A star more genial to descry
 Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
 Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
 Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
 Than famed Olympia's crowded plain: 15
 From whence, by gifted minstrels richly
 wove,
 Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
 Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
 To hail his prosperous throne and sing 20
 Saturnian Jove.

ANTISTROPHE I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
 Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed 25
 Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
 Culls the sweet flowers that all the vir-
 tues yield.

Nor less renown'd his hand essays
 To wake the Muse's choicest lays, 30
 Such as the social feast ² around
 Full oft our tuneful band inspire —
 But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
 Pluck from the peg thy Dorian ³ lyre,
 If Pisa's ⁴ palms have charms for thee, 35
 If Pherenicus' ⁵ victory

Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of
 song;

Tell us how swift the unguided steed
 By Alpheus ⁶ urged his furious speed,
 And bore the distant prize from all the
 panting throng.

EPODE I

Proud of his stud, the Syracusan king
 Partook the courser's triumph.
 Through the plain

By Lydian Pelops ⁷ won his praises
 ring —

Pelops of Neptune loved (whose
 watery reign

Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at
 his might),

Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate ⁸
 replaced,

And from the caldron bright
 Drew forth with ivory shoulder
 graded.

Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's
 spite,

O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
 From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
 That more than Nature's self her painted
 dreams delight.

STROPHE II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath
 power to give

Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
 And trifles to distinction brings,

Makes us full oft the enchanting tale
 receive

¹ Water was thought by the ancients to be the parent of the other elements.

² At feasts it was customary to pass around the harp, and each guest was supposed to play upon it.

³ One of the three "moods" of Greek music. The other two were the Lydian and Phrygian. The Dorian was animating and grand, the Lydian, soft and melting, the Phrygian, melancholy or terrific.

⁴ Olympia, a city in Elis where the games were held.

⁵ Hiero's horse.

⁶ A river which rises in Arcadia, and flows by Pisa through the Elean territory into the Ionian Sea.

⁷ Pelops and his father Tantalus waged unsuccessful war against Ilus, king of Troy. They then left their country of Sipylus in Lydia and planted a colony in Greece. The plain referred to is the Elean territory.

⁸ Tantalus gave a feast to the gods at which he served up his son. Ceres unknowingly ate the shoulder of Pelops, and Clotho constructed a shoulder of ivory for him.

In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
 Yet comes, Time's test, that tears
 away
 The veil each flattering falsehood
 wears. 5
 Beseems us then (for less the blame)
 Of those that heed us from the spheres
 Becoming marvels to proclaim.
 Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
 Not as the fablers I relate. 10
 Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Siplyian¹
 guest,
 When they in turn beneath his bower
 Purest repast partook, the Power
 That wields the Trident² seized, and 15
 ravish'd from the feast.

ANTISTROPHE II

Desire his breast had conquer'd. Up he
 drove 20
 His trembling prize of mortal mould
 In radiant car with steeds of gold
 To th' highest mansion of all-honour'd
 Jove;
 With whom the Boy,³ from wondering 25
 Ide
 Rapt long before, like place supplied.
 Her Pelops lost, her vanish'd son
 Soon roused the frantic mother's
 care; 30
 No tidings came; the search begun
 In mystery ended in despair.
 Forthwith some envious foe was found
 Whispering th' unseemly slander
 round, 35
 "How all into the bubbling caldron cast
 "Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and
 shred
 "In fragments on the table spread,
 "While circling Gods looked on and shared 40
 th' abhorr'd repast."

EPODE II

Far be from me and mine the thought
 profane, 45
 That in foul feast celestials could
 delight!

Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its
 bane
 E'en in the wrong it works — If
 mortal wight
 Heaven e'er hath honour'd, 'twas this
 Tantalus;
 But soon from ill-digested greatness
 sprung
 Presumption and abuse:
 Thence from his towering fortunes
 flung
 (Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous
 rock
 High o'er his head hung threatening
 (angry Jove
 So judged him for his crimes above):
 Where day and night he waits, dreading
 th' expected shock.⁴

STROPHE III

Thus doom'd is he life's hopeless load to
 bear,
 Torment unceasing! Three⁵ be-
 side,
 Delinquents there, like pains abide.
 He from th' Immortals their ambrosial
 fare,
 The nectarous flood that crown'd
 their bowl,
 To feast his earth-born comrades,
 stole;
 Food, that, by their celestial grace,
 Eternal youth to him had given.
 Vain hope, that guilt by time or
 place
 Can 'scape the searching glance of
 heaven!
 For this the blameless Son once more
 Back to man's short-lived race they
 bore;
 There, when fresh youth its blooming
 flower had blown,
 And round his chin th' umbrageous
 beard
 Mature its manlier growth had rear'd,
 From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial
 couch to crown.

¹ See page 233, note 7.

² Neptune. Here the poet wished to substitute another legend for the story of Tantalus's feast, pretending, probably for rhetorical reasons, that the gods could not delight in such a feast.

³ Ganymede, who was taken up into Heaven to be cup-bearer to the gods.

⁴ The punishment accorded to Tantalus in Hell for betraying the counsels of the gods.

⁵ The pains of thirsting, fasting, and standing.

ANTISTROPHE III

The famed Hippodamè¹; whose charms
to gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing 5
main,
And call'd the Trident-sceptred God,
Whose form forthwith beside him
stood:
"Oh! if th' endearing gifts," said he, 10
"The Cyprian sea-born Queen be-
stows,
"Have still, great Neptune, grace
with thee,
"Propitiate now thy suppliant's 15
vows.
"Arrest Ænomaüs' brazen spear,
"To Elis guide my prompt career,
"And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's
wheel 20
"Victorious to the goal; for he,
"Slayer of suitors ten and three,
"Still from his daughter's hope withholds
the bridal seal.

EPODE III

"Majestic Danger calls but for the 25
brave,
"Trusts not the dastard's arm: then
why should man,
"By life's hard lot predestined to the
grave, 30
"Waste in the dark th' unprofitable
span,
"And crouch in Age's corner unre-
nown'd,
"Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? 35
Power divine!
"Grant thou th' event be crown'd,
"This peril shall at least be mine."
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded,
speeds 40
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer
embraced,
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused th' unwearied plumes that
wing'd the immortal steeds. 45

STROPHE IV

Ænomaüs' power th' exulting youth
o'erthrows:
The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nursed, six warriors
rose.
Now in rich pomp and solemn state
His dust heroic honours wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallow'd
glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze;
But most from proud Olympia's
dome,
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed de-
mands his crown,
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle
strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud re-
mains
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of
renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the
constant good,
That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can
shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his
gratitude:
But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise,
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's
praise,
To crown with loud Æolian² song
A Prince, whose peer the spacious
earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and
worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sus-
tains,
And makes thee his peculiar care;

¹ Daughter of Ænomaus, king of the territory in which Pisa lay. The king offered his daughter to any suitor who could defeat him in a chariot-race. Thirteen unsuccessful suitors fell before the spear of Ænomaus.

² See page 233, note 3.

If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter
strains.

EPODE IV

Then high on Cronium's peak ¹ my post
shall be;
There, as a poet's glance informs my
soul,
First in the burning race thy steeds to 10
see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to
the goal.

Then shall the Muse her strongest
javelin fling;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at
the top

Shines the consummate king —
Beyond that height lift not thy
hope.

Be thine in that bright station long to bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the
conquering band,
To take my honourable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm
of genius wear.

SAPPHO

(ca. 600 B.C.)

Sappho, the greatest woman poet of all time, was a native of the island of Lesbos. As is usual with the great poets of Greek antiquity, very little can be learned of the details of her life. She is thought to have come from a family of some importance, to have been married to a prosperous man some years her senior, and to have been left a widow. Her occupation was the teaching of poetry. During the Roman decadence there arose a tradition that cast aspersions on Sappho's character, a tradition fed by the intensity of the personal emotion in her poetry; but it is now generally held that she was a person of high character. Her love poetry has also led tradition to endow her with a number of lovers, of whom the most famous are Phaon, who ferried a boat between Lesbos and Chios, and the poets Alcæus and Anacreon. While there is no disposition on the part of scholars to deny that she had lovers, the particular stories which have become current are evidently apocryphal.

From the earliest times the poetry of Sappho has been accepted as practically perfect; in fact one may search all the pages of ancient and most modern criticism and find hardly a single adverse comment. The admitted perfection of her work serves only to increase our regret that a mere handful of fragments and only a few complete poems have survived. Every line that remains, one might almost say every phrase, bears the mark of the highest poetic genius. The scattered remnants that outlived the scandalous destructiveness of mediæval bigotry have been treasured by all poets and have been at once the inspiration and the despair of century after century of translators. The technical perfection of Sappho's poetry is all the more remarkable when we consider its feverish intensity. We can see how Pindar in his high moral fervor and Homer in his Olympian detachment could keep out a weather eye for difficulties of symmetry and balance; but how Sappho retained her command of complicated strophic forms and of the exquisite coupling of word to word under the assaults of a devastating personal emotion must ever remain a beautiful enigma to the modern mind. Perhaps it is another one of those puzzles for which the only solution is the extraordinary power of Greek genius.

These selections are from the translation of J. Addington Symonds, in *Sappho, Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings*, Henry T. Wharton, London, 1907.

‘HYMN TO APHRODITE

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite, But hither come, if ever erst of old time
Wile-weaving daughter of high Zeus, I 15 Thou didst incline, and listenedst to my
pray thee, crying,
Tame not my soul with heavy woe, dread And from thy father's palace down
mistress, descending,
Nay, nor with anguish! Camest with golden

¹ A hill near Olympia.

<p>Chariot yoked: thee fair swift-flying spar- rows Over dark earth with multitudinous fluttering, Pinion on pinion, through middle ether 5 Down from heaven hurried.</p> <p>Quickly they came like light, and thou, blest lady, Smiling with clear undying eyes didst ask 10 me What was the woe that troubled me, and wherefore I had cried to thee:</p> <p>What thing I longed for to appease my frantic Soul: and whom now must I persuade, thou askedst, Whom thou entangle to thy love, and who 20 now, Sappho, hath wronged thee?</p> <p>Yea, for if now he shun, he soon shall chase thee; Yea, if he take not gifts, he soon shall 25 give them; Yea, if he love not, soon shall he begin to Love thee, unwilling.</p> <p>Come to me now too, and from tyrannous sorrow Free me, and all things that my soul de- sires to Have done, do for me, queen, and let thy- 35 self too Be my great ally.</p> <p>Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the bliss- ful Man who sits and gazes at thee before him, Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee Silverly speaking, 45</p>	<p>Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!</p> <p>Straight is my voice hushed; Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me 'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs ting- ling; Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring Waves in my ear sounds; Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn, 15 Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter, Lost in the love-trance.</p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>Stars that shine around the refulgent full moon Pale, and hide their glory of lesser lustre When she pours her silvery plenilunar Light on the orb'd earth.</p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>All around through branches of apple- orchards Cool streams call, while down from the leaves a-tremble Slumber distilleth. 30</p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>Yea, thou shalt die, And lie Dumb in the silent tomb; Nor of thy name Shall there be any fame In ages yet to be or years to come: For of the flowering Rose, Which on Pieria ¹ blows, Thou hast no share: 40 But in sad Hades house Unknown, inglorious, 'Mid the dim shades that wander there Shalt thou flit forth and haunt the filmy air. 45</p>
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¹ Birthplace of the Muses.

ANACREON

(ca. 563-478 B.C.)

Anacreon was born in Teos but left his native home early in life to take up his abode in Samos under the patronage of Polycrates. Later he lived in Athens under the protection of the tyrant Hipparchus. He is famous as the poet of love and wine. His style is light and graceful like that of the English Cavalier poets. The form and spirit of his verse are so charming that we can hardly find it in our hearts to tax him with lack of emotional force. The genuine work of Anacreon survives only in a few fragments, but he was closely imitated even from earliest times in verses known as Anacreontics. The poems here given are among those of doubtful authenticity, but they reflect the spirit of Anacreon closely enough for our purpose. Many find Anacreon's flippant celebration of love and wine unpleasing, but there seems to be little reason for taking it too seriously.

These selections are translated by Francis Fawkes in *Chalmers' Poets*, XX.

ODES

ODE V

To make the beverage divine,
Mingle sweet roses with the wine;
Delicious will the liquor prove,
For roses are the flowers of love:
And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,
Let laughter and the cup go round.

Hail, lovely rose! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the Spring:
All mortals praise thy beauties bright;
In thee the pow'rs above delight.
Gay Cupid, with the Graces bland,
When lightly bounding hand in hand,
With nimble feet he beats the ground,
Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.
Here then the flow'ry garland bring;
With numbers sweet I'll wake the string,
And crown'd with roses, heav'nly flowers!
Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,
With snowy-bosomed Sappho gay
I'll dance the feather'd hours away.

ODE XVII

Mulciber,¹ this silver take,
And a curious goblet make;
Let thy utmost skill appear
Not in radiant armour there;
Let me there no battles see;
What are arms or wars to me?

Form it with a noble sweep,
Very wide, and very deep.
Carve not there the northern Team,²
Nor Orion's dreadful beam³;
5 Pleiads, Hyads,⁴ Bears displease;
What have I to do with these?
Why should slow Boötes⁵ roll,
Why should horrid monsters prowl,
On the margin of my bowl?
10 Draw me, what I value more,
Vines with purple clusters' store,
Bacchus ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden hair,
Gay Bathyllus⁶ too be there.
15 See that, beautiful and bold,
All these figures rise in gold;
In the wine-press let them join
Hand in hand to tread the wine.

• ODE XXVII

20 Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy,
Generous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my soul
With the raptures of the bowl;
25 Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a festive round;
Then I feel in sparkling wine,
Transports delicate, divine;
Thus the sprightly music warms,
30 Song delights, and beauty charms:

¹ Another name for Vulcan, who presided over metal work. This little poem is a sort of parody on the passage in the *Iliad* which describes the shield made for Achilles by Vulcan.

² The Great Dipper.

³ An allusion to the connection of the constellation Orion with storms.

⁴ A cluster of stars in the head of the constellation Taurus.

⁵ The Herdsman, the name of a constellation near the Great Bear.

⁶ A Samian youth, favorite of Anacreon.

Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

ODE XL

Once as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slept unseen,
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,

Lovely, laughter-loving dame:
Then he thus began to plain;
"Oh! undone — I die with pain —
Dear mama, a serpent small,
5 Which a bee the ploughmen call,
Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart
Oh! — has stung me to the heart."
Venus thus reply'd and smil'd;
"Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
10 If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep,
Think, oh think! what cruel pains
He that's stung by thee sustains."

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

The collection known as the *Greek Anthology* consists of several thousand short poems written by a large number of authors between 700 B.C. and ca. 600 A.D. Graham R. Tomson gives the following account of the collection: "By the word 'anthology' is vaguely understood the collection bequeathed to us by antiquity, of epitomised lyrics, idyls, odes, elegies, epitaphs, that pass under the somewhat widely comprehensive title of Epigrams; although the term 'epigram,' according to the sense in which it has been used in modern times, cannot be applied to these stray blossoms of Greek poetry, with which indeed it has nothing in common but the spontaneity and terse completeness — the peculiarly Greek method of using the best words in the best places. . . . Four Anthologies have existed . . . of which the fourth was put together in the tenth century by a certain Constantine Cephalas, of whom nothing else is known. In the fourteenth century a Byzantine monk, Maximus Planudes, re-arranged, abridged, and expurgated the Anthology of Cephalas, making a distribution into seven books, under different heads, in accordance with the various subjects of the poems. This mutilated collection was the first published, having been saved from the ruins of Constantinople by John Lascaris, who had it printed at Florence in 1494."

The original text of Cephalas was discovered in 1606 by a French scholar, Saumaise (better known as Salmasius, the opponent of Milton). It was not published, however, until after his death. The poems treat of almost every imaginable subject: of death, of love, of the evanescence of all earthly things, of the rewards of a virtuous life, of idyllic shepherd life, of little incidents of everyday occurrence. A good many retain the form in which the epigram had its beginning, a pithy statement suitable for a gravestone. *They are not ambitious in scope or spirit; they are little drops distilled from the life of their times, miniature patterns cut out with exquisite skill and taste. Their neatness and charm have made them a constant stimulus to translation. Among the English men of letters who have turned their hands to these verses are Bacon, Johnson, Dryden, Shelley, Moore, Symonds, and Lang.

MIMNERMUS

Mimnermus was probably a native of Smyrna. He is mentioned in the poems of Solon, who was his contemporary. The poem here given is fairly typical of the mild pessimism which pervaded the lyric poetry of the seventh century before Christ. The Greeks at this time had no organized conception of a system of future rewards or of a future existence, as that term is understood in the modern world. Under these circumstances it was difficult indeed to regard with equanimity the disappearance of youth and the coming of old age. The discussion of old age which Plato includes in the opening chapters of his *Republic* shows that there were some who escaped the feeling of emptiness as life declined; but most people lacked the delicate casuistry of Plato.

WE AS LEAVES

We are as leaves in jewelled springtime growing That open to the sunlight's quickening rays; So joy we in our span of youth, unknowing 5 If God shall bring us good or evil days.	And when thine hour is spent, and passeth by thee, Surely to die were better than to live, Ere grief or evil fortune come anigh thee, And penury that hath but ill to give.
Two fates beside thee stand; the one hath sorrow, Dull age's fruit, that other gives the boon 10 Of death, for youth's fair flower hath no to-morrow, And lives but as a sunlit afternoon.	Who longs for children's love, for all his yearning Shall haply pass to death anhungered still; Or pain shall come, his life to anguish turning, Zeus hath for all an endless store of ill.

(Translated by J. A. Pott, *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings, being Versions of the Greek Anthology in English Rhyme by Various Writers*, ed. G. B. Grundy; B. H. Blackwell, London, 1913.)

SIMONIDES

Simonides was an Ionian, born on the island of Ceos. He came of a family of professional poets, and was carefully trained in his craft. After his training had been completed, he spent most of his life at the courts of patrons. His last patron was Hiero of Syracuse, who was also patron of Pindar. His style is pure and beautifully polished. His utterances are tinged with the same melancholy that characterizes the other members of his school. His funeral elegies usually offer the conventional Greek consolation — that death is preferable to the miseries of life. Anacreon, whose death is commemorated in the first selection from Simonides, was a friend of the poet. Selections from Anacreon are printed elsewhere in this volume.

ANACREON

All cheering vine! with purple clusters crowned, 15 Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound, Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest, Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast, Still may'st thou flourish, that the bard 20 divine, Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,	May view, though sunk among the silent dead, Thy honours waving o'er his aged head; Whilst on his ashes, in perennial rills, Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distills; Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.
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(Translated by W. Shepherd, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

* ALL THINGS PASS

Nought among men unshaken may abide, And soothly doth the sage of Chios ¹ sing 25 'The race of man is as the leaves of Spring':	Yet though we hear, we thrust the truth aside, Nor ponder it, for Hope is still our guide,
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¹ Homer was thought by many to have been born on the island of Chios, although six other places claimed to be his birthplace.

Fond Hope to which young hearts will ever cling:	Ah, fools and blind that have not un- derstood
Youth reck's not, in his flower, of lan- guishing,	How youth is brief, how life is but a breath;
But sows vain dreams to die unsatisfied: 5	Thou that are better taught, while life remain
For age seems far and dim, and farther Death:	Strive still for this, to sate thy soul with good.
And whole, men deem not life may fade and wane,	

(Translated by J. A. Pott, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Of Leonidas, almost nothing is known. He composed about a hundred epigrams included in the *Anthology*, of which a number are written on the deaths of sailors, shepherds, and other characters from common life. The third selection is a poem based on a pagan custom, still prevalent in some countries, of leaving a propitiatory gift at a well or spring.

UNNUMBERED WERE THE AGES PAST

Unnumbered were the ages past, O man, Before thy day began.	Even enjoy it now;
Unnumbered, too, the ages yet shall be That Hades hath for thee.	10 For it is hateful, and its poisoned breath More dire than loathed death.
What store of life, then, doth to thee re- main?	Then scorn this stormy life of thine, and shun, —
Scarce, as it were, a grain!	As I indeed have done,
Scanty thy life and short, — nor mayest thou	15 I, Pheido, son of Crito, — and like me, Seek the still haven of tranquillity, The haven of dark Hades' silent sea.

(Translated by Alma Strettel, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

CLEITAGORAS

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,	Ah! but in early spring cull meadow- sweet,
Tending your goats and fleecy flocks 20 always,	Neighbor, and weave a garland for my tomb;
A little favour, but most grateful, pay Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied!	And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed,
For sake of mother earth, and by the bride Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray, 25	When the lambs play about their mother's feet:
Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play	So shall you honour well the shades, from whom
From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.	Are thanks, — and from the dead is gratitude.

(Translated by W. H. Hardinge, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

THE TRAVELLER'S GIFT

The stream leaps down from the cloven rock, and I hail the waters clear,
 And the little figures of rustic nymphs that shepherds have offered here.
 Good hap, ye maids of the waterways, who are mirrored below in the pool!

All hail to the kindly rock above that harboured the fountain cool!
 For I was a thirsty wayfarer, and sweet was the draught I drew;
 So take my gift — 'tis a cup of horn — that I leave by the pool for you.

(Translated by J. A. Pott, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

CALLIMACHUS

Callimachus was probably the most famous of the Alexandrian poets. He was born in Africa and lived at Alexandria during the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Euergetes. He was chief librarian of the famous library at Alexandria from 260 to about 240 B.C. Here he instituted a grammatical school and taught a number of distinguished students, among whom were Eratosthenes, Aristophanes of Byzantium, and Apollonius of Rhodes (q.v.). When we speak of the Alexandrian school of writers we mean those who were pupils of Callimachus, and were distinguished for their antiquarian interests, for their devotion to the ancient models, and for their exactness and love of detail.

Although Callimachus is said to have composed some eight hundred books, very little of his work has come down to us. Of the selections printed in the present volume the first is an elegy on the death of a friend, which carries a deeper tone of sincerity than most; the second, a love poem revealing a note of defiance surprisingly similar to that which crept into the English poetry of the Cavalier period; the third, a description of an offering to Venus which exhibits the Alexandrian love of detail; and the fourth, a conventional epigram of more than usual balance and finish.

•THEY TOLD ME, HERACLEITUS

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
 I wept as I remembered how often you and I
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
 A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

(Translated by W. Cory, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

• CANOPION

Such sleep, Canopion, on thine eyelids wait,
 As sits on his, now shivering at thy gate.
 Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bid'st him prove,
 Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move.

Not e'en a shade of pity thou'lt bestow.
 Others may weep to see me suffer so;
 But thou — not e'en a shade. O cruel fair!
 Be this remembered with thy first grey hair.

(Translated by John H. Merivale, *Selections from the Greek Anthology*, ed. Graham R. Tomson, London, Walter Scott.)

NAUTILUS

I, Nautilus,¹ of late the Zephyr's shell, No more my pearly home shall be possess
 Come, Venus, in thy treasury to dwell, By thee, intruding Halcyon,² for a nest:
 Selene's ² gift, the first her youth has made. For, to Iulis' ⁴ strand by billows borne,
 No more shall I, my living canvas spread, Thy shrine, Arsinoe,³ henceforth I adorn;
 Skim the rough sea before the impelling But Clinias' daughter prosper thou, for
 gale, she,
 Or oar it with my feet, when calms prevail; Skillful in Smyrna's art, hath polished me.

(Translated by Richard Garnett, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

SOPOLIS

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er Now somewhere in the deep seas thy corse
 been made! is tost
 Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy 10 Hither and thither — and for whom we
 shade — lost
 Dear son of Diocleides seaward We find thy name and empty monu-
 ment!

(Translated by William M. Hardinge, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

MELEAGER

Not only was Meleager the real beginner of the Anthology, but he was an important contributor. It would be difficult indeed to find in Western literature a collection of love lyrics better than his. He lived in a decadent age, when Greece was crumbling, and her whole spirit weakening under the enervating influence of Asiatic culture. It was an age when mortality hung heavy on the mind, when men no longer fought and built, but loved to sit and listen to their own sighs -- in short, an age eminently suitable to charmingly sentimental love poetry. It is well to remember, however, that no really good poet is merely a child of his age. Meleager's little spring poem could have been written in any period. In Merivale's translation it shows a marked resemblance to Milton's *L'Allegro*.

• NOW THE BRIGHT CROCUS FLAMES

Now the bright crocus flames, and now Than any growth of hill or plain.
 The slim narcissus takes the rain, 15
 And, straying o'er the mountain's brow, Ye gardens cast your leafy crown,
 The daffodilies bud again. That my Love's feet may tread it down,
 The thousand blossoms wax and wane Like lilies on the lilies set;
 On wold, and heath, and fragrant My Love, whose lips are softer far
 bough, 20 Than drowsy poppy petals are,
 But fairer than the flowers art thou, And sweeter than the violet.

(Translated by Andrew Lang, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

¹ A shell-fish supplied with a membrane which was supposed to serve as a sail. It has a chambered cell formed of two layers, the inner being pearly.

² The moon.

³ For seven days before and seven days after the winter solstice, Jove forbids the winds to blow. Then Halcyon broods over the Nautilus, which is her nest, and the way is safe for seafarers.

⁴ A city in the island of Ceos, in which Simonides was born.

⁵ Mother of Æsculapius, god of medicine.

LOVE

Oyez! wild Love is fled!
 Just now this very morning
 He got up from his bed —
 Flew off without a warning.

He's pretty in his tears,
 Quick, shameless, chattering ever;
 Wings in his back he bears,
 Laughs slyly, wears a quiver.

I known not who may be
 His father — none will own him;

Not Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
 Make any claim upon him.

He's hated in all parts:
 5 (Mark well what I am saying;
 It may be for your hearts
 E'en now his nets he's laying).

Ah! there he is! and so
 10 You thought I should pass by you?
 You and your arrows — lo,
 In Zeno's eyes I spy you!

(Translated by W. H. D. Rouse, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

SPRING

Stilled is winter's gusty breath,
 Now the spring awakeneth;
 See, she brings the blushing hours
 Gay with laughter, glad with flowers,
 And the sombre earth is seen
 Robed in bravery of green,
 While the teeming branches bear
 Opening buds to deck her hair.
 Nurtured by the dews of morn
 Many a tender bloom is born,
 And the meadows laugh and sing,
 For the rose is opening.
 Blithe of heart the shepherd swain
 Tunes the merry pipe again,
 While upon the mountain steep
 Browse his goats and woolly sheep.
 Gladly doth the mariner
 Feel the gentle zephyr stir;
 Safely now his keel may glide
 O'er the waste of waters wide.
 Dionysus, now to thee
 Mortals sing thine Evox¹;
 Sound we thus the Vine-god's praise,
 Crowned with clustered ivy sprays.

Now the bees in busy train
 Ply their cunning art again;
 15 Ceaseless in the hive they toil,
 Labouring with the new-won spoil,
 Building up the waxen comb
 In their myriad-chambered home.
 Now the tuneful choir of air
 20 Makes us music everywhere.
 On the wave the halcyon,
 By the sedgy stream the swan,
 Round the eaves the swallow,
 Nightingales in every hollow
 25 Tell the coming of the spring;
 Thus rejoices everything.
 If gay raiment deck the earth,
 And the shepherd pipe for mirth,
 While the fleecy flock and herd,
 30 Swarming bee and singing bird,
 So in gladness all agree;
 If the sailor trust the sea,
 And the god of wine and youth
 Lead the dance, in very sooth,
 35 Can the bard from song refrain
 Now the spring has come again?

(Translated by J. A. Pott, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

AGATHIAS

The principal work for which Agathias is noted is his history of the events from 553 to 558. He contributed a number of epigrams to the Anthology. Most of his life was spent in Constantinople. The second selection sounds a note often heard in the Anthology, a note of warning to a beauty too chary of her favors.

¹ A shout of joy at the festivals of Bacchus.

RHODANTHE

Weeping and wakeful all the night I lie,
 And with the dawn the grace of sleep is
 near,
 But swallows flit about me with their cry,
 And banish drowsihead and bring the
 tear.
 Mine eyes must still be weeping, for
 the dear
 Thought of Rhodanthe stirs in mem-
 ory;
 Ye chattering foes have done! it was
 not I

Who silenced Philomel¹: go seek the
 sheer
 Clefs of the hills, and wail for Itylus
 Or clamour from the hoopoe's¹ craggy
 nest,
 But let sweet sleep an hour abide with
 us,
 Perchance a dream may come, and we be
 blest,
 A dream may make Rhodanthe piteous,
 And bring us to that haven of her breast.

(Translated by Andrew Lang, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

• THE FADED BEAUTY

She, who but late in beauty's flower was
 seen,
 Proud of her auburn curls and noble
 mien —
 Who froze my hopes and triumph'd in
 my fears,
 Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.
 Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
 20

And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her
 brow;
 And querulous the voice by time repress'd,
 Whose artless music stole me from my
 rest.
 Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair
 And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty
 fair.

(Translated by Robert Bland, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

JULIAN OF EGYPT

Very little is known of this Julian except that he lived about 500 A.D. and was a prefect of one of the divisions of Egypt. The poems here given are fairly representative of a large class of fragile little epigrams dealing with Cupid. They are artificial and ephemeral, but of their kind they are unsurpassed.

STAY IN TOWN

Stay in town, little wight,
 Safe at home:
 If you roam,
 The cranes who delight

Upon pigmies to sup
 Will gobble you up.
 Stay at home.

(Translated by H. Wellesley, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

LOVE AMONGST THE ROSES

As a rosy wreath I bound,
 'Mongst the roses Love I found:
 Swift I seized his pinions fast,
 And in wine the wanton cast.

25 Taking then the laughing cup,
 Swift I drank the wanton up.
 Now with ever tickling wings
 Up and down my breast he springs.

(Translated by Joseph Addison, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)¹ See page 84, and page 90, note 2.

PAULUS SILENTARIUS

The contributions of Paulus Silentarius are usually regarded as the best of the Byzantine age. The sense of the second selection is that since the writer, who had escaped the shafts of love in his youth, had succumbed to it in his old age, love had won a greater victory over wisdom than when Venus defeated Juno in the contest of beauty decided by Paris.

• TO HIS LADY

No garland needs the rose, and thou, my fair,	But duller than thine eyes' dark, lustrous sheen;
No jewelled nets or brodered veils dost need;	Thy bearing — honey-sweet, harmonious, tender —
Pearls with thy skin may not compare in- deed,	5 Is as the girdle of the Paphian Queen. ¹ By these I am undone —
Nor gold add radiance to thy flowing hair.	Thine eyes do soothe alone
The Indian hyacinth hath a dusky splen- dour,	And save me from despair, For sweet hope lingers there.

(Translated by Alma Strettell, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

THE OLD LOVE

I that in youth had never been The servant of the Paphian Queen, I that in youth had never felt The shafts of Eros pierce and melt, Cypris! in later age, half grey,	10 I bow the neck to thee to-day. Pallas, that was my lady, thou Dost more triumphant vanquish now, Than when thou gainedst, over seas, The apple of the Hesperides. ²
--	---

(Translated by Andrew Lang, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

RUFINUS

Rufinus was an official in the Byzantine court. In his poem "Golden Eyes" we see again the all-pervasive motif of the evanescence of earthly things. This theme was taken over by Horace and the elegiac poets, and by them handed on to the Renaissance, where it emerges in the poetry of the Italian Humanists, the French Pléiade, and the English Elizabethans. Note the striking similarity of spirit between this poem and Herrick's "To Daffodils."

• GOLDEN EYES

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet, I bring mine April coronet, The lovely blossoms of the spring, For you I weave, to you I bring: These roses with the lilies wet, Wilt thou disdain mine offering, Ah, Golden Eyes?	15 Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget The pride wherein thy heart is set, For thou, like these or anything, Has but thine hour of blossoming, Thy spring, and then — the long regret, 20 Ah, Golden Eyes!
---	--

(Translated by Andrew Lang, *Selections*, ed. Tomson.)

¹ Venus.

² A tree bearing golden apples sprang up to grace the wedding of Jupiter and Juno and was guarded by the Hesperides. One of Hercules's tasks was to steal these golden apples.

UNKNOWN AUTHORS

The first selection is notable for its reference to the Island of the Blest, a legendary place inhabited by the Greek warriors of the heroic age after their death. The faraway island where all is peace and plenty is a tradition of singular persistence. In the western world it was cultivated chiefly by the Irish, who preserved many tales, both ecclesiastical and secular, concerning voyages in search of it. As late as the time of Columbus the fabled island of Brasil was charted on the maps.

The second is a sympathetic epitaph for a farmer. It is simple, direct, and unaffected, and it sums up the farmer's life through all the ages.

PROTÉ

Thou art not dead, my Proté!	Thou art	Nor pain, nor cold, nor toil, shall vex thee
flower		more,
To a far country better than our own;		Nor thirst, nor hunger on that happy
Thy home is now an Island of the Blest:		shore:
There 'mid Elysian meadows ¹ take thy	5	Nor longings vain (now that blest life is
rest:		won),
Or lightly trip along the flowery glade,		To thee for aye a blameless life is given
Rich with the asphodels that never fade!		In the pure light of ever-present Heaven.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds, M.D., *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

AMYNTAS

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy	Through him thy furrows teemed with
breast,	10 plenty; he
And for his toils, not thankless, give him	Fed with rich streams each herb and fruit
rest.	for thee.
On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear;	For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
His with the mantling vine to grace thy	And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck
year.	15 his bed.

(Translated by F. Wrangham, *Ancient Gems*, ed. Grundy.)

LATIN

HORACE

(65-8 B.C.)

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia in Apulia. His father was a freedman who, in spite of his humble circumstances, gave his son an education equal to that received by many of the aristocrats. After attending the village school at Venusia, Horace was sent to Rome and later to Athens. In Athens he was trained according to the ideals of the older classical age, and came under the influence of the Epicureans. After the death of Cæsar, Horace joined the army of Brutus and was immediately given the rank of military tribune in command of a legion, an extraordinarily high rank for a man of his experience. He was present in command at the disastrous battle of Philippi. After the downfall of Brutus his position was extremely uncertain. His estate was confiscated, and he had no patrons in influential positions. Finally

¹ The abode of the blest.

securing a minor government post, which paid enough to keep body and soul together, he devoted himself to writing. After a time his poetry won him the attention of Varius and Vergil, who introduced him to Mæcenas, a rich patron of letters desirous of interesting literary men in the reforms of Augustus. Horace was sufficiently endowed with personal charm and literary ability to make a permanent place for himself in the charmed circle. Mæcenas became his patron; and he had no need thenceforward to concern himself with financial matters. The most notable gift made to him by Mæcenas was the Sabine farm, which has become proverbial in literature as a symbol of rustic contentment.

As a poet Horace was one of the world's greatest masters of metrical structure and diction. The beauty and polish of his lines defy translation, and for that very reason, apparently, have inspired more attempts than the work of any other Roman poet. Although Horace was educated by the Epicureans, he could hardly be said to subscribe to any organized system of philosophy. He viewed life as a spectator, with detachment and affection and pleasure. His mild skepticism held nothing of bitterness. Human beings did not disappoint him as they did Juvenal; for he expected very little of them in the beginning. Horace the writer was often mildly amused at the actions of Horace the man, who was ardent in his support of the reforms of Augustus. Rarely indeed do we find any finer expressions of patriotism than those of Horace. He was respectful to the established religion, and firm in his sentiments regarding the sanctity of the family; he was the advocate of restraint and moderation in all things, and believed that the only true source of happiness is within. To cultivate a contented mind was to reach beyond the world's unreal and evanescent joys and sorrows.

Horace was not only read but also studied by his contemporaries, and his works formed a prominent part of the school curriculum from the first century on. In the early Middle Ages, he, like Ovid and Catullus, was overshadowed by Vergil, and bore no appreciable influence until the Revival of Learning, when he became an integral part of the intellectual life of Western Europe. Horace's whole influence cannot be accurately measured, for it is chiefly one of temper and spirit. Although his contribution to modern life is not clearly definable, it may be fairly said that an acquaintance with him, no less than with Vergil, has been an indispensable part of the equipment of every educated European since the Age of Elizabeth.

These selections are taken from the *Complete Works of Horace*, translated by "Various Hands," London, J. M. Dent and Sons (Everyman Series), 1911.

ODES

I, 1

TO MÆCENAS

<p>Mæcenas, sprung from kings of ancient story, Stay of my fortune and my chiefest glory — Some men delight Olympic dust to raise Upon the course.¹ Deftly the post to graze With fiery wheels, and victory's palm to know, Makes them as gods, supreme o'er earth below. Another's happy if Rome's fickle crowd To him their triple honors have allowed. A third, if in his private barn he stores The corn wide-swept from Libya's thresh- ing floors.</p>	<p>That man who joys his natal fields to hoe, Not ev'n the bribes an Attalus² could bestow Would e'er induce in Cyprian bark to sail 5 The Ægean surge, and shiver in the gale. Not so the merchant. He, while squalls blow high, Battling Icarian waves,³ in fear may sigh For peaceful home-fields; yet shall soon 10 repair His storm-tost hulks, untaught hard times to bear. Cups of old Massic wine⁴ once man ad- mires, 15 Or to steal half the working day desires,</p>
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¹ In the chariot race.

² Probably Attalus Philometer, king of Pergamos, 138-133 B.C., noted for the extravagance of his conduct.

³ The Icarian Sea was part of the Ægean.

⁴ Falernian wine from the slopes of the Massi mountains in the northwest of Campania.

Basking beneath arbute, or where clear
 Sounds the nymph-haunted fountain bab-
 bling near.
 Many the camp delights, the trumpet's
 call
 With bugle mingling, and fierce battle's
 brawl
 By mothers hated. Heedless of tender
 spouse
 Your sportsman waits, the chilly sky his 10
 house,
 If his good cubs a doe have chanced to
 view,
 Or his slim nets a Marsian boar's broke
 through. 15

Me ivy-wreaths, which poets' brows re-
 ward,
 Set with the gods. Me the cool grove,
 whose sward
 5 Light-footed nymphs with Satyrs linked
 make gay,
 Parts from the crowd; if but Euterpe¹
 say
 Her flute she'll lend, if Polyhymnia²
 sing
 Kindly for me upon the Lesbian string,
 But if by thee place 'mid the bards I'm
 given,
 With soaring head I'll strike the stars of
 Heaven. 15

V

• TO PYRRHA

What slender youth, with wealth of roses
 sheen
 And with sweet essences besprent, pursues
 thee,
 In cool grot, Pyrrha, woos thee? 20
 For whom thy yellow hair dost preen,
 Simple yet exquisite? How oft, ah me!
 Vows broken he'll deplore and gods what
 change;
 25 And, to thy whimsies strange,
 Shall gaze where glooms a wind-swept
 sea;

Who credulous now dotes on thy tinsel
 gold,
 And dreams thee ever willing to be kind,
 To thy fair falseness blind!
 O hapless, who untried behold
 Thy glitter! Lo, my dripping weeds I
 place,
 With picture vowed, on Neptune's temple
 wall, 25
 My saving to recall
 From shipwreck by thy siren face.

IX

• TO THALIARCHUS

Thou see'st how whitely fair Soracté³
 stands 30
 In snow-wreaths clad, and how the la-
 boring woods
 Their load sustain not; how the floods
 Are gripped in frozen bands.
 Melt me this cold, freely the firelogs throw-
 ing
 On hearth, my Thaliarchus! And from
 the crock
 Two-eared, of Sabine make, unlock 40
 Wine, with four years a-glowing!

All else leave to the gods! Once they
 assuage
 The storms that over boiling seas did roar,
 Old ash or cypress shakes no more
 From tempests' fiery rage.
 35 What next morn's sun may bring, forbear
 to ask;
 But count each day that comes by gift of
 chance
 So much to the good. Spurn not the
 dance, 40
 Or in sweet loves to bask,

¹ Muse of lyric poetry.² A mountain near Rome.³ Muse of the sublime hymn.

While surly age mars not thy morning's flower.
 Seek now the athlete's training field or court;
 Seek gentle lovers' whispered sport,
 At nightfall's trysted hour;

Seek the gay laugh that from her ambush borne
 Betrays the merry maiden huddled warm,
 And forfeit from her hand or arm
 5 Half give, half playful torn.

XI

TO LEUCONOE

Leuconoë dear, seek not I pray to know
 what Heaven hath hid;
 The span to me accorded, or to thee, is
 lore forbid!

10 Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes!¹ More
 wise, what comes, to bear;
 Nor fret, whether some winters more from
 Jove fall to our share,

Or this, which lashes now the Tuscan²
 shore, our last decreed.
 Be wise and strain the wine! Since short
 at beat of joy our meed,
 Prune distant hopes. Ev'n as we speak,
 grim Time speeds swift away;
 Seize now and here the hour that is, nor
 trust some later day!

XXII

TO FUSCUS

He that is clean of life, and pure from ill, 15 Of warlike Daunus³ feed not such an-
 Needs not to be with Moorish darts other,
 equipped
 Or bow; no case with arrows need he fill
 In poison dipped,
 No, nor swart Juba's⁴ coast, of lion
 broods
 The sunparched mother.

Whether o'er burning Afric wastes he go, 20 Place me where o'er the dull and frost-
 Or Caucasus, to strangers never kind; bound plain
 Or where Hydaspes' fabled river,³ slow
 His course doth wind.
 No tree is e'er by summer's breath re-
 stored.
 Beneath a sky where endless beats the rain
 And storm abhorred;

Mark thou the proof!⁴ Past bounds in 25
 Sabine glade
 Singing of Lalagé I strolled unthinking;
 When lo! a wolf, of unarmed me afraid,
 Fled cowardly slinking.
 Or to a homeless land my steps exile,
 Where the fierce sungod's car rolls all too
 near;

30 Yet he so huge a beast that the wide woods
 My Lalagé's sweet voice, her gentle smile,
 Shall still be near.

XXIII

•TO CHLOÉ

Thou shun'st me, Chloë, ev'n as might a
 fawn
 That for his timid dam on pathless hills
 Searches, while terror thrills
 At sound of breeze through woodlands
 drawn.

¹ Rome was full of Oriental fortune-tellers.² Italian.³ The ancient name of the River Jelum in India, the northernmost of the five great tributaries of the Indus.⁴ This sudden shift in thought is not accidental. The unexpected turn is a typically Horatian trick.⁵ A part of Apulia, in central Italy.⁶ A king of Numidia in north Africa.

Perchance Spring's advent down the But not like Afric lion I pursue,
 quivering brakes Or tiger grim, thy tender flesh to
 A whisper sends, or lizards green are eat;
 peeping, Cease for thy dam to bleat, —
 Through bramble bushes creeping; 5 Full ripe by now if lover woo.
 Forthwith in heart and knees he quakes!

XXXVIII

"PERSICOS ODI"

Your Persian pomps, my lad, I cannot Think not with gaudy splendors to re-
 brook; place
 Chaplets with linden laced suit not my The simple myrtle. Myrtle, to my think-
 brow; 10 ing,
 Summer's last rose seek not, in what odd Thee at thy service, me not less will
 nook grace
 It lingers now. In vine-bower drinking.

II, xiv

TO POSTUMUS

Ah! Postumus, Postumus, fast fly the Or the hoarse Adriatic's surge escape;
 years, 15 Vainly our autumn plans we'll shape
 And prayers to wrinkles and impending The southwind's blight to shun;
 age
 Bring not delay; nor shalt assuage Still must our steps to dark Cocytus trend,
 Death's stroke with pious tears; That sluggish stream, and Danaïd's
 20 ill-famed clan,³
 No, not though on each day that comes to And Sisyphus⁴ who bears the ban
 thee Of labor without end.
 With thrice a hundred bulls thou sought to Forth must thou go from home and kindly
 gain 25 sward
 Grim Pluto's pity, all were vain! And wife beloved, nor shall one tree that
 Great Geryon¹ he'll not free, late
 Or Tityos,² from the gloomy stream, Was thine, save funeral cypress, wait
 whose tide On thee, its short-lived lord.
 Each child of earth must traverse shore to 30
 shore,
 Whether a crown on earth we bore, The heir, thy better now, shall quaff the
 Or crofters lived and died, wine
 A hundred keys did guard; his reckless
 hand
 Vainly from the bloody strokes of Mars 35 Shall stain thy floors with vintage-brand
 we'll run, For pontiff's feasts too fine.

¹ A monster slain by Hercules.² A giant condemned to Tartarus.³ Daughters of Danaus, confined in Hades for the murder of their husbands.⁴ A wicked king of Corinth, punished in the Lower World by being made to push a rock uphill. As soon as the rock reached the top it rolled down again.

III, II

OF ROMAN VIRTUE

How best the pinch of hardship to endure Let the young Roman learn in stress of fight, Till he can match fierce Parthians' flight ¹ And ply a spear as sure.	True Worth knows not defeat, and still preserves His robe unsullied by base Envy's stain; He takes not nor quits power again, 5 As mob-hood sways and swerves.
Amidst alarms let his young days go by, The sky his tent. The when some King's at war, Let spouse or daughter watch afar, And from the ramparts cry:	Heaven's gates he opes to men of deathless worth, And finds a way to fame where way's 10 denied; Soaring he thrusts dull crowds aside, And spurns the sodden earth.
"Unversed in war, ah! will my darling dare, A very untamed lion to impugn, Whom through a field of slaughter soon Insatiate wrath may bear?"	Yet faithful Silence too may claim his fee. But they who of dark Ceres tales would 15 tell Shall not beneath my roof-tree dwell, Or launch frail boat with me.
Good 'tis and fine, for fatherland to die! ² Death tracks him too who shirks; nor will He fail To smite the coward loins that quail, The coward limbs that fly!	For oft Jove strikes good men and ill in one, 20 When he is scorned. Justice may halt, yet Crime, Whate'er his start, hath seldom time Her vengeance to outrun.

XIII

THE BANDUSIAN SPRING ³

Bandusia's fount, more bright than crystal thou, Well worthy gift of flowers and mellow wine, — To-morrow at thy shrine A kid I'll dedicate, whose brow,	25 Thee the fierce Dogstar with his fiery shock Can never touch. Thy shadow coolness leaves For ploughshare-wearied bees, And for the straying pastured flock.
Just budding, is to love and battle stirred. But vainly! With his red blood by and by Thy waters cool he'll dye, This youngling of a wanton herd.	30 Thou too among famed fountains shalt be known, When I thy holm-oak sing, whose branches wave Above the rocky cave, 35 Whence leap thy babbling waters down.

¹ The Parthians were a warlike people dwelling on the shores of the Caspian. They were famous for their military ability, and especially for their proficiency in throwing the spear effectively as they fled; hence the phrase "Parthian shot."

² "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." A famous line often used as an epitaph for a military hero.

³ A fountain in Apulia.

III

• OF ROME AND TROY

<p>The man that's just and resolute of mood No craze of people's perverse vote can shake, Nor frown of threat'ning monarch make To quit a purposed good.</p> <p>As soon would the unquiet lord of Hadria's surge,¹ Roaring South-Wester, shake him, or Jove's stroke Of fire. If wide creation broke, Upon its crumbling verge</p> <p>He'd stand undaunted. 'Twas such strength did waft Pollux² and roving Hercules to the skies; By whom red-lipped Augustus lies, And nectar too hath quaffed.</p> <p>Earning like place, Sire Bacchus! by like strength, Thee did yoked tigers drag with restive neck To Heaven. Thus too did Romulus check Mars' steeds,³ and soared at length</p> <p>Above death's stream; when Juno thus began, By listening gods approved: "Troy's ruin came Through Paris, that false judge, with shame Of foreign courtesan;</p> <p>What time Laomedon⁴ the spoken word Forswore, and to the gods his promise broke; Troy's doom then I and Pallas spoke, On town, false folk, and lord.</p> <p>Less brightly now her ill-famed lover shines In the lewd Spartan's eyes. Priam's false race</p>	<p>No longer helped by Hector chase The Greek's embattled lines.</p> <p>The war, by our dissensions lengthened, lo! 5 Is ended. From this hour my bitter scorn Of Troy, my hate for grandson born Of Ilia, I'll forego</p> <p>(Though she a Trojan priestess), Mars to 10 appease. Nay, where we peaceful sit he shall be placed, And in heaven's courts shall nectar taste. 15 Nay, more, while wide the seas Are left 'twixt Ilium and Rome to rave, So long in peace the exiles blest may reign Where'er they list. While on the plain Of Troy, and o'er the grave</p> <p>Of Paris and of Priam cattle stray, And wild beasts squat unharmed, so long let stand 25 Rome's capital renowned, — her hand Let humbled Medes obey;</p> <p>Let her before a world in terror bear Her name to farthest coasts, beyond where pour 30 Westward 'twixt Spain and Afric's shore The middle straits, — or where Eastward Nile floods his fields. Be it her rule Gold aye to scorn, left deep by earth o'er- laid; So better, than when mined, and made Of impious hands the tool.</p> <p>Rome shall be free by dint of arms to at- tain Earth's farthest bound, — whether she hath desire</p>
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¹ The Adriatic Sea, which was noted for the fierceness of its storms.² Son of Jupiter and twin brother of Castor. The reference is to the Gemini constellation in the heavens.³ There was a tradition that Romulus was carried to Heaven in the chariot of Mars.⁴ Founder of Troy. He broke his promise to Hercules to give him a pair of divine horses as a reward for the rescue of Hesione, Laomedon's daughter.

To go where rages tropic fire,
Or where brood clouds and rain.
But on this one condition thus I've willed
For warlike Rome, that in no maudlin mood
Of piety or pride she should
Old Troy seek to rebuild.
A Troy with such ill auspices restored
Like loss again shall know. For once again
I, sister-spouse of Jove, in train
Will set my conquering horde.

Nay, if a third Troy they in brass should
house,
And Phœbus¹ helped, a third time
Troy would burn,
Sacked by my Greeks; third wife would
mourn,
Captive, her sons and spouse."
Such talk but ill my sportive lyre be-
seems.
What mean'st thou, Muse? Cease rashly
to rehearse
The speech of gods, or with small verse
Belittle mighty themes.

xxx

TO HIS MUSE

A monument I've achieved more strong
than brass
Soaring kings' pyramids to overpass;
Which not corroding raindrop shall devour,
Or winds that from the north sweep down
in power,
Or years unnumbered as the ages flee!
I shall not wholly die. What's best of me
Shall 'scape the tomb. In later praise I'll
grow
Still fresh, as long as Vestal still and slow
With Pontiff climbs Rome's Capitol. Men
shall tell,

Where Aufidus'² fierce torrents rave and
swell,
Where drought-vexed Daunus filled a
rustic throne,
How I, from humble stock to greatness
grown,
First dared Æolian song with Latin
speech
To attune. Forth then for well-earned
prize outreach
Thy hand, Melpomené,³ and deign to lay
Upon my locks chaplet of Delphic bay!

CATULLUS

(87?-54? B.C.)

Caius Valerius Catullus was born near Verona. Of his childhood little is known. After squandering a rather large inheritance which he received from his father, he joined the prætor Memmius in Bithynia, hoping to rehabilitate himself. The venture was unsuccessful, and he returned to Rome, where, except for occasional visits to his country-seats on the promontory of Sirmio and at Tibur, he spent the remainder of his life. He was acquainted with Cicero and other famous men; but his relationships were largely personal, as he appears to have been little interested in politics. He is supposed to have become violently infatuated with Clodia, the beautiful but dissolute sister of Publius Clodius, whom he celebrated in his lyrics as Lesbia. He died young, long before he had time to reach full maturity as a poet. His most famous poems are his lyrics addressed to Lesbia, the marriage hymn for Manlius Torquatus, the *Allis*, a narrative poem dealing with the rites of a fanatical religious cult, and the *Coma Berenices*, a paraphrase of a poem by the Alexandrian poet, Callimachus.

Catullus interprets everything in terms of personal feelings. Always either agonizing or

¹ Apollo.² Now called Ofanto, a river remarkable for its swift and violent course.³ The Muse of tragedy.

exulting, he is the poet of youth — of intense enthusiasm or black despair. In the intensity of personal feeling expressed in his poetry we can think of no one with whom to compare him except Sappho, and possibly Byron. In style his poetry is clear cut, direct, and bright. He has the faculty of condensation, of attractive metaphor and simile, and a feeling for Nature hardly less penetrating than that of Horace. His abundant use of mythology and his interest in archæological detail imply his indebtedness to the Alexandrian school. These traits, however, are mostly limited to his longer poems. We value Catullus chiefly for his countless little pictures and turns of phrase, for his engaging *lours de force*, and for his amazing quality of sudden repartee.

Though Vergil, Martial, Ovid, and other poets of his own day recognized his genius and even borrowed from him at times, he was neglected, as was Horace, during the Middle Ages. Saved from oblivion by Petrarch in the fourteenth century, he became from that time on one of the immortal sources of poetical inspiration and style. The Italian and French humanists translated and imitated him freely. Imitations and translations sprang up in almost every generation in France and England. Hardly a marriage song or group of love lyrics was composed without betraying something of Catullus' influence, either in form or in spirit. In England, Catullus, although received with less enthusiasm than Horace in the Renaissance, was nevertheless recognized by its prominent poets and critics and increasingly acclaimed by the late Elizabethans and the writers of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century the popularity of Catullus was bound to decline; but the nineteenth century, with its reawakening of classical interest, gave enthusiastic welcome to the Roman poet, who has most profoundly affected the love poetry of England.

These selections are taken from the *Poems of Catullus*, translated by Hugh McNaghten, Cambridge, University Press, 1925.

•ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

Mourn Loves and Graces all, and you
Of men the lovelier chosen few.
The sparrow of my love is dead,
The playmate of my love is sped,
Her sparrow, prized beyond her eyes,
So honey-sweet was he, and wise
To know her as a girl her mother.
He would not leave her for another,
Would on her lap be still astir

And chirping still for none but her.
And now he journeys whence they say
No steps retrace the darkling way.
Cursed shades, I curse you, swallowing
5 In Orcus¹ every dainty thing:
The dainty pet ye ravished here!
Fie, fie, for shame! ah, birdie dear!
Flushed, heavy eyelids are the due
My love is paying, all for you.

TO LESBIA

Oh! let us love and have our day,
All that the bitter greybeards say
Appraising at a single mite.
My Lesbia, suns can set and rise:
For us the brief light dawns and dies
Once only, and the rest is night.
A thousand kisses, then five score,

10 A thousand and a hundred more,
Then one for each you gave before.
Then, as the many thousands grow,
We'll wreck the counting lest we know,
Or lest an evil eye prevail
15 Through knowledge of the kisses' tale.

•TO LESBIA

Catullus, hapless one, be sane at last,
Believe your eyes, confess the past is past.
So bright, so white the suns that shone
before!
There where your lady led you followed
fain,

And loved her as none else shall love again.
Ah! then the glad surprises and the play —
You wished it so, nor said your lady
20 nay.
So white, so bright the suns that shine no
more!

¹ Hades.

Now she says nay: ah! weakling, say it too;
 Nor live to grieve, nor one who flies pursue,
 But stubborn stand and bear the purpose through.
 Lady, good-bye! now stands Catullus fast,
 Nor woos against your will nor mourns the past:
 But surely you shall mourn when wooed no more.

Poor culprit! ah, the days for you in store!
 Who will now heed your beauty, take your hand?
 5 Whom will you fondle? who will call you his?
 Whose lips will you devour with kiss on kiss?
 But thou, Catullus, stubborn, steadfast stand.

• TO LESBIA

TO CÆSAR

I hate and love. You question "How?"
 I lack
 An answer, but I feel it on the rack.

Not overmuch I care, Cæsar, your friend to be;
 You may be dark or fair, I never looked to see.

• TO LESBIA¹

Peer of the gods he seems to me,
 Lord of high gods, if that may be,
 Who face to face at whiles on thee
 Can look and hear

15 That I am dumb is evidence
 That thou art near.

Thy laughter sweet: ah! Lesbia, thence
 Fails (woe is me) my very sense,

20 Within my brain: night on both eyes
 Falls swift and sheer.

ON SIRMIO

My pearl of mimic isles and island eyes,
 That in the liquid lakes or wild waste seas
 Neptune upholds, the god of those and these,
 My Sirmio, is it true, the glad surprise?
 And I have left Bithynia's² plains behind,
 And Thynia left, to see you and be safe?
 Joy beyond joy to loose the cares that chafe

And lay aside the burden of the mind!
 Home after toilsome travel; home once more,
 25 Snug in the cosy bed we wearied for —
 This makes amends for all the toil we bore.
 Joy, fairy Sirmio, for your master's sake:
 Joy, waters of my own true Lydian lake:
 Home-laughter of the depths awake,
 30 awake!

• MARRIAGE SONG

God, of Urania³ son,
 Haunter of Helicon,⁴
 Who, to the husband's side
 Snatching a tender bride,
 Hear'st Hymen, Hymen, cried;

Thy flowery brows around
 Marjoram sweet be bound,
 Come with the joy all aglow,
 Come with the veil we know,
 35 Yellow shoes, feet of snow.

¹ This poem is a paraphrase of one of Sappho's. (See above, p. 237.)² In Asia Minor.³ Hymen, god of marriage, who was the son of Apollo, god of music, and Urania, Muse of astronomy.⁴ The mountain of the Muses.

Come, on this happy day,
Singing the marriage lay,
Raise the song shrill and sweet,
Wave the pine torch, and beat
Earth with thy frolic feet.

As by the Phrygian ¹ seen,
Venus, Idalian ² queen,
So Vinia comes to thee,
Manlius, a bride to be,
Blest with blest augury,

Blossoming brightly now
As Asian myrtle bough,
Myrtle, the sweet plaything
Which from the dewy spring
Wood nymphs are watering.

Come then, we pray thee, come
From rocky Thespian home,³
Come from Aonian caves
Which with the falling waves
Cold Aganippe ⁴ laves.

Home's mistress homeward call,
Bid the new love enthrall
Thoughts that were unconfined,
As ivy tendrils bind
All the tree close entwined.

You too the fancy-free
Maidens, that soon shall see
Dawn a like day, repeat
Hymen, Hymen, and greet
Hymen to music's beat.

So may he gladly hear,
So at the sound draw near
Unto his proper deed,
Fain the true love to lead,
Fain the true hearts to speed.

What god as he can bless
Lovers in love's distress?
First of the heavenly throng,
Men's prayers to thee belong,
Hymen, Hymen our song.

Thee to their children's aid
Call failing sires; a maid
Loosens for thee her zone;
Bridegrooms to thee alone
5 All fears and longings own.

Thou the bud torn away
From mother's lap does lay
In the rough hands and bold.
Thy marvels manifold,
10 Hymen, Hymen, be told.

Love without thee is vain,
Lustreless all the gain,
Yet if thou wilt, 'tis fair:
Which of the gods may dare
15 With Hymen to compare?

* * *

Open the gate: 'tis she.
Torches are waving, see,
Tresses of light, yet slow
20 Moves she, and all aglow
Weeps that she needs must go.

* * *

Drop the bride's tender hand,
25 Boy with the purple band:
Let the groom claim her now:
Hymen, to thee we bow,
Hymen, be gracious thou.

30 Wives that are aged and proved
True to the lords ye loved,
Lay the sweet girl to rest:
Hymen, thy name be blest,
Hymen, thy praise confessed.

35 Come to her now, for she
Waits to be thine, and see
So sweet a blossom this
As the white clematis
40 Or yellow poppy is.

Haste to her husband now,
Comely as she, I vow;
Venus has held you dear:

¹ Paris.

² Idalium, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

³ Thespia was a town near Mt. Helicon.

⁴ Aonia was a part of Boeotia containing Mt. Helicon and the fountain Aganippe, a well of the Muses.

Only delay not here;
Come to her, night is near.

Quickly you come indeed,
Venus befriend your need,
Since what you will you dare,
Heedless of whosoe'er
Looks on a love so fair.

Dust of the Afric plain
Reckon we grain by grain,
Count we the stars that shine:
Joys that are thine and thine,
How shall our hearts divine?

Happy be night and morn,
Soon shall a babe be born;
How should an ancient name,
Still to abide the same,
Lack the new heir to fame?

God send a little son

Stretching soft hands anon
From mother's breast, to bring
Father a glimmering
Smile of sweet welcoming.

5 God send a son and heir
Mælius' name to bear,
His copy, who shall be
Proof for all eyes to see
10 Of wifely chastity.

Mother shall lend him grace,
Sign of his ancient race,
Such as the praise we see
15 Rest on thy son from thee,
Matchless Penelope.

Close ye the doors; away,
Maidens, enough of play;
20 You, that have youth to share,
Cherish a love so fair
Happily, happy pair.

TO HIS BROTHER

From land to land, o'er many waters borne,	Poor brother, stolen away so cruelly,
Brother, I come to these thy rites forlorn,	Ye this the while, which ancient use
25 The latest gift, the due of death, to pay,	decrees
The fruitless word to silent dust to say.	Sad ritual of our sires for obsequies,
Since death has reft thy living self from	Take, streaming with a brother's tears that
me,	tell
	Of a last greeting, brother, a last farewell.

‘PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

The date and authorship of *The Vigil of Venus* are unknown. It is generally thought, however, to have been composed some time between the second and the sixth centuries of the Christian era. In spirit and form it belongs mainly to the Silver Age of Latin poetry; on the other hand, the refrain and the suggestion of accentual rhythm look forward to the Middle Ages.

The occasion of the poem is the vigil on the eve of a three-day festival of Venus. The theme of Venus as the life-giving force, fosterer of production and fertility, is perhaps better known in the opening lines of Lucretius' *De rerum natura* (q.v.).

This translation is from *The Vigil of Venus*, by Cecil Clementi, Oxford, B. H. Blackwell, 1911.

Spring is new and comes with singing!	In 30 And the wood unbinds her tresses at the
the spring the world takes birth:	wooing of fond showers:
In the spring birds mate: at spring-tide	For tomorrow Love's Queen Regent
all the loves join heart in mirth:	weaves her myrtle-trellis'd bowers,

Plaited green with leafy tendrils, under-
 neath the sylvan shade:
 For tomorrow reigns Dione,¹ high-thron'd,
 royally array'd!
 Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? 5
 Thou shalt learn of love tomorrow!
 'Tis the eve of that day's nuptials when
 primal Æther² wed:
 For 'twas spring-tide when our Father all 10
 the year from rain-clouds bred.
 Down he rained upon Earth's bosom,
 wooing thus his gentle wife,
 Whereby, blent in one great body, gave he
 to all seedlings life.
 Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow?
 Thou shalt love again tomorrow!
 Then from blood-froth on his surface, in a
 ball of lambent foam,
 All among his azure squadrons, where his 20
 two-foot horses roam,
 Ocean fashion'd our Dione from the swell-
 ing surf-wave's womb.³
 She herself, Creation's Sovereign, in- 25
 wardly the mind and veins,
 Instinct with her permeant spirit, by her
 secret strength constrains:
 And through sky, through earth and ocean,
 where her nether path is strown, 30
 Hath she deep in nature's seed-track im-
 press of her passage sown,
 And hath bid the ways of child-birth to
 the whole wide world be known.
 Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow? 35
 Love will dawn for thee tomorrow!
 Hers the hand that paints the season pur-
 pling into gems of flower:
 Her own impulse swells the bosom, tumid 40
 by Favonius'⁴ power,
 Into burgeoning luxuriance. She herself,
 when airs of night
 Have bequeathed to earth their moisture,
 strews the dew in starry light. 45
 Lo! the tears of dew flash trembling with
 their downward drooping weight:
 Yet each drop with tiny orbit checks
 awhile its headlong fate.
 Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow?
 Love will weep with thee tomorrow!
 Lo! the flow'ry purple-jewels have betray'd
 their purity:
 For that moisture, which the starlight
 rains from evening's tranquil sky,
 Loos'd at dawn their virgin-bosoms from
 the mantle's humid red:
 By Dione's will at dawning dewy virgin-
 roses wed —
 Roses made of Paphia's⁵ life-blood and
 the burning kiss of Love,
 Made of gems, and made of fire-flames,
 and the sun-light from above,
 Will tomorrow yield the crimson, hidden
 by their fiery stole,
 Unasham'd each to one husband, bound in
 bridal of the soul.
 Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow?
 Thine be love's pursuit tomorrow!
 Lo! our Queen hath sent her damsels down
 the myrtle groves to play:
 Love's a-maying with the maidens; but,
 if Love make holiday,
 Why are arrows in his quiver? Who can
 trust him when so near? 30
 Onward, maids! he yields his weapons!
 Love's own holiday is here!
 Love must come unarm'd as bidden, nude,
 as bidden, must he go,
 Lest perchance with bow, or arrow, or
 with fire he deal you woe.
 Yet take heed, unwary maidens! Cupid is
 a pretty boy:
 And when naked best accoutred, full
 equip'd for your annoy.
 Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow?
 Thine be love's reward tomorrow!
 With her own shy blushes Venus sendeth
 unto thee her maids:
 One the boon we crave: Oh, hear us, virgin
 born in Delos' glades! ⁶

¹ Venus.

² One of the favorite literary motifs of classical writers was the marriage of Æther and Earth.

³ This refers to the tradition that Venus was fashioned by Neptune out of the froth on the surface of the sea.

⁴ The West Wind.

⁵ Paphos, on the west coast of Cyprus, was the chief seat of the worship of Venus.

⁶ Diana, goddess of chastity.

Be the forest's verdure bloodless of the
slaughter of the chase!
Let the flowers be fresh, where shadows of
the greenwood interlace!
Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow?
Thou shalt meet with love tomorrow!

Venus would herself entreat thee, could
she bend thy chaste intent:
She herself would beg thy presence, could
thy virgin soul assent.
Now for full three nights of revel, wan-
d'ring through the sylvan bowers,
All amid the myrtle arbours, all amid the
festal flowers,
Sister-throngs, bedeck'd with garlands,
hand-in-hand thou mightest see,
With them Ceres, with them Bacchus, and
the God of Poësy.¹
Night must stop his hurrying foot-steps,
songs our vigil while away:
Reign, Dione, in the forest! Dian, abdi-
cate thy sway!
Know'st thou well love's joy and sor-
row? Thou shalt love yet more to-
morrow!

She herself made Troy's wayfarers and the
Latin people one:²
She betroth'd the Laurens princess in
espousal to her son,
Whence sprang Ramnes and Quirites,
whence the ages will acclaim
Her, whom Romulus call'd mother, and
his grandchild Cæsar's fame:
She betray'd to Mars the virgin, careless
of the Vestal oath:
She herself made Sabine maidens plight
with men of Rome their troth.
Know'st thou well love's joy and sor-
row? Love will cherish thee to-
morrow!

Fields obey the touch of Venus, fecund
with voluptuous joy:
Ay, amid the fields ('tis rumour'd) Love
was born, Dione's boy:
Him, begotten on the glebeland, Venus
fondled at her breast,
Foster'd him with dainty kisses that on
roses' lips he press'd.
Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow?
Thine be love's caress tomorrow!

Stands our Queen's divine tribunal dight
with flowers from Hybla's lea!³
She herself will rule the sessions: by her sit
the Graces three.⁴
Hybla, pour afield thy flowers, all the year
brings in his train!
Hybla, don a flow'ry vesture, wide as
Ætna's broad domain!
Hither hasten nymphs of country, hither
hasten nymphs of hill;
All that haunt the groves and woodland, or
the bubbling fountain's rill,
Hath wing'd Cupid's mother summon'd
as assessors to her Court,
Hath she warn'd that Love, though naked,
sets a maiden's trust at naught.
Know'st thou not love's joy and sorrow?
Love will cozen thee tomorrow!

Lo! the kine their limbs are stretching
'neath the broom at lazy ease:
Each with each in bond connubial, safe
from rivalry, agrees.
With their mates beneath the shadow, see!
the bleating flocks at play:
And our Queen bids her wing'd warblers
carol still the silver lay.
Now the chatt'ring swans prate hoarsely
o'er the waters of the mere,
While 'neath poplar shade the maiden's
answer thrills in Tereus' ear,⁵
Such that in sweet music's cadence we
might deem she told love's song,
Nor could think to her fell husband she
bemoan'd a sister's wrong.
Know'st thou well love's joy and sorrow?
Thine be love's revenge tomorrow!

¹ Apollo.² Hybla was a town in Sicily, famous for its honey.³ Aglaia (Brilliance), Euphrosyne (Joy), Thalia (Bloom). They personify what were considered the qualities most desirable in social intercourse.⁴ She brought about the marriage of her son Æneas with Lavinia. By the Ramnes and Quirites, ancient Latin tribes, is meant the Roman nation. In this same passage Venus is credited with having brought together Rhea Sylvia and the god Mars, parents of Romulus and Remus. Romulus, founder of Rome, was regarded as progenitor of Cæsar.⁵ Reference is made here to the tale of Philomela, who was changed to a nightingale when she was being pursued by the cruel Tereus, who had grossly deceived her sister.

She is singing: I am silent. Will my So Amyclæ,¹ thro' its silence, found in
 spring-time never come? very silence death.
 When shall I be like the swallow and my Hast thou known love's joy and sor-
 voice no longer dumb? row? Love be thine again tomor-
 I have lost the muse by silence: Phœbus 5 row.
 will not heed my breath:

¹ An Italian city which was finally captured, because the inhabitants, in consequence of a number of false alarms, were forbidden to announce the approach of an enemy.

POETRY: PASTORAL

GREEK

THEOCRITUS

(3RD CENTURY B.C.)

Theocritus was born in Syracuse, the chief city of the island of Sicily, and was trained for his literary career at Alexandria. After finishing his education he secured the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Alexandria. Later he returned to Syracuse, where he lived and wrote under the protection of Hiero II.

The pastoral idylls (pictures) of Theocritus are, as far as we know, the beginning of bucolic and pastoral poetry. Over half of his little poems are dramatic pictures of country life in Sicily. They portray country life, however, as seen through the eyes of a city dweller and are inspired by a feeling characteristic of city dwellers in all ages, namely, the desire to get "back to nature." The form of Theocritus's idylls varies, but one of the commonest types is the pure literary lyric embedded in a rustic dialogue. Even in these earlier pastorals there is a hint of their later allegorical development.

The pastoral convention has had a long and interesting life. Bion, and especially Moschus, carried on the Theocritan tradition in Greek. After Vergil's *Eclogues*, with which it began its long career as a purely artificial literary form, it first emerged in the writings of Mantuan, a fifteenth-century Italian, who greatly admired Vergil. At about the same time it appeared in dramatic form in Politian's *Favola di Orfeo* (1483). The *Arcadia*, a long pastoral poem by the Italian Sannazaro, appeared in 1504. This poem, although not of high literary quality, set the style for subsequent non-dramatic pastorals. Tasso, in his *Aminia* (1573), more fully established the dramatic pastoral tradition. Following the influence of the *Arcadia*, we find the Portuguese Montemayor's *Diana*, Cervantes' *Galatea*, Sydney's *Arcadia*, and Lodge's *Rosalind*. The last important work in the tradition of the pastoral romance was the *Astrée* of the French writer d'Urfé (1610). Representative of the dramatic tradition are Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (1610), and Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* (1637).

The lyrical pastorals clung much closer to the original tradition. Spenser, in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (1579), revived Theocritan simplicity; but his contemporaries seemed unable to shake off the grip of the pastoral romances. Among those writers in whose works the influence of Theocritus is undeniable we find Drayton, Browne, Wither, Davies, William Browne, Phineas Fletcher, Milton, Ambrose Philips, Pope, and Gay. But it would be impossible to attribute to any of them the genuineness and simplicity of the Theocritan pastoral. The eighteenth century warmly welcomed the pastoral as a literary form; but the only writer to approach the simple manner of Theocritus was Allan Ramsay, in his *Gentle Shepherd* (1725). With the arrival of the Age of Romanticism the urge to write about nature was too genuine and poignant to be entrusted to the frigid form of the pastoral. Shelley's *Adonais*, Wordsworth's *Michael*, and Arnold's *Thyrsis*, it is true, were all avowed pastorals; but even such notable exceptions as these do not alter the fact that the pastoral as a literary form was dead.

These selections are taken from *The Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil*, translated by C. S. Calverly, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1913.

IDYLLS

VIII

THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS

- Daphnis, the gentle herdsman, met once,
as legend tells,
Menalcas making with his flock the circle
of the fells.
Both chins were gilt with coming beards: 5
both lads could sing and play:
Menalcas glanced at Daphnis, and thus
was heard to say: —
“Art thou for singing, Daphnis, lord of the
lowing kine? 10
I say my songs are better, by what thou
wilt, than thine.”
Then in his turn spoke Daphnis, and thus
he made reply:
“O shepherd of the fleecy flock, thou pip- 15
est clear and high;
But come what will, Menalcas, thou ne’er
wilt sing as I.”
- MENALCAS
- This art thou fain to ascertain, and risk a
bet with me?
- DAPHNIS
- This I full fain would ascertain, and risk a 25
bet with thee.
- MENALCAS
- But what, for champions such as we, would
seem a fitting prize?
- DAPHNIS
- I stake a calf; stake thou a lamb, its
mother’s self in size.
- MENALCAS
- A lamb I’ll venture never: for aye at close
of day
Father and mother count the flock, and
passing strict are they.
- DAPHNIS
- Then what shall be the victor’s fee? What
wager wilt thou lay?
- MENALCAS
- A pipe discoursing through nine mouths I 45
made, full fair to view.
- The wax is white thereon, the line of this
and that edge true.
I’ll risk it: risk my father’s own is more
than I dare do.
- DAPHNIS
- A pipe discoursing through nine mouths,
and fair, hath Daphnis too:
The wax is white thereon, the line of this
and that edge true.
But yesterday I made it: this finger feels
the pain
Still, where indeed the rifted reed hath
cut it clean in twain.
But who shall be our umpire? who listen
to our strain?
- MENALCAS
- Suppose we hail yon goatherd; him at
whose horned herd now 20
The dog is barking — yonder dog with
white upon his brow.
- Then out they called; the goatherd
marked them, and up came he;
Then out they sang; the goatherd their
umpire fair would be.
To shrill Menalcas’ lot it fell to start the
woodland lay:
30 Then Daphnis took it up. And thus
Menalcas led the way.
- MENALCAS
- “Rivers and vales, a glorious birth! Oh,
if Menalcas e’er
35 Piped aught of pleasant music in your
ears:
Then pasture, nothing loth, his lambs:
and let young Daphnis fare
No worse, should he stray hither with
his steers.”
- DAPHNIS
- “Pastures and rills, a bounteous race! If
Daphnis sang you e’er
Such songs as ne’er from nightingale
have flowed;

Then to his herd your fatness lend; and
let Menalcas share
Like boon, should e'er he wend along
this road."

MENALCAS

"'Tis spring, 'tis greenness everywhere;
with milk the udders teem,
And all things that are young have life
anew,
Where my sweet maiden wanders: but
parched and withered seem,
When she departeth, lawn and shepherd
too."

DAPHNIS

"Fat are the sheep, the goats bear twins,
the hives are thronged with bees,
Rises the oak beyond his natural growth,
Where falls my darling's footstep: but
hungeriness shall seize,
When she departeth, herd and herdsman
both."

MENALCAS

"Come, ram, with thy blunt-muzzled kids
and sleek wives at thy side,
Where winds the brook by woodlands
myriad-deep:
There is *her* haunt. Go, Stump-horn, tell
her how Proteus¹ plied
(A god) the shepherd's trade, with
seals for sheep."

DAPHNIS

"I ask not gold, I ask not the broad lands
of a king;
I ask not to be fleeter than the breeze;
But 'neath this steep to watch my sheep,
feeding as one, and fling
(Still clasping *her*) my carol o'er the
seas."

MENALCAS

"Storms are the fruit-tree's bane; the
brook's, a summer hot and dry;
The stag's a woven net, a gin the
dove's;
Mankind's a soft sweet maiden. Others
have pined ere I:
Zeus! Father! hadst not thou thy
lady-loves?"

Thus far, in alternating strains, the lads
their woes rehearst:

Then each one gave a closing stave. Thus
sang Menalcas first: —

5

MENALCAS

"Oh, spare, good wolf, my weanlings! their
milky mothers spare!
Harm not the little lad that hath so many
in his care!

What, Firefly, is thy sleep so deep? It ill
befits a hound,
Tending a boyish master's flock, to slumber
oversound.

And, wethers, of this tender grass take,
nothing coy, your fill:

So, when it comes, the after-math shall
find you feeding still.

So! so! graze on, that ye be full, that not
an udder fail:

Part of the milk shall rear the lambs, and
part shall fill my pail."

Then Daphnis flung a carol out, as of a
nightingale: —

DAPHNIS

"Me from her grot but yesterday a girl of
haughty brow

Spied as I passed her with my kine, and
said, 'How fair art thou!'

I vow that not one bitter word in answer
did I say,

But, looking ever on the ground, went
silently my way.

The heifer's voice, the heifer's breath, are
passing sweet to me;

And sweet is sleep by summer-brooks upon
the breezy lea:

As acorns are the green oak's pride, apples
the apple-bough's;

So the cow glorieth in her calf, the cowherd
in his cows."

Thus the two lads; then spoke the
third, sitting his goats among:

GOATHERD

"O Daphnis, lovely is thy voice, thy music
sweetly sung;

Such song is pleasanter to me than honey
on my tongue.

¹ A shape-shifting divinity subsidiary to Poseidon, god of the ocean. His task was to herd the seals.

Accept this pipe, for thou hast won. And should there be some notes
 That thou couldst teach me, as I plod alongside with my goats,
 I'll give thee for thy schooling this ewe, that horns hath none:
 Day after day she'll fill the can, until the milk o'errun."
 Then how the one lad laughed and leaped and clapped his hands for glee!

A kid that bounds to meet its dam might dance as merrily.
 And how the other inly burned, struck down by his disgrace!
 A maid first parting from her home might wear as sad a face.
 Thenceforth was Daphnis champion of all the country side:
 And won, while yet in topmost youth, a Naiad¹ for his bride.

XI²

Methinks all nature hath no cure for Love,
 Plaster or unguent, Nicias, saving one;
 And this is light and pleasant to a man,
 Yet hard withal to compass — minstrelsy.
 As well thou wottest, being thyself a leech,
 And a prime favourite of those Sisters nine.³
 'Twas thus our giant lived a life of ease,
 Old Polyphemus, when, the down scarce seen
 On lip and chin, he wooed his ocean nymph:
 No curlypatèd rose-and-apple wooer,
 But a fell madman, blind to all but love.
 Oft from the green grass foldward fared his sheep
 Unbid: while he upon the windy beach,
 Singing his Galatea,⁴ sat and pined
 From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart:
 Great Aphrodite's shaft had fixed it there.
 Yet found he that one cure: he sate him down
 On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang: —
 "White Galatea, why disdain thy love?
 White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb,
 Wild as the heifer, soft as summer grapes!
 If sweet sleep chain me, here thou walk'st at large;
 If sweet sleep loose me, straightway thou art gone,
 Scared like a sheep that sees a grey wolf near.

I loved thee, maiden, when thou cam'st long since,
 To pluck the hyacinth-blossom on the fell,
 Thou and thy mother, piloted by me.
 I saw thee, see thee still, from that day forth
 For ever; but 'tis naught, ay naught, to thee.
 I know, sweet maiden, why thou art so coy:
 Shaggy and huge, a single eyebrow spans
 From ear to ear my forehead, whence one eye
 Gleams, and an o'erbroad nostril tops my lip.
 Yet I, this monster, feed a thousand sheep
 That yield me sweetest draughts at milking-tide:
 In summer, autumn, or midwinter, still
 Fails not my cheese; my milkpail aye o'erflows.
 Then I can pipe as ne'er did Giant yet,
 Singing our loves — ours, honey, thine and mine —
 At dead of night: and hinds I rear eleven
 (Each with her fawn) and bear cubs four, for thee.
 Oh, come to me — thou shalt not rue the day —
 And let the mad seas beat against the shore!
 'Twere sweet to haunt my cave the live-long night:
 Laurel, and cypress tall, and ivy dun,

¹ A sea nymph.² Idyll XI: The Cyclops Polyphemus, about whom this poem is written, calls to mind the adventure of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* (q.v.).³ The nine Muses.⁴ A sea nymph.

And vines of sumptuous fruitage, all are there:
 And a cold spring that pine-clad Ætna¹ flings
 Down from the white snow's midst, a draught for gods!
 Who would not change for this the ocean-waves?

"But thou mislik'st my hair? Well, oaken logs
 Are here, and embers yet aglow with fire.
 Burn (if thou wilt) my heart out, and mine eye,
 Mine only eye wherein is my delight.
 Oh, why was I not born a finny thing,
 To float unto thy side and kiss thy hand,
 Denied thy lips — and bring thee lilies white
 And crimson-petalled poppies' dainty bloom!
 Nay — summer hath his flowers and autumn his;
 I could not bring all these the selfsame day,
 Lo, should some mariner hither oar his road,
 Sweet, he shall teach me straightway how to swim,
 That haply I may learn what bliss ye find
 In your sea-homes. O Galatea, come
 Forth from yon waves, and coming forth forget

(As I do, sitting here) to get thee home:
 And feed my flocks and milk them, nothing loth,
 And pour the rennet in to fix my cheese!
 "The blame's my mother's; she is false to me;
 Spake thee ne'er yet one sweet word for my sake,
 Though day by day she sees me pine and pine.
 I'll feign strange throbbings in my head and feet
 To anguish her — as I am anguished now."
 O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are flown thy wits?
 Go plait rush-baskets, lop the olive-boughs
 To feed thy lambkins — 'twere the shrewder part.
 Chase not the recreant, milk the willing ewe:
 The world hath Galateas fairer yet.
 25 "— Many a fair damsel bids me sport with her
 The livelong night, and smiles if I give ear.
 On land at least I still am somebody."
 Thus did the Giant feed his love on song,
 And gained more ease than can be bought with gold.

MOSCHUS

(ca. 250 B.C.)

Moschus lived in Syracuse about 250 B.C. He was a pupil of Bion, whose death he laments here. It is probable that he was living on Italian soil when the following poem was composed. The poem, written ca. 225 B.C., illustrates the early tendency of pastoral writers to depart from the rusticity and simplicity of Theocritus. The poem is marked by greater ornament, by greater artificiality of form, and more extensive use of mythological references. It is, however, very sweet and graceful, and it seems to express a genuine feeling of grief.

This selection was translated by Leigh Hunt, in the *Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt*, Oxford University Press, 1923.

¹ The volcanic mountain of Sicily.

IDYLLS

III

•ON THE DEATH OF BION

Moan with me, moan, ye woods and
 Dorian waters,
 And weep, ye rivers, the delightful Bion;
 Ye plants, now stand in tears; murmur, ye
 groves;
 Ye flowers, sigh forth your odours with
 sad buds;
 Flush deep, ye roses and anemones;
 And more than ever now, O hyacinth,
 show
 Your written sorrows¹: — the sweet
 singer's dead.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.²
 Ye nightingales, that mourn in the thick
 leaves,
 Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,³
 Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with
 him
 Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.²⁰

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian⁴
 swans,
 And utter forth a melancholy song,
 Tender as his whose voice was like your
 own;
 And say to the Ægrian girls,⁵ and say
 To all the nymphs haunting in Bistony,⁶
 The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Apollo, Bion, wept thy sudden fate:

The Satyrs⁷ too, and the Priapuses⁸
 Dark-veiled, and for that song of thine the
 Pans,
 Groaned: and the fountain-nymphs within
 the woods
 Mourned for thee, melting into tearful
 waters;

Echo too mourned among the rocks that
 she
 Must hush, — and imitate thy lips no
 longer;
 The trees and flowers put off their loveli-
 ness;
 Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the
 hive
 The honey moulders, — for there is no
 need,
 Now that thy honey's gone, to look for
 other.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Not so the dolphins mourned by the salt
 sea,⁹
 Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
 Not so the swallow over the far downs,
 Not so Ceyx calling for his Halcyone,¹⁰
 Not so in eastern valleys Memnon's bird¹¹
 Screamed o'er his sepulchre for the
 Morning's son,
 30 As all have mourned for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.

¹ According to a Greek legend, Hyacinth was a beautiful youth who was tragically killed. From his blood there sprang up the flower that bears his name and on the leaves were written the syllables *ai, ai*, an exclamation of pain or distress.

² Any reference to the Sicilian Muse after the time of Theocritus means that the writer intends to compose in the pastoral manner.

³ A fountain on the island of Ortygia near Syracuse, presided over by the nymph Arethusa, Muse of pastoral poetry.

⁴ Pertaining to the river Strymon in Macedonia, hence, Greek.

⁵ Another name for the Muses, derived from the name of Ægrus, father of Orpheus.

⁶ Probably a reference to certain women who engaged in the worship of Dionysus (Bacchus).

⁷ Deities of the woods and fields.

⁸ Priapus was a rustic divinity who presided over the fertility of crops and animals.

⁹ It was thought that dolphins uttered a cry similar to that of a human being in anguish.

¹⁰ See the story of Ceyx and Alcyone as told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* (pp. 274-282).

¹¹ Memnon was the son of Tithonus and Aurora. At his funeral two flocks of birds issued from the funeral pile and fought so fiercely that half of them fell down into the fire and were immolated with him.

Ye nightingales and swallows every one
Whom he once charmed and taught to
sing at will,
Plain to each other midst the green tree
boughs,
With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too,
ye doves.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Who now shall play thy pipe, O most
desired one?

Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who
dare it?

For still they breathe of thee and of thy
mouth,

And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
Pan's be they; and even he shall fear
perhaps

To sound them, lest he be not first here-
after.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
And Galatea¹ weeps, who loved to hear
thee,

Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore;
For thou did'st play far better than the
Cyclops,

And him the fair one shunned: but thee,
but thee,

She used to look at sweetly from the water.
But now, forgetful of the deep, she sits

On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for
thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.

The Muse's gifts all died with thee, O
shepherd,

Men's admiration, and sweet women's
kisses.

The loves about thy sepulchre weep sadly,
For Venus loved thee, much more than the
kiss

With which of late she kissed Adonis,²
dying.

Thou too, O Meles,³ sweetest-voiced of
rivers,

Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first,⁴ that sweet mouth of
Calliope,⁵

Was taken from thee; and they say thou
mourned'st

For thy great son with many sobbing
streams,

10 Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.

And now, again, thou weapest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favourites of the fountain-nymphs;
one drank

15 The Pegasean fount,⁶ and one his cup
Filled out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid lass,⁷ and the great
son

Of Thetis,⁸ and Atreides Menelaus⁹;

20 But he, the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermixed the pipe he played
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed
them;

And he made pipes and milked the gentle
heifer,

And taught us how to kiss, and cherished
love

Within his bosom, and was worthy of
Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.

Every renowned city and every town

Mourns for thee, Bion: — Ascrea¹⁰ weeps
thee more

35 Than her own Hesiod; the Boëtian
woods

Ask not for Pindar so; nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; not th' Ægean isle

Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back

Archilocus; and Mitylene now,
Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with
thine.

All the sweet pastoral poets, who of late

¹ See Theocritus, Idyll XI, pp. 265-66.

² A beautiful youth beloved by Venus. Having offended Diana, goddess of chastity and of the chase, he was killed while hunting.

³ A river which flows near Smyrna, the birthplace of Bion.

⁴ Smyrna was one of the seven places in which Homer was thought to have been born.

⁵ The Muse of epic poetry.

⁶ Hippocrene, the inspiring well of the Muses which arose on Mt. Helicon from the imprint of the hoof of Pegasus, the winged horse.

⁷ Helen of Troy, daughter of Tyndareus.

⁸ Achilles was the son of the sea-goddess, Thetis.

⁹ Husband of Helen. He was the son of Atreus.

¹⁰ This and the succeeding place-names are those of the birthplaces of the poets mentioned.

Carried such happy looks, are sad for thee, —
 Sicelidas the Samian, Lycidas
 With his sweet lip, and frank Theocritus,
 All in their several dialects: and I,
 I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
 Sing thee a dirge Ausonian,¹ such as thou
 Taughtest thy scholars, honouring us as all
 Heirs of the Dorian muse. Thou didst
 bequeath
 Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 Alas, when mallows in the garden die,
 Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill, 15
 They live again, and flower another year;
 But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
 When once we die, sleep in the senseless
 earth
 A long, an endless, unawakeable sleep. 20
 Thou too in earth must be laid silently:
 But the nymphs please to let the frog sing
 on;
 Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless. 25

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth,
 Thou did'st feel poison; how could it
 approach

Those lips of thine, and be not turned to
 sweet!
 Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
 Or bid be mixed, and turn him from thy
 song! 5

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
 But justice reaches all; — and thus,
 meanwhile,
 10 I weep thy fate. And would I could de-
 scend
 Like Orpheus² to the shades, or like
 Ulysses,²
 Or Hercules² before him; I would go
 15 To Pluto's house, and see if you sang
 there,
 And hark to what you sang. Play to
 Proserpina³
 Something Sicilian, some delightful pas-
 toral, 20
 For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
 The shores of Etna, and sung Dorian
 songs.
 And so thou wouldst be honoured: and
 as Orpheus, 25
 For his sweet harping, had his love again,
 She would restore thee to our mountains,
 Bion.
 Oh, had I but the power, I, I would do it.

LATIN

VERGIL

The *Eclogues* of Vergil are pastorals; that is, the author felt that in writing them he was, to some extent, following the tradition established by Theocritus. It will be observed that in the opening lines of this particular poem (written about 35 B.C.), he actually invokes the muses of pastoral poetry. The form is polished and sophisticated; yet the main theme is sincere. Vergil believed that the time had come for another Golden Age, and that a son who was soon to be born to Octavian was the person destined to carry out the measures that were to reform the world. It may be of interest to note that the wished-for son never arrived; the child turned out to be a girl, and that girl was the infamous Julia. The various details of the Golden Age as given by Vergil are traditional. For further comment on the Golden Age, see the notes on Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; on the pastoral tradition, see Theocritus, p. 262.

This poem was translated by R. S. Conway in *Vergil's Messianic Eclogue*, London, John Murray, 1907.

¹ Italian.

² These three heroes made visits to Hell; Orpheus to bring back his wife, Ulysses to consult the seer Tiresias, and Hercules to bring back Alcester.

³ Daughter of Demeter, who was snatched away to Hades to be the wife of Pluto.

ECLOGUE IV

Muses to whom Sicilian shepherds sang,
Teach me a loftier strain. The hazel copse
And lowly tamarisk will not always please.

If still the wild free woodland note be heard,
Our woodland song must suit a consul's ear.

Lo, the last age of Cumæ's seer¹ has come!

Again the great millennial æon dawns.
Once more the hallowed Maid appears, 15
once more

Kind Saturn² reigns, and from high heaven descends

The firstborn child of promise. Do but thou,

Pure Goddess,³ by whose grace on infant eyes

Daylight first breaks, smile softly on this babe;

The age of iron in his time shall cease
And golden generations fill the world.

E'en now thy brother, Lord of Light and Healing,

Apollo, rules and ends the older day.

Thy office, Pollio,⁴ thine, shall mark the year

Wherein this star begins his glorious course.

Under thy banner all the stains of ill, 35
That shame us yet, shall melt away and break

The long, long night of universal dread.
For the child's birthright is the life of gods,

Heroes and gods together he shall know,
And rule a world his sire has blessed with peace.

For thee, fair Child, the lavish 45
Earth shall spread

The earliest playthings, trailing ivy-wreaths

And foxgloves red and cups of water-lilies,

5 And wild acanthus leaves with sunshine stored.

The goats shall come uncalled, weighed down with milk,

Nor lions' roar affright the labouring kine.

10 Thy very cradle, blossoming for joy,
Shall with soft buds caress thy baby face;
The treacherous snake and deadly herb shall die,

And Syrian spikenard blow on every bank.

But when thy boyish eyes begin to read
Rome's ancient prowess and thy sire's great story,

Gaining the power to know what manhood is, 20

Then, league by league, the plain without a sower

Shall ripen into waves of yellow corn;

On every wild-thorn purple grapes shall cluster, 25

And stubborn oaks yield honey clear as dew.

But in men's hearts some lingering seed of ill

30 E'en yet shall bid them launch adventurous keels,

And brave the inviolate sea and wall their towns,

And cut earth's face with furrows. Then behold 35

Another Tiphys⁵ take the helm and steer

Another Argo, manned by chosen souls

Seeking the golden, undiscovered East.

40 New wars shall rise, and Troy renewed shall see

Another great Achilles leap to land.

At last, when stronger years have made thee man,

The voyager will cease to vex the sea

¹ Vergil professes to base his belief in the coming of the Golden Age partly at least upon the utterances of the Cumæan Sybil.

² Ruler of the universe during the first Golden Age. He was deposed by his son, Zeus. See the introductory note of Æschylus's *Prometheus Bound*.

³ Lucina.

⁴ The person to whom the poem is dedicated. He was consul, and it was to him that Vergil owed the restoration of the lands which had been confiscated and reassigned to military veterans.

⁵ The pilot of the Argo. See the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius, p. 40.

Nor ships of pinewood longer serve in traffic,
 For every fruit shall grow in every land.
 The field shall thrive unharrowed, vines unpruned,
 And stalwart ploughmen leave their oxen free.
 Wool shall not learn the dyer's cozening art,
 But in the meadow, on the ram's own back, 10 Nature will give new colours to the fleece,
 Soft blushing glow of crimson, gold of crocus,
 And lambs be clothed in scarlet as they feed.
 "Run, run, ye spindles! ¹ On to this fulfilment
 Speed the world's fortune, draw the living thread."
 So heaven's unshaken ordinance declaring 20
 The Sister Fates enthroned together sang.
 Come then, dear child of gods, Jove's mighty heir,
 Begin thy high career; the hour is sounding.
 See how it shakes the firmament,
 Earth and the spreading seas and depth of sky!
 See, in the dawning of a new creation
 5 The heart of all things living throbs with joy!
 Oh, if but life would bring me days enough
 And breath not all too scant to sing thy deeds,
 Not Thracian Orpheus ² should outdo the strain,
 Nor Linus, ³ though his mother aid the one,
 His sire the other, sweet Calliope
 And beautiful Apollo, Lord of Song.
 15 Nay, even Pan, ⁴ his own Arcadia judging,
 Should, by Arcadia's judgment, own defeat.
 Come, child, and greet thy mother with a smile!
 Ten weary waiting months her love has known.
 Come little Child! Whoso is born in sorrow
 Jove ne'er hath bidden join the immortal banquet,
 25 Nor deathless Hebe ⁵ deigned to be his bride.

¹ This refers to the spinning of the thread of life by the Three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. One spins the thread, the second draws it out, and the third clips it.

² A famous mythical bard.

³ Son of Apollo, god of song, and Calliope, Muse of epic poetry. He was originally a person famous for the dirges sung over him. Later he came to be looked upon as a famous singer himself.

⁴ God of flocks and shepherds. He was credited with the invention of the syrinx, or shepherd's flute, and hence came to be regarded as a patron of pastoral song. He was born in Arcadia.

⁵ Goddess of youth, who filled the cups of the gods with nectar.

POETIC NARRATIVE

LATIN

OVID

(43 B.C.-17 or 18 A.D.)

Publius Ovidius Naso was the son of a noble Roman family in moderate circumstances. His early education, which was intended to fit him for a public career, consisted mainly of a careful training in rhetoric, though his natural inclination was more toward poetry. He was sent to Athens for the finishing touches, and here he became proficient in Greek. After a period of travel he returned to Rome. Although he held a few public offices, he was hindered by his naturally indolent disposition from distinguishing himself. He was three times married. Regarding the mistress, Corinna, who is celebrated in his lyrics, there has been much speculation, resulting in the final acceptance, at its face value, of Ovid's own statement that she was an imaginary character. In 1 A.D. Ovid was suddenly banished by imperial edict to Tomi, a remote district on the shores of the Euxine Sea. The usual supposition is that his banishment was a rebuke for his famous tract *The Art of Love*. Ovid did not bear up particularly well under his punishment. He spent much of his time composing laments upon his unfortunate condition, and letters of complaint to his friends in Rome. His literary performances are said to have delighted the citizens of Tomi. Ovid was never recalled to Rome. After spending eighteen years in exile, he died at the age of sixty.

Ovid's principal writings are: (1) the *Amores*, (2) the *Heroides* (ca. 10 B.C.), the imaginary correspondence of famous ladies abandoned by their lovers, (3) *The Art of Love*, a treatise on love-making, written in a half-jocular imitation of the scientific manner, (4) *The Remedy of Love*, another tract of a somewhat similar nature, explaining how to get over being in love, (5) the *Metamorphoses* (ca. 8 A.D.), and (6) the *Fasti*, a sort of poetical Roman calendar.

The most famous embodiment of Ovid's doctrines during the Middle Ages was the *Roman de la Rose*, part of which was translated from French into English by Chaucer. In the fourteenth century the story of Pyramus and Thisbe was borrowed from Ovid by Boccaccio and by Chaucer. It stands somewhat to the credit of the discernment of mediæval writers that they saw in Ovid not merely the licentious sybarite, but also the sage and the philosopher. He was frequently cited by Chaucer in his moral *Tale of Melibæus*; and numerous writers of distinctly ecclesiastical tendency chose to invoke him as an authority on ethical matters. Dante and Chaucer ranked him along with Vergil as one of the world's greatest poets. In fact, many are inclined to see in the *Canterbury Tales* a collection of serious and mocking narratives put together in much the same spirit as the *Metamorphoses*. During the Renaissance his fame continued with little abatement. Petrarch, although he censured Ovid severely for *The Art of Love*, was not too proud to take a hint from the *Amores* for his *Trionfo d'Amore*. Boccaccio shows his influence in a half-dozen of his most famous works. The epic writers of the Renaissance, Ariosto, Camoëns, and Spenser, as well as the moralists Erasmus and Montaigne, show a close acquaintance with Ovid. In succeeding periods, although he had to compete with an increasing number of classical writers rescued from the obscurity of the Dark Ages, he continued to be felt. Even such an austere personage as Milton admired him. Dryden translated him, and Congreve, Pope and Addison reflect his spirit unmistakably. With the Age of Romanticism the great popularity of Ovid as a literary model came to an end.

The *Metamorphoses*, a collection of legends that involve a metamorphosis, or transformation, derives largely from the Greek writers of the Alexandrian Age, and covers the period from the very beginning of things to the time of Julius Cæsar. The poem consists of separate episodes skillfully worked together to form a continuous whole. Many of the stories are distinguished for tenderness, sympathy, and a feeling of appreciation for devotion to moral law. The *Meta-*

morphoses has served many generations of writers as a compendium of classical mythology. A Greek or Roman myth in almost any period from Ovid's time up to 1600 is very likely to have come, at least ultimately, from the *Metamorphoses*.

THE GOLDEN AGE

<p>The Golden Age was first; when man, yet new, No rule but uncorrupted reason knew; And, with a native bent, did good pursue. Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear, His words were simple, and his soul sincere. Needless was written law, where none opprest; The law of man was written in his breast. No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared; No court erected yet, nor cause was heard; But all was safe, for conscience was their guard. The mountain trees in distant prospect please, Ere yet the pine descended to the seas; Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore; And happy mortals, unconcerned for more, Confined their wishes to their native shore. No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;</p>	<p>Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound; Nor swords were forged; but, void of care and crime, 5 The soft creation slept away their time. The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough, And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow: Content with food, which nature freely bred, On wildings and on strawberries they fed; Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest, And falling acorns furnished out a feast. 15 The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reigned; And western winds immortal spring maintained. In following years the bearded corn ensued 20 From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed. From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke, And honey sweating through the pores of oak.</p>
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THE SILVER AGE

<p>But when good Saturn, banished from above, Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove. Succeeding times a Silver Age behold, Excelling brass, but more excelled by gold. Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear, And Spring was but a season of the year. The sun his annual course obliquely made. Good days contracted, and enlarged the bad.</p>	<p>Then air with sultry heats began to glow, The wings of winds were clogged with ice and snow; And shivering mortals, into houses driven, 30 Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven. Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds, With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds. 35 Then ploughs for seed the fruitful furrows broke, And oxen laboured first beneath the yoke.</p>
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THE BRAZEN AGE

<p>To this next came in course the Brazen Age:</p>	<p>A warlike offspring prompt to bloody rage, 40 Not impious yet. —</p>
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THE IRON AGE

—Hard Steel succeeded then;
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook;
 Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
 Trees, rudely hollowed, did the waves sustain,
 Ere ships in triumph ploughed the watery plain.
 Then landmarks limited to each his right;
 For all before was common as the light.
 Nor was the ground alone required to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share;
 But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
 Dugged from her entrails first the precious ore;

Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid,
 And that alluring ill to sight displayed.
 Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold;
 And double death did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betrayed.
 Now (brandished weapons glittering in their hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands:
 No rights of hospitality remain,
 The guest, by him who harboured him, is slain;
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife;
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns:
 And Justice, here oppressed, to heaven returns.

CEYX AND ALCYONE

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the Morning Star), and King of Trachin, in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

These prodigies afflict the pious prince;
 But, more perplexed with those that happened since,
 He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
 Avoiding Delphos, his more famed abode;
 Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
 Yet could not he from her he loved so well,
 The fatal voyage he resolved, conceal;
 But when she saw her lord prepared to part,
 A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart;

Her faded cheeks are changed to waxen hue,
 And in her eyes the tears are ever new;
 She thrice essayed to speak; her accents hung,
 And, faltering, died unfinished on her tongue,
 Or vanished into sighs; with long delay
 Her voice returned; and found the wonted way.
 "Tell me, my lord," she said, "what fault unknown
 Thy once beloved Alcyone has done?
 Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone!
 Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
 And unconcerned forsake the sweets of life?
 What can thy mind to this long journey move,
 Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
 Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess

My soul even then, my fears will be the
less.
But ah! be warned to shun the watery
way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy
mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the
wind,
Can with a breath their clamorous rage
appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas:
Not so; for, once indulged, they sweep the
main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief, bear the waves
before,
And, not content with seas, insult the
shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once
engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage;
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and marked their rude
comport,
While yet a child, within my father's
court;
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne;
The more I know, the more my fears aug-
ment,
And fears are oft prophetic of the event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fixed thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present what I suffer only fear;
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we
fly,
Secure to live together, or to die."
These reasons moved her starlike
husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart;
For as he loved her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to re-
frain,
But sought by arguments to soothe her
pain:

Nor these availed; at length he lights on
one,
With which so difficult a cause he won: —
"My love, so short an absence cease to
fear,
For, by my father's holy flame I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light
adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return."
This promise of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trem-
bling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears
renews;
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sighed, with a sad presage, and swooning
fell.
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Raised on their banks, their oars in order
drew
To their broad breasts, — the ship with
fury flew.
The queen, recovered, rears her humid
eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;
She took the sign, and shook her hand
again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her
view
With sharpened sight, till she no longer
knew
The much-loved face; that comfort lost,
supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her
eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising
gales,
She followed with her sight the flying sails;
When even the flying sails were seen no
more,
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to
close;
Her husband's pillow, and the widowed
part
Which once he pressed, renewed the former
smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to
blow;

¹ Ceyx was son of Lucifer, the morning star.

The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
 Then hoist their yards atrip, and all their sails
 Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales.
 By this the vessel half her course had run,
 And as much rested till the rising sun;
 Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
 Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose;
 The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
 Like heralds, first denounce the watery war.
 This seen, the master soon began to cry,
 "Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main sheet fly,
 And furl your sails." The winds repel the sound,
 And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drowned.
 Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
 Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
 Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides;
 Another, bolder yet, the yard bestrides,
 And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
 The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
 In this confusion while their work they ply,
 The winds augment the winter of the sky,
 And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
 Are tossed, and mingled as their tyrants please.
 The master would command, but, in despair
 Of safety, stands amazed with stupid care,
 Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows.
 The ungoverned tempest to such fury grows;
 Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill,
 With such a concourse comes the flood of ill;
 The cries of men are mixed with rattling shrouds;
 Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds;

At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
 The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.
 Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
 And, in the fires, above the water fries;
 When yellow sands are sifted from below,
 The glittering billows give a golden show;
 And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
 The Stygian dye¹ the tainted waters take;
 Then frothy white appear the flattened seas,
 And change their colour, changing their disease.
 Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
 And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
 As from a lofty summit looks from high,
 And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;
 Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
 And at a distance see superior light;
 The lashing billows make a loud report,
 And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort;
 Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
 With force augmented bears against his prey,
 Sidelong to seize; or, unappalled with fear,
 Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear;
 So seas impelled by winds, with added power,
 Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.
 The planks, their pitchy coverings washed away,
 Now yield; and now a yawning breach display;
 The roaring waters with a hostile tide
 Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
 Meantime, in sheets of rain the sky descends,
 And ocean, swelled with waters, upwards tends,
 One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
 Meet at their confines, in the middle way;
 The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
 Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.

¹ The color of the River Styx in Hades, that is, black.

No star appears to lend his friendly light;
 Darkness and tempest make a double
 night;
 But flashing fires disclose the deep by
 turns,
 And, while the lightnings blaze, the water
 burns.
 Now all the waves their scattered force
 unite;
 And, as a soldier, foremost in the fight, 10
 Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
 Still presses on, and, urging, gains the
 town;
 So while the invading billows come abreast,
 The hero tenth,¹ advanced before the rest, 15
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous
 sway,
 And from the walls descends upon the
 prey;
 Part following enter, part remain without, 20
 With envy hear their fellows' conquering
 shout,
 And mount on others' backs, in hope to
 share
 The city, thus become the seat of war. 25
 An universal cry resounds aloud,
 The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
 Art fails, and courage falls, no succour
 near;
 As many waves, as many deaths appear. 30
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
 One cannot weep, his fears congeal his
 grief;
 But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
 One with loud shrieks laments his lost 35
 estate,
 And calls those happy whom their funerals
 wait.
 This wretch with prayers and vows the
 gods implores,
 And even the skies he cannot see, adores.
 That other on his friends his thoughts
 bestows,
 His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
 The covetous worldling in his anxious 45
 mind
 Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
 All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
 For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys;

His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
 Now with last looks he seeks his native
 shore,
 5 Which fate has destined him to see no
 more;
 He sought, but in the dark tempestuous
 night
 He knew not whither to direct his sight.
 So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds 10
 the sky,
 That the black night receives a deeper dye.
 The giddy ship ran round; the tempest
 tore
 15 Her mast, and over-board the rudder
 bore.
 One billow mounts; and with a scornful
 brow,
 Proud of her conquest gained, insults the
 waves below;
 Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
 Pindus² and Athos,² with the freight they
 bore,
 And tossed on seas; pressed with the
 ponderous blow,
 Down sinks the ship within the abyss be-
 low;
 Down with the vessel sink into the main
 The many, never more to rise again.
 30 Some few on scattered planks with fruitless
 care
 Lay hold, and swim; but, while they swim,
 despair.
 Even he, who late a sceptre did com-
 mand,
 Now grasps a floating fragment in his
 hand;
 And while he struggles on the stormy
 main,
 40 Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain:
 But yet his consort is his greatest care;
 Alcyone he names amidst his prayer;
 Names as a charm against the waves and
 wind,
 Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.
 Tired with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
 From prayers to wishes he descends at
 last, —
 That his dead body, wafted to the sands,

¹ The Latin word is *decumanus*, meaning "tenth" of any sort, but so frequently applied to the tenth cohort of a legion that when used alone it came to have a military association. Compare the American use of the word "second" as applied to second baseman.

² Mountains in Greece.

Might have its burial from her friendly
 hands.
 As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
 And peep above the seas, he names the
 fair;
 And, even when plunged beneath, on her
 he raves,
 Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
 At last a falling billow stops his breath,
 Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him 10
 underneath.
 Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
 That night, his heavenly form obscured
 with tears;
 And since he was forbid to leave the skies, 15
 He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
 Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
 Computes how many nights he had been
 gone;
 Observes the waning moon with hourly 20
 view,
 Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
 Against the promised time provides with
 care,
 And hastens in the woof the robes he was 25
 to wear;
 And for herself employs another loom,
 New-dressed to meet her lord returning
 home,
 Flattering her heart with joys that never 30
 were to come.
 She fumed the temples with an odorous
 flame,
 And oft before the sacred altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty name; 35
 All powers implored, but far above the
 rest,
 To Juno she her pious vows addressed,
 Her much-loved lord from perils to protect,
 And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct; 40
 Then prayed that she might still possess
 his heart,
 And no pretending rival share a part.
 This last petition heard, of all her prayer;
 The rest, dispersed by winds, were lost in 45
 air.
 But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 Tired with her vain devotions for the dead,
 Resolved the tainted hand should be
 repelled,

Which incense offered, and her altar held:
 Then Iris¹ thus bespoke, — "Thou faith-
 ful maid,
 By whom the queen's commands are well
 conveyed, 5
 Haste to the house of Sleep, and bid the
 god,
 Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
 Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
 Resembling him who perished in the storm:
 This form before Alcyone present,
 To make her certain of the sad event."
 Endued with robes of various hue she
 flies,
 And flying draws an arch, a segment of
 the skies;
 Then leaves her bending bow, and from
 the steep
 Descends to search the silent house of
 Sleep.
 Near the Cimmerians,² in his dark
 abode,
 Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
 Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
 Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome
 noon;
 But lazy vapours round the region fly,
 Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
 No crowing cock does there his wings
 display,
 Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;
 Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful
 geese,
 Disturb with nightly noise the sacred
 peace;
 Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
 Nor trees with tempests rocked, nor human
 cry;
 But safe repose, without an air of breath,
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to
 death.
 An arm of Lethe,³ with a gentle flow,
 Arising upwards from the rock below,
 The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles
 creeps,
 And with soft murmurs calls the coming
 sleeps;
 Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
 And all cool simples that sweet rest be-
 stow; 50

¹ Female messenger of the gods.

² A mythical people dwelling on the far-off western seas, surrounded by perpetual darkness.

³ The river of the lower world whose waters induced forgetfulness.

Night from the plants their sleepy virtue
drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was the unguarded house
to keep,
On creaking hinges turned, to break his
sleep.

But in the gloomy court was raised a
bed,
Stuffed with black plumes, and on an ebon 10
stead;

Black was the covering too, where lay
the god,
And slept supine, his limbs displayed
abroad;

About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees
not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon 20
the shore.

The virgin, entering bright, indulged
the day

To the brown cave, and brushed the
dreams away;

The god, disturbed with this new glare of
light

Cast sudden on his face, unsealed his sight,
And raised his tardy head, which sunk
again,

And, sinking on his bosom, knocked his
chin;

At length shook off himself, and asked the
dame

(And asking yawned), for what intent she 35
came?

To whom the goddess thus: — "O
sacred Rest,

Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the
best!

O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of
the day,

Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen
flies away!

Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffered in the
storm,

And send it flitting to the Trachin¹ court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:

Before his queen bid the pale spectre
stand,

Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand."
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could
keep,

Unable to support the fumes of sleep;
5 But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerved along her bow with swift
ascent.

The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolved at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, called
aloud,

Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd;
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, ex-
pressed

15 The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could
supply,

The habit mimic, and the mien belie;
Plays well, but all his action is confined;
Extending not beyond our human kind.

Another birds, and beasts, and dragons,
apes,

And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall

25 The gods have named; but men Phobetor
call:

A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of
soul;

30 Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in
dreams,

And solid rocks unmoved, and running
streams.

These three to kings and chiefs their scenes
display,

The rest before the ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dis-
patched;

Which done, the lazy monarch over-
watched,

40 Down from his propping elbow drops his
head,

Dissolved in sleep, and shrinks within his
bed.

45 Darkling the dæmon glides, for flight
prepared,

So soft that scarce his fanning wings are
heard.

To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting
shade

Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,

¹ Trachis was a town of Thessaly celebrated as the residence of Hercules for a time.

Forsakes his proper form, assumes the
 king's;
 And pale as death, despoiled of his array,
 Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
 And stands before the bed at dawn of day: 5
 Unmoved his eyes, and wet his beard
 appears,
 And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
 The briny water dropping from his hairs;
 Then staring on her, with a ghastly look 10
 And hollow voice, he thus the queen be-
 spoke:
 "Knowest thou not me? Not yet, un-
 happy wife?
 Or are my features perished with my life? 15
 Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
 Lo! all that's left of him, thy husband's
 ghost!
 Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
 The stormy south o'ertook us in the main; 20
 And never shalt thou see thy loving lord
 again.
 Bear witness, heaven, I called on thee in
 death,
 And, while I called, a billow stopped my 25
 breath.
 Think not that flying fame reports my
 fate;
 I, present I, appear, and my own wreck
 relate.
 Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplord
 Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford;
 But rise, prepared in black to mourn thy
 perished lord."
 Thus said the player god; and, adding 35
 art
 Of voice and gesture, so performed his
 part,
 She thought (so like her love the shade
 appears)
 That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx
 shed the tears.
 She groaned, her inward soul with grief
 oppress,
 She sighed, she wept, and sleeping beat 45
 her breast:
 Then stretched her arms to embrace his
 body bare,
 Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
 At this, not yet awake, she cried, "Oh, stay, 50
 One is our fate, and common is our way!"
 So dreadful was the dream, so loud she
 spoke,
 That, starting sudden up, the slumber
 broke;
 Then cast her eyes around, in hope to
 view
 Her vanished lord, and find the vision true; 5
 For now the maids, who waited her com-
 mands,
 Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
 Tired with the search, not finding what she
 seeks,
 With cruel blows she pounds her blubbered
 cheeks;
 Then from her beaten breast the linen
 tare,
 And cut the golden caul that bound her
 hair.
 Her nurse demands the cause; with louder
 cries
 She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:
 "No more Alcione, she suffered death
 With her loved lord, when Ceyx lost his
 breath:
 No flattery, no false comfort, give me
 none,
 My shipwrecked Ceyx is for ever gone;
 I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
 His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
 His lustre lost, and every living grace,
 Yet I retained the features of his face:
 30 Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and
 dropping hair,
 None but my Ceyx could appear so fair;
 I would have strained him with a strict
 embrace,
 But through my arms he slipt, and
 vanished from the place;
 There, even just there he stood"; — and
 as she spoke,
 Where last the spectre was, she cast her
 look; 40
 Fain would she hope, and gazed upon the
 ground,
 If any printed footsteps might be found;
 Then sighed, and said — "This I too well
 foreknew,
 And my prophetic fear presaged too true;
 'Twas what I begged, when with a bleeding
 heart
 I took my leave, and suffered thee to part,
 Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
 Never, ah never to divide our way!
 Happier for me, that, all our hours as-
 signed,

Together we had lived, even not in death
disjoined!

So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perished there;
Now I die absent, in the vast profound,
And me without myself the seas have
drowned:

The storms were not so cruel; should I
strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive! 10
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remembered in one common
line."

No further voice her mighty grief af-
fords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her 20
words,

And stopt her tongue; but what her
tongue denied,
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb com-
plaints supplied.

'Twas morning; to the port she takes her
way,

And stands upon the margin of the sea;
That place, that very spot of ground she
sought,

Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood; and while she sadly
said,

"'Twas here he left me, lingering here,
delayed
His parting kiss, and there his anchors
weighed."

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past
actions trace,

And call to mind, admonished by the 40
place,

Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seemed a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright? 45
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew,
That what before she but surmised was
true;

A corpse it was, but whose it was, un-
known,

Yet moved, howe'er, she made the case her
own;

Took the bad omen of a shipwrecked man,

As for a stranger wept, and thus began:

"Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose
thy life,

Unhappy thou, but more thy widowed
wife!" 5

At this she paused; for now the flowing
tide

Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears
increase

At nearer sight, and she's herself the less:
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies;
She knows too much, in knowing whom she
sees, —

15 Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly
shrieks,

"'Tis he, 'tis he," she cries, and tears her
cheeks,

Her hair, her vest; and, stooping to the
sands,

About his neck she casts her trembling
hands.

"And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing
wife!" 25

She said, and to the neighbouring mole she
strode,

Raised there to break the incursions of the
flood;

30 Headlong from hence to plunge herself she
springs,

But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks she
plies,

35 Not far from shore, and short excursions
tries;

Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas;

Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking
noise,

And imitates a lamentable voice;
Now lighting where the bloodless body
lies,

She with a funeral note renews her cries.

45 At all her stretch her little wings she
spread,

And with her feathered arms embraced
the dead;

Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
50 To print a kiss, the last essay of love;

Whether the vital touch revived the dead,
Or that the moving waters raised his head,

To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone,

For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds
 translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multi-
 plied;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone com-
 pressed,

Seven days sits brooding on her floating
 nest,
A wintry queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every
5 wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's
 ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the
 seas.

SATIRE

GREEK

Satire, as nearly as we can tell, began in ancient Greece in the form of more or less spontaneous and boisterous criticisms of personal defects. Its entry into formal literature seems to have been effected through its association with popular religious festivals, one feature of which consisted of jibes at members of the community. The satire seems to have retained its personal quality even in the hands of the famous Archilocus (ca. 700 B.C.), who established its metrical form in iambic trimeter. The early development in Italy was parallel to that in Greece, and the connection of satire with the coarse pleasantry of harvest and vintage festivals seems to have given it its name, i.e. *satura*, a miscellany or mixture. The first writer of modern satire was Lucilius (147-103 B.C.), who served as model for Horace, Persius, and others. In the hands of Juvenal the satire becomes definitely rhetorical. Satire as a literary influence rather than a form covers too broad a field to be considered here, for it turns up in drama, epic, lyric, novel, and every other conceivable type of literature. The kind that can be most justifiably compared with Juvenal's is that which satirizes directly, not by implication. Juvenal's closest literary successors are such writers as Dryden, Pope, Defoe, Swift, and Hogarth.

LUCIAN

(ca. 120-180 A.D.)

Lucian was born about 120 A.D. at Samosata in Syria. Despite his humble birth he managed to prepare himself to become an advocate. For a time he practised in Antioch; but before long he started upon a wandering career as a rhetorician, in which capacity he chiefly occupied himself with the preparation of speeches for other people to deliver. Although he made no claim to distinction as a philosopher, he achieved fame as an ironically destructive critic of ambitious philosophical systems. The bulk of his work is devoted to exposing sham and superstition.

Lucian's *A True History* (ca. 150 A.D.) is a satire on the mad tales with which voyagers were wont to embellish the accounts of their travels. Employing the form of the burlesque travelogue, he not only ridicules the popular superstitions regarding unknown lands beyond the waves, but also takes a sly dig now and then at his favorite victims, the philosophers. The Happy Isles, to which reference is made, were the islands where, according to an ancient tradition, the heroes of the world assembled, after their exploits were finished, to live in perpetual happiness. *A True History* is an early ancestor of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Among the many other writings attributed to Lucian the *Dialogues of the Gods* and the *Dialogues of the Dead* are especially memorable.

The translation is that of A. M. Harmon, *A True Story*, New York, The Macmillan Company.

A TRUE STORY

In a little while many islands came in sight. Near us, to port, was Cork, where the men were going, a city built on a great round cork. At a distance and more to starboard were five islands, very large and high, from which much fire was blazing up. Dead ahead was one that was flat and low-lying, not less than five hundred

furlongs off. When at length we were near it, a wonderful breeze blew about us, sweet and fragrant, like the one that, on the word of the historian Herodotus, breathes perfume from Araby the blest. The sweetness that met us was as if it came from roses and narcissi and hyacinths and lilies and violets, from myrrh and laurel and vines in bloom. Delighted with the fragrance and cherishing high hopes after

our long toils, we gradually drew near to the island at last. Then we saw many harbors all about it, large, and unfretted by beating waves; transparent rivers emptying softly into the sea; mead, too, and woods and song-birds, some of them singing on the shore and many in the branches. A rare, pure atmosphere enfolded the place, and sweet breezes with their blowing stirred the woods gently, so that from the moving branches came a whisper of delightful, unbroken music, like the fluting of Pandean pipes in desert places. Moreover, a confused sound could be heard incessantly, which was not noisy but resembled that made at a drinking party, when some are playing, others singing and others beating time to the flute or the lyre. Enchanted with all this, we put in, anchored our boat and landed, leaving Scinthus and two of my comrades on board. Advancing through a flowery mead, we came upon the guards and sentinels, who bound us with rosy wreaths — the strongest fetter that they have — and led us inland to their ruler. They told us on the way that the island was the one that is called the Isle of the Blest, and that the ruler was the Cretan Rhadamanthus. On being brought before him we were given fourth place among the people awaiting trial. The first case was that of Ajax, son of Telamon, to decide whether he should be allowed to associate with the heroes or not: he was accused of having gone mad and killed himself. At last, when much had been said, Rhadamanthus gave judgment that for the present, after taking a dose of hellebore,¹ he should be given in charge of Hippocrates,² the Coan physician, and that later on, when he had recovered his wits, he should have a place at the table of the heroes. The second case was a love-affair — Theseus and Menelaus at law over Helen, to determine which of the two she should live with. Rhadamanthus pronounced that she should live with Menelaus, because he had undergone so much toil and danger on account of his marriage: then too Theseus had other wives, the Amazon³ and the daughters of Minos.⁴ Then their judgment was given in a matter of precedence between Alexander, son of Philip, and Hannibal of Carthage, and the decision was that Alexander outranked Hannibal, so his chair was placed next the elder Cyrus of Persia. We were brought up fourth; and he asked us how it was that we trod on holy ground while still alive, and we told him the whole story. Then he had us removed, pondered for a long time, and consulted with his associates about us. Among many other associates he had Aristides⁵ the Just, of Athens. When he had come to a conclusion, sentence was given that for being inquisitive and not staying at home we should be tried after death, but that for the present we might stop a definite time in the island and share the life of the heroes, and then we must be off. They set the length of our stay at not more than seven months.

Thereupon our garlands fell away of themselves, and we were set free and taken into the city and to the table of the blessed. The city itself is all of gold and the wall around it of emerald. It has seven gates, all of single planks of cinnamon. The foundations of the city and the ground within the walls are ivory. There are temples of all the gods, built of beryl, and in them great monolithic altars of amethyst, on which they make their great burnt-offerings. Around the city runs a river of the finest myrrh, a hundred royal cubits wide and five deep, so that one can swim in it comfortably. For baths they have large houses of glass, warmed by burning cinnamon; instead of water there is hot dew in the tubs. For clothing they use delicate purple spider-webs. As for themselves, they have no bodies, but are intangible and fleshless, with only shape and figure. Incorporeal as they are, they nevertheless live and move and think and talk. In a word, it would appear that

¹ An herb which the Greeks believed to be a remedy for insanity.

² The most celebrated physician of antiquity, born in the island of Cos about 460 B.C.

³ Hippolyta.

⁴ Ariadne and Phædra.

⁵ A famous Athenian political leader in the fifth century B.C.

their naked souls go about in the semblance of their bodies. Really, if one did not touch them, he could not tell that what he saw was not a body, for they are like upright shadows, only not black. Nobody grows old, but stays the same age as on coming there. Again, it is neither night among them nor yet very bright day, but the light which is on the country is like the gray morning toward dawn, when the sun has not yet risen. Moreover, they are acquainted with only one season of the year, for it is always spring there and the only wind that blows there is Zephyr. The country abounds in flowers and plants of all kinds, cultivated and otherwise. The grape-vines yield twelve vintages a year, bearing every month; the pomegranates, apples and other fruit-trees were said to bear thirteen times a year, for in one month, their Minoan, they bear twice. Instead of wheat-ears, loaves of bread all baked grow on the tops of the palms, so that they look like mushrooms. In the neighborhood of the city there are three hundred and sixty-five springs of water, as many of honey, five hundred of myrrh — much smaller, however — seven rivers of milk and eight of wine.

Their table is spread outside the city in the Elysian Fields, a very beautiful mead with thick woods of all sorts around it, overshadowing the feasters. The couches they lie on are made of flowers, and they are attended and served by the winds, who, however, do not pour out their wine, for they do not need anyone to do this. There are great trees of the clearest glass around the table, and instead of fruit they bear cups of all shapes and sizes. When any one comes to the table he picks one or two of the cups and puts them at his place. These fill with wine at once, and that is the way they get their drink. Instead of garlands, the nightingales and the other song-birds gather flowers in their bills from the fields hard by and drop them down like snow, flying overhead and singing. Furthermore, the way they are scented is that thick clouds draw up myrrh from the springs and the river, stand over

the table and under the gentle manipulation of the winds rain down a delicate dew. At the board they pass their time in poetry and song. For the most part they sing the epics of Homer, who is there himself and shares the revelry, lying at table in the place above Odysseus. Their choruses are of boys and girls, led and accompanied by Eunomus of Locris, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon and Stesichorus.¹ There can be no doubt about the latter, for I saw him there — by that time Helen had forgiven him. When they stop singing another chorus appears, composed of swans, swallows and nightingales, and as they sing the whole wood renders the accompaniment, with the winds leading. But the greatest thing that they have for ensuring a good time is that two springs are by the table, one of laughter and the other of enjoyment. They all drink from each of these when the revels begin, and thenceforth enjoy themselves and laugh all the while.

* * *

They render especial honors to Achilles and after him to Theseus. About love-making their attitude is such that they all bill-and-coo openly, in plain sight of everyone, without any discrimination, and think no shame of it at all. Socrates, the only exception, used to protest that he was above suspicion in relations with young persons, but everyone held him guilty of perjury. . . . They all have their wives in common and nobody is jealous of his neighbor; in this point they out-Plato Plato. Complaisance is the universal rule. Hardly two or three days had passed before I went up to Homer the poet when we were both at leisure, and questioned him about everything. "Above all," said I, "where do you come from? This point in particular is being investigated even yet at home." "I am not unaware," said he, "that some think me a Chian, some a Smyrniote and many a Colophonian. As a matter of fact I am a Babylonian, and among my fellow-countrymen my name was not Homer but Tigranes.

¹ Famous Greek lyric poets. Stesichorus is said to have written harshly of Helen and later to have recanted.

Later on, when I was a hostage (*homeros*) among the Greeks, I changed my name." I went on to enquire whether the bracketed lines had been written by him, and he asserted that they were all his own: consequently I held the grammarians Zenodotus and Aristarchus guilty of pedantry in the highest degree. Since he had answered satisfactorily on these points, I next asked him why he began with the wrath of Achilles; and he said that it just came into his head that way, without any study. Moreover, I wanted to know whether he wrote the *Odyssey* before the *Iliad*, as most people say: he said no. That he was not blind, as they say, I understood at once — I saw it, and so had no need to ask. Often again at other times I would do this when I saw him at leisure; I would go and make enquiries of him and he would give me a cordial answer to everything, particularly after the lawsuit that he won, for a charge of libel had been brought against him by Thersites¹ because of the way he had ridiculed him in the poem, and the case was won by Homer, with Odysseus for his lawyer.

At about this time arrived Pythagoras² of Samos who had undergone seven transformations, had lived in seven bodies and had now ended the migrations of his soul. All his right side was of gold. Judgment was pronounced that he should become a member of their community, but when I left the point was still at issue whether he ought to be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus. Empedocles³ came too, all burned and his body completely cooked, but he was not received in spite of his many entreaties.

As time went on their games came around, the Games of the Dead. The

referees were Achilles, serving for the fifth time, and Theseus for the seventh. The full details would make a long story, but I shall tell the principal things that they did. In wrestling the winner was Caranus, the descendant of Heracles, who defeated Odysseus for the championship. The boxing was a draw between Areius the Egyptian, who is buried at Corinth, and Epeius. For combined boxing and wrestling they offer no prizes. In the foot-race I do not remember who won; and in poetry, Homer was really far the best man, but Hesiod⁴ won. The prize in each case was a crown that was plaited of peacock feathers.

Hardly had the games been concluded when word came that those who were under punishment in the place of the wicked had burst their bonds, had overpowered their guard, and were advancing on the island: that they were under the leadership of Phalaris⁵ of Acragas, Busiris the Egyptian, Diomed of Thrace, and Sciron and Pityocamptes. When Rhadamanthus heard of this he mustered the heroes on the shore. They were led by Theseus, Achilles and Ajax, the son of Telamon, who by this time had recovered his wits. Achilles contributed most to their success, but Socrates, who was stationed on the right wing, was brave, too — far more so than when he fought at Delium⁶ in his lifetime. When four of the enemy came at him he did not run away but kept his face to the front. For this they afterwards gave him a special reward, a beautiful great park in the suburbs, where he used to gather his comrades and dispute: he named the place the Academy of the Dead. Arresting the losers and putting them in irons, they

¹ The most deformed man and impudent talker among the Greeks at Troy.

² A famous Greek philosopher who lived in the sixth century B.C. His theories became very popular during his lifetime, especially among the wealthy and noble classes. One of his theories was that of reincarnation. He asserted that he himself was the reincarnation of Euphorbus, a hero of the Trojan War.

³ Empedocles was a philosopher of the fifth century B.C. There was a tradition that he ended his life by throwing himself into the crater of Mt. Ætna.

⁴ An early poet of the eighth century B.C., who wrote somewhat in the epic style. He is famous for his *Theogony*, which relates a number of early Greek traditions, and his *Works and Days*, a sort of glorified bucolic. He is not of course to be classed with Homer as a poet.

⁵ The men here mentioned were all famous for their cruelty and inhumanity.

⁶ According to the best tradition Socrates conducted himself with great bravery in this battle. It was in this battle that he was supposed to have saved the life of Xenophon.

sent them off to be punished still more severely than before. An account of this battle was written by Homer, and as I was leaving he gave me the book to take to the people at home, but later I lost it along with everything else. The poem began:

This time sing me, O Muse, of the shades
of the heroes in battle!

But to return — they cooked beans, as is their custom when they are successful in war, had a feast in honor of the victory, and made a great holiday. Pythagoras was the only one who did not take part in it; he sat by himself and went dinnerless because he detested beans.

Six months had passed and it was about the middle of the seventh when sedition arose. Cinyras, the son of Scintharus, a tall and handsome lad, had long been in love with Helen, and it was no secret that she herself was madly enamored of the boy. For instance, they often winked at one another at table, drank to each other and got up together and wandered about the wood. Well, one fine day through love and despair Cinyras determined to rape Helen — she agreed to it — and go to one of the islands in the offing, either Cork or Cheesie. As accomplices they had long ago taken on three of the most reckless of my comrades; but Cinyras did not inform his father, for he knew that he would not let him do it. When they had come to a decision, they carried out their stratagem. It was at nightfall, and I was not on hand, as I chanced to be taking a nap under the table. Without the knowledge of the rest they carried Helen off and put to sea in haste. About midnight, when Menelaus woke up, and found that his wife was not in bed, he made a great stir and took his brother and went to King Rhadamanthus. But as day began to break the lookouts said that they saw the ship far out at sea. Then Rhadamanthus put fifty of the heroes aboard a ship made of a single log of asphodel and ordered them to give chase. Rowing with a will, they overtook them about noon, just as they were entering the milky place in the ocean near Cheesie — that is all they lacked of escaping! Se-

they sailed home. Helen cried and hid her head for shame. As to Cinyras and the rest, first Rhadamanthus asked them if they had any other accomplices, and they said no; then he had them secured and sent them away to the place of the wicked, after they had been first scourged with mallow. The heroes voted, too, that we be dismissed from the island before our time was up, remaining only till the next day.

Thereupon I began to cry aloud and weep because I had to leave such blessings behind me and resume my wanderings. But they cheered me up, saying that before many years I should come back to them again, and they even pointed out to me my future chair and couch, close to the best people. I went to Rhadamanthus and earnestly besought him to tell me what would happen and indicate my course. He said that I would reach my native land in spite of many wanderings and dangers, but refused to tell the time of my return. However, pointing out the islands near by — there were five in sight and a sixth in the distance —, "These," said he, "are the Isles of the Wicked, here close at hand, from which you see all the smoke arising. The sixth yonder is the City of Dreams. Next comes the island of Calypso,¹ but you cannot see it yet. When you have sailed by these, you will finally come to a great continent opposite the one which your people inhabit. Then at last, after you have had many adventures and have travelled through all sorts of countries and lived among unfriendly men, in course of time you will reach the other continent."

With these words he plucked a root of mallow from the ground and handed it to me, telling me to pray to it in my greatest straits. And he advised me if I ever reached this country, neither to stir the fire with a sword-blade nor to eat lupines nor to make love to anyone over eighteen, saying that if I bore these points in mind I might have good hopes of getting back to the island.

Well, I made preparations for the voyage, and, when the time came, joined

¹ A nymph inhabiting the island of Ogygia, on which Ulysses was shipwrecked.

them in the feast. On the next day I went to the poet Homer and begged him to compose me a couplet to carve up, and, when he had done so, I set up a slab of beryl near the harbor and had the couplet carved on it. It was:

One Lucian, whom the blessed gods befriend,
Beheld what's here, and home again did wend.

I stayed that day, too, and put to sea on the next, escorted by the heroes. At that juncture Odysseus came to me without the knowledge of Penelope and gave me a letter to carry to Ogygia Island, to Calypso. Rhadamanthus sent the pilot Nauplius¹ with me, so that if we touched at the islands no one might arrest us, thinking we were putting in on another errand.

LATIN

JUVENAL

(ca. 60-140 A.D.)

Decimus Junius Juvenalis, the great Roman satirist, wrote between 96 and 130 A.D. The only biography of him is of unknown date and authorship and therefore of dubious authority. From his works we gather that he was born about 60 A.D. and that he dwelt on a country estate near Tibur. He is thought also to have gone to Egypt to occupy a military post; and according to tradition he was exiled to Britain at one time. The date and place of his death are unknown. Juvenal's literary work consists entirely of satires. Sixteen are ascribed to him, although there is some doubt about one of them. Juvenal was a fiery soul who launched burning reproaches against the sins of a decaying world. He knew the life of his time in intimate detail and spared no pains to expose it in all its hateful reality. The effeminate hypocrisy of decadent Rome, its artistic sterility, its injustice, cruelty, and excesses are perpetually contrasted in his mind with the glorious days of Rome's beginnings. To those who may regard Juvenal as a mere calamity-howler it should be said that the conditions of the times were such as to make it almost impossible to exaggerate. Whoever reads Juvenal with attention cannot fail to be struck by the fact that with very little alteration his satires would apply with as much force to many a modern metropolis as to ancient Rome. Juvenal is the master-poet of indignation. There have been many social critics, many satirists, but none so overwhelmingly devastating in the accumulation of damning detail and the piling up of powerful invective.

This selection was translated by John Dryden in *Works* (Scott-Saintsbury), 1889.

THE THIRD SATIRE

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbricitus, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricitus tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains, that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome; that none but flatterers make their fortunes there; that Grecians, and other foreigners, raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several

inconveniences which arise from a city life, and the many dangers which attend it; upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown in common-places, and drawing in as many vices as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

10 Grieved though I am an ancient friend to
lose,

I like the solitary seat he chose,
In quiet Cumæ² fixing his repose:

¹ Son of Neptune (Poseidon) and the nymph Amymone, a famous navigator in classical tradition.

² A small city in Campania, near Puteoli, or Pozzuoli, as it is now called. Originally a Greek colony, it became a great and flourishing city, but it gradually declined in importance until, in Juvenal's day, little remained except ruins. It was anciently famous as the habitation of the Cumæan Sybil.

Where, far from noisy Rome, secure he
lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives;
The road to Baïæ,¹ and that soft recess
Which all the gods with all their bounty 5
bless;
Though I in Prochyta² with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scene so desert or so full of fright,
As towering houses, tumbling in the night, 10
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worse than all the clattering tiles, and
worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's 15
curse;
Rogues, that in dog-days cannot rhyme
forbear,³
But without mercy read, and make you
hear.
Now while my friend, just ready to
depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart,
He stopt a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa⁴ modelled once the Roman 25
State,
In mighty councils with his nymph retired⁵;
Though now the sacred shades and founts
are hired
By banished Jews, who their whole wealth
can lay
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay:
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head, nor sleep itself is free; 35
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred
held,
From their own grove the muses are ex-
pelled.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend, 40
I and my sullen discontented friend;
The marble caves and aqueducts we view;
But how adulterate now, and different
from the true!
How much more beauteous had the foun- 45
tain been

Embellished with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf
had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!
Then thus Umbritius, with an angry
frown,
And looking back on this degenerate
town:—
"Since noble arts in Rome have no sup-
port,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from the ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age;
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrowed wings laid
by,
To that obscure retreat⁶ I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
20 While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed
place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius⁷ live, and such as he;
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves, who in full assemblies have the
knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black,
30 Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farmed excise; can cleanse the com-
mon-shore,
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead,
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to
shed;
All this for gain; for gain they sell their
very head.
These fellows (see what fortune's power
can do!)
Were once the minstrels of a country
show;
Followed the prizes through each paltry
town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces
known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,

¹ Another little town in Campania, near the sea; a pleasant place

² A small, barren island belonging to the kingdom of Naples.

³ The poets in Juvenal's time used to rehearse their poetry in August.

⁴ The second legendary king of Rome, who, according to tradition, established Roman law and religion.

⁵ Egeria, a nymph or goddess, with whom Numa feigned to converse by night in a grove, and from whom he claimed to have received instructions respecting the forms of worship which he introduced.

⁶ Dædalus, in his flight from Crete, alighted at Cumæ.

⁷ A name applied to any debauched, wicked fellow who gains by the times.

At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where, influenced by the rabble's bloody
will,

With thumbs bent back, they popularly
kill.¹

From thence returned, their sordid avarice
rakes

In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every
thing,

Since such as they have fortune in a
string,

Who, for her pleasure, can her fools ad-
vance,

And toss them topmost on the wheel of
chance?

What's Rome to me, what business have
I there?

I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?

Nor praise my patron's undeserving
rhymes,

Nor yet comply with him, nor with his
times?

Unskilled in schemes by planets to fore-
show,

Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can, prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's
fate;

Nor in the entrails of a toad have pried,
Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride:

For want of these town-virtues, thus alone
I go, conducted on my way by none;

Like a dead member from the body rent,
Maimed, and unuseful to the government.

Who now is loved, but he who loves the
times,

Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in
crimes,

Labouring with secrets which his bosom
burn,

Yet never must to public light return?

They get reward alone, who can betray;
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.

He who can Verres² when he will accuse

The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus³
hides,

And pays the sea in tributary tides,

5 Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast,
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.

Great men with jealous eyes the friend
behold,

Whose secrecy they purchase with their
gold.

10 "I haste to tell thee, — nor shall shame
oppose, —

What confidants our wealthy Romans
choose;

15 And whom I must abhor: to speak my
mind,

I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find;
To see the scum of Greece transplanted
here,

20 Received like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here
abound;

Obscene Orontes,⁴ diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tiber's hungry

25 shores,

And fattens Italy with foreign whores:

Hither their crooked harps and customs
come;

All find receipt in hospitable Rome.

30 The barbarous harlots crowd the public
place:—

Go, fools, and purchase an unclean em-
brace;

The painted mitre court, and the more
painted face.

Old Romulus,⁵ and father Mars, look
down!

Your herdsman primitive, your homely
clown,

Is turned a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd and horrid locks, be-

hold
'Stilling sweet oil; his neck enchained with
gold;

45 Aping the foreigners in every dress,

¹ In a contest of gladiators, when one of the fighters had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators, who, if they thought he did not deserve it, held up their thumbs, and bent them backwards in sign of death.

² Prætor in Sicily, contemporary with Cicero, by whom, accused of oppressing the province, he was condemned: his name is used here for any rich man.

³ A famous river in Spain, which discharges itself into the ocean near Lisbon, in Portugal. It was held of old to be full of golden sands.

⁴ The greatest river of Syria. The poet here puts the river for the inhabitants of Syria.

⁵ The first king of Rome, and son of Mars. The first Romans were herdsmen.

Which, bought at greater cost, becomes
him less.

Meantime they wisely leave their native
land;

From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in
shoals:

So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they purchase here;
And, soon as denizenized, they domineer;
Grow to the great, a flattering, servile rout,
Work themselves inward, and their pa-
trons out.

Quick-witted, brazen-faced, with fluent
tongues,

Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?

A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician;
All things the hungry Greek exactly
knows,

And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he
goes.

In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian
born,

But in that town¹ which arms and arts
adorn.

Shall he be placed above me at the board,
In purple clothed, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
A small-craft vessel hither did convey,
Where, stowed with prunes, and rotten
figs, he lay?

How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend,
His blubber-lips and beetle-brows com-
mend,

His long crane-neck and narrow shoulders
praise,—

You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes,
Though harsher than a cock, that treads
and crows.

We can as grossly praise; but, to our
grief,

No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.

Besides these qualities, we must agree,
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess, they
play,

5 In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the
gown.

But not Antiochus,² nor Stratocles,²
10 Our ears and ravished eyes can only please;
The nation is composed of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian; laugh, and
they

Return it louder than an ass can bray;
15 Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep si-
lently,

There seems a silent echo in their eye;
They cannot mourn like you, but they can
cry.

20 Call for a fire, their winter clothes they
take;

Begin but you to shiver, and they shake;
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub the unsweating brow, and swear
25 they sweat.

We live not on the square with such as
these;

Such are our betters who can better please;
Who day and night are like a looking-glass,

30 Still ready to reflect their patron's face;
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepared for some new piece of flattery.
Even nastiness occasions will afford;

They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
35 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing
free

From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Through the whole family their labours
run;

40 The daughter is debauched, the wife is
won;

Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the bloom-
ing son.

If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
45 They with the walls and very floors com-
mit.

They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipped there, and feared for what
they know.

50 "And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a
view

¹ Athens, of which Pallas, the goddess of Arms and Arts, was patroness.

² Two famous Grecian actors in the poet's time.

On what, in schools, their men of morals
do.
A rigid Stoic ¹ his own pupil slew;
A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
Turned evidence, and murdered on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control
the gown?
Some Diphilus,² or some Protogenes,²
Look sharply out, our senators to seize;
Engross them wholly, by their native art,
And fear no rivals in their bubbles' heart:
And drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infused with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgraced, and banished from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependence in an hour is lost.
Look round the world, what country will
appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease
than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to their levees run;
My lord himself is up before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race.
The childless matrons are, long since,
awake,
And for affronts the tardy visits take.
"Tis frequent here to see a free-born
son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue can throw
away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay;
But you, poor sinner, though you love the
vice,
And like the whore, demur upon the
price;
And, frightened with the wicked sum, for-
bear
To lend a hand, and help her from the
chair.
"Produce a witness of unblemished life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid the unhallowed flames
retire,

And snatched the trembling goddess from
the fire;
The question is not put how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends;
Quick, to the business; how he lives and
eats;
How largely gives; how splendidly he
treats;
How many thousand acres feed his sheep;
What are his rents; what servants does
he keep?
The account is soon cast up; the judges
rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks
adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art
poor:
The poor must gain their bread by per-
jury;
And e'en the gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve them, when
they lie.
"Add, that the rich have still a gibe in
store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor;
For the torn surtout and the tattered
vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe, are a
jest;
The greasy gown, sullied with often turn-
ing,
Gives a good hint, to say, — 'The man's
in mourning';
Or, if the shoe be ripped, or patches put, —
'He's wounded! see the plaister on his
foot.'
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule.
'Pack hence, and from the covered benches
rise,'
(The master of the ceremonies cries)
'This is no place for you, whose small
estate
Is not the value of the settled rate;
The sons of happy punks, the pander's
heir,
Are privileged to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat;

¹ Publius Egnatius, who, by his false testimony, caused the death of his pupil, the high-minded Barea Soranus.

² Greeks living in Rome.

³ When the temple of Vesta was on fire, Lucius Metellus, the high-priest, saved the Palladium.

For, by the Roscian law,¹ the poor can
claim no seat.—
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's
bed
The man that polled but twelve pence for
his head?
Who ever named a poor man for his heir,
Or called him to assist the judging chair?
The poor were wise, who, by the rich op-
pressed,
Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of
rest.²
Once they did well, to free themselves
from scorn;
But had done better, never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.
At Rome 'tis worse, where house-rent by
the year,
And servants' bellies, cost so devilish dear,
And tavern-bills run high for hungry
cheer.
To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does
adorn,
And coarse blue hoods on holidays are
worn.
Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a
gown³;
On theatres of turf, in homely state,
Old plays they act, old feasts they cele-
brate;
The same rude song returns upon the
crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allowed.
The mimic yearly gives the same de-
lights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish
infant frights.
Thy own third story smokes, while thou,
supine,
Art drenched in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,

Cock-lofts and garrets 'soon will take the
turn,
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles
were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely
fled.
"Codrus⁴ had but one bed, so short to
boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dang-
ling out;
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers
graced,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard
placed;
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest con-
tained,
Whose covers much of mouldiness com-
plained;
Where mice and rats devoured poetic
bread,
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to
boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost;
Begged naked through the streets of
wealthy Rome,
And found not one to feed, or take him
home.
"But, if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the ma-
trons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear,
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, the officious nation
flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring sup-
plies.
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
White naked statues of the Parian stone,
Their habits (undistinguished by degree)
Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,

¹ Roscius, a tribune, ordered the distinction of places at public shows betwixt the noblemen of Rome and the plebeians.

² This alludes to the secession of the plebeians to the Mons Sacer, or Sacred Hill, as it was called, when they were persecuted by the aristocracy (494 B.C.). This very extraordinary resignation of their rights on the part of the common people was not unique in Roman history. It argues a much more inconsiderable population than the ancient writers would have us believe.

³ The meaning is that men in some parts of Italy never wore a gown, the usual habit of the Romans, till they were buried in one.

⁴ The Romans used to breed their tame pigeons in their garrets.

⁵ A learned man, very poor: by his books supposed to be a poet; in all probability, the heroic verses here mentioned, which rats and mice devoured, were Homer's work.

Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the same livery wears.

But here attired beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show;
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine,
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here

Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus¹ may but view

Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;

May take your incense like a gracious God,

And answer only with a civil nod?

To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page;

Shave his first down, and, when he polls his hair,

The consecrated locks to temples bear;

Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And with our offerings help to raise his vails.

"Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,

Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here,
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear;

And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,

To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close,

And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,

Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;

While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,

And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has removed his wretched store,

Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor;
The work of Polyclète,² that seems to live;
While others images for altars give;

¹ Any wealthy man.

² Famous Greek sculptor, fifth century B.C.

One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast;

Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,

Thus, by his losses, multiplies his store;
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

"But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear playhouse, and the players too,

Sweet country-seats are purchased everywhere,

With lands and gardens, at less price than here

You hire a darksome dog-hole by the year.
A small convenience decently prepared,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,

And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,

And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat;

'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,

In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
"Tis frequent here, for want of sleep, to die,

Which fumes of undigested feasts deny,
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.

What house secure from noise the poor can keep,

When even the rich can scarce afford to sleep?

So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome,
And hence the sources of diseases come.

The drover, who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The wagoners, that curse their standing teams,

Would wake even drowsy Drusus⁴ from his dreams.

And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way,

In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease, the shutters make it night;

Yet still he reaches first the public place.

³ Herbs, roots, fruits, and salads.

⁴ The Emperor Claudius (A.D. 41-54).

The press before him stops the client's
 pace;
 The crowd that follows crush his panting
 sides,
 And trip his heels; he walks not, but he
 rides.
 One elbows him, one jostles in the shole,
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's
 pole;
 Stockinged with loads of fat town-dirt he
 goes,
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-
 nailed shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
 See, with what smoke our doles we cele-
 brate:
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state;
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their
 Dutch kitchens, wait.
 Huge pans the wretches on their heads
 must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo¹ could
 rear;
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the
 load,
 Nay run, and, running, blow the sparkling
 flames abroad.
 Their coats, from botching newly brought,
 are torn.
 Unwieldy timber-trees, in wagons borne,
 Stretched at their length, beyond their
 carriage lie,
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high;
 For, should their axle break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the
 crowd below;
 Nor friends their friends, nor sires their
 sons could know;
 Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcase, would
 remain,
 But a mashed heap, a hotchpotch of the
 slain;
 One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, invisible are
 flown.
 Meantime, unknowing of their fellow's
 fate,
 The servants wash the platter, scour the
 plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks,
 and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets dis-
 play,
 And oil them first; and each is handy in
 his way.
 But he, for whom this busy care they
 take,
 Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian
 lake;
 Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face,
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place,
 His passage begs, with unregarded prayer,
 And wants two farthings to discharge his
 fare.
 "Return we to the dangers of the night. —
 And, first, behold our houses' dreadful
 height;
 From whence come broken potsherds
 tumbling down,
 And leaky ware from garret-windows
 thrown;
 Well may they break our heads, that mark
 the flinty stone.
 'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late,
 Unless thou first hast settled thy estate;
 As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance
 is rare,
 To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
 The scouring² drunkard, if he does not
 fight
 Before his bed-time, takes no rest that
 night;
 Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
 Than stern Achilles, when his friend was
 slain;
 'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
 A bully cannot sleep without a brawl.
 Yet, though his youthful blood be fired
 with wine,
 He wants not wit the danger to decline;
 Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
 And on the lacqueys will no quarrel fix.
 His train of flambeaux, and embroidered
 coat,
 May privilege my lord to walk secure on
 foot;

¹ A famous general of Nero's time, who served the Emperor well in campaigns against the Parthians, but, on learning that his imperial master had ordered his death, committed suicide. He was not only tall above the ordinary size, but also proportionately strong.

² Acting like a "scourer"; i.e., one who roams the streets, robbing and bullying.

But me, who must by moonlight homeward
bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand; I must
abide,
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
"Where did you whet your knife to-
night?" he cries,
'And shred the leeks that in your stomach
rise?
Whose windy beans have stuff your guts,
and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in 15
vinegar?
With what companion-cobbler have you
fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher
head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your
answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar, under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguishness may 25
be found?'—
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same,
He lays me on, and makes me bear the
blame.
Before the bar for beating him you come; 30
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your
meat.
"Nor is this all; for when, retired, you 35
think
To sleep securely, when the candles wink,
When every door with iron chains is
barred,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers, by no justice awed,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are
abroad;
5 Those venal souls, who, hardened in each
ill,
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
Chased from their woods and bogs, the
padders come
10 To this vast city, as their native home,
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
"The forge in fetters only is employed;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroyed
In shackles; for these villains scarce al-
low
Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for
the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitian powers!
20 One jail did all their criminals restrain,
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce
contain.
"More I could say, more causes I could
show
For my departure, but the sun is low;
The wagoner grows weary of my stay,
And whips his horses forward on their
way.
Farewell! and when, like me, o'erwhelmed
with care,
You to your own Aquinum¹ shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me
word,
35 What joys your fountains and cool shades
afford.
Then, to assist your satires, I will come,
And add new venom when you write of
Rome."

MARTIAL

(43-ca. 102 A.D.)

Like Seneca and Lucan, Marcus Valerius Martialis was a Spaniard. He came to Rome when he was twenty-three years old and remained there for about thirty-five years. He then returned to his native town of Bilbilis, where he died about 102. His writing career included the reigns of Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. His protector, Calpurnius Piso, died early and left Martial in poverty, from which he never managed to escape entirely. Literature in Martial's time was not flourishing, for the age of decadence was occupied principally with history and satire. As in the age of Augustus, poets were dependent upon the favors of the wealthy, but

¹ The birthplace of Juvenal.

there were few men like Mæcenas to encourage and help them. The degrading dole system obliged the poet to assume the rôle of a beggarly flatterer, an entertainer who sang for his supper. It was a natural consequence that he should cultivate the qualities of condensation, wittiness, and aptness. When he had an opportunity to speak out on his own account, his utterances were likely to be rather acid. Martial had the gift of sarcasm and penetrating satire, but he was not too proud to stoop at times to the kind of fulsome flattery that was the order of the day. At the same time it is obvious that he was more than a mere sycophant. He had to act the buffoon at times, but his unusual gift of condensation won him freedom for the exercise of his independent genius. For one who wishes an introduction to epigrammatic literature there is no writer more important than Martial.

The epigram, originating as a conventional inscription upon a monument or a building, developed great diversity as a literary form. In general there are two main developments — the short poem expressing a single beautiful idea, and the short, pithy stinging verse. A glance through the Greek Anthology (see p. 239) will indicate the great popularity of the epigram from the Golden Age of Greece down to the Byzantine period. From the second century to the twentieth there is hardly a writer of note in Italy, France, Spain, Germany, or England by whom Martial is not quoted, translated, or imitated. He is perhaps the most striking example of a poet who, though lacking the essential qualities of greatness, possessed undeniable mastery in his own restricted field and has won himself a place beside Homer, Pindar, Vergil, and Horace.

These selections come from *Martial's Epigrams*, translated by A. D. Francis and H. F. Tatum, Cambridge University Press, 1924.

EPIGRAMS

III, II

Quick, claim a sponsor, or you'll feed the
cook,
Or spice or pepper hold, beloved book,
Or else envelop greasy whitebait fries.
You haste to name Faustinus; well, you're
wise.
Now, cedar-scented, you may blithely
stray
With graceful frontlets and with bosses
gay;
Of purple grain shall be your dainty shell,
Your name and matter blushing scarlet tell.
By him attested, no detraction fear;
Probus¹ is silent with Faustinus near.

III, IV

To Rome, my book. If she asks whence,
you'll say,
"From the direction of the Æmilian way."
Demand she in what town I am and where;
Say that I'm staying at Cornelius' Fair.
"Why am I absent?" Say, "Attendance
palls
And liveried vanity of morning calls."
"And when returning?" Answer, "He²
left Rome
A poet; when a harper³ he'll come home."

¹ A critic.² The first cutting of the beard.

III, V

Good-bye, my book. And which will suit
you better,
To one or many shall I write a letter?
One man will give you hospitality,
5 Julius, familiar household word with me.
Forthwith you'll seek him in the Covered
Way;
Daphnis lived here, 'tis Julius' home to-
day.
10 He has a wife, who'll give you welcome
home,
Though hot and dusty from the road you
come.
Husband or wife, whichever first you're
meeting,
15 You'll say, "My master gives you kindly
greeting."
Enough. A letter strangers' worth com-
mends.
No man wants introducing to his friends.

III, VI

Yours, Marcellinus, is the mid-May feast,
Of anniversaries not honored least;
Twice happy, 'twas your father's natal day
And your cheek's tribute did to manhood
pay.³

³ Musicians were better paid than poets.

For this the father more his birthday owed
Than all the happiness that birth bestowed.

III, XLIV

That no one, Ligurinus, likes to meet
Your visage, that there's panic in the
street
At your approach, the reason, would you
know it?
Well, Ligurinus, you're too much a poet. 10
A grievous fault, with perilous mischief
fraught.
No tigress, for her captive brood dis-
traught,
Puff-adder sweltering in the noon-tide 15
heat,
Or ruthless scorpion is so dread to meet.
Who can endure it? Standing, in repose,
Your strain pursues me; while I bathe it
flows.
I seek the swimming-pool; no refuge there.
I haste to dinner; there's another scare.
Weary I sleep; you wake me. What's
your error?
Just, righteous, harmless, you're a holy 25
terror.

III, XLV

Round Atreus' board ¹ did Phœbus draw
a curtain?
Yours, Ligurinus, we avoid, that's certain.
Rich may the dinner be and sumptuous
quite,
It cannot satisfy while you recite.
Let turbot, mushroom, two-pound mullet 35
cease;
Oysters I crave not, but to dine in peace.

III, XLVI

You ask for slavish service without end. 40
No, I'll not come, a freedman I will send.
"Tis not the same," you say; 'tis more, I
swear;
When you are pleading, I shall hold my
peace;
He'll shout the loud bravo and never cease.
Should brawl arise, he'll scold at any rate,
I am ashamed to deal in Billingsgate.
"Is there no office, then, a friend may fill?"
Whate'er a freedman cannot, that I will. 50

III, XLVII

Where with great drops the Capuan gate's
adrip
5 And Cybele's priests her knives in Almo
dip
To where thy sacred meads, Horatius,
press
The busy fane of Hercules the less ²;
Faustinus, with full cart see Bassus ride
Bearing the spoils of the rich country-side.
There you might see the cabbage bushy-
polled,
Squat lettuces and leeks both young and
old,
The wholesome beet, fieldfares on withy
bound,
And hare, torn victim of a Gallic hound.
A sucking pig, as yet of beans afraid,
20 Came last. A part the honest carter played
And carried eggs in hay kept snug and
warm.
Bassus was townward bent? No, to his
farm.

IV, LIII

That wretch who meets you by the temple
gate
We to our Lady Pallas built of late,
30 With staff and scrip, scant hairs all stiff
and hoar
And beard that trails upon the dusty floor,
Who for his clammy cloak a blanket
wears,
And barks for morsels on the crowded
stairs;
To call him Cynic ³ there's no proper
ground,
He's more than hound-like, Cosmus, he's
a hound.

IV, LIV

Collinus, crowned with oak-leaves fair,
With well-earned garlands in your hair,
45 Live all your days, if you are wise,
As if no morrow's sun would rise.
No man can move the Fates, my friend;
Strictly to business they attend.
Join Melior's grace with Crispus' store,
50 In spirit Thræsea's self outsoar,

¹ Atreus invited Thyestes to a banquet and served him with the flesh of his own sons.

² This is a piece of abject flattery. The implication is that Domitian is the greater Hercules..

³ A play upon the word cynic, which is derived from the word for dog.

One sister ¹ still unrolls your thread,
Another slits and you are dead.

IV, LV

Lucius, our age's boast, who durst compare
Tagus and Gaius with Arpinum rare,
Let poets born amid the Grecian cities
Put Thebes and rich Mycenæ in their
ditties,
Or shimmering Rhodes or Lacedæmon,² 10
school
Of men not manners, Leda's valley cool.
Be mine to sing in unforgotten lays
Of uncouth Celt and Spanish names the
praise.
For ruthless steel Platea and Bilbilis
Far-famed, outmatching German craft, I
wis;

Platea engirt with slender restless tide
By Salo, temperer of armour tried;
The song and dance of merry Rixamæ
And jocund feasts of our loved Carduæ;
Peterus embowered with the blushing rose
And Rigæ famed for old ancestral shows.
Our own Silai skilled light darts to shake, 25
Turgontus' pool and old Perusia's lake,
And Vetonissa's scanty limpid flow
And the oak woods of hallowed Burado,
Whose lovesome charm the traveller oft
beguiles,
Where Manlius' home by Vativesca smiles,
Tilled by stout steers along its winding hill,
A rustic scene, but one that charms me
still.
The names may move your laughter to re- 35
hearse;
Lucius, they're pretty bad, Butunti's³
worse.

*IV, LXX

To Ammianus, heir, sole heir, in hope,
His dying father left a rusty rope.
Now, Marcellinus, did it seem to you
That he his sire's decease would ever
rue?

• IV, LXXII

You ask me, Quintus, for my little book.

I haven't one. To Tryphon's counter
look.

"Pay for your silly stuff and nonsense?
Buy?

5 I won't be such an idiot." Nor will I.

IV, LXXXII

Youthful Vestinus felt his life was o'er,
His passage booked for the Elysian shore,
And begged the three weird sisters brief
delay
To linger out his fast declining day.
Dead to himself, alive to those he loved,
His pious prayers their rugged bosoms
15 moved.
He used the grace, parted his worldly store,
And felt indeed a veteran of fourscore.

IV, LXXV

20 Blest to your home, Nigrina, blest in life,
Most gracious lady, pattern Roman wife,
A partner's faith you join to marriage vow
And with your heritage your lord endow.
Evadne⁴ perished on her husband's pyre,
Alcestis's⁵ everlasting name stands higher.
You did far better; you in life were true;
No bed of death to test your honor's due.

IV, LXXVII

30 I never asked the gods for luxury,
Contented with my humble poverty.
Beggary, forgive, good-bye! And wel-
come, pelf!
Strange prayer! I would see Zoilus hang
himself.

IV, LXXVIII

Afer, although you've reached your full
40 three-score,
Your head with many a streak of silver
hoar,
You stroll about the town and there's no
chair
45 That does not echo with your greeting fair.
No tribune may of your neglect complain
And either consul finds you in his train.
Ten times a day you scale Palatium's hill,

¹ A reference to the three Fates (see page 271, note 1).

² Sparta.

³ A place in Italy.

⁴ She cast herself on the funeral pile of her husband, Capaneus, when his obsequies were celebrated.

⁵ Wife of Admetus, who died in order that her husband's life might be prolonged. See Euripides's play *Alcestis*.

"Sigerus"¹ and "Parthenius"¹ babbling still.

These tasks are for the young. Poor pantaloon,

There's nothing uglier than an old buffoon: 5

V, LXXXII

Give Venuleius this my little rhyme,
Rufus, a plaything for his leisure time.
Forgetful of his cares and worries dear
Ask him to read it with indulgent ear;
Not with the first nor with the final cup,
But when the mid-feast takes the challenge
up.

If it's too much, then fold the leaf in two; 15
Divided, you may shift to read it through.

V, XIII

Callistratus, I am, as always, poor;
That's not to say a man unknown, obscure. 20
I'm read the wide world through; "That's
he," men say,

And what death gives to few is mine to-day.
Your roof-beams on a hundred pillars rest,
A freedman's fortune rattles in your chest, 25
Vast tracts of Egypt your enclosure blocks
And Parma shears for you her countless
flocks:

The contrast mark. I'm what you cannot
be,

The meanest man can match your luxury.

V, XXXV

Euclides, clad in scarlet, loves to boast
Two hundred comes from farms on Pa-
træ's coast,

From Corinth more; from Leda he's de-
scended

And, if the marshal jogs him, he's offended.
A knight he is of title, wealth and fame:

A key² fell from his bosom. What a 40
shame!

V, XXXVI

Faustinus, one I praised; if he deny
The debt, more scoundrel he, and more 45
fool I.

V, XXXVII

Sweeter than swan, dear child, of plumage
grey,

Or gentle lambs that by Galæsus play,
More dainty than the shell of Lucrine
lake,

That o'er the pearl might well precedence
take,

Or than the polished Indian ivory,
Or snow fresh fallen or lily's pageantry,
Or fleece of Spain or Rhenish maiden's
hair,

10 Or golden mice or Pæstum's rosebed rare,
Like choicest honey-comb from Attic land
Or ball of amber snatched from maiden's
hand;

Compared to her the peacock were not
fair,

The squirrel gentle or the phoenix rare.
When scarce six winters of her life had sped
A cruel destiny has shorn her thread;

My love, my darling and my playmate
dear!

But Pætus will not have me shed a tear.
Beating his breast, tearing his hair he
cries,

"For shame, to weep so when a slave-girl
dies.

I buried my own treasure, my dear wife,
Proud, noble, wealthy, yet endure my
life!"

O noble Pætus, what an iron will!

30 Some twenty millions, and he's living still.

V, LXXVII

Marullus, 'twas prettily said, as I hear,
That you never go out without oil in your
ear.

35

V, LXXVIII

If solitary dinners give you fits,
Come dine with me, you shall have choice
tit-bits;

40 Cheap lettuces and leeks and tunny fish
Garnished with eggs, o'erspreading all the
dish;

On a dark platter there a cabbage green
All hot to scorch your fingers will be
seen;

A sausage on a hasty-pudding placed,
Pale beans and bacon's appetizing taste.
For your dessert some withered grapes I'll
bring,

50 And pears to Syrian titles answering,

¹ Names of courtiers.

² That is, a key of his master's cupboard, showing him to be a slave.

Chestnuts from Naples, roast by scorching
 glow;
My wine's not good; drinking will make
 it so.
If Bacchus makes you hungry, there will 5
 be
Olives fresh plucked from a Picenian tree.
Hot pease and lupine will complete our
 diet;

A humble catalogue, I'll not deny it.
You'll tell no lies nor hear them, only
 smile;
No host will read a ponderous tome the
 while.
The humble pipe will tune a simple lay,
Not dull or boisterous but alert and gay.
Such is my supper. Claudia you prefer,
Claudia's coming, you will follow her.

FABLE

GREEK

ÆSOP

Æsop, the composer of fables, is a traditional figure. The biographical details which have come down to us regarding this interesting person are wholly unreliable. He is supposed to have lived in the sixth century B.C. and to have been a slave of Iadmon, king of Samos. He must have been set free later, for he is said to have lived in Athens, enjoying the rights of a citizen.

Samuel Johnson defined a fable thus: "A fable or apologue seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate, are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions." Although Æsop is popularly regarded as the father of the fable, there is good evidence that it goes back to remote antiquity. The animal stories of the Orient, the most famous collection of which is the *Kalila and Dimna* or *Fables of Bidpai*, are far earlier. Such stories seem to have penetrated even to Greece, for many of the fables ascribed to Æsop are similar to them. Æsop's fables, as far as we can learn, were never committed to writing, but came down to the modern world through Greek writers of antiquity. In the first century A.D. Babrius, a Greek, put together a collection in verse which he attributed to Æsop. This collection was used again by the Roman Phædrus in the time of Augustus. Even in this collection there is so large an admixture of Oriental material that it is difficult to separate Æsop's fables from those derived from *Bidpai* or other fables of Eastern origin. Aphthonius and Avianus carried the tradition into the Middle Ages. Meanwhile a translation of *Bidpai* brought the fables to Western European writers and increased the Oriental admixture in the collection made by Alfred of England (probably not King Alfred). This version was used by Marie de France in the twelfth century. Among later fabulists, La Fontaine stands out as the most conspicuous.

The fable, until recently an important part of the school curriculum, has come to be regarded as a form of literature suitable only for children. Approached anew, however, with the experience of maturity, fables reveal fundamental human truths beneath a pleasingly ironical treatment of human foibles.

The translation is that of John Smith, London, 1875.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

Once upon a time a Country Mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for old acquaintance sake, to pay him a visit in the country. The invitation being accepted in due form, the Country Mouse, though plain and rough and somewhat frugal in his nature, opened his heart and store, in honour of hospitality and an old friend. There was not a carefully stored up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder, peas and barley, cheese-parings and nuts, hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was wanting in

quality, to suit the palate of his dainty guest. The Town Mouse, condescending to pick a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley-straw, at length exclaimed, "How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this unpolished life? You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men. On my honour, you are wasting your time miserably here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live for ever. So come with me and I'll show you life and the town." Overpowered with such fine words and so

polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented; and they set out together on their journey to town. It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house, where the Town Mouse took up his quarters. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything, in short, that denoted wealth and luxury. On the table were the remains of a splendid banquet, to procure which all the choicest shops in town had been ransacked the day before. It was now the turn of the courtier to play the host; he places his country friend on purple, runs to and fro to supply all his wants, presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, and, as though he were waiting on a king, tastes every course ere he ventures to place it before his rustic cousin. The Country Mouse, for his part, affects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he is thinking with contempt of the poor fare he has forsaken, on a sudden the door flies open, and a party of revellers, returning from a late entertainment, bursts into the room. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach. No sooner do they venture to creep out again than the barking of dogs drives them back in still greater terror than before. At length, when things seemed quiet, the Country Mouse stole out from his hiding place, and, bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley-bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are in waiting."

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was sleeping in his lair, when a Mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awakened him. The Lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the Mouse, in pitiable tone, besought him to spare one who had

so unconsciously offended, and not stain his honourable paws with so insignificant a prey. The Lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let him go. Now it happened no long time after, that the Lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters; and, finding himself entangled without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The Mouse, recognizing the voice of his former preserver, ran to the spot, and without more ado set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the Lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A Wolf had got a bone stuck in his throat, and in the greatest agony ran up and down, beseeching every animal he met to relieve him: at the same time hinting at a very handsome reward to the successful operator. A Crane, moved by his entreaties and promises, ventured her long neck down the Wolf's throat, and drew out the bone. She then modestly asked for the promised reward. To which, the Wolf, grinning and showing his teeth, replied with seeming indignation, "Ungrateful creature! to ask for any other reward than that you have put your head into a Wolf's jaws, and brought it safe out again!"

Those who are charitable only in the hope of a return must not be surprised if, in their dealings with evil men, they meet with more jeers than thanks.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Fox had fallen into a well, and had been casting about for a long time how he should get out again; when at length a Goat came to the place, and, wanting to drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good, and if there was plenty of it. The Fox, dissembling the real danger of his case, replied, "Come down, my friend; the water is so good that I cannot drink

enough of it, and so abundant that it cannot be exhausted." Upon this the Goat without any more ado leaped in; when the Fox, taking advantage of his friend's horns, as nimbly leaped out; and coolly remarked to the poor deluded Goat,— "If you had half as much brains as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

As a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling, at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. "Villain," said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." "Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born." "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper";— and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.

THE FROG AND THE OX

An Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of

young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news; "And, O mother!" said he, "it was a beast — such a big four-footed beast! — that did it." "Big?" quoth the old Frog, "how big? was it as big" — and she puffed herself out to a great degree — "as big as this?" "Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." Provoked at such a disparagement of her powers, the old Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

So men are ruined by attempting a greatness to which they have no claim.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE

A Tortoise, dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbours, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an Eagle and offered him all the treasures of Ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The Eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible, but, being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the Tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the Eagle; but the Tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Pride shall have a fall.

BIOGRAPHY

GREEK

PLUTARCH

(ca. 50-100 A.D.)

Plutarch was born into one of the richest and noblest families of Chæronea, in Bœotia. Although he was well endowed with qualities for worldly success, he preferred to remain in his own little town, where he divided his time between his studies and short journeys undertaken for the purpose of increasing his knowledge. Early in life he was entrusted with a mission to the pro-consul of Achaia. Later he went to Rome, where he busied himself with the affairs of his compatriots and with the giving of public readings in philosophy. For all his frequent contact with Rome, however, he did not learn Latin until late in life. His accomplishments were recognized with all the honors that his country could bestow upon him. He was probably teacher of Hadrian, was named consul by Trajan, and put in charge of the troublesome province of Illyria, and, according to some traditions, was adviser to Trajan himself.

Plutarch's many works may be roughly divided into the *Lives* and *Moral Works*. The latter includes philosophy, history of philosophy, physics, hygiene, archæology, etc. The *Lives* (ca. 75 A.D.) are arranged in pairs, each pair consisting of the biographies of a Greek and a Roman of similar character and activity. Plutarch's chronology and facts are not always strictly reliable; but he had a quick eye for the dramatic and moral in history, and his portraits of great men readily took hold of the popular imagination. These portraits are filled with engaging digressions — philosophical and moral discussion, anecdotes of his own life, and historical traditions, — all set forth with great restraint and attractiveness. Lacking the elevation of Plato or Aristotle, he is for that very reason more accessible to all.

The greatest influence of Plutarch's *Lives* on the literature of Western Europe begins with the translation made by Amyot, bishop of Auxerre, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The part of the life of Cæsar here given contains most of the material used by Shakespeare in *Julius Cæsar*, with which it should be compared.

The translation is that of Bernadotte Perrin, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1919.

CÆSAR

LVII. However, the Romans gave way before the good fortune of the man and accepted the bit, and, regarding the monarchy as a respite from the evils of the civil wars, they appointed him dictator for life. This was confessedly a tyranny, since the monarchy, besides the element of irresponsibility, now took on that of permanence. It was Cicero who proposed the first honours for him in the senate, and their magnitude was, after all, not too great for a man; but others added excessive honours and vied with one another in proposing them, thus rendering Cæsar odious and obnoxious even to the mildest

citizens because of the pretension and extravagance of what was decreed for him. It is thought, too, that the enemies of Cæsar no less than his flatterers helped to force these measures through, in order that they might have as many pretexts as possible against him and might be thought to have the best reasons for attempting his life. For in all other ways, at least, after the civil wars were over, he showed himself blameless; and certainly it is thought not inappropriate that the temple of Clemency was decreed as a thank-offering in view of his mildness. For he pardoned many of those who had fought against him, and to some he even gave honours and offices besides, as to Brutus

and Cassius, both of whom were now prætors. The statues of Pompey, too, which had been thrown down, he would not suffer to remain so, but set them up again, at which Cicero said that in setting up Pompey's¹ statues Cæsar firmly fixed his own. When his friends thought it best that he should have a body-guard, and many of them volunteered for this service, he would not consent, saying that it was better to die once for all than to be always expecting death. And in the effort to surround himself with men's good will as the fairest and at the same time the securest protection, he again courted the people with banquets and distributions of grain, and his soldiers with newly planted colonies, the most conspicuous of which were Carthage and Corinth. The earlier capture of both these cities, as well as their present restoration, chanced to fall at one and the same time.²

LVIII. As for the nobles, to some of them he promised consulships and prætorships in the future, others he appeased with sundry other powers and honours, and in all he implanted hopes, since he ardently desired to rule over willing subjects. Therefore, when Maximus the consul died, he appointed Caninius Revilus consul for the one day still remaining of the term of office. To him, as we are told, many were going with congratulations and offers of escort, whereupon Cicero said: "Let us make haste, or else the man's consulship will have expired."

Cæsar's many successes, however, did not divert his natural spirit of enterprise and ambition to the enjoyment of what he had laboriously achieved, but served as fuel and incentive for future achievements, and begat in him plans for greater deeds and a passion for fresh glory, as though he had used up what he already had. What he felt was therefore nothing else than emulation of himself, as if he had been another man, and a sort of rivalry between what he had done and what he purposed

to do. For he planned and prepared to make an expedition against the Parthians; and after subduing these and marching around the Euxine by way of Hyrcania, the Caspian sea, and the Caucasus, to invade Scythia; and after over-running the countries bordering on Germany and Germany itself, to come back by way of Gaul to Italy, and so to complete this circuit of his empire, which would then be bounded on all sides by the ocean. During this expedition, moreover, he intended to dig through the isthmus of Corinth, and had already put Anienus in charge of this work; he intended also to divert the Tiber just below the city into a deep channel, give it a bend towards Circeium, and make it empty into the sea at Terracina, thus contriving for merchantmen a safe as well as an easy passage to Rome; and, besides this, to convert the marshes about Pomentinum and Setia into a plain which many thousands of men could cultivate; and, further, to build moles which should barricade the sea where it was nearest to Rome, to clear away the hidden dangers on the shore of Ostia, and then construct harbours and roadsteads sufficient for the great fleets that would visit them. And all these things were in preparation.

LIX. The adjustment of the calendar, however, and the correction of the irregularity in the computation of time, were not only studied scientifically by him, but also brought to completion, and proved to be of the highest utility. For not only in very ancient times was the relation of the lunar to the solar year in great confusion among the Romans, so that the sacrificial feasts and festivals, diverging gradually, at last fell in opposite seasons of the year, but also at this time people generally had no way of computing the actual solar year³; the priests alone knew the proper time, and would suddenly and to everybody's surprise insert the intercalary month called Mercedonius. Numa the

¹ A great general who joined Cæsar and Crassus to form the first triumvirate.

² Both cities were captured in 146 B.C., and both were restored in 44 B.C.

³ At this time the calendar was more than two months ahead of the solar year. Cæsar's reform went into effect in 46 B.C. This calendar, with some slight changes, continued in use down to 1582, at which time Pope Gregory XIII made his famous revision. The Gregorian calendar was not adopted officially in England until the middle of the eighteenth century.

king¹ is said to have been the first to intercalate this month, thus devising a slight and short-lived remedy for the error in regard to the sidereal and solar cycles, as I have said in his Life. But Cæsar laid the problem before the best philosophers and mathematicians, and out of the methods of correction which were already at hand compounded one of his own which was more accurate than any. This the Romans use down to the present time, and are thought to be less in error than other peoples as regards the inequality between the lunar and solar years. However, even this furnished occasion for blame to those who envied Cæsar and disliked his power. At any rate, Cicero the orator, we are told, when some one remarked that Lyra² would rise on the morrow, said: "Yes, by decree," implying that men were compelled to accept even this dispensation.

LX. But the most open and deadly hatred towards him was produced by his passion for the royal power. For the multitude this was a first cause of hatred, and for those who had long smothered their hate, a most specious pretext for it. And yet those who were advocating this honour for Cæsar actually spread abroad among the people a report that from the Sibylline books³ it appeared that Parthia could be taken if the Romans went up against it with a king, but otherwise could not be assailed; and as Cæsar was coming down from Alba into the city they ventured to hail him as king. But at this the people were confounded, and Cæsar, disturbed in mind, said that his name was not King, but Cæsar, and, seeing that his words produced an universal silence, he passed on with no very cheerful or contented looks. Moreover, after sundry extravagant honours had been voted him in the senate, it chanced that he was sitting above the rostra, and as the prætors and consuls drew near, with the whole senate following them, he did not rise to receive them, but, as if he were dealing

with mere private persons, replied that his honours needed curtailment rather than enlargement. This vexed not only the senate, but also the people, who felt that in the persons of the senators the state was insulted, and in a terrible dejection they went away at once, all who were not obliged to remain, so that Cæsar too, when he was aware of his mistake, immediately turned to go home, and, drawing back his toga from his neck, cried in loud tones to his friends that he was ready to offer his throat to any one who wished to kill him. But afterwards he made his disease an excuse for his behaviour, saying that the senses of those who are thus afflicted do not usually remain steady when they address a multitude standing, but are speedily shaken and whirled about, bringing on giddiness and insensibility. However, what he said was not true; on the contrary, he was very desirous of rising to receive the senate; but one of his friends, as they say, or rather one of his flatterers, Cornelius Balbus, restrained him, saying: "Remember that thou art Cæsar, and permit thyself to be courted as a superior."

LXI. There was added to these causes of offence his insult to the tribunes. It was, namely, the festival of the Lupercalia,⁴ of which many write that it was anciently celebrated by shepherds, and has also some connection with the Arcadian Lycæa. At this time many of the noble youths and of the magistrates run up and down through the city naked, for sport and laughter striking those they meet with shaggy thongs. And many women of rank also purposely get in their way, and like children at school present their hands to be struck, believing that the pregnant will thus be helped to an easy delivery, and the barren to pregnancy. These ceremonies Cæsar was witnessing, seated upon the rostra on a golden throne, arrayed in triumphal attire. And Antony was one of the runners in the sacred race; for he was consul. Accordingly, after he

¹ The second legendary king of Rome (about 714-671 B.C.).

² A constellation.

³ A collection of Grecian oracles brought to Rome from Cumæ. They were consulted on many occasions and wrought great changes in the Roman religion.

⁴ A celebrated Roman festival in honor of the god Lupercus, who was identified with Pan.

had dashed into the forum and the crowd had made way for him, he carried a diadem, round which a wreath of laurel was tied, and held it out to Cæsar. Then there was applause, not loud, but slight and preconcerted. But when Cæsar pushed away the diadem, all the people applauded; and when Antony offered it again, few, and when Cæsar declined it again, all, applauded. The experiment having thus failed, Cæsar rose from his seat, after ordering the wreath to be carried up to the Capitol; but then his statues were seen to have been decked with royal diadems. So two of the tribunes, Flavius and Maryllus, went up to them and pulled off the diadems, and, after discovering those who had first hailed Cæsar as king, led them off to prison. Moreover, the people followed the tribunes with applause and called them Brutuses, because Brutus was the man who put an end to the royal succession and brought the power into the hands of the senate and people instead of a sole ruler. At this, Cæsar was greatly vexed, and deprived Maryllus and Flavius of their office, while in his denunciation of them, although he at the same time insulted the people, he called them repeatedly Brutes¹ and Cymæans.¹

LXII. Under these circumstances the multitude turned their thoughts towards Marcus Brutus, who was thought to be a descendant of the elder Brutus on his father's side, on his mother's side belonged to the Servilii, another illustrious house, and was a son-in-law and nephew of Cato.² The desires which Brutus felt to attempt of his own accord the abolition of the monarchy were blunted by the favours and honours that he had received from Cæsar. For not only had his life been spared at Pharsalus³ after Pompey's flight, and the lives of many of his friends at his entreaty, but also he had great credit with Cæsar. He had received the most honourable of the prætorships for

the current year, and was to be consul three years later, having been preferred to Cassius, who was a rival candidate. For Cæsar, as we are told, said that Cassius urged the juster claims to the office, but that for his own part he could not pass Brutus by. Once, too, when certain persons were actually accusing Brutus to him, the conspiracy being already on foot, Cæsar would not heed them, but laying his hand upon his body said to the accusers: "Brutus will wait for this shrivelled skin," implying that Brutus was worthy to rule because of his virtue, but that for the sake of ruling he would not become a thankless villain. Those, however, who were eager for the change, and fixed their eyes on Brutus alone, or on him first, did not venture to talk with him directly, but by night they covered his prætorial tribune and chair with writings, most of which were of this sort: "Thou art asleep, Brutus," or, "Thou art not Brutus." When Cassius perceived that the ambition of Brutus was somewhat stirred by these things, he was more urgent with him than before, and pricked him on, having himself also some private grounds for hating Cæsar; these I have mentioned in the Life of Brutus. Moreover, Cæsar actually suspected him, so that he once said to his friends: "What, think ye, doth Cassius want? I like him not over much, for he is much too pale." And again, we are told that when Antony⁴ and Dolabella⁴ were accused to him of plotting revolution, Cæsar said: "I am not much in fear of these fat, long-haired fellows, but rather of those pale, thin ones," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

LXIII. But destiny, it would seem, is not so much unexpected as it is unavoidable, since they say that amazing signs and apparitions were seen. Now, as for lights in the heavens, crashing sounds borne all about by night, and birds of omen coming down into the forum, it is

¹ The word "brutus" in Latin signifies "stupid"; and the people of Cyme, in Asia Minor, were celebrated for stupidity.

² Farmer, writer, statesman, and censor. His best known work is his treatise on agriculture.

³ It was at Pharsalus that Pompey was decisively defeated.

⁴ Mark Antony—great Roman orator, soldier, statesman, and Cæsar's most devoted friend. After Cæsar's death, he, together with Octavius and Marcus Lepidus, formed the second triumvirate. Dolabella was a son-in-law of Cicero.

perhaps not worth while to mention these precursors of so great an event; but Strabo the philosopher says that multitudes of men all on fire were seen rushing up, and a soldier's slave threw from his hand a copious flame and seemed to the spectators to be burning, but when the flame ceased the man was uninjured; he says, moreover, that when Cæsar himself was sacrificing, the heart of the victim was not to be found, and the prodigy caused fear, since in the course of nature, certainly, an animal without a heart could not exist. The following story, too, is told by many. A certain seer warned Cæsar to be on his guard against a great peril on the day of the month of March which the Romans call the Ides; and when the day had come and Cæsar was on his way to the senate-house, he greeted the seer with a jest and said: "Well, the Ides of March are come," and the seer said to him softly: "Ay, they are come, but they are not gone." Moreover, on the day before, when Marcus Lepidus was entertaining him at supper, Cæsar chanced to be signing letters, as his custom was, while reclining at table, and the discourse turned suddenly upon the question what sort of death was the best; before any one else could answer Cæsar cried out: "That which is unexpected." After this, while he was sleeping as usual by the side of his wife, all the windows and doors of the chamber flew open at once, and Cæsar, confounded by the noise and the light of the moon shining down upon him, noticed that Calpurnia was in a deep slumber, but was uttering indistinct words and inarticulate groans in her sleep; for she dreamed, as it proved, that she was holding her murdered husband in her arms and bewailing him.

Some, however, say that this was not the vision which the woman had; but that there was attached to Cæsar's house to give it adornment and distinction, by vote of the senate, a gable-ornament, as Livy says, and it was this which Calpurnia in her dreams saw torn down, and therefore, as she thought, wailed and wept. At all events, when day came, she begged Cæsar, if it was possible, not to go out, but to

postpone the meeting of the senate; if, however, he had no concern at all for her dreams, she besought him to enquire by other modes of divination and by sacrifices concerning the future. And Cæsar also, as it would appear, was in some suspicion and fear. For never before had he perceived in Calpurnia any womanish superstition, but now he saw that she was in great distress. And when the seers also, after many sacrifices, told him that the omens were unfavourable, he resolved to send Antony and dismiss the senate.

LXIV. But at this juncture Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, who was so trusted by Cæsar that he was entered in his will as his second heir, but was partner in the conspiracy of the other Brutus and Cassius, fearing that, if Cæsar should elude that day, their undertaking would become known, ridiculed the seers and chided Cæsar for laying himself open to malicious charges on the part of the senators, who would think themselves mocked at; for they had met at his bidding, and were ready and willing to vote as one man that he should be declared king of the provinces outside of Italy, and might wear a diadem when he went anywhere else by land or sea; but if some one should tell them at their session to be gone now, but to come back again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what speeches would be made by his enemies, or who would listen to his friends when they tried to show that this was not slavery and tyranny? But if he was fully resolved (Albinus said) to regard the day as inauspicious, it was better that he should go in person and address the senate, and then postpone its business. While saying these things Brutus took Cæsar by the hand and began to lead him along. And he had gone but a little way from his door when a slave belonging to some one else, eager to get at Cæsar, but unable to do so for the press of numbers about him, forced his way into the house, gave himself into the hands of Calpurnia, and bade her keep him secure until Cæsar came back, since he had important matters to report to him.

LXV. Furthermore, Artemidorus, a Cnidian by birth, a teacher of Greek phi-

losophy, and on this account brought into intimacy with some of the followers of Brutus, so that he also knew most of what they were doing, came bringing to Cæsar in a small roll the disclosures which he was going to make; but seeing that Cæsar took all such rolls and handed them to his attendants, he came quite near, and said: "Read this, Cæsar, by thyself, and speedily; for it contains matters of importance and of concern to thee." Accordingly, Cæsar took the roll and would have read it, but was prevented by the multitude of people who engaged his attention, although he set out to do so many times, and holding in his hand and retaining that roll alone, he passed on into the senate. Some, however, say that another person gave him this roll, and that Artemidorus did not get to him at all, but was crowded away all along the route.

LXVI. So far, perhaps, these things may have happened of their own accord; the place, however, which was the scene of that struggle and murder, and in which the senate was then assembled, since it contained a statue of Pompey and had been dedicated by Pompey as an additional ornament to his theatre, made it wholly clear that it was the work of some heavenly power which was calling and guiding the action thither. Indeed, it is also said that Cassius, turning his eyes toward the statue of Pompey before the attack began, invoked it silently, although he was much addicted to the doctrines of Epicurus¹; but the crisis, as it would seem, when the dreadful attempt was now close at hand, replaced his former cool calculations with divinely inspired emotion.

Well, then, Antony, who was a friend of Cæsar's and a robust man, was detained outside by Brutus Albinus, who purposely engaged him in a lengthy conversation; but Cæsar went in, and the senate rose in his honour. Some of the partisans of Brutus took their places round the back of Cæsar's chair, while others went to meet him, as though they would support the petition which Tillius Cimber presented to Cæsar in behalf of

his exiled brother, and they joined their entreaties to his and accompanied Cæsar up to his chair. But when, after taking his seat, Cæsar continued to repulse their petitions, and, as they pressed upon him with greater importunity, began to show anger towards one and another of them, Tillius seized his toga with both hands and pulled it down from his neck. This was the signal for the assault. It was Casca who gave him the first blow with his dagger, in the neck, not a mortal wound, nor even a deep one, for which he was too much confused, as was natural at the beginning of a deed of great daring; so that Cæsar turned about, grasped the knife, and held it fast. At almost the same instant both cried out, the smitten man in Latin: "Accursed Casca, what doest thou?" and the smiter, in Greek, to his brother: "Brother, help!"

So the affair began, and those who were not privy to the plot were filled with consternation and horror at what was going on; they dared not fly, nor go to Cæsar's help, nay, nor even utter a word. But those who had prepared themselves for the murder bared each of them his dagger, and Cæsar, hemmed in on all sides, whichever way he turned confronting blows of weapons aimed at his face and eyes, driven hither and thither like a wild beast, was entangled in the hands of all; for all had to take part in the sacrifice and taste of the slaughter. Therefore Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. And it is said by some writers that although Cæsar defended himself against the rest and darted this way and that and cried aloud, when he saw that Brutus had drawn his dagger, he pulled his toga down over his head and sank, either by chance or because pushed there by his murderers, against the pedestal on which the statue of Pompey stood. And the pedestal was drenched with his blood, so that one might have thought that Pompey himself was presiding over this vengeance upon his enemy, who now lay prostrate at his feet, quivering from a multitude of wounds. For it is said that he received twenty-

¹ A Greek philosopher whose doctrines discouraged belief in superhuman powers.

three; and many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, as they struggled to plant all those blows in one body.

LXVII. Cæsar thus done to death, the senators, although Brutus came forward as if to say something about what had been done, would not wait to hear him, but burst out of doors and fled, thus filling the people with confusion and helpless fear, so that some of them closed their houses, while others left their counters and places of business and ran, first to the place to see what had happened, then away from the place when they had seen. Antony and Lepidus, the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and took refuge in the houses of others. But Brutus and his partisans, just as they were, still warm from the slaughter, displaying their daggers bare, went all in a body out of the senate-house and marched to the Capitol, not like fugitives, but with glad faces and full of confidence, summoning the multitude to freedom, and welcoming into their ranks the most distinguished of those who met them. Some also joined their number and went up with them as though they had shared in the deed, and laid claim to the glory of it, of whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. These men, then, paid the penalty for their imposture later, when they were put to death by Antony and the young Cæsar, without even enjoying the fame for the sake of which they died, owing to the disbelief of their fellow men. For even those who punished them did not exact a penalty for what they did, but for what they wished they had done.

On the next day Brutus came down and held a discourse, and the people listened to what was said without either expressing resentment at what had been done or appearing to approve of it; they showed, however, by their deep silence, that, while they pitied Cæsar, they respected Brutus. The senate, too, trying to make a general amnesty and reconciliation, voted to give Cæsar divine honours and not to disturb even the most insignificant measure which he had adopted when in power; while Brutus and his partisans it distributed provinces and gave suitable honours, so that everybody thought that matters

were decided and settled in the best possible manner.

LXVIII. But when the will of Cæsar was opened and it was found that he had given every Roman citizen a considerable gift, and when the multitude saw his body carried through the forum all disfigured with its wounds, they no longer kept themselves within the restraints of order and discipline, but, after heaping round the body benches, railings, and tables from the forum, they set fire to them and burned it there; then, lifting blazing brands on high, they ran to the houses of the murderers with intent to burn them down, while others went every whither through the city seeking to seize the men themselves and tear them to pieces. Not one of these came in their way, but all were well barricaded. There was a certain Cinna, however, one of the friends of Cæsar, who chanced, as they say, to have seen during the previous night a strange vision. He dreamed, that is, that he was invited to supper by Cæsar, and that, when he excused himself, Cæsar led him along by the hand, although he did not wish to go, but resisted. Now, when he heard that they were burning the body of Cæsar in the forum, he rose up and went thither out of respect, although he had misgivings arising from his vision, and was at the same time in a fever. At sight of him, one of the multitude told his name to another who asked him what it was, and he to another, and at once word ran through the whole throng that this man was one of the murderers of Cæsar. For there was among the conspirators a man who bore this same name of Cinna, and, assuming that this man was he, the crowd rushed upon him and tore him in pieces among them. This more than anything else made Brutus and Cassius afraid, and not many days afterwards they withdrew from the city. What they did and suffered before they died, has been told in the Life of Brutus.

LXIX. At the time of his death Cæsar was fully fifty-six years old, but he had survived Pompey not much more than four years, while of the power and dominion which he had sought all his life at so great

risks, and barely achieved at last, of this he had reaped no fruit but the name of it only, and a glory which had awakened envy on the part of his fellow citizens. However, the great guardian-genius of the man, whose help he had enjoyed through life, followed upon him even after death as an avenger of his murder, driving and tracking down his slayers over every land and sea until not one of them was left, 10 but even those who in any way soever either put hand to the deed or took part in the plot were punished.

Among events of man's ordering, the most amazing was that which befell 15 Cassius; for after his defeat at Philippi he slew himself with that very dagger which he had used against Cæsar; and, among events of divine ordering, there was the great comet, which showed itself 20 in great splendour for seven nights after Cæsar's murder, and then disappeared; also, the obscuration of the sun's rays. For during all that year its orb rose pale and without radiance, while the heat that 25 came down from it was slight and ineffectual, so that the air in its circulation was dark and heavy owing to the feebleness of the warmth that penetrated it, and the fruits, imperfect and half ripe, withered 30 away and shrivelled up on account of the coldness of the atmosphere. But more than anything else the phantom that appeared to Brutus showed that the murder of Cæsar was not pleasing to the gods; 35 and it was on this wise. As he was about

to take his army across from Abydos to the other continent, he was lying down at night, as his custom was, in his tent, not sleeping, but thinking of the future; for 5 it is said that of all generals Brutus was least given to sleep, and that he naturally remained awake a longer time than anybody else. And now he thought he heard a noise at the door, and looking towards 10 the light of the lamp, which was slowly going out, he saw a fearful vision of a man of unnatural size and harsh aspect. • At first he was terrified, but when he saw that the visitor neither did nor said anything, 15 but stood in silence by his couch, he asked him who he was. Then the phantom answered him: "I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi." At the time, then, Brutus said courageously: "I shall see thee"; and the 20 heavenly visitor at once went away. Subsequently, however, when arrayed against Antony and Cæsar at Philippi, in the first battle he conquered the enemy in his front, routed and scattered them, 25 and sacked the camp of Cæsar; but, as he was about to fight the second battle, the same phantom visited him again at night, and, though it said nothing to him, Brutus 30 understood his fate, and plunged headlong into danger. He did not fall in battle, however, but after the rout retired to a crest of ground, put his naked sword to his breast (while a certain friend, as they say, 35 helped to drive the blow home), and so died.

HISTORY

GREEK

THUCYDIDES

(471-400 B.C.)

Thucydides, foremost of Greek historians, was the exact antithesis of Herodotus (484-428 B.C.), who is sometimes called the father of history. Herodotus, an indefatigable traveler, is primarily interested in the human aspect of men and their actions; a tireless collector of tales and legends, he charms by that extraordinary gift for story-telling with which he embellished his dramatic accounts of the struggle of the Greek states against the invading Persians at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis. Thucydides, on the other hand, is in the main an authentic historian. He has been called the first great war correspondent and reporter. To a large extent an active participant in the Peloponnesian War (431-404), he set down in interesting style what he gained from first-hand knowledge, and supplemented such information with reports which he was always careful to investigate and verify. An acknowledged exception to this standard of scientific accuracy is formed by his speeches, which constitute between a fourth and a fifth part of the *History*, for Thucydides himself avows that in most cases he has reproduced only the substance of what was actually said and that in others he had to trust to more or less imperfect reports of the general sense of such speeches. It is probable that the case of Pericles, whose "Funeral Oration" is given below, is in a class by itself, for Thucydides must have repeatedly heard the great Athenian statesman deliver orations to the people of Athens.

The *History of the Peloponnesian War*, in which Thucydides describes the fratricidal struggle among the Greek states, following their victory over the Persians, shows a firm mental grasp which understood and deplored the tragic drama enacted under his eyes. There is a certain majesty of rhythm and a lofty grandeur in the historian's style which is especially evident in this speech of Pericles, as he addresses his countrymen and reveals the Athenian ideal of civic perfection.

The translation is that of Richard Crawley in Everyman's Library.

THE FUNERAL ORATION OF PERICLES

In the same winter the Athenians gave a funeral at the public cost to those who had first fallen in this war. It was a custom of their ancestors, and the manner of it is as follows. Three days before the ceremony, the bones of the dead are laid out in a tent which has been erected; and their friends bring to their relatives such offerings as they please. In the funeral procession cypress coffins are borne in cars, one for each tribe; the bones of the deceased being placed in the coffin of their tribe. Among these is carried one empty bier decked for the missing, that is, for those whose bodies could not be recovered. Any citizen or stranger who pleases joins in the procession: and the female relatives are there to wait at the burial. The dead are laid in the public sepulcher in the beautiful suburb of the city, in which those who fall in war are always buried; with the exception of those slain at Marathon, who for their singular and extraordinary valor were interred on the spot where they fell. After the bodies have been laid in the earth, a man chosen by the state, of approved wisdom and eminent reputation, pronounces over them an appropriate panegyric; after which all retire. Such is the manner of the burying; and through-

out the whole of the war, whenever the occasion arose, the established custom was observed. Meanwhile these were the first that had fallen, and Pericles, son of Xanthippus, was chosen to pronounce their eulogium. When the proper time arrived, he advanced from the sepulcher to an elevated platform in order to be heard by as many of the crowd as possible, and spoke as follows:

"Most of my predecessors in this place have commended him who made this speech part of the law, telling us that it is well that it should be delivered at the burial of those who fall in battle. For myself, I should have thought that the worth which had displayed itself in deeds would be sufficiently rewarded by honors also shown by deeds; such as you now see in this funeral prepared at the people's cost. And I could have wished that the reputations of many brave men were not to be imperilled in the mouth of a single individual, to stand or fall according as he spoke well or ill. For it is hard to speak properly upon a subject where it is even difficult to convince your hearers that you are speaking the truth. On the one hand, the friend who is familiar with every fact of the story may think that some point has not been set forth with that fulness which he wishes and knows it to deserve; on the other, he who is a stranger to the matter may be led by envy to suspect exaggeration if he hears anything above his own nature. For men can endure to hear others praised only so long as they can severally persuade themselves of their own ability to equal the actions recounted: when this point is passed, envy comes in and with it incredulity. However, since our ancestors have stamped this custom with their approval, it becomes my duty to obey the law and to try to satisfy your several wishes and opinions as best I may.

"I shall begin with our ancestors: it is both just and proper that they should have the honor of the first mention on an occasion like the present. They dwelt in the country without break in the succession from generation to generation, and handed it down free to the present time by their valor. And if our more remote ancestors

deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire which we now possess, and spared no pains to be able to leave their acquisitions to us of the present generation. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been augmented by those of us here, who are still more or less in the vigor of life; while the mother country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources whether for war or for peace. That part of our history which tells of the military achievements which gave us our several possessions, or of the ready valor with which either we or our fathers stemmed the tide of Hellenic or foreign aggression, is a theme too familiar to my hearers for me to dilate on, and I shall therefore pass it by. But what was the road by which we reached our position, what the form of government under which our greatness grew, what the national habits out of which it sprang; these are questions which I may try to solve before I proceed to my panegyric upon these men; since I think this to be a subject upon which on the present occasion a speaker may properly dwell, and to which the whole assemblage, whether citizens or foreigners, may listen with advantage.

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they

inflict no positive penalty. But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens. Against this fear is our chief safeguard, teaching us to obey the magistrates and the laws, particularly such as regard the protection of the injured, whether they are actually on the statute book, or belong to that code which, although unwritten, yet cannot be broken without acknowledged disgrace.

"Further, we provide plenty of means for the mind to refresh itself from business. We celebrate games and sacrifices all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own.

"If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality; trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens; while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger. In proof of this it may be noticed that the Lacedæmonians do not invade our country alone, but bring with them all their confederates; while we Athenians advance unsupported into the territory of a neighbor, and fighting upon a foreign soil usually vanquish with ease men who are defending their homes. Our united force was never yet encountered by any enemy, because we have at once to attend to our marine and to despatch our citizens by land upon a hundred different services; so that, wherever they engage with some such fraction of our strength, a success against a detachment is magnified into a victory over the nation, and a defeat into a reverse suffered at the hands of our entire people. And yet if, with habits not of labor but of

ease, and courage not of art but of nature, we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them.

"Nor are these the only points in which our city is worthy of admiration. We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact but in declining the struggle against it. Our public men have, besides politics, their private affairs to attend to, and our ordinary citizens, though occupied with the pursuits of industry, are still fair judges of public matters; for, unlike any other nation, regarding him who takes no part in these duties not as unambitious but as useless, we Athenians are able to judge at all events if we cannot originate, and, instead of looking on discussion as a stumbling-block in the way of action, we think it an indispensable preliminary to any wise action at all. Again, in our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation, each carried to its highest point, and both united in the same persons; although usually decision is the fruit of ignorance, hesitation of reflection. But the palm of courage will surely be adjudged most justly to those who best know the difference between hardship and pleasure and yet are never tempted to shrink from danger. In generosity we are equally singular, acquiring our friends by conferring not by receiving favors. Yet, of course, the doer of the favor is the firmer friend of the two, in order by continued kindness to keep the recipient in his debt; while the debtor feels less keenly from the very consciousness that the return he makes will be a payment, not a free gift. And it is only the Athenians who, fearless of consequences, confer their benefits not from calculations of expediency, but in the confidence of liberality.

"In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas; while I doubt if the

world can produce a man who, where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian. And that this is no mere boast thrown out for the occasion, but plain matter of fact, the power of the state acquired by these habits proves. For Athens alone of her contemporaries is found when tested to be greater than her reputation, and alone gives no occasion to her assailants to blush at the antagonist by whom they have been worsted, or to her subjects to question her title by merit to rule. Rather, the admiration of the present and succeeding ages will be ours, since we have not left our power without witness, but have shown it by mighty proofs; and far from needing a Homer for our panegyrist, or other of his craft whose verses might charm for the moment only for the impression which they gave to melt at the touch of fact, we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us. Such is the Athens for which these men, in the assertion of their resolve not to lose her, nobly fought and died; and well may every one of their survivors be ready to suffer in her cause.

"Indeed if I have dwelt at some length upon the character of our country, it has been to show that our stake in the struggle is not the same as theirs who have no such blessings to lose, and also that the panegyric of the men over whom I am now speaking might be by definite proofs established. That panegyric is now in a great measure complete; for the Athens that I have celebrated is only what the heroism of these and their like have made her, men whose fame, unlike that of most Hellenes, will be found to be only commensurate with their deserts. And if a test of worth be wanted, it is to be found in their closing scene, and this not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any. For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good

action has blotted out the bad, and his merit as a citizen more than out-weighed his demerits as an individual. But none of these allowed either wealth with its prospect of future enjoyment to unnerve his spirit, or poverty with its hope of a day of freedom and riches to tempt him to shrink from danger. No, holding that vengeance upon their enemies was more to be desired than any personal blessings, and reckoning this to be the most glorious of hazards, they joyfully determined to accept the risk, to make sure of their vengeance and to let their wishes wait; and while committing to hope the uncertainty of final success, in the business before them they thought fit to act boldly and trust in themselves. Thus choosing to die resisting, rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonor, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory.

"So died these men as became Athenians. You, their survivors, must determine to have as unflinching a resolution in the field, though you may pray that it may have a happier issue. And not contented with ideas derived only from words of the advantages which are bound up with the defence of your country, though these would furnish a valuable text to a speaker even before an audience so alive to them as the present, you must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then when all her greatness shall break upon you, you must reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honor in action that men were enabled to win all this, and that no personal failure in an enterprise could make them consent to deprive their country of their valor, but they laid it at her feet as the most glorious contribution that they could offer. For this offering of their lives made in common by them all they each of them individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulcher, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eter-

nally remembered upon every occasion on which deed or story shall call for its commemoration. For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own, where the column with its epitaph declares it, there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it, except that of the heart. These take as your model, and judging happiness to be the fruit of freedom and freedom of valor, never decline the dangers of war. For it is not the miserable that would most justly be unsparing of their lives; these have nothing to hope for: it is rather they to whom continued life may bring reverses as yet unknown, and to whom a fall, if it came, would be most tremendous in its consequences. And surely, to a man of spirit, the degradation of cowardice must be immeasurably more grievous than the unfelt death which strikes him in the midst of his strength and patriotism!

"Comfort, therefore, not condolence, is what I have to offer to the parents of the dead who may be here. Numberless are the chances to which, as they know, the life of man is subject; but fortunate indeed are they who draw for their lot a death so glorious as that which has caused your mourning, and to whom life has been so exactly measured as to terminate in the happiness in which it has been passed. Still I know that this is a hard saying, especially when those are in question of whom you will constantly be reminded by seeing in the homes of others blessings of which once you also boasted: for grief is felt not so much for the want of what we have never known, as for the loss of that to which we have been long accustomed. Yet you who are still of an age to beget children must bear up in the hope of having others in their stead; not only will they help you to forget those whom you have lost, but will be to the state at once a reinforcement and a security; for never can a fair or just policy be expected of the

citizen who does not, like his fellows, bring to the decision the interests and apprehensions of a father. While those of you who have passed your prime must congratulate yourselves with the thought that the best part of your life was fortunate, and that the brief span that remains will be cheered by the fame of the departed. For it is only the love of honor that never grows old; and honor it is, not gain, as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness.

"Turning to the sons or brothers of the dead, I see an arduous struggle before you. When a man is gone, all are wont to praise him, and, should your merit be ever so transcendent, you will still find it difficult not merely to overtake, but even to approach their renown. The living have envy to contend with, while those who are no longer in our path are honored with a good-will into which rivalry does not enter. On the other hand, if I must say anything on the subject of female excellence to those of you who will now be in widowhood, it will be all comprised in this brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad.

"My task is now finished. I have performed it to the best of my ability, and in word, at least, the requirements of the law are now satisfied. If deeds be in question, those who are here interred have received part of their honors already, and, for the rest, their children will be brought up till manhood at the public expense: the state thus offers a valuable prize, as the garland of victory in this race of valor, for the reward both of those who have fallen and their survivors. And where the rewards for merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens.

"And now that you have brought to a close your lamentations for your relatives, you may depart."

LATIN

CÆSAR

(ca. 102-44 B.C.)

Caius Julius Cæsar, the Dictator, was trained in his boyhood by the same teacher who trained Cicero. He gained access to the political life of the country at an early age through the marriage of his aunt to the famous Marius. He himself at the age of nineteen married Cornelia, the daughter of a prominent leader in Marius's party. So strongly identified was he with this party that, when the balance of power swung to Sulla, he had to flee from Rome. Later, having obtained pardon from Sulla, he began his military career by joining an expedition into Asia. At the death of Sulla (78 B.C.) he returned to Rome and introduced himself to the public in the usual Roman fashion by undertaking the defense and prosecution of persons accused of crime by the state. After a brief term of study at Rhodes, he came back to enter various public offices and to bend all his energies toward acquiring the favor of the people. It was at this time that he became implicated in the conspiracy of Catiline. After clearing himself of suspicion, or at least the consequences of it, he continued to rise from one office to another and at length was elected to the consulship. His unofficial union with Pompey and Crassus was later called the first triumvirate. With the help of these men he was able to disregard the other consul, Bibulus. In 58 B.C. Cæsar was granted the Gallic provinces and began his famous series of campaigns to subdue them. The nine campaigns (58 B.C.-50 B.C.) which followed proved him to be one of the greatest military leaders of all time, and won him the unstinted applause of the whole Roman nation. Cæsar's success alarmed Pompey, who sought to protect himself by establishing a senatorial decree against Cæsar, demanding that he give up his command and return to Rome for trial. The tribunes protested uselessly and had at length to flee to Cæsar's camp for safety. Knowing that Pompey was outside Rome with a strong army, Cæsar would not risk resigning his command and coming alone to be tried. Marching southward under the pretext of protecting the tribunes, he boldly crossed the Rubicon and marched triumphantly into Rome. Pompey retired to Brundisium and then to Greece, suffering defeat by Cæsar in both places; finally, fleeing to Egypt, he was pursued by Cæsar, but was murdered before he was captured. Cæsar in Rome was made absolute ruler for one year. In 46 he was made dictator for ten years and censor for three years; and in the year 45 he was made *imperator* for life. The rest of his story is told in the selection from his life here printed (pp. 305-312).

Cæsar was gifted with an abundance of natural talent. He was a statesman, general, law-giver, jurist, poet, historian, philologist, mathematician, orator, and architect. The only writings by him which have come down to us are his *Commentaries* on the Gallic War and on the Civil Wars. In these his style is conspicuous for purity and clearness. Though much of the work is merely the record of events, it must be remembered that the *Commentaries* were written with a Roman audience in mind, an audience before whom Cæsar might some day have to justify himself. As such they reveal a rare skill in marshalling the facts, and at times a ready sense of the dramatic.

The translation is that of W. A. M'Devitte and W. S. Bohn, G. Bell and Sons, London, 1911,

THE GALLIC WAR

BOOK V

CHAPTER VIII. When these things were done (and) Labienus, left on the continent with three legions and 2,000 horse, to defend the harbours and provide corn, and discover what was going on in Gaul, and take measures according to the occasion and according to the circumstance; he himself (Cæsar), with five legions and a number of horse, equal to that which he was leaving on the continent, set sail at sun-set, and (though for a time) borne forward by a gentle south-west wind, he did not maintain his course, in consequence of the wind dying away about midnight, and being carried on too far by the tide, when the sun rose, espied Britain passed on his left. Then, again, following the change of tide, he urged on with the oars that he might make that part of the island in which he had discovered the preceding summer, that there was the best landing-place, and in this affair the spirit of our soldiers was very much to be extolled; for they with the transports and heavy ships, the labour of rowing not being (for a moment) discontinued, equalled the speed of the ships of war. All the ships reached Britain nearly at mid-day; nor was there seen a (single) enemy in that place, but, as Cæsar afterwards found from some prisoners, though large bodies of troops had assembled there, yet being alarmed by the great number of our ships, more than eight hundred of which, including the ships of the preceding year, and those private vessels which each had built for his own convenience, had appeared at one time, they had quitted the coast and concealed themselves among the higher points.

IX. Cæsar, having disembarked his army and chosen a convenient place for the camp, when he discovered from the prisoners in what part the forces of the enemy had lodged themselves, having left ten cohorts and 300 horse at the sea, to be a guard to the ships, hastens to the enemy, at the third watch, fearing the less for the

ships, for this reason because he was leaving them fastened at anchor upon an even and open shore; and he placed Q. Atrius over the guard of ships. He himself, having advanced by night about twelve miles, espied the forces of the enemy. They, advancing to the river with their cavalry and chariots from the higher ground, began to annoy our men and give battle. Being repulsed by our cavalry, they concealed themselves in woods, as they had secured a place admirably fortified by nature and by art, which, as it seemed, they had before prepared on account of civil war; for all entrances to it were shut up by a great number of felled trees. They themselves rushed out of the woods to fight here and there, and prevented our men from entering their fortifications. But the soldiers of the seventh legion, having formed a *testudo*¹ and thrown up a rampart against the fortification, took the place and drove them out of the woods, receiving only a few wounds. But Cæsar forbade his men to pursue them in their flight any great distance; both because he was ignorant of the nature of the ground, and because, as a great part of the day was spent, he wished time to be left for the fortification of the camp.

X. The next day, early in the morning, he sent both foot-soldiers and horse in three divisions on an expedition to pursue those who had fled. These having advanced a little way, when already the rear (of the enemy) was in sight, some horse came to Cæsar from Quintus Atrius, to report that the preceding night, a very great storm having arisen, almost all the ships were dashed to pieces and cast upon the shore, because neither the anchors and cables could resist, nor could the sailors and pilots sustain the violence of the storm; and thus great damage was received by that collision of the ships.

XI. These things being known (to him), Cæsar orders the legions and cavalry to be recalled and to cease from their march; he himself returns to the ships: he sees clearly before him almost the same things which he had heard of from the messengers

¹ A cover or screen which a body of troops in close formation made by overlapping their shields above their heads.

and by letter, so that, about forty ships being lost, the remainder seemed capable of being repaired with much labour. Therefore he selects workmen from the legions, and orders others to be sent for from the continent; he writes to Labienus to build as many ships as he could with those legions which were with him. He himself, though the matter was one of great difficulty and labour, yet thought it to be most expedient for all the ships to be brought up on shore and joined with the camp by one fortification. In these matters he employed about ten days, the labour of the soldiers being unremitting even during the hours of night. The ships having been brought up on shore and the camp strongly fortified, he left the same forces which he did before as a guard for the ships; he sets out in person for the same place that he had returned from. When he had come thither, greater forces of the Britons had already assembled at that place, the chief command and management of the war having been entrusted to Cassivellaunus, whose territories a river, which is called the Thames, separates from the maritime states at about eighty miles from the sea. At an earlier period perpetual wars had taken place between him and the other states; but, greatly alarmed by our arrival, the Britons had placed him over the whole war and the conduct of it.

XII. The interior portion of Britain is inhabited by those of whom they say that it is handed down by tradition that they were born in the island itself; the maritime portion by those who had passed over from the country of the Belgæ for the purpose of plunder and making war; almost all of whom are called by the names of those states from which being sprung they went thither, and, having waged war, continued there and began to cultivate the lands. The number of the people is countless, and their buildings exceedingly numerous, for the most part very like those of the Gauls: the number of cattle is great. They use either brass or iron rings, determined at a certain weight, as their money. Tin is produced in the midland regions; in the maritime, iron; but the

quantity of it is small: they employ brass, which is imported. There, as in Gaul, is timber of every description, except beech and fir. They do not regard it lawful to eat the hare, and the cock, and the goose; they, however, breed them for amusement and pleasure. The climate is more temperate than in Gaul, the cold being less severe.

XIII. The island is triangular in its form, and one of its sides is opposite to Gaul. One angle of this side, which is in Kent, whither almost all ships from Gaul are directed, (looks) to the east; the lower looks to the south. This side extends about 500 miles. Another side lies towards Spain and the west, on which part is Ireland, less, as is reckoned, than Britain, by one-half; but the passage (from it) into Britain is of equal distance with that from Gaul. In the middle of this voyage is an island, which is called Mona: many smaller islands besides are supposed to lie (there), of which islands some have been written that at the time of the winter solstice it is night there for thirty consecutive days. We, in our inquiries about that matter, ascertained nothing, except that, by accurate measurements with water, we perceived the nights to be shorter there than on the continent. The length of this side, as their account states, is 700 miles. The third side is towards the north, to which portion of the island no land is opposite; but an angle of that side looks principally towards Germany. This side is considered to be 800 miles in length. Thus the whole island is (about) 2,000 miles in circumference.

XIV. The most civilized of all these nations are they who inhabit Kent, which is entirely a maritime district, nor do they differ much from the Gallic customs. Most of the inland inhabitants do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh, and are clad with skins. All the Britons, indeed, dye themselves with wood, which occasions a bluish colour, and thereby have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved except their head and upper lip. Ten and even twelve have wives common to them, and particularly

brothers among brothers, and parents among their children; but if there be any issue by these wives, they are reputed to be the children of those by whom respectively each was first espoused when a virgin.

XV. The horse and charioteers of the enemy contended vigorously in a skirmish with our cavalry on the march; yet so that our men were conquerors in all parts, and drove them to their woods and hills; but, having slain a great many, they pursued too eagerly, and lost some of their men. But the enemy, after some time had elapsed, when our men were off their guard, and occupied in the fortification of the camp, rushed out of the woods, and, making an attack upon those who were placed on duty before the camp, fought in a determined manner; and two cohorts being sent by Cæsar to their relief, and these severally the first of two legions, when these had taken up their position at a very small distance from each other, as our men were disconcerted by the unusual mode of battle, the enemy broke through the middle of them most courageously, and retreated thence in safety. That day, Q. Laberius Durus, a tribune of the soldiers, was slain. The enemy, since more cohorts were sent against them, were repulsed.

XVI. In the whole of this method of fighting since the engagement took place under the eyes of all and before the camp, it was perceived that our men, on account of the weight of their arms, inasmuch as they could neither pursue (the enemy when) retreating, nor dare quit their standards, were little suited to this kind of enemy; that the horse also fought with great danger, because they (the Britons) generally retreated even designedly, and, when they had drawn off our men a short distance from the legions, leaped from their chariots and fought on foot in unequal (and to them advantageous) battle. But the system of cavalry engagement is wont to produce equal danger, and indeed the same, both to those who retreat and those who pursue. To this was added, that they never fought in close order, but in small parties and at great distances, and

had detachments placed (in different parts), and then the one relieved the other, and the vigorous and fresh succeeded the wearied.

XVII. The following day the enemy halted on the hills, a distance from our camp, and presented themselves in small parties, and began to challenge our horse to battle with less spirit than the day before. But at noon, when Cæsar had sent three legions, and all the cavalry with C. Trebonius, the lieutenant, for the purpose of foraging, they flew upon the foragers suddenly from all quarters, so that they did not keep off (even) from the standards and the legions. Our men, making an attack on them vigorously, repulsed them; nor did they cease to pursue them until the horse, relying on relief, as they saw the legions behind them, drove the enemy precipitately before them, and, slaying a great number of them, did not give them the opportunity either of rallying, or halting, or leaping from their chariots. Immediately after this retreat, the auxiliaries, who had assembled from all sides, departed; nor after that time did the enemy ever engage with us in very large numbers.

XVIII. Cæsar, discovering their design, leads his army into the territories of Cassivellaunus to the river Thames; which river can be forded in one place only, and that with difficulty. When he had arrived there, he perceives that numerous forces of the enemy were marshalled on the other bank of the river; the bank also was defended by sharp stakes fixed in front, and stakes of the same kind fixed under the water were covered by the river. These things being discovered from (some) prisoners and deserters, Cæsar, sending forward the cavalry, ordered the legions to follow them immediately. But the soldiers advanced with such speed and such ardour, though they stood above the water by their heads only, that the enemy could not sustain the attack of the legions and of the horse, and quitted the banks, and committed themselves to flight.

XIX. Cassivellaunus, as we have stated above, all hope (rising out) of battle being laid aside, the greater part of his forces being dismissed, and about 4,000 chariot-

eers only being left, used to observe our marches and retire a little from the road, and conceal himself in intricate and woody places, and, in those neighbourhoods in which he had discovered we were about to march, he used to drive the cattle and the inhabitants from the fields into the woods; and, when our cavalry, for the sake of plundering and ravaging the more freely, scattered themselves among the fields, he used to send out charioteers from the woods by all the well-known roads and paths, and, to the great danger of our horse, engage with them; and this source of fear hindered them from straggling very extensively. The result was that Cæsar did not allow excursions to be made to a great distance from the main body of the legions, and ordered that damage should be done to the enemy in ravaging their lands and kindling fires only so far as the legionary soldiers could, by their own exertion and marching, accomplish it.

XX. In the meantime, the Trinobantes, almost the most powerful state of those parts, from which the young man, Mandubratius, embracing the protection of Cæsar, had come to the continent of Gaul to (meet) him (whose father, Imanuentius, had possessed the sovereignty in that state, and had been killed by Cassivellaunus; he himself had escaped death by flight), send ambassadors to Cæsar, and promise that they will surrender themselves to him and perform his commands; they entreat him to protect Mandubratius from the violence of Cassivellaunus, and send to their state some one to preside over it, and possess the government. Cæsar demands forty hostages from them, and corn for his army, and sends Mandubratius to them. They speedily performed the things demanded, and sent hostages to the number appointed, and the corn.

XXI. The Trinobantes being protected and secured from any violence of the soldiers, the Cenimagni, the Segontiaci, the Ancalites, the Bibroci, and the Cassi, sending embassies, surrender themselves to Cæsar. From them he learns that the capital town of Cassivellaunus was not far from that place, and was defended by

woods and morasses, and a very large number of men and of cattle had been collected in it. (Now the Britons, when they have fortified the intricate woods, in which they are wont to assemble for the purpose of avoiding the incursion of an enemy, with an entrenchment and a rampart, call them a town.) Thither he proceeds with his legions: he finds the place admirably fortified by nature and art; he, however, undertakes to attack it in two directions. The enemy, having remained only a short time, did not sustain the attack of our soldiers, and hurried away on the other side of the town. A great amount of cattle was found there, and many of the enemy were taken and slain in their flight.

XXII. While these things are going forward in those places, Cassivellaunus sends messengers into Kent, which, we have observed above, is on the sea, over which districts four several kings reigned, Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagulus and Segonax, and commands them to collect all their forces, and unexpectedly assail and storm the naval camp. When they had come to the camp, our men, after making a sally, slaying many of their men, and also capturing a distinguished leader named Lugotorix, brought back their own men in safety. Cassivellaunus, when this battle was reported to him as so many losses had been sustained, and his territories laid waste, being alarmed most of all by the desertion of the states, sends ambassadors to Cæsar (to treat) about a surrender through the mediation of Commius the Atrebatian. Cæsar, since he had determined to pass the winter on the continent, on account of the sudden revolts of Gaul, and as much of the summer did not remain, and he perceived that even that could be easily protracted, demands hostages, and prescribes what tribute Britain should pay each year to the Roman people; he forbids and commands Cassivellaunus that he wage not war against Mandubratius or the Trinobantes.

XXIII. When he had received the hostages, he leads back the army to the sea, and finds the ships repaired. After launching these, because he had a large

number of prisoners, and some of the ships had been lost in the storm, he determines to convey back his army at two embarkations. And it so happened, that out of so large a number of ships, in so many voyages, neither in this nor in the previous year was any ship missing which conveyed soldiers; but very few out of those which were sent back to him from the continent empty, as the soldiers of the former convoy 10 had been disembarked, and out of those (sixty in number) which Labienus had taken care to have built, reached their destination; almost all the rest were driven back, and when Cæsar had waited for them for some time in vain, lest he should be debarred from a voyage by the season of the year, inasmuch as the equinox was at hand, he of necessity stowed his soldiers the more closely, and, a very great calm coming on, after he had weighed anchor at the beginning of the second watch, he reached land at break of day and brought in all the ships in safety.

CRITICISM

LATIN

HORACE

The work of Donatus, the fourth-century Latin scholar, helped to introduce Horace's critical work to later ages in Europe. Dante knew Horace through Donatus, and the power of Dante's name gave Horace a place of prominence during the Revival of Learning. When Aristotle was discovered, the two critics, Greek and Latin, began a parallel course of popularity, which they maintained throughout the Renaissance. It is probable that among the admirers of Aristotle the Greek philosopher carried more weight than Horace; but he also aroused more antagonism. Horace's discussion of poetry dealt with things about which there could be little difference of opinion, and he avoided the more difficult fundamental questions argued by Aristotle. The central doctrine of Horace's creed, that the purpose of drama is pleasure and profit, is easy to understand and to believe. The difficulty arises when, like Aristotle, we try to define pleasure and profit. For Horace's life, see p. 247.

This selection is taken from Chalmers, *English Poets*, Vol. XIX.

THE ART OF POETRY

(ca. 25 B.C.)

Suppose a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly
 spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly
 join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?
Such is the book, that, like a sick man's
 dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
"Painters and poets our indulgence
 claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the
 same."
I own th' indulgence. — Such I give and
 take;
But not through Nature's sacred rules to
 break,
Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers
 join'd.

Your opening promises some great
 design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre
 shine,
5 Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd
 strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane,
Rises to view; there through delicious
 meads
10 A murmuring stream its winding water
 leads;
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the wat'ry
 bow
There bends its colours, and with pride
15 they glow.
Beauties they are, but beauties out of
 place;
For though your talent be to paint with
 grace
20 A mournful cypress, would you pour its
 shade
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were
 paid
To paint a sailor, 'midst the winds and
 waves,
When on a broken plank his life he
 saves?
Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end?

Then learn this wandering humour to control,
 And keep one equal tenor through the whole.
 But oft, our greatest errors take their rise
 From our best views. I strive to be concise;
 I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
 When in pursuit of elegance and ease.
 Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar;
 Some in cold safety creep along the shore,
 Too much afraid of storms; while he, who tries
 With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
 In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,
 And paints his boars disporting in the sea.
 Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,
 Into its opposite extreme we run.
 One happier artist of th' Æmilian square,
 Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,
 Though he excels in every separate part,
 Yet fails of just perfection in his art,
 In one grand whole unknowing to unite
 Those different parts; and I no more would write
 Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
 Be gaz'd at for the finest hair and eyes.
 Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
 What suits your genius; what your strength can bear.
 To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
 Nor words nor method shall their aid refuse.
 In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
 And force of method, to assign a place
 For what with present judgment we should say,
 And for some happier time the rest delay.
 Would you to Fame a promis'd work produce,
 Be delicate and cautious in the use
 And choice of words: nor shall you fail of praise,
 When nicely joining two known words you raise
 A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
 For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
 A just and ample licence, which, if us'd
 With fair discretion, never is refus'd.
 New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
 If from a Grecian source they gently stream;
 For Virgil, sure, and Varius¹ may receive
 That kind indulgence which the Romans gave
 To Plautus² and Cæcilius³: or shall I
 Be envied, if my little fund supply
 Its frugal wealth of words, since bards,
 who sung
 In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
 With large increase? An undisputed power
 Of coining money from the rugged ore,
 Nor less of coining words, is still confest,
 If with a legal public stamp imprest.
 As when the forest, with the bending year,
 First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,
 So an old age of words maturely dies,
 Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.
 We and our noblest works to Fate must yield;
 Even Cæsar's mole,⁴ which royal pride might build,
 Where Neptune far into the land extends,
 And from the raging North our fleets defend;
 That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
 Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain;
 Tiber, who, taught a better current, yields
 To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields;

¹ A distinguished poet of the Augustan age, a friend of Vergil and Horace.

² A famous Roman writer of comedy (see introductory note on his life and works).

³ A Roman writer of comedy anciently classed with Plautus and Terence.

⁴ Cæsar proposed to enlarge and to protect the harbor of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, to drain the Pontine marshes, and to divert the course of the Tiber. These improvements, suggested by him in 45 B.C., were not finished in his time, but the first two were completed by his successor. The Pontine marshes were not finally drained until 1932 A.D.

All these must perish, and shall words presume

To hold their honours, and immortal bloom?

Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie;
Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
Words, and the forms of language, must obey.

By Homer taught the modern poet 10
sings,

In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
Unequal measures first were tun'd to flow,
Sadly expressive of the lover's woe;

But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they 15
move

In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love:
By whom invented, critics yet contend,
And of their vain disputings find no end.

Archilochus,¹ with fierce resentment 20
warm'd,

Was with his own severe iambics arm'd,
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,

With sweet variety were found to please, 25
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

The Muse to nobler subjects tunes her 30
lyre;

Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,

Wrestler and steed,² who gain'd th' Olympian prize;

Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.³

But if, through weakness, or my want of art,

I can't to every different style impart 40
The proper strokes and colours it may claim,

Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?

Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,
Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn?

Nor will the genius of the comic Muse
Sublimer tones, or tragic numbers, use;

5 Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
In comic phrase and language be debas'd:
Then let your style be suited to the scene;
And its peculiar character maintain.

Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may
raise,

And angry Chremes⁴ rail in swelling
phrase:

As oft the tragic language humbly flows,—
For Telephus⁵ or Peleus,⁶ 'midst the woes
Of poverty or exile, must complain

In prose-like style, must quit the swelling
strain,

And words gigantic, if with nature's art
They hope to touch their melting hearer's
heart.

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye
charm

With ease and elegance; a play should
warm

25 With soft concernment; should possess
the soul,

And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.

With them, who laugh, our social joy
appears;

With them, who mourn, we sympathise in
tears:

If you would have me weep, begin the
strain,

35 Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your
pain;

But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

The varying face should every passion
show,

And words of sorrow wear the look of woe;
Let it in joy assume a vivid air;

Fierce when in rage; in seriousness severe:

¹ A famous Greek satirical poet (714–676 B.C.). There is a tradition concerning him that, when he was rejected by one of the daughters of Lycambus, he composed a series of such fierce iambics against the whole family that Lycambus's daughters hanged themselves through shame.

² Horace refers here to the subjects chosen by Pindar in his *Odes* (see the introductory note on Pindar).

³ As in the poetry of Sappho and Anacreon.

⁴ A stock character in Plautus's comedies, usually the irate father.

⁵ Son of Hercules. Various tragic stories are told about him, the most famous being that of his being wounded by Achilles. It was found that the wound could be cured only by the one who inflicted it. Telephus kidnapped the infant Orestes, son of Agamemnon, and thus forced Agamemnon to use his influence with Achilles to cure the wound.

⁶ Father of Achilles. He killed his step-brother Phocus and was forced to go into exile.

For Nature to each change of fortune
forms
The secret soul, and all its passions warms;
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with
mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to
earth.
The tongue these various movements must
express:
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress
His language prove, the sons of Rome en-
gage
To laugh th' unhappy actor off the stage.
Your style should an important differ-
ence make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak:
When florid youth, whom gay desires in-
flame;
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame;
A merchant wandering with incessant toil,
Or he who cultivates the verdant soil:
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.
Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untam'd fury let Medea¹ glow,
And Ino's² tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io³
bear,
And sad Orestes⁴ rave in deep despair.
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene
Let him one equal character maintain.
'Tis hard a new form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more
success
You may from Homer take the tale of
Troy,
Than on an untried plot your strength
employ.

Yet would you make a common theme
your own,
Dwell not on incidents already known;
Nor word for word translate with painful
care,
Nor be confin'd in such a narrow sphere,
From whence (while you should only imi-
tate)
Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.
Begin your work with modest grace and
plain,
Nor like the bard of everlasting strain,
"I sing the glorious war, and Priam's
fate —"
How will the boaster hold this yawning
rate?
The mountains labour'd with prodigious
throes,
And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.
Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain:
Opening his poem in this humble strain,
"Muse, sing the man, who, after Troy
subdu'd,
Manners and towns of various nations
view'd."
He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates⁵ his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis⁶ barks, and Polyphemus roars.
He would not, like our modern poet,
date
His hero's wanderings from his uncle's
fate;
Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
From Helen's birth, from whom the war
arose;
But to the grand event he speeds his
course,
And bears his readers with resistless force
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.
Artful he knows each circumstance to
leave,

¹ Wife of Jason. See the play by Seneca, pp. 117-134.

² Daughter of Cadmus. The story goes that Athamas, son of Æolus, was ordered by divine edict to marry the demi-goddess Nephele. He was in love with the mortal Ino, but he married Nephele. The tragic results of the rivalry between the two women have been treated by a number of poets whose works are lost.

³ See the notes on *Prometheus Bound*, pp. 66-83.

⁴ Orestes, son of Agamemnon. For his story see Aristotle's *Poetics*, page 195, note 2.

⁵ A giant who devoured one of Ulysses's followers.

⁶ A female monster, in the shape of a whirlpool, who wrecked ships. See page 123, note 3.

Which will not grace and ornament receive;

Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,

That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same;

Then hear what I and what your audience claim:

If you would keep us till the curtain fall, 10

And the last chorus for a plaudit call,

The manner must your strictest care engage,

The levities of youth and strength of age.

The child, who now with firmer footing 15

walks,

And with unflinching, well-form'd accents talks,

Loves childish sports; with causeless anger burns,

And idly pleas'd with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,

Joys in the sunny field his horse and hounds;

Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;

Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares; Profuse and vain; with every passion warm'd,

And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd. 30

With strength improv'd, the manly spirit bends

To different aims, in search of wealth and friends;

Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,

And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.

A thousand ills the aged world surround, 40

Anxious in search of wealth, and, when 'tis found,

Fearful to use what they with fear possess, While doubt and dread their faculties depress.

Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more, Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour;

Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise

Talking the manners of their youthful days;

1

Severe to censure; earnest to advise,

And with old saws the present age chastise.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,

5 Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide;

Then let not youth, or infancy, engage

To play the parts of manhood, or of age;

For, where the proper characters prevail,

We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.

The business of the drama must appear

In action or description. What we hear,

With weaker passion will affect the heart,

Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.

But yet let nothing on the stage be brought,

Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;

20 Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold

What may with grace and eloquence be told.

Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,

Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage;

25 Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,

Nor Cadmus¹ roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air:

For, while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,

30 They shock our faith, our indignation raise.

If you would have your play deserve success,

35 Give it five acts complete; nor more, nor less;

Nor let a god in person stand display'd,

Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid;

Nor a fourth actor on the crowded scene

40 A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.

The chorus must support an actor's part;

Defend the virtuous, and advise with art; Govern the cholerick, the proud appease,

45 And the short feasts of frugal tables praise; Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,

And Peace triumphant with her open gates.

50 Entrusted secrets let them ne'er betray, But to the righteous gods with ardour pray,

¹ The traditional founder of Thebes, who was changed into a dragon and transported to Elysium.

That fortune with returning smiles may
bless

Afflicted mirth, and impious pride depress;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
Promote the plot, and aid the main design.

Nor was the flute at first with silver
bound,

Nor rivall'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was simply
plain,

Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,
Filling the little theatre with ease,
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners and unsullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her
state,

And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial
seat,

Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay
Without restraint she cheer'd the festal
day,

Then Poesy in looser numbers mov'd,
And Music in licentious tones improv'd:
Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit,
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.

He, who before with modest art had
play'd,

Now call'd in wanton movements to his
aid,

Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing
strain,

And drew along the stage a length of train;
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increas'd its strings, and sweeter charm'd
the ear;

Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;

Pour'd forth prophetic truths in awful
strain,

Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

The tragic bard, who, for a worthless
prize,

Bid naked satyrs in his chorus rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to
maintain

The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene;
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting
warm.

And yet this laughing, prating tribe may
raise

Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry dis-
please;

But let the hero, or the power divine,
Whom late we saw with gold and purple
shine,

Stoop not in vulgar phrase, nor yet despise
The words of earth, and soar into the skies.

For as a matron, on our festal days
Oblig'd to dance, with modest grace obeys,

So should the Muse her dignity maintain
Amidst the satyrs and their wanton train.

If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my
style.

Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake
So far, as not some difference to make

Between a slave, or wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold,

And grave Silenus,¹ with instructive nod
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god.

From well-known tales such fictions
would I raise

As all might hope to imitate with ease;
Yet while they strive the same success to

gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes
are vain:

Such grace can order and connexion give;
Such beauties common subjects may re-

ceive.
Let not the wood-born satyr fondly
spout

With amorous verses, as if bred at court;
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,

Debase the language, and pollute the
scene;

For what the crowd with lavish rapture
praise,

In better judges cold contempt shall raise.

Rome to her poets too much licence
gives,

Nor the rough cadence of their verse per-
ceives;

But shall I then with careless spirit write?

No — let me think my faults shall rise to
light,

And then a kind indulgence will excuse
The less important errors of the Muse.

Thus, though perhaps I may not merit
fame,

I stand secure from censure and from
shame.

¹ A jovial drunken deity who is said to have brought up and instructed Dionysus.

PROSE NARRATIVE

HEBREW

THE BOOK OF RUTH

The *Book of Ruth* is a charming story of early Jewish domestic life. Like the *Book of Ecclesiastes* it contains little material of definitely religious character; but unlike the *Book of Ecclesiastes* it has its roots deep in ancient Jewish national life. Its chief purpose is to hold up as a model for later generations a rich and generous man who admits into his household the widow of a distant relative. The story is told in a direct and pleasing manner and has been highly regarded down through the centuries for its fine and simple pathos.

CHAPTER I

1 Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab,¹ he, and his wife, and his two sons.

2 And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Beth-lehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

3 And Elimelech Naomi's husband died; and she was left, and her two sons.

4 And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelt there about ten years.

5 And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

6 ¶ Then she arose with her daughters in law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the LORD had visited his people in giving them bread.

7 Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters in law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

8 And Naomi said unto her two daughters in law, Go, return each to her mother's

house: the LORD deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

9 The LORD grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

10 And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

11 And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? are there yet *any more* sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands?

12 Turn again, my daughters, go *your way*; for I am too old to have a husband.

13 If I should say, I have hope, if I should have a husband also to night, and should also bear sons;

14 Would ye tarry for them till they were grown? would ye stay for them from having husbands? nay, my daughters; for it grieveth me much for your sakes that the hand of the LORD is gone out against me.

15 And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother in law; but Ruth clave unto her.

16 And she said, Behold, thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister in law.

17 And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy peo-

¹ The country east of the Dead Sea.

ple *shall be* my people, and thy God my God:

17 Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the LORD do so to me, and more also, *if aught* but death part thee and me.

18 When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19 ¶ So they two went until they came 10 to Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, *Is this Naomi?*

20 And she said unto them, Call me 15 not Naomi, call me Mara ¹: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21 I went out full, and the LORD hath brought me home again empty: why *then* call ye me Naomi, seeing the LORD hath 20 testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22 So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter in law, with her, which returned out of the country of 25 Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

CHAPTER II

1 And Naomi had a kinsman of her 30 husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name *was* Boaz.

2 And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and 35 glean ears of corn after *him* in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.

3 And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap 40 was to light on a part of the field *belonging* unto Boaz, who *was* of the kindred of Elimelech.

4 ¶ And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, 45 The LORD *be* with you. And they answered him, The LORD bless thee.

5 Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel *is* this?

6 And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It *is* the

Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

7 And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among 5 the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house.

8 Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Heariest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

9 Let thine eyes *be* on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that 15 they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of *that* which the young men have drawn.

10 Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I *am* a stranger?

11 And Boaz answered and said unto her, It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law since the death of thine husband; and *how* thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not 5 heretofore.

12 The LORD recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the LORD God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.

13 Then she said, Let me find favour in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine 5 handmaidens.

14 And Boaz said unto her, At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers: and he 45 reached her parched *corn*, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

15 And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and 50 reproach her not:

16 And let fall also *some* of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave *them*, that

¹ Bitter.

she may glean *them*, and rebuke her not.

17 So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah¹ of barley.

18 ¶ And she took *it* up, and went into the city; and her mother in law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed.

19 And her mother in law said unto her, Where hast thou gleaned to day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee. And she shewed her mother in law with whom she had wrought, and said, The man's name with whom I wrought to day is Boaz.

20 And Naomi said unto her daughter in law, Blessed *be* he of the LORD, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen.

21 And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest.

22 And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter in law, *It is* good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field.

23 So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother in law.

CHAPTER III

1 Then Naomi her mother in law said unto her, My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?

2 And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth barley to night in the threshing-floor.

3 Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: *but* make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking.

4 And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he

shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do.

5 And she said unto her, All that thou sayest unto me I will do.

6 ¶ And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother in law bade her.

7 And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn: and she came softly, and uncovered his feet, and laid her down.

8 ¶ And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid, and turned himself: and, behold, a woman lay at his feet.

9 And he said, Who *art* thou? And she answered, I *am* Ruth thine handmaid: spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou *art* a near kinsman.

10 And he said, Blessed *be* thou of the LORD, my daughter: for thou hast shewed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich.

11 And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou *art* a virtuous woman.

12 And now it is true that I *am* thy near kinsman: howbeit there is a kinsman nearer than I.

13 Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, *that* if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman's part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, *as* the LORD liveth: lie down until the morning.

14 ¶ And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could know another. And he said, Let it not be known that a woman came into the floor.

15 Also he said, Bring the vail that *thou hast* upon thee, and hold it. And when she held it, he measured six *measures* of barley, and laid *it* on her: and she went into the city.

16 And when she came to her mother in law, she said, Who *art* thou, my daughter? And she told her all that the man had done to her.

¹ A little more than a bushel.

17 And she said, These six *measures* of barley gave he me; for he said to me, Go not empty unto thy mother in law.

18 Then said she, Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day.

CHAPTER IV

1 Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he turned aside, and sat down.

2 And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, Sit ye down here. And they sat down.

3 And he said unto the kinsman, Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which *was* our brother Elimelech's:

4 And I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy *it* before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem *it*, redeem *it*: but if thou wilt not redeem *it*, then tell me, that I may know: for *there is* none to redeem *it* besides thee; and I *am* after thee. And he said, I *will* redeem *it*.

5 Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy *it* also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name *of* the dead upon his inheritance.

6 ¶ And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem *it* for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem *it*.

7 Now this *was the manner* in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave *it* to his neighbour: and this *was a* testimony in Israel.

8 Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy *it* for thee. So he drew off his shoe.

9 ¶ And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, Ye *are* witnesses this

day, that I have bought all that *was* Elimelech's, and all that *was* Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi.

10 Moreover Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye *are* witnesses this day.

11 And all the people that *were* in the gate, and the elders, said, *We are* witnesses. The LORD make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel¹ and like Leah,¹ which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah,² and be famous in Beth-lehem:

12 And let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar bare unto Judah, of the seed which the LORD shall give thee of this young woman.

13 ¶ So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife: and when he went in unto her, the LORD gave her conception, and she bare a son.

14 And the women said unto Naomi, Blessed *be* the LORD, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

15 And he shall be unto thee a restorer of *thy* life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter in law, which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him.

16 And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

17 And the women her neighbours gave it a name saying, There is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed: *he is* the father of Jesse, the father of David.

18 ¶ Now these *are* the generations of Pharez: Pharez begat Hezron,

19 And Hezron begat Ram, and Ram begat Amminadab,

20 And Amminadab begat Nahshon, and Nahshon begat Salmon,

21 And Salmon begat Boaz, and Boaz begat Obed,

22 And Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David.

¹ The wives of Jacob. For each he served Laban, their father, for seven years.

² The northern kingdom of Palestine.

LATIN

APULEIUS

(ca. 125 A.D.)

Apuleius was an African, born at Medaura, on the borders of Numidia. He received his early education in Carthage and later went to Athens to study philosophy. He then travelled through Italy, Greece and Asia studying religion, magic, and necromancy. On his return he spent two years in Rome. From there he set out for Alexandria. On the way he fell ill and was nursed by Pudentilla, a rich widow, in the town of Cæa. He later married her but was forced to defend himself against an accusation of sorcery made by her family. The later years of Apuleius were spent about Carthage in the teaching of rhetoric. His style shows evidence of the fact that Latin was not his native tongue. It is exuberant and lively, but filled with non-Latin idioms, rare or unusual words, and archaisms from the pre-classical age.

Apuleius' chief work, *Melamorphoses*, or the *Golden Ass* (ca. 150 A.D.), is a collection of tales strung upon a loosely connected narrative. It cannot be compared accurately with the *Decameron* or the *Canterbury Tales*, for its organization is far less calculated and orderly. It resembles more the half-formed novels of the Renaissance, such as *Jack Wilton*, and *Don Quixote*. The main theme follows the adventures of a man who fell in love with a sorceress and by her was turned into an ass. The actual material of the book includes not only the adventures of the hero himself, but also experiences overheard by him, and independent stories told by characters participating in the main action. Lucius, in his character of an ass, is a *pícaro*, or rascal, who finds his counterpart in many rogue stories from Jack Wilton to Gil Blas.

In the following selection the hero has been transformed into an ass and has fallen in with robbers who use him to carry their booty. He can be restored to human form only by eating a rose. The translation is that of W. Adlington, 1566, revised by S. Gaselee, New York, Macmillan, 1915.

THE GOLDEN ASS

BOOK IV

When noon was come, and now the broiling heat of the sun had most power, we turned into a village to certain old men of the thieves' acquaintance and friends, for verily their meeting and embracing together did give me (poor ass) cause to deem the same: and they took the truss from my back, and gave them part of the treasure that was in it, and they seemed to whisper and tell them that it was stolen goods; and after that we were unladen of our burdens they let us loose into a meadow to pasture, but I would not feed there with my own horse and Milo's ass, for that I was not wont to eat hay, but I must seek my dinner in some other place. Wherefore I leaped into a garden which was behind the stable, and being well nigh perished with hunger, although I could find nothing there but raw and green salads, yet

I filled my hungry guts therewithal abundantly, and, praying unto all the gods, I looked about in every place if I could espy any roses in the gardens nearby, and my being alone did put me in good hope, that if I could find any remedy, being far from the public road and hidden by the bushes, I should presently out of the low gait of a beast be changed out of every one's sight into a man walking upright.

Now while I tossed on the flood of these cogitations, I looked about, and behold I saw afar off a shadowed valley adjoining to a wood, where, amongst divers other herbs and pleasant verdures, I thought I saw many flourishing roses of bright damask colour. So that I said within my mind, which was not wholly bestial: "Verily the place is the grove of Venus and the Graces, where secretly glittereth the royal hue of so lively and delectable a flower." Then I, desiring the help of the god of good fortune, ran lustily towards the wood, in so much that I felt myself no

more an ass but a swift-coursing horse, but my agility and quickness could not prevent the cruelty of my fortune; for, when I came to the place, I perceived that they were no roses neither tender nor pleasant, neither moistened with the heavenly drops of dew nor celestial liquor, which grow out of the rich thicket and thorns. Neither did I perceive that there was any valley at all, but only the bank of the river environed with great thick trees, which had long branches like unto laurel, and bear a flower without any manner of scent but somewhat red of hue, and the common people call them by the name of laurel-roses, which are very poisonous to all manner of beasts. Then was I so entangled with unhappy fortune, that I little esteemed mine own life, and went willingly to eat of those roses, though I knew them to be present poison. But as I drew near very slowly, I saw a young man that seemed to be the gardener come upon me, the same that I had devoured up all his herbs in the garden, and he, knowing now full well his great loss, came swearing with a great staff in his hand, and laid upon me in such sort that I was well nigh dead; but I speedily devised some remedy for myself, for I lifted up my legs and kicked him with my hinder heels, so that I left him lying at the hill foot well nigh slain, and so I ran away: incontinently came out a certain woman, doubtless his wife, who, seeing from above her husband lying half dead, cried and howled in pitiful sort, hasting towards her husband, to the intent that by her loud cries she might purchase to me present destruction; for all the persons of the town, moved and raised by her noise, came forth and cried for dogs, and hied them on madly to tear me down. Out came a great company of bandogs and mastiffs, more fit to pull down bears and lions than me, whom when I beheld I thought verily that I should presently die, so that I took what counsel I might from the occasion, and thought no more of flight, but turned myself about and ran as fast as ever I might to the stable whither we had lodged. Then the men of the town called in their dogs, which they scarce could hold, and took me,

and bound me to the staple of a post with a great thong, and scourged me till I was well nigh dead.

Not long after, which was now towards eventide, the thieves loaded us again, and especially me, with the heaviest burden, and brought us forth out of the stable, and when we had gone a good part of our journey, what with the long way, my great burden, the beating of staves, and my worn hooves, lame and tottering, I was so weary that I could scarcely go; then, as I walked by a little river running with fair water, I said to myself: "Behold, now I have found a good occasion. For I will fall down when I come yonder, bending my legs beneath me, and surely I will not rise again for any scourging or beating, and not only will I defy the cudgel, but even be pierced by the sword, if they shall use it upon me." And the cause why I determined so to do was this: I thought that I was so utterly feeble and weak that I deserved my discharge for ill health, and certainly that the robbers (partly for that they would not stay in their journey, partly in haste to flee) would take off the burden from my back, and put it upon my two fellows, and so for my further punishment leave me as a prey to the wolves and ravenous beasts. But evil fortune prevented so good a consideration; for the other ass, being of the same purpose that I was of, and forestalling me, by feigned and coloured weariness fell down first with all his burden upon the ground as though he were dead, and he would not rise neither with beating nor pricking, nor stand upon his feet, though they pulled him all about by the tail, by his legs, and by his ears; which when the thieves beheld, as without all hope, they said one to another: "What, should we stand here so long about a dead or rather a stony ass? Let us be gone;" and so they took his burden and divided some to me and some to my horse. And then they drew their swords and cut through all his hamstrings, and dragged him a little from the way, and threw his body while he yet breathed from the point of a hill down into a great valley. Then I, considering with myself of the evil fortune of my poor companion, purposed now to

forget all subtlety and deceit and to play the good ass to get my masters' favour, for I perceived by their talk that we were well nigh come home to our journey's end where they lived and had their dwelling. And after that we had passed over a little hill, we came to our appointed place, where when we were unladen of our burdens and all things carried in, I tumbled and wallowed in the dust to refresh myself instead of water.

The thing and the time compel me to make description of the places and especially of the den where the thieves did inhabit: I will prove my wit what I can do, and then consider you whether I was an ass in judgement and sense, or no. First there was an exceeding great hill compassed about with big trees, very high, with many turning bottoms, surrounded by sharp rocks, whereby it was inaccessible; there were many winding and hollow valleys environed with thickets and thorns, and naturally fortified round about. From the top of the hill ran a spring both leaping and bubbling which poured down the steep slope its silvery waves, and then, scattering abroad into many little brooks, watered all the valleys below, that it seemed like unto a sea enclosed, or a standing flood. Before the den, where was no more hill, stood a high tower, and at the foot thereof, and on either side, were sheep-cots fenced and wattled with clay; before the gate of the house were walls enclosing a narrow path, in such sort that I well warrant you would judge it to be a very den for thieves, and there was nothing else near save a little cot covered roughly with thatch, wherein the thieves did nightly accustom to watch by order, as after I perceived.

And when they were all crept crouching into the house, and we fast tied with strong halters at the door, they began to chide with an old woman there, crooked with age, who had the government and rule of all those young men, and said: "How is it, old witch, old trot, that art

the shame of life and rejected of very death, that thou sittest idly all day at home, and (having no regard to our perilous labours) hast provided nothing for our suppers thus late, but sittest doing nought but swilling wine into that greedy belly of thine from morning to night?" Then the old woman trembled and began to say in a terrified and harsh voice: "Behold, my puissant and faithful masters, you shall have meat and pottage enough by and by, cooked with a sweet savour. Here is first store of bread, wine plenty, filled in clean rinsed pots, likewise hot water prepared to bathe you hastily after your wont." Which when she had said, they put off all their garments and refreshed themselves by a great fire, and after that they were washed with the hot water and anointed with oil, they sat down at the table garnished with all kinds of dainty meat.

Now they were no sooner set down, but in came another company of young men, more in number than was before, whom you would judge at once likewise to be thieves; for they also brought in their prey of gold and silver money, and plate, and robes both silken and gold-embroidered, and, when they had likewise washed, they sat amongst the rest, and casting lots they served one another by order. The thieves drank and ate exceedingly, laying out the meat in heaps, the bread in mounds, and the wine-cups like a marching army, crying, laughing, and making such noise, that I thought I was amongst the tyrannous and wild drunken Lapiths¹ and Centaurs.² At length one of them, more stout than the rest, spoke in this sort: "We verily have manfully conquered the house of Milo of Hypata, and besides all the riches and treasure which by force we have brought away, we are all come home safe, none being lost, and are increased the more, if it be worthy of mention, by the eight feet of this horse and this ass. But you, that have roved about among the towns of Boeotia,³ have lost your val-

¹ Lapiths were a mythical people inhabiting the mountains of Thessaly and governed by Pirithous, a half-brother of the Centaurs.

² Mythical creatures inhabiting Mt. Pelion in Thessaly. They are celebrated in ancient history for their fight with the Lapiths. The Centaurs were expelled from their country.

³ A district of Greece.

iant captain Lamachus, whose loss I more regarded than all this treasure which you have brought. But it is his own bravery that hath destroyed him, and therefore the memory of him shall be renowned forever amongst the most noble kings and valiant captains; but you accustom when you go abroad, like doughty robbers indeed, to creep through every corner and hole for every trifle, doing a paltry business in baths and the huts of aged women."

Then one of them that came last answered: "Why, are you only ignorant, that the greater the house is, the sooner it may be robbed and spoiled? For though the family of servants be great and dispersed in divers lodgings, yet every man had rather defend his life than save at his own hazard the riches of his master; but when the people be few and poor and live alone, then will they hide and protect very fiercely, even at the danger of their lives, their substance, how little or great soever it be. And to the intent you will believe me, I will show you our story as an example. We were scarce come nigh unto seven-gated Thebes, and began at once to enquire of the fortunes of the greatest men thereof, which is the fountain of our art and science, and we learned at length where a rich chuff called Chryseros did dwell, who, for fear of offices and burdens in the public weal, with great pains dissimulated his estate and lived sole and solitary in a small cot (howbeit well fortified) and huddled daily in ragged and torn apparel over his bags of gold. Wherefore we devised with ourselves to go first to his house and spoil him of all his riches, which we thought we should easily do if we had but to fight against him alone. And at once when night came we quickly drew towards his door, which we thought best neither to move it, nor lift it out of the hinges, and we would not break it open lest by the noise we should raise up (to our harm) the neighbours by. Then our strong and valiant captain Lamachus, trusting his own strength and force, thrust in his hand through a hole of the door, which was made for the key, and thought to pull back the bolt; but the covetous caitiff Chryseros, vilest of all that go on

two feet, being awake and seeing all, but making no noise, came softly to the door and caught his hand, and with a great nail nailed it fast to a post of the gate, which when he had done, and had left him thus crucified, he ran up to a high chamber of his hovel, and in a very loud voice called every one of his neighbours by name, desiring them to look to their common safety with all possible speed, for his house was afire. Then every one, for fear of the danger that was nigh him, came running out to aid him; wherewith we (fearing our present peril) knew not what was best to be done, whether we should leave our companion there, or yield ourselves to die with him; but by his consent we devised a better way, for we cut through the joint of this our leader where the arm joins to the shoulder, and so let it hang there, and then bound up his wound with clouts lest we should be traced by the drops of blood, and so we took all that was left of Lamachus and led him away. Now when we hurried along, trembling for our affection to him, and were so nigh pursued that we were in present danger, and Lamachus could not keep our company by reason of faintness (and on the other side it was not for his profit to linger behind) he spoke unto us as a man of singular courage and virtue, desiring us by much entreaty and prayer, and by the puissance of the god Mars and the faith of our confederacy, to deliver our brave comrade from torment and miserable captivity: and further he asked how was it possible that so courageous a captain could live without his hand, wherewith alone he could rob and slay so many people, but he would rather think himself sufficiently happy if he might be slain by the hand of a friend. But when he saw that we all refused to commit any such wicked deed, he drew out his sword with his other hand, and after that he had often kissed it, he thrust it with a strong blow clean through his body. Then we honoured the corpse of so puissant a man, and wrapped it in linen clothes and threw it into the sea to hide it: so lieth our master Lamachus buried and hid in the grave of water.

"Now he ended his life worthily of his courage, as I have declared; but Alcimus, though he were a man of great enterprise, yet could he not void himself from evil fortune: for on a day when he had entered into an old woman's hut that slept, to rob her, he went up into the higher chamber, where he should first have strangled her, but he had more regard to throw down everything out of the window to us 10 that stood under: and when he had cleverly despoiled all, he would leave nothing behind, but went to the old woman's bed where she lay asleep and threw her from it, and would have taken off the coverlet to have thrown down likewise, but the old hag awaked and fell at his knees, and desired him in this manner: 'O sir, I pray you, cast not away such torn and ragged clouts into my neighbours' houses, whither 20 this window looks; for they are rich enough and need no such things.' Then Alcimus (thinking her words to be true) was brought in belief that such things as he had thrown out already, and such things 25 as he should throw out after, were not fallen down to his fellows, but into other men's houses; wherefore he went to the window to see, and especially to behold the places round about, as she had told 30 him, thrusting his body out of the window; but while he strove to do this, strongly indeed but somewhat rashly, the old trot marked him well, and came behind him softly, and although she had but 35 small strength, yet with a sudden force she took him by the heels and thrust him out headlong while his body was balancing and unsure; and beside that the height was very great, he fell upon a marvellous 40 great stone that lay near and burst his ribs, whereby he vomited and spewed flakes of blood, and when he had told us all, he suffered not long torment, but presently died. Then we gave unto him 45 the same burial and sent him a worthy comrade to Lamachus, as we had done before.

"When we had thus lost two of our companions, we liked not Thebes, but marched 50 towards the next city called Plataea,¹ where we found great fame concerning a

man named Demochares that purposed to set forth a great game, where should be a trial of all kinds of weapons: he was come of a good house, marvellous rich, 5 liberal, and well deserved that which he had, and had prepared many shews and pleasures for the common people: in so much that there is no man can either by wit or eloquence shew in fit words all the manifold shapes of his preparations, for 10 first he had provided gladiators of a famous band, then all manner of hunters most fleet of foot, then guilty men without hope of reprieve who were judged for their 15 punishment to be food for wild beasts. He had ordained a machine made of beams fixed together, great towers and platforms like a house to move hither and thither, very well painted, to be places to 20 contain all the quarry: he had ready a great number of wild beasts and all sorts of them, especially he had brought from abroad those noble creatures that were soon to be the death of so many condemned 25 persons. But amongst so great preparations of noble price, he bestowed the most part of his patrimony in buying of a vast multitude of great bears, which either by 30 chasing he had caught himself, or which he dearly bought or which were given him by divers of his friends, who strove one with another in making him such gifts: and all these he kept and nourished to his very great cost. Howbeit for all his care of the 35 public pleasure, he could not be free from the malicious eyes of envy: for some of them were well nigh dead, with too long tying up; some meagre with the broiling heat of the sun; some languished with 40 long lying, but all (having sundry diseases) were so afflicted that they died one after another, and there were well nigh none left, in such sort that you might see their wrecks piteously lying in the streets and 45 all but dead: and then the common people, having no other meat to feed on, and forced by their rude poverty to find any new meat and cheap feasts, would come forth and fill their bellies with the flesh of the bears.

"Then by and by Babulus and I devised a pretty sport to suit this case; we

¹ An ancient city of Bœotia.

drew to our lodging one of the bears that was greater of bulk than all the rest, as though we would prepare to eat thereof, where we flayed off his skin and kept his claws whole, but we meddled not with the head, but cut it off by the neck, and so let it hang to the skin. Then we razed off the flesh from the back, and cast dust thereon, and set it in the sun to dry: and while it was drying by the heat of the heavenly fire, we made merry with the flesh, and then we devised with ourselves with an oath that one of us, being more valiant than the rest, not so much in body as in courage (so that he would straightway consent thereto) should put on the skin, and, feigning that he were a bear, should be led to Demochares' house in the night, by which means we thought to be received and easily let in. Many of our brave brotherhood were desirous to play the bear in this subtle sleight, but especially one Thrasyleon of a courageous mind was chosen by all our band to take the risk of this enterprise. Then we put him, very calm in mind and face, into the bear's skin, which was soft and fitted him finely in every point; we buckled fast the edges thereof with fine stitching, and covered the same, though small, with the thick hair growing about it that it might not be seen: we thrust his head into the opening of the bear's throat where his neck had been cut out, and after this we made little holes through his nostrils and eyes for Thrasyleon to see out and take wind at, in such sort that he seemed a very lively and natural beast: when this was done, we brought him into a cage which we hired with a little money for the purpose, and he crept nimbly in after like a bear with a good courage.

"Thus we began our subtlety, and then we imagined thus: we feigned letters as though they came from one Nicanor which dwelt in the country of Thrace, which was of great acquaintance with this Demochares, wherein we wrote that he had sent him, being his friend, the first-fruits of his coursing and hunting. When night was come, we took cover of the darkness, and brought Thrasyleon's cage and our forged letters, and presented them to

Demochares. When Demochares wonderingly beheld this mighty bear, and saw the timely liberality of Nicanor his friend, he was glad, and commanded his servant to deliver unto us that brought him this joy ten gold crowns, as he had great store in his coffers: then (as the novelty of a thing doth accustom to stir men's minds to behold the same) many persons came on every side to see this bear, but Thrasyleon (lest they should by curious viewing and prying perceive the truth) ran often upon them to put them in fear, so that they durst not come nigh. Then the people said with one voice: 'Verily Demochares is right happy, in that, after the death of so many beasts, he hath gotten, in spite of fortune, so goodly a bear to supply him afresh.' He commanded that with great care his servants should put him into the park close by, but I immediately spoke unto him and said: 'Sir, I pray you, take heed how you put a beast tired with the heat of the sun and with long travel amongst others which (as I hear say) have divers maladies and diseases; let him rather lie in some open place of your house, where the breeze blows through, yea nigh to some water, where he may take air and ease himself, for do not you know that such kind of beasts do greatly delight to couch under shadow of trees and dewy caves, nigh unto pleasant wells and waters?' Hereby Demochares, admonished and remembering how many he had before that perished, was contented that we should put the bear's cage where we would. Moreover we said unto him: 'We ourselves are determined to lie all night nigh unto the bear, to look unto him, which is tired with the heat and his long journey, and to give him meat and drink at his due hour.' Then he answered: 'Verily, masters, you need not to put yourselves to such pains: for I have men, yea, almost all my family of servants, that serve for nothing but for this purpose of tending bears.'

"Then we took leave of him and departed, and when we were come without the gates of the town we perceived before us a great sepulchre standing out of the highway, in a privy and secret place. And

thither we went and opened there certain coffins, half rotted with age, wherein we found the corruption of man, and the ashes and dust of his long-buried body, which should serve to hold the prey we were very soon to get: and then, according to the custom of our band, having a respect to the dark and moonless time of the night when we thought that every man was sunk in his first and strongest sleep, we went with our weapons and besieged the doors of Demochares round about, in earnest that we were soon to plunder the same. Then Thrasyleon was ready at hand, seizing upon that time of night which is for robbers most fit, and crept out of the cage and went to kill all such of his guards as he found asleep; but when he came to the porter he slew him also and took the key and opened the gates and let us all in: and he shewed us now in the midst of the house a large counter, wherein looking sharply he saw put the night before a great abundance of treasure: which when by violence of us all we had broken open, I bade every one of my fellows take as much gold and silver as they could quickly bear away, and carry it to the sepulchre, and there quickly hide it in the house of those dead who were to us most faithful allies, and then come soon back to take another burden; but I, for our common weal, would stand alone at the gate watching diligently when they would return, and the bear running about the house would make such of the family afraid as fortune to wake and come out: for who is he that is so puissant and courageous, that at the sight of so great a monster would not quail and flee away and keep his chamber well barred, especially in the night?

"Now when we had brought this matter to so good a point, there chanced a pitiful case; for as I looked for my companions that should come from the sepulchre, behold there was a boy of the house that fortune to be awaked by the noise, as fate would have it, and look out of a window and espy the bear running freely about the house, and he went back on his steps a-tiptoe and very secretly, and told all the servants, and at once the house was

filled with the whole train of them. Incontinently they came forth with torches, lanterns, candles and tapers, and other lights, that they might see all the yard over; they came not unarmed, but with clubs, spears, and naked swords, to guard the entrances, and they set on greyhounds and mastiffs, even those with great ears and shaggy hair, to subdue the poor beast. Then I, during this broil, thought to run away, but because I would see Thrasyleon fighting wonderfully with the dogs, I lay behind the gate to behold him. And although I might perceive that he was at the very term or limit of life, yet remembered he his own faithfulness and ours, and valiantly resisted the gaping and ravenous mouths of the hound of Hell: for he took well to play the part which he so willingly had taken in hand himself, and with much ado, so long as the breath was in him, now flying and now pursuing, with many twistings and turnings of his body, tumbled at length out of the house; but when he was come to liberty abroad, yet could he not save himself by flight, for all the dogs of the street (which were fierce and many) joined themselves to the greyhounds and mastiffs that had just come out of the house, to chase him like a great host: alas, what a pitiful sight it was when our poor Thrasyleon was thus environed and compassed with so many furious dogs that tore and rent him miserably! Then I, impatient of his so great misery, ran in amongst the press of the people, and aiding my comrade secretly with my words (for no more could I do) exhorted all the leaders of this chase in this manner: 'O great extreme mischance, what a precious and excellent beast do we lose!' but my words did nothing prevail to help the poor wretch. For there came running out a tall man with a spear in his hand, that thrust him clean through, and afterwards many that stood by, released of their fear, drew out their swords, and so they killed him. But verily our brave captain Thrasyleon, the great honour of our band, when his life, (that was worthy never to die), was utterly overcome, but not his fortitude, would not bewray the league between us, either by

crying, howling, or any other means, but (being torn with dogs, and wounded with weapons) did still send forth a bellowing cry more like that of a beast than of a man: and taking his present fortune in good part, with courage and glory enough did finish his life with such a terror unto the assembly, that no person was so hardy (until it was morn, nay, until it was high day) as to touch him, though he were a 10 beast stark dead: but at last there came a butcher more valiant than the rest, who (opening the paunch of the beast) slit off the skin from the hardy and venturous thief. In this manner there was lost to us 15 also our captain Thrasyleon, but there was not lost to him his fame and honour. When all this was done, we packed up our treasure which the faithful dead in the sepulchre had kept for us, and we got us 20 out of the bounds of Platæa, thinking always with ourselves that there was no fidelity to be found amongst the living; and no wonder, for that it hath passed over to the ghosts and the dead in hatred 25 of our deceitfulness. And so, being wearied with the weight of our burdens, and very tired with our rough travel, having thus lost three of our soldiers, we are come home with this present prey that you 30 see."

Thus when they had spoken and poured libation of pure wine from cups of gold in memory of their slain companions, they sung hymns to the god Mars to pacify him 35 her in this sort: "Weep not, fair gentlewoman, we pray you, for be you assured that we will do no outrage or violence to your person, but take patience awhile for our profit; for necessity and poor estate hath compelled us to this enterprise: we warrant you that your parents (although they be covetous) from their great store will be contented to give us money enough to redeem and ransom you, that are their 45 own blood, from our hands."

bread left by all the band, I got me thither, and used upon them my jaws which ached with long famine and seemed to be full of cobwebs. Now when the night was come 5 the thieves awaked and rose up: and when they had buckled on their weapons and disguised their faces with vizors, like unto spectres, they departed, and yet for all the great sleep that came upon me, I could in no wise leave eating, and whereas, when I was a man, I could be contented with one or two loaves at the most, now my guts were so greedy that three panniers full would scarcely serve me; and while I 15 laboured at this business, the morning came, and, being moved by even an ass's shamefastness, I left my food at last (though well I liked it) and at a stream hard by I quenched my thirst. And suddenly after, the thieves returned home careful and heavy, bringing no burdens with them, no not so much as one poor cloak, but with all their swords and strength, yea even with the might of their 25 whole band, only a maiden that seemed by her habit to be some gentlewoman born, and the daughter of some noble of that country, who was so fair and beautiful, that though I were an ass, yet I swear that I had a great affection to her. The virgin lamented and tore her hair, and spoiled her garments for the great sorrow she was in, but the thieves brought her within the cave, and essayed to comfort 35 her in this sort: "Weep not, fair gentlewoman, we pray you, for be you assured that we will do no outrage or violence to your person, but take patience awhile for our profit; for necessity and poor estate hath compelled us to this enterprise: we warrant you that your parents (although they be covetous) from their great store will be contented to give us money enough to redeem and ransom you, that are their 45 own blood, from our hands."

MIDDLE AGES

The Middle Ages is the term used to designate that period of European history which lies between the fourth and the fifteenth centuries of the Christian era. During this age the European peoples gradually developed their various national languages (called vernaculars to distinguish them from Greek and Latin), built up a national consciousness, and put new social institutions into motion. Two great organizations arose during this age: the Christian Church and the feudal system. The Church, with its central head at Rome, began as early as the fourth century to establish uniform sub-centers throughout the world. Into every quarter of Western Europe went representatives of this great religious system, establishing even in the most remote and forbidding regions innumerable homogeneous units. The Church, irrespective of its purely spiritual service, performed an important function in the intellectual unification of incredibly diverse peoples as they gradually emerged from barbarism. Small wonder that in the Middle Ages the Church built up for itself a position of command which it was able to maintain for many centuries.

Later in the period, with the development of Norman civilization in Northern France, another powerful unifying influence arose — the system of feudalism, which provided for every person in the land a place in a series of obligations to his superior and to his inferior. The bungling attempts of native populations at democratic organization utterly unsuited to these unsettled times gave way to an orderly, if somewhat inflexible, system which bound the whole social structure into a dependable and recognizable set of political duties. By the beginning of the eleventh century the navigable rivers and principal travel routes were guarded by fortifications which represented, however remotely, the existence of a partially centralized governmental system.

At the beginning of the period the language of history, philosophy, science, and even of poetry was still Latin. Even as late as the seventeenth century the Latin language retained an important place in the learned world. At what date the various national languages of Europe came into general use it is impossible to say. We know, however, that the earliest surviving records in the vernacular come from about the middle of the eighth century. The earliest documents of this sort are those of the Irish, who, as early as 750 and possibly before, committed to writing the deeds of their national heroes (see *The Feast of Bricriu*, p. 344). At about the same time or shortly afterward came the Anglo-Saxon heroic poems, the greatest surviving example of which is, of course, *Beowulf*. Then followed the French *chansons de geste* (see *The Song of Roland*, p. 359), and the Norse *Eddas* (p. 351). The earliest tales deal with the military exploits of national heroes, and because of their general similarity to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are often referred to as epic literature, and this early period is spoken of as the Epic Age. It must be remembered, however, that *The Cid* (p. 380) and the *Nibelungenlied* (p. 369), although epic in style and form, emerge at a period when chivalric romance is the leading fashion, and their heroes appear in the guise of courtly knights.

About the middle of the twelfth century there began to appear a kind of narrative dealing with the adventures of brave knights and fair ladies. The stories were concerned not with matters important to national history but with the strange, the unusual, the supernatural. In this period national lines are less sharply drawn. The Welsh *Mabinogion* (p. 408) shows the influence of French courtliness, and the German *Tristan and Iseult* (p. 416) owes an immediate debt to the French and a remote one to Celtic tradition. Even the Orient contributes a share to the development of the romances, as for example the story of *Amadace*, of *Florice* and *Blaunche flour*, and of *Aucassin and Nicolette* (p. 424).

During the whole period industrious compilers were at work gathering up great collections of tales, often fitting them into a sort of framework of continuity. In the Orient there was being put into the form in which we now know it the famous *Thousand and One Nights* (p. 432). Fitted into a somewhat similar frame was the widely popular collection of tales known as *The Seven Sages of Rome*, and in Italy Boccaccio compiled the *Decameron* (p. 435), a series of stories which vies with Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* for the honor of being the most famous collection.

The literature of meditation and philosophy was written chiefly in Latin. Augustine (p. 439) with his enthusiastic religious devotion and Boëthius (p. 443) with his calm and beautiful re-statement of Neo-Platonic doctrines each represents the high point in his particular field of thought. The revival of the ascetic ideal and of complete abnegation of worldly delights in the monastic reforms appears most strikingly in the writings of the followers of St. Francis (p. 450).

Secular lyric poetry, although it must have had a continuous existence all through the period, first appears in written documents dating from about the ninth century. The earliest ones were in Latin, and these Latin lyrics continued in popularity down to the thirteenth century. In the meantime there arose a lyric stream in the vernaculars which increased in volume and structural development through the rough beginnings of Anglo-Saxon laments and historical songs, the softer cadences of the Provençal troubadours (e.g. Rudel, p. 479), the German *minnesänger* (e.g. Walther von der Vogelweide, p. 475), the complicated measures of Charles d'Orléans (p. 481) and Eustache Deschamps (p. 480), until it reached its full power in the lyrics of Dante (p. 490) and of Politian (p. 492).

Near the end of the period comes Dante's *Divine Comedy* (p. 391), an epic poem which in plan and perhaps in theology looks toward the Middle Ages, but in spirit and treatment belongs to the dawn of the Renaissance. The same is true, although on a smaller scale, of Villon (p. 482), who, though he uses the meter and the subjects of his predecessors, looks at life through the eyes of a citizen of the modern world.

The drama, for some strange reason, had to begin anew. In spite of the efforts of devoted admirers of Seneca, Plautus, and Terence, the heritage of ancient Rome did but little service to the Middle Ages. The Greek drama was of course unknown. The origin of the Western drama, like that of the Greeks, lies in decorative additions to religious observances. The subjects were taken from the Bible or from religious tradition. No strictly secular play was presented until the Renaissance was well under way.

EPIC

CELTIC

THE FEAST OF BRICRIU

(9TH CENTURY?)

The largest and oldest body of imaginative vernacular literature in Western Europe is in Irish. Although the manuscripts in which it is preserved go no farther back than the eleventh century, the actual composition dates back to the ninth, and in many cases to the eighth century. The stories are usually grouped in three classes: (1) those dealing with the heroes of Ulster gathered about King Connor; (2) those of the heroes grouped about Finn McCool; (3) those dealing with the doings of the earlier mythical kings and their connections with the immortals. *The Feast of Bricriu* belongs to the first group. The Red Branch warriors of King Conchobar (Connor) constitute an organization strikingly similar to King Arthur's Round Table. Parallels between Irish heroic tales and the stories of King Arthur's knights have led to the conclusion that at least the general outlines of the Arthurian tradition are based on Celtic tradition. *The Feast of Bricriu* is generally recognized as the kind of story that furnished the model for the best episodes of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. The brilliance and slightly acid satire of this piece, and its disturbing combination of extremely ancient details with a sophisticated narrative technique, are typical of early Irish heroic literature. The utter indifference to chronology is confusing, but it has resulted in the preservation of many primitive features that might have been lost among people with a keener sense of history. Even in the ninth century the Irish had their antiquaries, and it is possible that many primitive features in their stories may have been the result of conscious "archaizing."

The following passage is based on the Translation of George Henderson, *Irish Texts Society*, II.

Here beginneth the Feast of Bricriu, and the Champion's Portion of Emain, and the Ulster Women's War-of-Words, and the Hosting of the Men of Ulster to Cruachan, and the Champion's Wager in Emain.

CHAPTER I

1. Bricriu of the Evil Tongue¹ held a great feast for Conchobar mac Nessa and for all the Ultonians. The preparation of the feast took a whole year. For the entertainment of the guests a spacious house was built by him. He erected it in Dun Rudraige after the likeness (of the palace) of the Red Branch² in Emain.³ Yet it surpassed the buildings of that period entirely for material and for artistic

design, for beauty of architecture — its pillars and frontings splendid and costly, its carving and lintel-work famed for magnificence.

2. The House was made on this wise: on the plan of Tara's⁴ Mead-Hall, having nine compartments from fire to wall, each fronting of bronze thirty feet high, overlaid with gold. In the fore part of the palace a royal couch was erected for Conchobar high above those of the whole house. It was set with carbuncles and other precious stones which shone with a lustre of gold and of silver, radiant with every hue, making night like unto day. Around it were placed the twelve couches of the twelve heroes of Ulster. The

¹ Or better, Poisoned Tongue.

² The dwelling set aside for the warriors at the court of King Connor of Ulster.

³ Emain Macha, the famous capital of the ancient Ulster kings. The name is preserved in the modern village of Navan.

⁴ The former dwelling place of the high kings of Ireland. It has long since been destroyed.

nature of the workmanship was on a par with the material of the edifice. It took a wagon team to carry each beam, and the strength of seven Ulster men to fix each pole, while thirty of the chief artificers of Erin were employed on its erection and arrangement.

3. Then a balcony¹ was made by Bricriu on a level with the couch of Conchobar (and as high as those) of the heroes of valour. The decorations of its fittings were magnificent. Windows of glass were placed on each side of it, and one of these was above Bricriu's couch, so that he could view the hall from his seat, as he knew the Ulster men would not suffer him within.

4. When Bricriu had finished building the hall and balcony, supplying it both with quilts and blankets, beds and pillows, providing meat and drink, so that nothing was lacking, neither furnishings nor food, he straightway went to Emain to meet Conchobar and the nobles of Ulster.

5. It fell upon a day there was in Emain a gathering of the Ulster men. He was anon made welcome, and was seated by the shoulder of Conchobar. Bricriu addressed himself to him as well as to the body of the Ulster men. "Come with me," quoth Bricriu, "to partake of a banquet with me." "Gladly," rejoined Conchobar, "if that please the men of Ulster." Fergus mac Rōig² and the nobles of Ulster also made answer: "No; for if we go our dead will outnumber our living, when Bricriu has incensed us against each other."

6. "If ye come not, worse shall ye fare," quoth Bricriu. "What then," asked Conchobar, "if the Ulster men go not with thee?" "I will stir up strife," quoth Bricriu, "between the kings, the leaders, the heroes of valour, and the yeomen, till they slay one another, man for man, if they do not come with me to share my feast." "That we shall not do to please thee," quoth Conchobar. "I

will stir up enmity between father and son so that it will come to mutual slaughter. If I do not succeed in doing so, I will make a quarrel between mother and daughter. If that does not succeed, I will set each of the Ulster women at variance, so that they come to deadly blows till their breasts become loathsome and putrid." "Sure 'tis better to come," quoth Fergus. "Do ye straightway take counsel with the chief Ultonians," said Sencha,³ son of Ailill. "Unless we take counsel against this Bricriu, mischief will be the consequence," quoth Conchobar.

7. Thereupon all the Ulster nobles assembled in council. In discussing the matter Sencha counselled them thus: "Take hostages from Bricriu, since ye have to go with him, and set eight swordsmen about him so as to compel him to retire from the house as soon as he has laid out the feast." Furbaide Ferbenn, son of Conchobar, brought Bricriu reply, and showed him the whole matter. "It is happily arranged," quoth Bricriu. The men of Ulster straightway set out from Emain, host, battalion and company, under king, chieftain and leader. Excellent and admirable the march of the brave and valiant heroes to the palace.

CHAPTER II

8. The hostages of the braves had gone security on his behalf, and Bricriu accordingly bethought him how he should manage to set the Ulstermen at variance. His deliberation and self-scrutiny being ended, he betook himself to the company of Loigaire⁴ the Triumphant, son of Connad mac Iliach. "Hail now, Loigaire the Triumphant, thou mighty mallet of Bregia, thou hot hammer of Meath,⁵ flame-red thunderbolt, thou victorious warrior of Ulster, what hinders the championship of Emain being thine alway?" "If I so choose, it shall be mine," quoth Loigaire. "Be thine the sovranity of the braves of

¹ Literally a sollar or balcony with a window.

² A famous Ulster hero, who was later exiled and took refuge with Queen Medb (pronounced, Meave) and King Ailill of Connaught.

³ Pronounced Shánaka, the sage of the court of Conchobar.

⁴ Pronounced Leary. One of the three great warriors of Ulster, the other two being Conall Cernach and Cuchulainn.

⁵ A district in Ireland.

Erin," quoth Bricriu, "if only thou act as I advise." "I will indeed," quoth Loigaire.

9. "Sooth, if the champion's portion¹ of my house be thine, the championship of Emain is thine for ever. The champion's portion of my house is worth contesting, for it is not the portion of a fool's house," quoth Bricriu. "Belonging to it is a caldron full of generous wine, 10 with room enough for three of the valiant braves of Ulster; furthermore, a seven-year-old boar; nought has entered its lips since it was little save fresh milk and fine meal in springtime, curds and sweet milk 15 in summer, the kernel of nuts and wheat in autumn, beef and broth in winter; a cow-lord full seven-year-old; since it was a little calf neither heather nor twig-tops have entered its lips, nought but sweet 20 milk and herbs, meadow hay and corn. (Add to this) fivescore cakes of wheat, cooked in honey withal. Five-and-twenty bushels, that is what was supplied for these fivescore cakes — four cakes from 25 each bushel. Such is the champion's portion of my house. And since thou art the best hero among the men of Ulster, it is but just to give it thee, and I so wish it. By the end of the day, when the feast is 30 spread out, let thy charioteer get up, and it is to him the champion's portion will be given." "Among them shall be dead men if it is not done so," quoth Loigaire. Bricriu laughed at that, for it liked him well. 35

10. When he had done inciting Loigaire the Triumphant to enmity, Bricriu betook himself into the company of Conall the Victorious. "Hail to thee, Conall the Victorious, thou art the hero of victories 40 and of combats; great are the victories thou hast already scored over the heroes of Ulster. By the time the Ulster men go into foreign bounds thou art a distance of three days and three nights in advance 45 Conchobar in the fore-part of the palace,

over many a ford²; thou protectest their rear when returning, so that (an assailant) may not spring past thee, nor through thee nor over thee; what then should hinder the champion's portion of Emain being thine alway?" Though great his treachery with regard to Loigaire, he showed twice as much in the case of Conall the Victorious.

11. When he had satisfied himself with inciting Conall the Victorious to quarrel, he hied to the presence of Cuchulainn³. "Hail to thee, Cuchulainn, thou victor of Bregia (*i.e.* Bray), thou bright banner 5 of the Liffey, darling of Emain, belov'd of wives and of maidens, for thee to-day Cuchulainn is no nickname,⁴ for thou art the champion of the Ulster men, thou wardest off their great feuds and frays, 10 thou seekest justice for each man of them; thou attainest alone to what all the Ulster men fail in; all the men of Ulster acknowledge thy bravery, thy valour and thine achievements surpassing theirs. 15 What meaneth therefore thy leaving of the champion's portion for some one else of the men of Ulster, since no one of the men of Erin is capable of contesting it against thee?" "By the god of my tribe," 20 quoth Cuchulainn, "his head shall he lose whoso comes to contest it with me." Thereafter Bricriu severed himself from them and followed the host as if no contention had been made among the heroes.

12. Whereupon they entered the palace, and each one occupied his couch therein, king, prince, noble, yeoman, and young brave. The half of the palace was set 25 apart for Conchobar and his retinue of valiant Ulster heroes; the other half (was reserved) for the ladies of Ulster attending on Mugan, daughter of Eochaid Fedlech, wife of King Conchobar. The following were those who attended upon 30 Conchobar in the fore-part of the palace,

¹ A special tid-bit, often the tail of the pig, which was awarded to the best warrior present at the feast.

² Since there were no bridges in ancient Ireland, fords were strategic points of great importance and the best warriors were set to guard them.

³ The greatest of the Ulster heroes and the central character of the Ulster cycle of heroic tales. The best account of Cuchulainn is in the Táin Bó Cualgne (Cattle Drive of Cooley) in which he holds back a whole army in a series of single combats.

⁴ Cuchulainn really was a nickname — The Hound of Culann — bestowed upon the hero as a child in consequence of his extraordinary encounter with a large, fierce watch dog.

namely, Fergus mac Rōig, Celtchar son of Uthechar, Eogan son of Durthact, and the two sons of the king, namely, Fiacha and Fiachaig, Fergna son of Findchōim, Fergus son of Leti, Cūscraid the-stuttering-of-Macha, son of Conchobar, Sencha son of Ailill, the three sons of Fiachach, namely, Rus and Dāre and Imchad, Muinremur son of Geirrgind, Errge Echbēl, Amorgene son of Ecit, Mend son of Salchad, Dubtach 10 Dōel Ulad, Feradach Find Fectnach, Fedelm mac Ilair Chētaig, Furbaide Ferbend, Rochad son of Fathemon, Loigaire the Triumphant, Conall the Victorious, Cuchulainn, Connad son of Mornai, 15 Erc son of Fedelm, Illand son of Fergus, Fintan son of Nial, Ceternd son of Fintan, Factna son of Sencad, Conla the False, Ailill the Honey-tongued, Bricriu himself, the chief Ultonian warriors, with the body 20 of youths and artists.

13. While the feast was being spread for them, the musicians and players performed. The moment Bricriu spread the feast with its savouries, he was ordered by 25 the hostages to leave the hall. They straightway got up with drawn swords in their hands to expel him. Whereupon Bricriu and his followers went out to the balcony. Arrived at the threshold of the 30 palace, he called out, "That Champion's Portion, such as it is, is not the portion of a fool's house; do ye give it to the Ulster hero ye prefer for valour." He thereupon left them.

14. Anon the spencers¹ rose up to serve the food. The charioteer of Loigaire the Triumphant, to wit, Sedlang mac Riagabra, then rose up and said to the distributors: "Do ye assign to Loigaire 40 the Triumphant the Champion's Portion which is by you, for he alone is entitled to it before the other young braves of Ulster." Then Id mac Riagabra, charioteer to Conall the Victorious, got up and spake to the like effect. And Loig mac Riagabra spake thus: "Do ye bring that to Cuchulainn; it is no disgrace for all the Ulster men to give it to him; it is he who is most valiant among you." "That's not 50 true," quoth Conall the Victorious and Loigaire the Triumphant.

15. They then got up upon the floor and donned their shields and seized their swords. At one another they hewed till the half of the palace was an atmosphere 5 of fire with the (clash of) sword- and spear-edge, the other half one white sheet from the enamel of the shields. Great alarm gat hold upon the palace; the valiant heroes shook; Conchobar himself and Fergus mac Rōig got furious on seeing the injury and the injustice of two men surrounding one, namely, Conall the Victorious and Loigaire the Triumphant attacking Cuchulainn. There was no one 15 among the Ultonians who dared separate them till Sencha spake to Conchobar: "Part the men," quoth he. (For at that period, among the Ultonians, Conchobar was a god upon earth.)

16. Thereupon Conchobar and Fergus intervened, (the combatants) immediately let drop their hands to their sides. "Execute my wish," quoth Sencha. "Your will shall be obeyed," they responded. 25 "My wish, then," quoth Sencha, "is to-night to divide the Champion's Portion there among all the host, and after that to decide with reference to it according to the will of Ailill mac Māgach, for it is accounted unlucky among the men of Ulster to close this assembly unless the matter be adjudged in Cruachan." The feasting was then resumed; they made a circle round the fire and got "jovial" and made 35 merry.

CHAPTER III

17. Bricriu, however, and his queen were in their sollar. From his couch the condition of the palace was observable to him, and how things were going on withal. He exercised his mind as to how he should contrive to get the women to quarrel as he had likewise incited the men. When Bricriu had done examining his mind, it just chanced as he could have wished that Fedelm-of-the-fresh-heart came from the palace with fifty women in her train, in mood hilarious. Bricriu observed her coming past him. "Hail to thee to-night, wife of Loigaire the Triumphant! Fedelm-of-the-fresh-heart is no nickname for

¹ Dispensers of food.

thee with respect to thine excellency of form and of wisdom and of lineage. Conchobar, king of a province of Erin, is thy father, Loigaire the Triumphant thy husband; I should deem it but small honour to thee that any of the Ulster women should take precedence of thee in entering the banqueting hall; only at thy heel should all Ultonian women tread. If thou comest first into the hall to-night, the sovereignty of queen-ship shalt thou enjoy for ever over all the ladies of Ulster." Fedelm anon takes a leap over three ridges from the hall.

18. Thereafter came Lendabair, daughter of Eogan mac Durthacht, wife of Conall the Victorious. Bricriu addressed her and spake: "Hail to thee, Lendabair; for thee that is no nickname; thou art the darling and pet of all mankind on account of thy splendour and of thy lustre. As far as thy spouse hath surpassed all the heroes of mankind in valour and in comeliness, so far hast thou distinguished thyself above the women of Ulster." Though great the deceit he applied in the case of Fedelm, he applied twice as much in the case of Lendabair.

19. Emer¹ came out anon with half-a-hundred women (in her train). "Greeting and hail to thee, Emer, daughter of Forgall Manach² wife of the best wight in Erin! Emer of the Fair Hair is for thee no nickname; Erin's kings and princes contend for thee in jealous rivalry. As the sun surpasseth the stars of heaven, so far dost thou outshine the women of the whole world in form and shape and lineage, in youth and beauty and elegance, in good name and wisdom and address." Though great his deceit in the case of the other ladies, in that of Emer he applied twice as much.

20. The three companies thereupon went out till they met at one spot, to wit, three ridges from the hall. None of them wot that Bricriu had incited them one against another. To the hall they straightway return. Even and graceful and easy their carriage on the first ridge; scarcely did one of them raise a foot before the other. But on the ridge following, their

steps were shorter and quicker. Moreover, on the ridge next the house it was with difficulty each kept up with the other; so they raised their robes to the rounds of their limbs to compete in the attempt to go first into the hall. For what Bricriu said to each of them regarding the other was, that whosoever should first enter should be queen of the whole province. The amount of confusion then occasioned by the competition to enter the hall first was as it were the noise of fifty chariots approaching. The whole palace shook and the warriors sprang to their arms and made essay to kill one another within.

21. "Stay," quoth Sencha, "they are not enemies who have come; it is Bricriu who has set a-quarrelling the women who have gone out. By the god of my tribe, unless the hall be closed against them our dead will outnumber our living." Thereupon the doorkeepers close the doors. Emer, daughter of Forgall the Wily, wife of Cuchulainn, by reason of her speed, outran the others and put her back against the door, and straightway called upon the doorkeepers ere the other ladies (came), so that the men within got up, each of them to open for his own wife that she might be the first to come within. "Bad (look-out) to-night," quoth Conchobar. He struck the silver sceptre that was in his hand against the bronze pillar of the couch and the folks gat seated. "Stay," quoth Sencha, "'tis not a warfare of arms that shall be held here; it will be a warfare of words." Each woman went out under the protection of her spouse, and then followed the Ulster women's war-of-words.

The story now proceeds with no diminution of vivacity to relate the speeches of the women concerning the qualities of their husbands and themselves. At the end of the speeches the men arose and engaged in another general riot. Cuchulainn with a mighty heave raised the wall high enough to admit his wife and her train. He dropped it again with such a mighty jolt that it sank seven feet into the earth on one side and tumbled Bricriu and his wife out of their balcony onto the floor. At the solicitation of Bricriu and the Ulster warriors Cuchulainn restored the house. In order to settle the argument over who was the best of the Ulster warriors, it was decided that the

¹ Pronounced Ever, wife of Cuchulainn.

² Manach, the tricky or shifty.

whole assembly should journey to Queen Meave and King Aillil of Connaught to hear the case judged. King Aillil asked for three days in which to prepare his decision, and the Ulstermen departed, leaving the three heroes to await judgment. After pondering long upon his embarrassing duty, Aillil finally decided to settle it by calling each one in separately and awarding him the decision accompanied by a handsome cup. They were then sent on from one person to another to be judged. As they went, they engaged in contests of bravery and dexterity, all of which were won by Cuchulainn. Finally they returned to Emain, where each produced the cup given him by Aillil. The result was another general fight. They were then sent first to Buide mac Bain and Uath mac Imomain. With the latter they had a beheading contest like that related in the next section (see below). Cuchulainn won all these contests. They were next sent to Curoi mac Daire, a mysterious person in Munster. He tested each of them by having him put on guard outside his fortress at night and subjecting him to all sorts of terrifying experiences. As a result of this test the champion's portion was again awarded to Cuchulainn. The acceptance of this decision was deferred, however, until after the last test, which is described in the following selection.

CHAPTER XVI: THE CHAMPION'S COVENANT

91. Once upon a time as the Ultonians were in Emain, fatigued after the gathering and the games, Conchobar and Fergus mac Rōig, with Ultonia's nobles as well, proceeded from the sporting field outside and gat seated in the Royal Court (Red Branch) of Conchobar. Neither Cuchulainn nor Conall the Victorious nor Loigaire the Triumphant were there that night. But the hosts of Ultonia's valiant heroes were there. As they were seated, it being eventide, and the day drawing towards the close, they saw a big uncouth fellow of exceeding ugliness drawing nigh them into the hall. To them it seemed as if none of the Ultonians would reach half his height. Horrible and ugly was the carle's guise. Next his skin he wore an old hide with a dark dun mantle around him, and over him a great spreading club-tree (branch) the size of a winter-shed, under which thirty bullocks could find shelter. Ravenous yellow eyes he had, protruding from his head, each of the

twain the size of an ox-vat. Each finger as thick as another person's wrist. In his left hand a stock, a burden for twenty yoke of oxen. In his right hand an axe weighing thrice fifty glowing molten masses (of metal). Its handle would require a plough-team (a yoke of six) to move it. Its sharpness such that it would lop off hairs, the wind blowing them against its edge.

92. In that guise he went and stood by the fork-beam beside the fire. "Is the hall lacking in room for you," quoth Duach of the Chafer Tongue to the uncouth clodhopper, "that ye find no other place than by the fork-beam, unless ye wish to be domestic luminary?—only sooner will a blaze be to the house than brightness to the household." "What property soever may be mine, sooth ye will agree, no matter how big I am, that the household as a whole will be enlightened, while the hall will not be burnt."

93. "That, however, is not my sole function; I have others as well. But neither in Erin nor in Alba nor in Europe nor in Africa nor in Asia, including Greece, Scythia, the Isle of Gades, the Pillars of Hercules, and Bregon's Tower (Brigantium), have I found the quest on which I have come, nor a man to do me fairplay regarding it. Since ye Ultonians have excelled all the folks of those lands in strength, prowess, valour; in rank, magnanimity, dignity; in truth, generosity and worth, get ye one among you to give me the boon I crave."

94. "In sooth it is not just that the honour of a province be carried off," quoth Fergus mac Rōig, "because of one man who fails in keeping his word of honour. Death, certainly, is not a whit nearer to him than to you." "Not that I shun it," quoth he. "Make thy quest known to us then," quoth Fergus mac Rōig. "If but fairplay be vouchsafed me, I will tell it." "It is right also to give fairplay," quoth Sencha, son of Aillil, "for it beseemeth not a great clannish folk to break a mutual covenant over any unknown individual. To us too it seemeth likely, if at long last you find such a person, you will find here one worthy of you."

"Conchobar I put aside," he quoth, "for sake of his sovranty, and Fergus mac Rōig also on account of his like privilege. These two excepted, come whosoever of you that may venture, that I may cut off his head¹ to-night, he mine to-morrow night."

95. "Sure then there is no warrior here," quoth Duach, "after these two." "By my troth there will be this moment," quoth Fat-Neck, son of Short Head, as he sprang on to the floor of the hall. The strength then of yon Fat-Neck was as the strength of a hundred warriors, each arm having the might of a hundred "centaurs." "Bend down, bachlach," quoth Fat-Neck, "that I may cut your head off to-night, you to cut off mine to-morrow night." "Were that my quest, I could have got it anywhere," quoth the bachlach. "Let us act according to our covenant," he quoth, "I to cut off your head to-night, you to avenge it to-morrow night." "By my people's god," quoth Duach of the Chafer Tongue, "death is thus for thee no pleasant prospect should the man killed to-night attack thee on the morrow. It is given to you alone if you have the power to be killed every night, (and) to avenge it next day." "Truly I will carry out what you all as a body agree upon by way of counsel, strange as it may seem to you," quoth the bachlach. He then pledged the other to keep his troth in this contention as to fulfilling his tryst on the morrow.

96. With that Fat-Neck took the axe from out of the bachlach's hand. Seven feet apart were its two angles. Then did the bachlach put his neck across the block. Fat-Neck dealt a blow across it with the axe till it stuck in the block underneath, cutting off the head till it lay by the base of the fork-beam, the house being filled with the blood. Straightway the bachlach rose, recovered himself, clasped his head, block and axe to his breast, thus made his exit from the hall with blood streaming from his neck. It filled the Red Branch

on every side. Great was the folk's horror, wondering at the marvel that had appeared to them. "By my people's god," quoth Duach of the Chafer Tongue, "if the bachlach, having been killed to-night, come back to-morrow, he will not leave a man alive in Ultonia." The following night, however, he returned, and Fat-Neck shirked him. Then began the bachlach to urge his pact with Fat-Neck. "Sooth it is not right for Fat-Neck not to fulfil his covenant with me."

97. That night, however, Loigaire the Triumphant was present. "Who of the warriors that contest Ultonia's Champion's Portion will carry out a covenant to-night with me? Where is Loigaire the Triumphant?" quoth he. "Here," said Loigaire. He pledged him too, yet Loigaire kept not his tryst. The bachlach returned on the morrow and similarly pledged Conall Cernach, who came not as he had sworn.

98. The fourth night the bachlach returned, and fierce and furious was he. All the ladies of Ultonia came that night to see the strange marvel that had come into the Red Branch. That night Cuchulainn was there also. Then the fellow began to upbraid them. "Ye men of Ultonia, your valour and your prowess are gone. Your warriors greatly covet the Champion's Portion, yet are unable to contest it. Where is yon poor mad wight that is hight Cuchulainn? Fain would I know if his word be better than the others'." "No covenant do I desire with you," quoth Cuchulainn. "Likely is that, you wretched fly²; greatly thou dost fear to die." Whereupon Cuchulainn sprang towards him and dealt him a blow with the axe, hurling his head to the top rafter of the Red Branch till the whole hall shook. Cuchulainn again caught up the head and gave it a blow with the axe and smashed it. Thereafter the bachlach rose up.

99. On the morrow the Ultonians were watching Cuchulainn to see whether he

¹ The usual arrangement in this kind of story was that some warrior should cut off the giant's head first. It turns out later that such is the arrangement of this story.

² Big uncouth fellow.

³ "Fly" conveys a pun upon Cuchulainn's name incapable of being reproduced.

would shirk the bachlach as the other heroes had done. As Cuchulainn was awaiting the bachlach, they saw that great dejection seized him. It had been fitting had they sung his dirge. They felt sure his life would last only till the bachlach came. Then quoth Cuchulainn with shame to Conchobar: "Thou shalt not go until my pledge to the bachlach is fulfilled; for death awaits me, and I would rather have death with honour."

100. They were there as the day was closing when they saw the bachlach approaching. "Where is Cuchulainn?" he quoth. "Here am I," he answered. "You're dull of speech to-night, unhappy one; greatly you fear to die. Yet, though great your fear, death you have not shirked." Thereafter Cuchulainn went up to him and stretched his neck across the block, which was of such size that his neck reached but half-way. "Stretch out your neck, you wretch," the bachlach quoth. "You keep me in torment," quoth Cuchulainn. "Despatch me quickly; last night, by my troth, I tormented you not. Verily I swear if you torment me, I shall make myself as long as a crane above you." "I cannot slay you," quoth the bachlach, "what with the size of the block and the shortness of your neck and of your side" (*sic!*).

101. Then Cuchulainn stretched out his neck so that a warrior's full-grown foot would have fitted between any two of his ribs; his neck he distended till it

reached the other side of the block. The bachlach raised his axe till it reached the roof-tree of the hall. The creaking of the old hide that was about the fellow and the crashing of the axe — both his arms being raised aloft with all his might — were as the loud noise of a wood tempest-tossed in a night of storm. Down it came then . . . on his neck, its blunt side below, — all the nobles of Ultonia gazing upon them.

102. "O Cuchulainn, arise! . . . Of the warriors of Ultonia and Erin, no matter their mettle, none is found to be compared with thee in valour, bravery and truthfulness. The sovranity of the heroes of Erin to thee from this hour forth and the Champion's Portion undisputed, and to thy lady the precedence alway of the ladies of Ultonia in the Mead Hall. And whosoever shall lay wager against thee from now, as my folks swear I swear, while on life he will be in (sore scathe)." Then the bachlach vanished. It was Curoi mac Dairi who in that guise had come to fulfil the promise he had given to Cuchulainn.

*And thus henceforth the Champion's
Portion of Emain and the Ulster
Women's War of Words and the
Champion's Wager in Emain
And the Hosting of the
Ultonians to Cruachan.*

FINIT

NORSE

THE EDDA OF SAEMUND

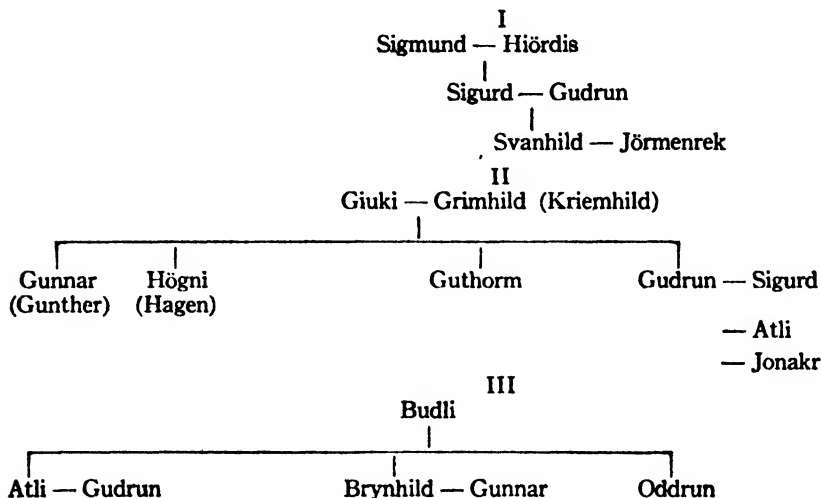
(11TH CENTURY)

There are two Old Norse writings called by the name of Edda: one in prose, called the *Younger Edda*, composed by Snorri Sturluson about 1225; the other a collection of poems, called the *Elder Edda*, formerly attributed to Saemund the Wise (1056-1133). The poems of the *Elder Edda* may be divided roughly into those dealing with gods and those telling of famous mortal heroes. The heroic tradition of Sigurd, which occupies the most important place in early Norse heroic literature, seems to have originated among the Germanic tribes of the Rhine valley and to have been carried north. The elements of this tradition were brought back to their original habitat with certain alterations and were used as the basis for the great Germanic epic the *Nibelungenlied* (p. 369). The verse form of the original was somewhat similar

to that of *Beowulf* in that it was based on alliteration and divided into half-lines. The grim directness of the poem, it hardly need be said, is the product of a highly developed literary sense.

The selection is taken from B. Thorpe, the *Edda of Saemund the Learned*, London, 1886, Part II. In Thorpe's translation the half-lines are printed as whole lines.

The rather complicated family relationships are illustrated in the accompanying diagrams:



THE THIRD LAY OF SIGURD

1. It was of old that Sigurd,
the young Völsung,¹
Giuki sought,²
after his conflict,
received the pledge of friendship
from the two brothers;
oaths exchanged
the bold of deed.

2. A maid they offered him,
and treasures many,
Gudrun, Giuki's
youthful daughter.
Drank and conversed,
many days together,
Sigurd the young
and Giuki's sons.

3. Until they went
to woo Brynhild,³
and with them Sigurd,
the youthful Völsung,
rode in company,⁵
who knew the way.
He would have possessed her,
if possess her he might.

104. Sigurd the southern
laid a naked sword,
a glittering falchion,⁴
between them;
nor the damsel
15 did he kiss,
nor did the Hunnish king⁶
to his arm lift her.
He the blooming maid
to Giuki's son⁶ delivered.

¹ This name is applied to any of the descendants of Völsung, a king of the Huns.

² Before coming to the court of Giuki, Sigurd had been united with Brynhild. When he left her she vowed never to accept another man. By sorcery she surrounded the castle with a wall of fire that no one but Sigurd would be able to penetrate. Sigurd at Giuki's court was given a potion by Grimhild which caused him to forget Brynhild and to accept as a bride Giuki's daughter, Gudrun.

³ Gunnar persuaded Sigurd to help him in his wooing of the warlike Brynhild. None but Sigurd could penetrate the magic fire, and so Sigurd, by sorcery, assumed the shape of Gunnar, won the bride, and brought her back. Then each resumed his proper form.

⁴ A slightly curved, broadbladed sword.

⁵ Sigurd was king of the Huns.

⁶ Gunnar.

5. She to herself of body
was of no sin conscious,
nor at her death-day,
of any crime,
that could be a stain,
or thought to be:
intervened therein
the grisly fates.

6. Alone she sate without,
at eve of day,
began aloud
with herself to speak:
"Sigurd must be mine;
I must die,
or that blooming youth
clasp in my arms."

7. "Of the words I have uttered
I now repent;
He is Gudrun's consort,
and I am Gunnar's.
The hateful Norns¹
long suffering have decreed us."

8. Ofttimes she wandered,
filled with evil thoughts,
o'er ice and icebergs,
every eve,
when he and Gudrun
had to their couch withdrawn,
and Sigurd her
in the coverings wrapt,
the Hunnish king
his wife caressed.

9. "Devoid I go
of spouse and pleasure;
I will beguile myself
with vengeful thoughts."

10. By those fits of fury
She was impelled to murder.
"Thou, Gunnar! shalt
wholly lose
my land
and myself, also.
Never shall I be happy,
king! with thee.

11. "I will return

thither from whence I came,
to my near kindred,
my relations;
there will I remain,
5 and slumber life away,
unless thou Sigurd
cause to be slain,
and a king become
than the other greater.

10

12. "Let the son go
together with the father,
the young wolf may not
longer be fostered.

15 For whom will vengeance
be the easier
to appease,
if the son lives?"

20 13. Wroth was Gunnar,
and with grief borne down;
in his mind revolved,
sat the whole day;
he knew not well,

25 nor could devise,
what were most desirable
for him to do,
or were most fitting
to be done,

30 when he should find himself
of the Völsung bereft,
and in Sigurd
a great loss sustain.

35 14. Much he thought,
and also long,
that it did not
often happen,
that from their royal state
40 women withdrew.

Högni he then
to counsel summoned,
in whom he placed
the fullest trust.

45

15. "Of all to me Brynhild,
Budli's daughter,
is dearest;
she is the chief of women:

50 rather will I
my life lay down

¹ Goddesses regarded in Norse mythology as the dispensers of fate.

than that fair one's
treasures lose.

16. "Wilt thou the prince
for his wealth circumvent?
good 'tis to command
the ore of the Rhine,¹
and at ease
over riches rule
and in tranquillity
happiness enjoy."

17. This alone Högni
for answer gave:
"It beseems us not
so to do,
by the sword to break
sworn oaths,
oaths sworn,
and plighted faith.

18. "We know not on earth
men more fortunate,
while we four ²
over the people rule,
and the Hun lives,
that warlike chief;
nor on earth
a race more excellent,
if we five sons
long shall foster,
and the good progeny
can increase.

19. "I know full well
whence the causes spring:
Brynhild's importunity
is over-great.

20. "We will Guthorm,
our younger brother,
and not over-wise,
for the deed prepare:
he is free from
sworn oaths,
sworn oaths,
and plighted faith."

21. Easy it was to instigate

the ferocious spirit:
in the heart of Sigurd
stood his sword.

5 22. On vengeance bent,
the warrior in his chamber ³
hurled his brand after
the fierce assassin;
to Guthorm flew
10 dartlike Gram's ⁴
gleaming steel
from the king's hand.

23. Fell the murderer
15 in two parts,
arms and head
flew far away,
but his feet's part
fell backwards on the place.

20
24. Sunk deep in sleep was Gudrun,
in her bed,
void of cares,
by Sigurd's side:
25 but she awoke
of joys bereft,
when in the blood
of Frey's friend ⁵ she swam.

30 25. So violently struck she
her hands together,
that the stout of heart
rose in his bed.
"Weep not, Gudrun!
35 my blooming bride!
thy brothers live.

26. "An heir I have,
alas! too young;
40 he cannot flee from
the hostile house;
among themselves they
recently have
dark and evil
45 counsels devised.

27. "Never henceforth,
although seven thou bear,
will such a son

¹ Gold.

² Guthorm attacked Sigurd as he slept.

³ Sigurd. Frey was a Norse god.

⁴ Giuki, Gunnar, Högni, and Guthorm.

⁵ Sigurd's famous sword.

to the trysting with them ride.
Full well I know
how this has befallen:
Brynhild the sole cause is
of all the evil.

28. "Me the maiden loved
more than any man;
but towards Gunnar
I sinned not;
affinity I held sacred,
and sworn oaths;
thenceforward I was called
his consort's friend."

29. The woman gave forth sighs,
and the king his life.
So violently she struck
her hands together,
that the beakers on the wall
responsive rang,
and in the court
the geese loudly screamed.

30. Laughed then Brynhild,
Budli's daughter,
once only,
from her whole soul,
when in her bed
she listened to
the loud lament
of Giuki's daughter.

31. Then said Gunnar,
the hawk-bearing prince:
"Laugh not thereat,
thou barbarous woman!
glad on thy couch,
as if good awaited thee.
Why hast thou lost
that beauteous color?
authoress of crime!
Methinks to death thou art doomed.

32. "Well dost thou deserve,
above all women,
that before thy eyes,
we should lay Atli low,
that thou shouldst see thy brother's
blood-streaming sore,
his gory wounds
shouldst have to bind."

33. Then said Brynhild,
Budli's daughter:
"No one provokes thee, Gunnar!
complete is thy work of death.

5 Little does Atli
thy hatred fear;
his life will
outlast thine,
and his might
10 be ever greater.

34. "Gunnar! I will tell thee,
though well thou knowest it,
how early ye
15 resolved on crimes.

I was o'er-young
and unrestrained,
with wealth endowed
in my brother's house.

20 35. "Nor did I desire
to marry any man,
before ye Giukings
rode to our dwelling,
25 three on horseback,
powerful kings:
would that journey
had never been!

30 36. "Then myself I promised
to the great king,
who with gold sat
on Grani's¹ back.
In eyes he did not
35 you resemble,
nor was at all
in aspect like:
yet ye thought yourselves
mighty kings.

40 37. "And to me apart
Atli said,
that he would not have
our heritage divided,
45 nor gold nor lands,
unless I let myself be married,
nor grant me any part
of the acquired gold,
which he to me a girl
50 had given to possess,
and to me a child
in moneys counted.

¹ Sigurd's famous horse.

38. "Then distracted was
my mind thereon,
whether I should engage in conflict,
and death dispense,
valiant in arms,
for my brother's quarrel.
That would then
be world-widely known,
and to many a one
bring heartfelt anguish.

39. "Our reconciliation
we let follow:
to me it had been more pleasing
the treasures to accept,
the red-gold rings
of Sigmund's son:
nor did I another's
gold desire;
him alone I loved,
none other.
Menskögul¹ had not
a changing mind.

40. "All this will Atli
hereafter find,
when he shall hear of
my funeral rites completed;
for never shall
the heavy-hearted woman
with another's husband
pass her life.
Then will my wrongs
be all avenged."

41. Up rose Gunnar,
prince of warriors,
and round his consort's neck
laid his hands;
all drew nigh,
yet each one singly,
through honest feeling,
to dissuade her.

42. She from her neck
those about her cast;
she let no one stay her
from her long journey.

43. Then he called Högni
to consultation:

¹ Another name for Brynhild.

² A sword.

"I will that all our folk
to the hall be summoned,
thine with mine —
now 'tis most needful —
5 to see if we can hinder
my consort's fatal course,
till from our speech
a hindrance may come:
then let us leave
10 necessity to rule."

44. To him Högni
answer gave:
"Let no one hinder her
from the long journey,
15 whence she may never
born again return.
Unblest she came
on her mother's lap,
born in the world
20 for ceaseless misery,
for many a man's
heartfelt sorrow."

45. Downcast he
from the meeting turned
25 to where the lady
treasures distributed.
She was viewing all she owned:
Hungry female thralls²
and chamber-women.
30 She put on her golden corselet —
no good meditating —
ere herself she pierced,
with the sword's point.

35 46. On the pillow she
turned to the other side,
and, wounded with the glaive,³
on her last counsels thought.

40 47. "Now let come those
who desire gold,
and aught less precious,
to receive from me.
To every one I give
45 a gilded necklace,
needle-work and coverlets,
splendid weeds."

48. All were silent,

² Bondslaves.

thought on what to do,
and all together
answer gave:

"Too many are there dead:
we will yet live,
still be hungry hall-servants,
to do what fitting is."

49. At length after reflection,
the lady linen-clad,
young in years,
words in answer uttered:
"I desire that none,
dead to entreaty, should
by force, for our sake,
lose their life.

50. "Yet o'er your bones
will burn .
fewer ornaments,
Menia's good meal,¹
when ye go hence
me to seek.

51. "Gunnar! sit down,
I will tell to thee,
that of life now hopeless is
thy bright consort.
Thy vessel will not be
always afloat,
though I shall have
my life resigned.

52. "With Gudrun thou
wilt be reconciled,
sooner than thou thinkest:
that wise woman has
by the king
sad memorials,
after her consort's death.

53. "There is born a maid,
which her mother rears;
brighter far
than the clear day,
than the sun's beam,
will Svanhild be.

54. "Gudrun thou wilt give

to an illustrious one,
a warrior, the bane
of many men:
not to her wish
5 will she be married;
Atli will come
her to espouse,
Budli's son,
my brother.

10
55. "Much have I in memory
how I was treated,
when ye me so cruelly
had deceived.
15 Robbed I was of happiness,
while my life lasted.

56. "Thou wilt desire
Oddrun to possess,
but Atli will
20 permit it not;
in secret ye will
each other meet.
She will love thee,
as I had done,
25 if us a better fate
had been allotted.

57. "Thee will Atli barbarously treat;
in the narrow serpent-den ²
30 wilt thou be cast.

58. "It will too come to pass,
not long after,
that Atli will
35 his soul resign,
his prosperity,
and cease to live;
for Gudrun in her vengeance ³
him in his bed will slay,
40 through bitterness of spirit,
with the sword's sharp edge.

59. "More seemly would appear
our sister Gudrun,
45 had she in death
her first consort followed,
had but good counsel
been to her given,

¹ Gold.

² Atli, in revenge for Brynhild's death, enticed the sons of Giuki to his house and had them killed.

³ For the death of her brothers.

or she a soul possessed
resembling mine —

60. "Faintly I now speak —
but for our sake
she will not
lose her life.
She will be borne
on towering billows
to King Jonakr's
paternal soil.
Doubts will be in the resolves
of Jonakr's sons.

61. "She will Svanhild
send from the land,
her daughter,
and Sigurd's.
Her will destroy
Bikki's¹ counsel;
for Jörmenrek
for evil lives.
Then will have passed away
all Sigurd's race,
and Gudrun's tears
will be the more.

62. "One prayer I have to thee
yet to make,
in this world 'twill be
my last request.
Let in the plain be raised
a pile so spacious,
that for us all
like room may be,
for those who shall have died
with Sigurd.

63. "Bedeck the pile about
with shields and hangings,
a variegated corpse-cloth,
and multitude of slain.
Let them burn the Hun
on the one side of me;

64. "Let them with the Hun

burn on the other side
my household slaves,
with collars splendid,
two at our heads,
5 and two hawks;
then will all be
equally distributed.

65. "Let also lie
10 between us both
the sword with rings adorned,
the keen-edged iron,
so again be placed,
as when we both
15 one couch ascended
and were then called
by the name of consorts.²

66. "Then will not clang
20 against his heel
the hall's bright gates,
with splendid ring,
if my train
him hence shall follow.
25 Then will our procession
appear not mean.

67. "For him will follow
five female thralls,
eight male slaves
30 of gentle birth,
fostered with me,
and with my patrimony,
which to his daughter
Budli gave.

35
68. "Much have I said,
and more would say
if the sword would grant me
power of speech.
40 My voice fails,
my wounds swell:
truth only have I uttered;
so I will cease."

¹ A friend of King Jörmenrek, husband of Svanhild. He advised Randver, son of the king, to take her, and then told the king. Both Svanhild and Randver were put to death.

² Sigurd wedded Brynhild in the semblance of Gunnar.

FRENCH

THE SONG OF ROLAND

(IITH CENTURY)

The Song of Roland belongs to a type of early French poems called *chansons de geste*, or historical songs. One class of *chansons de geste* dealt primarily with the adventures of Charlemagne and his twelve paladins or principal warriors. *The Song of Roland*, composed before 1080, tells of Charlemagne's campaign against the Saracens who were invading southern France. The original author was not a great literary artist, like Homer or Dante. He told a plain story, using at all times the natural order of the events. Rude and simple, like the manners and life it depicted, the style nevertheless reflects the noble spirit of a group of heroes free from pettiness and self-interest. Roland the hero is not distinguished for wisdom — great epic heroes seldom are; but the very blindness of his devotion to his king and country and the stubbornness of his determination not to yield even in the face of obviously overwhelming odds are traits common to great national heroes. The well-known phrase taken from the poem, "Roland is bold, but Oliver is wise," does not represent delicate character analysis; but such characterization was all that seemed necessary. That quality most characteristic of the French epic is its national patriotism. "Douce France" echoes through the poem, sounding a new note in literature, a note that continues to resound to the very present. The attitude toward Nature is also markedly different from that of the Germanic heroic literature. The air is light, the sun brilliant; weapons flash and glitter; Charlemagne sits on a throne of pure gold; the whole action goes forward in an atmosphere of shimmering light. The vein of brightness and joy that comes into English literature during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries owes much to French influence.

In the selection here printed Charlemagne is withdrawing from Spain; Roland is in charge of the rear-guard. At Roncevaux the army, filing through a narrow pass, is attacked by the Saracens. Roland with the rear-guard undertakes to hold the enemy in check while the main army makes its retreat. He has promised Charlemagne to blow his famous horn if in need of help. The little army is cut to pieces, and he, Oliver, and the fighting archbishop are left practically alone to repel the last attack.

CXXXVIII

High were the peaks and shadowy and
grand,

The valleys deep, the rivers swiftly ran.
Trumpets they blew in rear and in the van,
Till all again answered that olifant.¹

That Emperour canters with fury mad,
And all the Franks dismay and wonder
have;

There is not one but weeps and waxes sad
And all pray God that He will guard Rol-
lant

Till in the field together they may stand;
There by his side they'll strike as well they 15
can.

But what avail? No good there is in that;
They're not in time; too long have they
held back.

CXXXIX

In his great rage on canters Charlemagne;

¹ Ivory horn.

Over his sark ² his beard is flowing plain.
Barons of France, in haste they spur and
strain;

There is not one that can his wrath contain
5 That they are not with Rollant the Cap-
tain,

Whereas he fights the Sarrazins of Spain.
If he be struck, will not one soul remain.
— God! Sixty men are all now in his
10 train!

Never a king had better Capitains.

CXL

Rollant regards the barren mountain-
sides;

Dead men of France, he sees so many lie,
And weeps for them as fits a gentle knight:
"Lords and barons, may God to you be
kind!

20 And all your souls redeem for Paradise!
And let you there mid holy flowers lie!
Better vassals than you saw never I.

² Cuirass.

Ever you've served me, and so long a time,
By you Carlon ¹ hath conquered kingdoms
wide;

That Emperour reared you for evil plight!
Douce land of France, O very precious
clime,

Laid desolate by such a sour exile!

Barons of France, for me I've seen you die,
And no support, no warrant could I find;
God be your aid, Who never yet hath lied! 10
I must not fail now, brother, by your side;
Save I be slain, for sorrow shall I die.
Sir companion, let us again go strike!"

CXLI

The count Rollant, back to the field then
hieing

Holds Durendal,² and like a vassal striking
Faldrun of Pui has through the middle
slicèd,

With twenty-four of all they rated highest;
Was never man, for vengeance shewed
such liking.

Even as a stag before the hounds goes flying,
Before Rollant the pagans scatter, fright-
ened.

Says the Archbishop: "You deal now very
wisely!

Such valour should he shew that is bred
knightly,

And beareth arms, and a good charger
rideth;

In battle should be strong and proud and
sprightly;

Or otherwise he is not worth a shilling,
Should be a monk in one of those old
minsters,

Where, day by day, he'd pray for us poor
sinners."

Answers Rollant: "Strike on; no quarter 40
give them!"

Upon these words Franks are again be-
ginning;

Very great loss they suffer then, the
Christians.

CXLII

The man who knows, for him there's no
prison,

In such a fight with keen defence lays on;
Wherefore the Franks are fiercer than
lions.

Marsile ³ you'd seen go as a brave baron,
5 Sitting his horse, the which he calls Gai-
gnon;

He spurs it well, going to strike Bevon,
That was the lord of Beaune and of Dijon,
His shield he breaks, his hauberk ⁴ has
undone,

So flings him dead, without condition;

Next he hath slain Yvoerie and Ivon,
Also with them Gerard of Russillon.

The count Rollant, being not far him from,
15 To th' pagan says: "Confound thee our
Lord God!

So wrongfully you've slain my companions,
A blow you'll take, ere we apart be gone,
And of my sword the name I'll bid you
20 con."

He goes to strike him, as a brave baron,
And his right hand the count clean slices
off;

Then takes the head of Jursaleu the blond;
That was the son of king Marsilion.

Pagans cry out: "Assist us now, Mahom! ⁵
God of our race, avenge us on Carlon!
Into this land he's sent us such felons
That will not leave the fight before they
30 drop."

Says each to each: "Nay let us fly!"
Upon

That word, they're fled, an hundred thou-
sand gone;

35 Call them who may, they'll never more
come on.

CXLIII

But what avail? Though fled be Marsilies,
He's left behind his uncle, the alcaliph ⁶
Who holds Alferne, Kartagene, Garmalie,
And Ethiopie, a cursèd land indeed;
The blackamoors from there are in his
keep,

45 Broad in the nose they are and flat in the
ear,

Fifty thousand and more in company.

These canter forth with arrogance and
heat,

¹ Charlemagne.

² Like many epic heroes, Roland had a sword which bore a special name.

³ King of the Saracens.

⁴ Mohammed.

⁵ Coat of mail.

⁶ Caliph, ruler.

Then they cry out the pagans' rallying-
cheer;

And Rollant says: "Martyrdom we'll re-
ceive;

Not long to live, I know it well, have we; 5

Felon he's named that sells his body cheap!

Strike on, my lords, with burnished swords
and keen;

Contest each inch your life and death be-
tween,

That ne'er by us Douce France in shame
be steeped.

When Charles my lord shall come into this
field,

Such discipline of Sarrazins he'll see,

For one of ours he'll find them dead fifteen;

He will not fail, but bless us all in peace."

CXLIV

When Rollant sees those misbegotten 20
men,

Who are more black than ink is on the pen
With no part white, only their teeth ex-
cept,

Then says that count: "I know now very 25
well

That here to die we're bound, as I can tell.

Strike on, the Franks! For so I recom-
mend."

Says Oliver: "Who holds back, is con- 30
demned!"

Upon those words, the Franks to strike
again.

CXLV

Franks are but few; which, when the pa-
gans know,

Among themselves comfort and pride they
shew;

Says each to each: "Wrong was that Em- 40
perour."

Their alcaliph upon a sorrel rode,

And pricked it well with both his spurs of
gold;

Struck Oliver, behind, on the back-bone, 45

His hauberk white into his body broke,

Clean through his breast the thrusting
spear he drove;

After he said: "You've borne a mighty
blow.

Charlès the great should not have left you
so;

He's done us wrong, small thanks to him
we owe;

I've well avenged all ours on you alone."

CXLVI

Oliver feels that he to die is bound,

Holds Halteclere, whose steel is rough and
brown,

Strikes the alcaliph on his helm's golden
mount;

Flowers and stones fall clattering to the
ground,

Slices his head, to th' small teeth in his
mouth;

So brandishes his blade and flings him
down;

After he says: "Pagan, accurst be thou!
Thou'lt never say that Charles forsakes
me now;

Nor to thy wife, nor any dame thou'lt
found,

Thou'lt never boast, in lands where thou
wast crowned,

One pennyworth from me thou'lt taken
out,

Nor damage wrought on me nor any
around."

After, for aid, "Rollant!" he cries aloud.

CXLVII

Oliver feels that death is drawing nigh;

To avenge himself he hath no longer time;

Through the great press most gallantly

he strikes,

35 He breaks their spears, their buckled
shields doth slice,

Their feet, their fists, their shoulders and
their sides,

Dismembers them: whoso had seen that
sight,

Dead in the field one on another piled,
Remember well a vassal brave he might.

Charlè's ensign he'll not forget it quite;
Aloud and clear "Monjoie" ¹ again he

cries.

To call Rollant, his friend and peer, he
tries:

"My companion, come hither to my side.
With bitter grief we must us now divide."

CXLVIII

Then Rollant looked upon Oliver's face;

¹ Old war cry of France.

Which was all wan and colourless and pale,
While the clear blood, out of his body
sprayed,

Upon the ground gushed forth and ran
away.

"God!" said that count. "What shall I do
or say?

My companion, gallant for such ill fate!

Ne'er shall man be, against thee could
prevail.

Ah! France the Douce, henceforth art
thou made waste

Of vassals brave, confounded and dis-
graced!

Our Emperour shall suffer damage great." 15

And with these words upon his horse he
faints.

CXLIX

You'd seen Rollant aswoon there in his 20
seat,

And Oliver, who unto death doth bleed,
So much he's bled, his eyes are dim and
weak;

Nor clear enough his vision, far or near, 25

To recognise whatever man he sees;

His companion, when each the other meets,
Above the helm jewelled with gold he
beats,

Slicing it down from there to the nose- 30
piece,

But not his head; he's touched not brow
nor cheek.

At such a blow Rollant regards him keen,
And asks of him, in gentle tones and sweet: 35

"To do this thing, my comrade, did you
mean?

This is Rollant, who ever held you dear;
And no mistrust was ever us between."

Says Oliver: "Now can I hear you speak; 40
I see you not: may the Lord God you
keep!

I struck you now: and for your pardon
plead."

Answers Rollant: "I am not hurt, indeed; 45
I pardon you, before God's Throne and
here."

Upon these words, each to the other leans;
And in such love you had their parting
seen.

CL

Oliver feels death's anguish on him now;

And in his head his two eyes swimming
round;

Nothing he sees; hears he not any sound;
Dismounting then, he kneels upon the
5 ground,

Proclaims his sins both firmly and aloud,
Clasps his two hands, heavenwards holds
them out,

Prays God himself in Paradise to allow;
10 Blessings on Charles, and on Douce

France he vows,
And his comrade, Rollant, to whom he's
bound.

Then his heart fails; his helmet nods and
bows;

Upon the earth he lays his whole length
out:

And he is dead, may stay no more, that
count.

Rollant the brave mourns him with grief
profound;

Nowhere on earth so sad a man you'd
found.

CLI

So Rollant's friend is dead; whom when
he sees

Face to the ground, and biting it with's
teeth,

Begins to mourn in language very sweet:
"Unlucky, friend, your courage was in-
deed!

Together we have spent such days and
years;

No harmful thing twixt thee and me has
been.

Now thou art dead, and all my life a grief."
And with these words again he swoons,
that chief,

Upon his horse, which he calls Veillantif;
Stirrups of gold support him underneath;
He cannot fall, whichever way he lean.

CLII

Soon as Rollant his senses won and knew,
Recovering and turning from that swoon,
Bitter great loss appeared there in his view:
Dead are the Franks; he'd all of them to
lose,

50 Save the Archbishop, and save Gualter del
Hum;

He is come down out of the mountains,
who

'Gainst Spanish men made there a great
ado;

Dead are his men, for those the pagans
slew;

Will he or nill, along the vales he flew,
And called Rollant, to bring him succour
soon:

"Ah! Gentle count, brave soldier, where
are you?

For by thy side no fear I ever knew.

Gualter it is, who conquered Maëlgut,
And nephew was to hoary old Droün;
My vassalage thou ever thoughtest good.
Broken my spear, and split my shield in
two;

Gone is the mail that on my hauberk grew;
This body of mine eight lances have gone
through;

I'm dying. Yet full price for life I took."
Rollant has heard these words and under-
stood,

Has spurred his horse, and on towards him
drew.

CLIII

Grief gives Rollant intolerance and pride;
Through the great press he goes again to
strike;

To slay a score of Spaniards he contrives,
Gualter has six, the Archbishop other five. 30
The pagans say: "Men, these, of felon
kind!

Lordings, take care they go not hence
alive!

Felon he's named that does not break their 35
line,

Recreant, who lets them any safety find!"
And so once more begin the hue and cry,
From every part they come to break the
line.

CLIV

Count Rollant is a noble and brave soldier,
Gualter del Hum's a right good chevalier,
That Archbishop hath shewn good prow- 45
ess there;

None of them falls behind the other pair;
Through the great press, pagans they
strike again.

Come on afoot a thousand Sarrazins,
And on horseback some forty thousand
men.

But well I know, to approach they never
dare;

Lances and spears they poise to hurl at
them,

5 Arrows, barbs, darts and javelins in the air.
With the first flight they've slain our
Gualtier;

Turpin of Reims has all his shield broken,
And cracked his helm; he's wounded in
the head, 10

From his hauberk the woven mail they
tear,

In his body four spear-wounds doth he
bear;

15 Beneath him too his charger's fallen dead.
Great grief it was, when that Archbishop
fell.

CLV

20 Turpin of Reims hath felt himself undone,
Since that four spears have through his
body come;

Nimble and bold upon his feet he jumps;
Looks for Rollant, and then towards him

25 runs,
Saying this word: "I am not overcome.
While life remains, no good vassal gives
up."

He's drawn Almace, whose steel was brown
and rough,

Through the great press a thousand blows
he's struck:

As Charlès said, quarter he gave to none;
He found him there, four hundred else
among,

Wounded the most, speared through the
middle some,

Also there were from whom the heads he'd
cut:

40 So tells the tale, he that was there says
thus,

The brave Saint Giles, whom God made
marvellous,¹

Who charters wrote for th' Minster at
Loüm;

Nothing he's heard that does not know
this much.

CLVI

50 The count Rollant has nobly fought and
well,

But he is hot, and all his body sweats;

¹ The writer here refers to a source that is probably imaginary.

Great pain he has, and trouble in his head,
His temples burst when he the horn
sounded;

But he would know if Charles will come to
them,

Takes the olifant, and feebly sounds again.
That Emperour stood still and listened
then:

"My lords," said he, "right evilly we fare!
This day Rollant, my nephew, shall be 10
dead:

I hear his horn, with scarcely any breath.
Nimbly canter, whoever would be there!
Your trumpets sound, as many as ye
bear!"

Sixty thousand so loud together blare,
The mountains ring, the valleys answer
them.

The pagans hear, they think it not a jest;
Says each to each: "Carlum doth us 20
bestead." ¹

CLVII

The pagans say: "That Emperour's at
hand, 25

We hear their sound, the trumpets of the
Franks;

If Charlès come, great loss we then shall
stand,

And wars renewed, unless we slay Rollant; 30
All Spain we'll lose, our own clear father-
land."

Four hundred men of them in helmets
stand;

The best of them that might be in their 35
ranks

Make on Rollant a grim and fierce attack;
'Gainst these the count had well enough in
hand.

CLVIII

The count Rollant, when their approach
he sees,

Is grown so bold and manifest and fierce
So long as he's alive he will not yield.

He sits his horse, which men call Veillantif, 45
Pricking him well with golden spurs be-
neath,

Through the great press he goes, their line
to meet,

And by his side is the Archbishop Tur-
pin.

"Now, friend, begone!" say pagans, each
to each;

"These Frankish men, their horns we
plainly hear;

5 Charle is at hand, that King in Majesty."

CLIX

The count Rollant has never loved cow-
ards,

10 Nor arrogant, nor men of evil heart,

That chevalier that was not good vassal.

That Archbishop, Turpin, he calls apart:

"Sir, you're afoot, and I my charger have;

For love of you, here will I take my stand,

15 Together we'll endure things good and
bad;

I'll leave you not, for no incarnate man:

We'll give again these pagans their attack;

The better blows are those from Du-
rendal."

Says the Archbishop: "Shame on him
that holds back!

Charle is at hand, full vengeance he'll
exact."

CLX

The pagans say: "Unlucky were we born!

An evil day for us did this day dawn!

For we have lost our peers and all our
lords.

Charles his great host once more upon us
draws,

Of Frankish men we plainly hear the horns,
'Monjoie' they cry, and great is their

uproar.

The count Rollant is of such pride and
force

He'll never yield to man of woman born;
Let's aim at him, then leave him on the

40 spot!"

And aim they did: with arrows long and
short,

Lances and spears and feathered javelots;

Count Rollant's shield they've broken 45
through and bored,

The woven mail have from his hauberk
torn,

But not himself, they've never touched
his corse;

50 Veillantif is in thirty places gored,
Beneath the count he's fallen dead, that
horse.

¹ Locate.

Pagans are fled, and leave him on the spot;
The count Rollant stands on his feet once
more.

CLXI

Pagans are fled, enangered and enraged,
Home into Spain with speed they make
their way;
The count Rollant, he has not given chase,
For Veillantif, his charger, they have 10
slain;

Will he or nill, on foot he must remain.
To the Archbishop, Turpin, he goes with
aid;

He's from his head the golden helm un- 15
laced,

Taken from him his white hauberk away,
And cut the gown in strips, was round his
waist;

On his great wounds the pieces of it placed, 20
Then to his heart has caught him and em-
braced;

On the green grass he has him softly laid,
Most sweetly then to him has Rollant
prayed:

"Ah! Gentle sir, give me your leave, I
say;

Our companions, whom we so dear ap-
praised,

Are now all dead; we cannot let them 30
stay;

I will go seek and bring them to this place,
Arrange them here in ranks, before your
face."

Said the Archbishop: "Go, and return 35
again.

This field is yours and mine now; God be
praised!"

CLXII

So Rollant turns; through the field, all
alone,

Searching the vales and mountains, he is
gone;

He finds Gerin, Gerers his companion,
Also he finds Berenger and Otton,
There too he finds Anséis and Sanson,
And finds Gerard the old, of Russillon;

By one and one he's taken those barons,
To the Archbishop with each of them he 50
comes,

Before his knees arranges every one.
That Archbishop, he cannot help but sob,

He lifts his hand, gives benediction;
After he's said: "Unlucky, Lords, your
lot!

But all your souls He'll lay, our Glorious
5 God,

In Paradise, His holy flowers upon!

For my own death such anguish now I've
got;

I shall not see him, our rich Emperour."

CLXIII

So Rollant turns, goes through the field in
quest;

His companion Oliver finds at length;

He has embraced him close against his
breast,

To the Archbishop returns as he can best;
Upon a shield he's laid him, by the rest;

And the Archbishop has them absolved
and blest:

Whereon his grief and pity grow afresh.

Then says Rollant: "Fair comrade Oli-
ver,

You were the son of the good count
25 Reinier,

Who held the march by th' Vale of Runier;
To shatter spears, through buckled shields
to bear,

And from hauberks the mail to break and
tear,

Proof men to lead, and prudent counsel
share,

Gluttons in field to frighten and conquer,
No land has known a better chevalier."

CLXIV

The count Rollant, when dead he saw his
peers,

And Oliver, he held so very dear,

40 Grew tender, and began to shed a tear;

Out of his face the colour disappeared;
No longer could he stand, for so much
grief,

Will he or nill, he swooned upon the field.

45 Said the Archbishop: "Unlucky lord, in-
deed!"

CLXV

When the Archbishop beheld him swoon,
Rollant,

Never before such bitter grief he'd had;

Stretching his hand, he took that olifant.
Through Rencesvals a little river ran;

He would go there, fetch water for Rollant.
 Went step by step, to stumble soon began,
 So feeble he is, no further fare he can,
 For too much blood he's lost, and no
 strength has;
 Ere he has crossed an acre of the land,
 His heart grows faint, he falls down for-
 wards and
 Death comes to him with very cruel pangs.

CLXVI

The count Rollant wakes from his swoon
 once more,
 Climbs to his feet; his pains are very sore;
 Looks down the vale, looks to the hills 15
 above;
 On the green grass, beyond his compan-
 ions,
 He sees him lie, that noble old baron;
 'Tis the Archbishop, whom in His name 20
 wrought God;
 There he proclaims his sins, and looks
 above;
 Joins his two hands, to Heaven holds them
 forth,
 And Paradise prays God to him to ac-
 cord.
 Dead is Turpin, the warrior of Charlon.
 In battles great and very rare sermons
 Against pagans ever a champion.
 God grant him now His Benediction!

CLXVII

The count Rollant sees the Archbishop lie
 dead,
 Sees the bowels out of his body shed,
 And sees the brains that surge from his
 forehead;
 Between his two arm-pits, upon his breast,
 Crossways he folds those hands so white 40
 and fair.
 Then mourns aloud, as was the custom
 there:
 "Thee, gentle sir, chevalier nobly bred,
 To the Glorious Celestial I commend;
 Ne'er shall man be, that will Him serve so
 well;
 Since the Apostles was never such prophet,
 To hold the laws and draw the hearts of
 men.
 Now may your soul no pain nor sorrow
 ken,
 Finding the gates of Paradise open!"

CLXVIII

Then Rollant feels that death to him
 draws near,
 5 For all his brain is issued from his ears;
 He prays to God that He will call the peers,
 Bids Gabriel, the angel, t' himself appear.
 Takes the olifant, that no reproach shall
 hear,
 10 And Durendal in the other hand he wields;
 Further than might a cross-bow's arrow
 speed
 Goes towards Spain into a fallow-field;
 Climbs on a cliff; where, under two fair
 trees,
 Four terraces, of marble wrought, he sees.
 There he falls down, and lies upon the
 green;
 He swoons again, for death is very near.

CLXIX

High are the peaks, the trees are very high.
 Four terraces of polished marble shine;
 On the green grass count Rollant swoons
 thereby.
 25 A Sarrazin him all the time espies,
 Who feigning death among the others
 hides;
 Blood hath his face and all his body dyed;
 30 He gets afoot, running towards him hies;
 Fair was he, strong and of a courage
 high;
 A mortal hate he's kindled in his pride.
 He's seized Rollant, and the arms were at
 35 his side.
 "Charlè's nephew," he's said, "here con-
 quered lies.
 To Araby I'll bear this sword as prize."
 As he drew it, something the count de-
 scribed.

CLXX

So Rollant felt his sword was taken forth,
 Opened his eyes, and this word to him
 45 spoke:
 "Thou'rt never one of ours, full well I
 know."
 Took the olifant, that he would not let go,
 Struck him on th' helm, that jewelled was
 50 with gold,
 And broke its steel, his skull and all his
 bones,
 Out of his head both the two eyes he drove;

Dead at his feet he has the pagan thrown:
After he's said: "Culvert,¹ thou wert too
bold.

Or right or wrong, of my sword seizing
hold!

They'll dub thee fool, to whom the tale is
told.

But my great one, my olifant I broke;
Fallen from it the crystal and the gold."

CLXXI

Then Rollant feels that he has lost his
sight,

Climbs to his feet, uses what strength he
might;

In all his face the colour is grown white.
In front of him a great brown boulder lies;
Whereon ten blows with grief and rage he
strikes;

The steel cries out, but does not break 20
outright;

And the count says: "Saint Mary, be my
guide!

Good Durendal, unlucky is your plight!

I've need of you no more; spent is my 25
pride!

We in the field have won so many fights,
Combating through so many regions wide
That Charle's holds, whose beard is hoary
white!

Be you not his that turns from any in
flight!

A good vassal has held you this long time;
Never shall France the Free behold his
like."

CLXXII

Rollant hath struck the sardonyx terrace;
The steel cries out, but broken is no ways.

So when he sees he never can it break,
Within himself begins he to complain:

"Ah! Durendal, white art thou, clear of
stain!

Beneath the sun reflecting back his rays!

In Moriane was Charle's, in the vale,
When from heaven God by His angel bade
Him give thee to a count and captain;

Girt thee on me that noble King and great.

I won for him with thee Anjou, Bretaigne,
And won for him with thee Peitou, the 50

Maine,

And Normandy the free for him I gained,

Also with thee Provence and Equitaine,
And Lombardie and all the whole Ro-
maine,

I won Baivere, all Flanders in the plain,

5 Also Burguigne and all the whole Puillane,

Costentinople, that homage to him pays;

In Saisonie all is as he ordains;

With thee I won him Scotland, Ireland,

Wales,

10 England also, where he his chamber makes;

Won I with thee so many countries strange

That Charle's holds, whose beard is white
with age!

For this sword's sake sorrow upon me

15 weighs,

Rather I'd die, than it mid pagans stay.

Lord God Father, never let France be
shamed!"

CLXXIII

Rollant his stroke on a dark stone repeats,

And more of it breaks off than I can speak.

The sword cries out, yet breaks not in the
least,

25 Back from the blow into the air it leaps.

Destroy it can he not; which when he sees,

Within himself he makes a plaint most
sweet:

"Ah! Durendal, most holy, fair indeed!

30 Relics enough thy golden hilt conceals:

Saint Peter's Tooth, the Blood of Saint
Basile,

Some of the Hairs of my Lord, Saint De-
nise,

35 Some of the Robe, was worn by Saint
Mary.

It is not right that pagans should thee
seize,

For Christian men your use shall ever be.

40 Nor any man's that worketh cowardice!

Many broad lands with you have I re-
trieved

Which Charle's holds, who hath the great
white beard;

45 Wherefore that King so proud and rich is
he."

CLXXIV

But Rollant felt that death had made a
way

Down from his head till on his heart it lay;
Beneath a pine running in haste he came,

¹ Traitor.

On the green grass he lay there on his face;
 His olifant and sword beneath him placed,
 Turning his head towards the pagan race,
 Now this he did, in truth, that Charles
 might say
 (As he desired) and all the Franks his
 race; —
 "Ah, gentle count; conquering he was
 slain!" —
 He owned his faults often and every way, 10
 And for his sins his glove to God upraised.¹

CLXXV

But Rollant feels he's no more time to
 seek;
 Looking to Spain, he lies on a sharp peak,
 And with one hand upon his breast he
 beats:
 "*Mea Culpa!* God, by Thy Virtues clean
 Me from my sins, the mortal and the mean, 20
 Which from the hour that I was born have
 been
 Until this day, when life is ended here!"
 Holds out his glove towards God, as he
 speaks;
 Angels descend from heaven on that scene. 25

CLXXVI

The count Rollant, beneath a pine he sits;
 Turning his eyes towards Spain, he begins 30
 Remembering so many divers things:
 So many lands where he went conquering,
 And France the Douce, the heroes of his
 kin,
 And Charlemagne, his lord who nourished 35
 him.
 Nor can he help but weep and sigh at this.
 But his own self, he's not forgotten him,
 He owns his faults, and God's forgiveness
 bids:
 "Very Father, in Whom no falsehood is,
 Saint Lazon from death Thou didst
 remit,
 And Daniel save from the lions' pit;
 My soul in me preserve from all perils
 And from the sins I did in life commit!"
 His right-hand glove, to God he offers it
 Saint Gabriel from 's hand hath taken it.
 Over his arm his head bows down and slips,
 He joins his hands: and so is life finish'd. 50
 God sent him down His angel cherubin,
 And Saint Michael, we worship in peril;

And by their side Saint Gabriel alit;
 So the count's soul they bare to Paradise.

CLXXVII

5 Rollant is dead; his soul to heav'n God
 bare.
 That Emperour to Rencesvals doth fare.
 There was no path nor passage anywhere
 Nor of waste ground no ell nor foot to
 spare
 Without a Frank or pagan lying there.
 Charles cries aloud: "Where are you,
 nephew fair?
 Where's the Archbishop and that count
 15 Oliver?
 Where is Gerins and his comrade Gerers?
 Otès the Duke, and the count Berengiers
 And Ivorie, and Ive, so dear they were?
 What is become of Gascon Engelier,
 20 Sansun the Duke and Anséis the fierce?
 Where's old Gerard of Russillon; oh,
 where
 The dozen peers I left behind me here?"
 But what avail, since none can answer
 bear?
 25 "God!" says the King. "Now well may I
 despair,
 I was not here the first assault to share!"
 Seeming enraged, his beard the King doth
 tear.
 Weep from their eyes barons and cheva-
 liers,
 A thousand score, they swoon upon the
 earth;
 Duke Neimes for them was moved with
 pity rare.

CLXXVIII

No chevalier nor baron is there, who
 40 Pitifully weeps not for grief and dule;
 They mourn their sons, their brothers,
 their nephews,
 And their liege lords, and trusty friends
 and true;
 45 Upon the ground a many of them swoon.
 Thereon Duke Neimes doth act with wis-
 dom proof,
 First before all he's said to the Emperour:
 "See beforehand, a league from us or two,
 50 From the highways dust rising in our view;
 Pagans are there, and many of them,
 too.

¹ As a vassal to his lord.

Canter therefore! Vengeance upon them do!"	Let the dead lie, all as they are, unmoved, Let not approach lion, nor any brute,
"Ah, God!" says Charles, "so far are they removed!	Let not approach esquire, nor any groom;
Do right by me, my honour still renew!	5 For I forbid that any come thereto,
They've torn from me the flower of France the Douce."	Until God will that we return anew."
The King commands Gebuin and Otun,	These answer him sweetly, their love to prove:
Tedbalt of Reims, also the count Milun:	"Right Emperour, dear Sire, so will we do."
"Guard me this field, these hills and val- 10 leys too,	A thousand knights they keep in retinue.

GERMAN

NIBELUNGENLIED

(ca. 1200)

The *Nibelungenlied* is the great German epic. The oldest manuscript was written in the twelfth or thirteenth century, but much of the material of which the poem consists comes to us from remote antiquity. The work as we now have it wears a thin coating of chivalry and feudalism borrowed from the age in which it was composed — elements curiously inconsistent with the barbaric substance which forms the real backbone of the story. It is usually held that Siegfried, the Achilles of Germanic heroic sagas and national hero of the Germanic peoples, is the hero of this poem. It is believed that stories about Siegfried grew up in the valley of the Rhine, were carried up into Scandinavia and to Ireland, where they were further developed, and were then brought back to Germany to form the basis of the extant heroic literature of that country. Nevertheless in the *Nibelungenlied* the stories of Siegfried form only a small part of the whole, for he meets his death soon after the beginning of the epic. Hagen, Dietrich, and Hildebrand are of far more importance to the epic as a whole. The character that endures throughout the entire poem is Kriemhild, and we might not be far wrong in calling this a poem with a heroine rather than a hero. On the other hand it is not so much her actions that constitute the narrative as it is the actions of those whom she influences and inspires. If this be true, the central hero is Hagen, the murderer of Siegfried. He is a splendid example of the faithful German retainer. His killing of Siegfried was prompted by a mistaken sense of loyalty, and his final fight and death were the culmination of his life-long adherence to his sovereign.

The action preceding the selection here presented is as follows: Siegfried, brought up at the court of his father Sigmund, king of the Netherlands, hears of the beauty of Kriemhild and rides to Worms in Burgundy to pay court to her. He is given Kriemhild as wife on condition that he help Kriemhild's brother Gunther to win Brunhild, who will wed only the one who can defeat her in three contests. He accompanies Gunther to Is(a)land and, concealed by his magic cloak of invisibility, aids him to win his warlike bride. But Brunhild, dissatisfied with her husband, on the bridal night ties him up and hangs him on a hook in the bridal chamber. Gunther asks Siegfried for help, and the latter again overcomes Brunhild in behalf of her husband and takes from her a girdle and ring, which he gives to Kriemhild. Kriemhild later reveals her possessions and her knowledge of the fact that Siegfried, not Gunther, had overcome Brunhild.

Hagen, loyal to Gunther and his brother, kills Siegfried as he drinks from a spring after a contest. Kriemhild, after trying for thirteen years in vain to avenge her husband upon her brothers, accepts an offer of marriage from Etzel, king of the Huns, and invites her brothers to visit her at her new court. Although Hagen opposes the journey, he finally agrees to conduct the visiting host. At the court of Etzel the feud breaks out. The visiting Burgundians take possession of the hall and are besieged by the Huns and their allies. Various allies of Etzel storm the hall unsuccessfully. At last comes the turn of Rüdiger, who has guaranteed the safe return of the Burgundians but is under feudal obligations to Etzel. The conflict between his pledged word and his feudal obligations constitute for him a tragic problem that can be solved

only by death. The present selection deals with his attack and death. Following this incident in the poem come the final overpowering of the Burgundians by Dietrich of Bern, the death of Gunther and Hagen at the hands of Kriemhild, and the killing of Kriemhild by Hildebrand.

In this selection, which it will be interesting to compare with the *Edda of Saemund*, there appear some of the finest of mediæval virtues — feudal loyalty, the obligations of hospitality, fair play, and friendship. The translation is from the *Lay of the Nibelungs*, by Alice Horton, revised and edited by Bell, London, 1909.

ADVENTURE XXXVII
HOW THE MARGRAVE RÜDEGER
WAS SLAIN

2135

The strangers, until morning, right gallantly had done.
By then Gotlinda's husband¹ unto the court had gone,
And, looking round on all sides, he saw 10
such horrors there
As moved to inward weeping true-hearted Rüdiger.

2136

"Woe's me," then said the warrior, "that e'er I saw the day!
To think that none availeth this misery to stay!
Though peace would I make gladly, the 20
king will ne'er agree,
For more and more he dwelleth upon his injury."

2137

Good Rüdiger inquiring straightway to Dietrich² sent,
If they might make between them the noble king relent.
But he of Bern made answer: "Who 30
could avail thereto?
King Etzel wills that no one should come betwixt the two."

2138

Now by a Hunnish warrior Sir Rüdiger was seen
With eyes bedimm'd with weeping, as they for long had been.
Unto the queen then spake he: "Now 40
look how standeth he, —
The man who hath with Etzel the most authority,

2139

"And who hath at his service the people and the land.
How many a castle is there in Rüdiger's 5
command,
Of which, through the king's bounty, so many he may own!
Yet he throughout this struggle no worthy stroke hath done.

2140

"Methinks he little recketh if things go well or ill,
As long as he hath all things according to his will.
15 'Tis said that he is braver than other men mote be:
But that, in all this trouble, hath been full hard to see."

2141

The warrior true-hearted, with downcast mood and grim,
Gave heed unto the speaker. The hero 25
look'd on him,
And thought: "This shalt thou pay for! Thou say'st I am afraid?
Thou hast at court thy story somewhat too loudly said."

2142

His fists to clench began he, and at him straight he ran,
And smote to such good purpose upon 35
that Hunnish man
That lifeless on the instant him at his feet he laid.
But thus King Etzel's troubles were all the greater made.

2143

"Away with thee, base scoundrel!" thereon said Rüdiger;

¹ Rüdiger.

² Dietrich of Berne, a powerful ally of King Etzel.

"Of trouble and of sorrow I have enough That you would in our service risk honour
to bear! and eke life.
If I refrain from fighting, why tauntest I've heard the knights award you the
me for that? meed in many a strife.

In sooth I have good reason to bear the 5
strangers' hate, 2149

2144 "The goodwill that you pledged me to
you I will recall
"And all that strength avail'd me I had When me you urged on Etzel, O knight
against them wrought, excelling all,
Were't not that I the warriors myself 10 To wit, that you would serve me till one
have hither brought. of us was dead;
'Twas I, in sooth, who led them into my And ne'er had I, poor woman, thereof
master's land: such desperate need."
I cannot raise against them, therefore, 15
my luckless hand."

2145 "In that thou speak'st not falsely; I
pledged thee, noble dame,
Then answer to the margrave the great That I for thee would venture my life
King Etzel made: and my fair fame.
"O Rüdeger most noble, how hast thou 20 To lose my soul, however, that sware I
lent us aid! not at all:
So many dead already we in the land must I brought these high-born princes unto
own, this festival!"

No more of them were needed! much evil 25
hast thou done." 2151

2146 "O Rüdeger," she answer'd, "thy stead-
fast loyalty
The noble knight made answer: "The And eke thine oath forget not, that thou
fellow made me wroth mine injury
By casting up against me the wealth and 30 Wouldst cease not to avenge me, and all
honour both my trouble sore."
That by thy hands so freely have been Then said to her the margrave: "I ne'er
bestow'd on me: have fail'd before."
The liar got his guerdon a whit un- 35
luckily." 2152

2147 Then likewise mighty Etzel to supplicate
began,
Now came the queen unto them, who eke And on their knees before him they two
had plainly seen besought the man.
What, through the hero's anger, the 40 Then seem'd the noble margrave sorely
Hun's reward had been. discomfited.
Beyond all bounds complain'd she; tears The ever faithful warrior right sorrow-
from her eyes she shed. fully said:
To Rüdeger thus spake she: "How have 45
we merited 2153

2148 "Now God have pity on me, that I have
lived for this!
"That you the king's misfortune and Henceforward all mine honour I must for
mine make all the more? aye dismiss,—
At all times, noble Rüdeger, you promised 50 My truth and noble breeding that erst
heretofore from God I got!

Woe on me, God in Heaven, that death
hath saved me not!

2159

2154

"Whichever side I part from to take the
other one,
I shall have acted basely and grievous ill
have done;
But if from both I sever, on all sides
blame I have:
May He vouchsafe to guide me Who life
unto me gave."

2155

Yet still they urged him straitly, the king
and eke his wife.
Thence came it many a warrior ere long
must lose his life
By Rüdiger's achieving; till eke that
hero fell.
Now of his direful doing I must the story
tell.

2156

He knew how this must evil and fearful
sorrow bring,
And liefer would he therefore denial to
the king,
And eke the queen, have given: full
sorely fear'd he that
If e'er a guest he slaughter'd, the world
would bear him hate.

2157

Unto the king then spake he — that man
of spirit bold:
"Lord king, take back whatever from
thee I have and hold,
Both land and burghs: with neither will
I have aught to do,
But on my feet departing, will into exile
go."

2158

Then spake the royal Etzel: "Who then
will succour me?
The land as well as castles all will I give
to thee,
If thou upon my foemen avenge me, Rū-
deger.
Thou'lt be a mighty sovran, of Etzel nigh
the peer."

But Rüdiger made answer: "How could
I this essay?

5 At home within my dwelling I bade them
come and stay;
Of drink and meat I offer'd to them in
kindly wise,
And gave them gifts: how can I now
death for them devise?

2160

"The folk belike are thinking that I am
cowardly!

15 My services in nothing to them did I
deny —
Or to the noble princes, or any of their
men —
That we are knit in friendship repenteth
me amain.

2161

"I gave away my daughter to Giseler¹
the thane,

25 In all the world she could not have look'd
for better gain
In honour or good breeding, in truth or
worldly gear;
I ne'er saw prince so youthful in virtuous
mind his peer."

2162

But yet again spake Kriemhild: "Right
noble Rüdiger,

35 Now let our grievous trouble for both
your pity stir,
For me and the king also; and bear ye
well in mind
That never host was fated such baleful
guests to find."

2163

Then to the noble lady the margrave
answer made:

45 "To-day, with life, must ransom by
Rüdiger be paid
For what to me of kindness thou and my
lord have shown:
For that cause I must perish,— and it
must now be done.

50

¹ One of the brothers of Kriemhild.

2164

"This very day, well know I, my castles
and my land
Must, ownerless, fall to you, through
what ye now command.
My wife and child commend I unto your
gracious care,
And eke the hapless people that at Bech-
laren¹ are."

2169

So Rüdeger in armour with men five
hundred went,
Besides a dozen warriors who help unto
him lent.
These would the meed of valour win in the
stormy fray; —
They had but little warning that death so
near them lay.

2165

10

2170

"Now Rüdeger, God bless thee!" the
king in answer said;
He and the queen together exceeding
glad were made:
"Right well unto thy people our care we
both will give,
Though if good luck be with me I trust
thou yet mayst live."

Then Rüdeger in helmet one saw march
on before;
Keen-edged were all the weapons the
margrave's liegemen bore,
And broad the shining bucklers upon
their arms as well.
'Twas all seen by the fiddler: sore ruth
upon him fell.

2166

2171

And so upon the venture body and soul
he cast;
Whereon the wife of Etzel began to weep
at last.
Said he: "What I have promised I must
to you fulfil; —
Woe for my friends, whose foeman I am
against my will."

Young Giselher beheld, too, the father of
his bride
With fast-bound helmet marching. That
this could aught betide,
Save what was good and friendly, how
could he then forbode?
The noble prince was therefore exceeding
glad of mood.

2167

2172

Then from the king one saw him depart
in mournful mood.
And to his warriors turning, who close
beside him stood,
He spake: "To don your armour 'tis
time, my liegemen all.
On yonder brave Burgundians, alas! I
needs must fall."

"Now suchlike friends be welcome," said
Giselher the thane,
"Which we upon our journey have had
the luck to gain.
Of my betrothed lady we'll profit here
right well:
I'm glad, upon my honour, this plighting
e'er befell."

2168

2173

They bade their folk then hasten to where
their arms were found, —
Haply it were a helmet, or else a buckler
round, —
Whate'er it was they wanted, their
servants brought the same.
Ere long the baleful tidings to the proud
exiles came.

"I know not what doth cheer you," the
minstrel² answer made:
"When saw you e'er for friendship so
many knights array'd,
With fasten'd helmets marching, and
bearing sword in hand?
By us will Rüdeger pay for his castles and
his land."

¹ Rüdeger's land.

² Volker, the famous fighting minstrel.

2174

E'en as the fiddle-player of speaking made
 an end,
 One saw the noble Rüdeger before the
 palace wend.
 His goodly shield he lower'd and set be-
 fore his feet:
 He could not offer service, his friends he
 might not greet.

2179

"Too late dost thou forswear us," the
 great king answer made;
 "Thou, Rüdeger most noble, by God
 shalt be repaid
 For all the love and fealty that thou to
 us hast shown, —
 If thou wilt in thy kindness still to the
 end go on.

2175

10

2180

Then cried the noble margrave to those
 within the hall:
 "Be on your guard, I warn you, ye valiant
 Niblungs all!
 Ye should have had my succour, now 15
 must ye ransom me;
 Once were we friends; now will I be from
 the troth-pledge free."

"And we'll be aye beholden, for all that
 thou didst give,
 Myself and eke my kinsfolk, if thou'lt
 but let us live;
 Those precious gifts thou gavest, what
 time, in good faith, here
 To Etzel's land thou ledst us: think of it,
 Rüdeger!"

2176

2181

They shudder'd at these tidings, those 20
 sorely troubled men;
 For them but little comfort there was
 therefrom to gain,
 Since he would fight against them whom
 they had held so dear!
 From foes they had already had mickle
 ills to bear.

"How gladly would I do it," said Rüdeger
 the thane;
 "As willingly at this time as ever I was
 fain
 My gifts in full abundance upon you to
 bestow;
 No blame should I thereover e'er need to
 undergo."

2177

2182

"Now grant it, God in Heaven," the war-
 rior Gunther said;
 "That you will let your pity be movéd to
 our aid,
 And that abounding honour which hope
 unto us gave;
 Much liefer would I trust you thus never 35
 to behave."

"Then have thy way," said Gernot,¹
 "O noble Rüdeger!
 For never yet to strangers a welcome
 kindlier
 By any host was bidden than thou to us
 didst give:
 Of that thou hast the profit if we should
 longer live."

2178

2183

"I can in nowise help it," the brave man
 said thereto;
 "In battle I must meet you, since so I 40
 swore to do.
 Now guard yourselves, bold heroes, as
 ye your lives hold dear:
 From me the wife of Etzel would no re-
 fusal hear."

"Would God, most noble Gernot," said
 Rüdeger again,
 "That ye were back in Rhineland, and I
 myself were slain
 With some degree of honour, — since I
 with you must fight!
 From friends have heroes never suffer'd
 45 such foul despoite."

¹ Brother of Kriemhild.

- 2184
 "Now God reward thee, Rüdeger," spake
 Gernot in reply,
 "For those rich gifts thou gavest: I grieve 5
 that thou shouldst die
 If with thee there must perish a mind so
 virtuous too; —
 Here carry I the weapon thou gavest me,
 hero true!
- 2185
 "And never hath it fail'd me in all this
 struggle dread,
 And many a knight hath fallen, beneath 15
 its edges, dead.
 Strong is it and well-temper'd, a good and
 handsome blade;
 I ween a gift so worthy by knight will
 ne'er be made.
- 2186
 "And should we not persuade thee to
 come unto our side,
 If friends of mine thou slayest who still 25
 within abide,
 With thine own sword I'll smite thee and
 take away thy life:
 Thee, Rüdeger, I pity, and eke thy noble
 wife."
- 2187
 "Now would to God, Sir Gernot, that
 thus it e'en might be,
 That all your will and purpose might be 35
 fulfill'd on me,
 Whereby your kinsmen longer might yet
 enjoy their life!
 Ay! gladly would I trust you with daugh-
 ter and with wife."
- 2188
 Then spake the young Burgundian, the
 child of Uté fair:
 "Why do you thus, Sir Rüdeger? All 45
 these who with me are
 To you are well-disposéd; an evil course
 you take;
 Your daughter fair too early a widow you
 will make.
- 2189
 "If you and your retainers in strife con-
 tend with me,
- How grievously unfriendly will that ap-
 pear to be!
 In that beyond all others my faith in you
 I laid,—
 5 In such wise that your daughter my wife
 I would have made."
- 2190
 "Unto your pledge be faithful, O prince
 of noble race,"
 Said Rüdeger, "if haply God send you
 from this place;
 Suffer not that the maiden for me atone-
 ment make;
 15 Be pitiful towards her, for your own vir-
 tue's sake."
- 2191
 "That would I do right gladly," young
 Giseler replied:
 "But these my high-born kinsmen who
 still are here inside,
 If they at your hands perish, the friend-
 ship firmly knit
 25 With you and eke your daughter by me
 must be acquit."
- 2192
 "Then God have mercy on us!" the gal-
 lant warrior spake.
 Thereon they raised their bucklers, as
 though a way to make,
 By force, unto the strangers within
 Kriemhilda's hall.
 30 Then loudly from the stairway was Hagen
 heard to call:
- 2193
 "Now for a while yet tarry, most noble
 Rüdeger";
 40 Such were the words of Hagen: "we
 would again confer,—
 Myself and eke my masters,— forced by
 necessity:
 45 How will it profit Etzel if we poor exiles
 die?"
- 2194
 "I am in grievous trouble," yet Hagen
 said, "the shield
 50 That Lady Gotelinda gave me as mine to
 wield,
 The Huns for me have batter'd and
 hack'd it out of hand:

In friendliness I brought it unto King
Etzel's land.

2200

2195

"If so be God in heaven would grant me
of His grace
To hold as good a buckler once more be-
fore my face,
As that which thou dost handle, right
noble Rüdiger,
No longer in the combat need I a hauberk
wear."

"Woe's me for this betiding!" said Hagen
yet again:

5 "We've had to bear already so great a
load of pain,
Must we with friends be striving? Now
God our refuge be!"
Then made the margrave answer: "It
grieves me bitterly."

2201

2196

Right gladly would I serve thee as
touching this my shield,
Durst I make thee the offer in spite of
Dame Kriemhild.
But do thou take it, Hagen, and bear it
on thine hand;
Ay! what if thou shouldst bring it to thy
Burgundian land!"

"Your gift I'll now requite you, most
noble Rüdiger,—

15 Howe'er these high-born warriors them-
selves towards you bear,—
To wit that here in battle you ne'er shall
feel my hand,
Though all by you should perish of the
Burgundian land."

2202

2197

When he to give the buckler so readily
agreed,
Then were there eyes in plenty that with
hot tears were red.
Of gifts it was the latest that unto warrior
e'er
By Rüdiger was given, the lord of Beche-
lar.

In courtly wise he bent him, the worthy
Rüdiger;

25 On all sides they were weeping that such
heart-sorrows were
By no one to be mended:— a dread
necessity!
The father of all virtues in Rüdiger would
die.

2203

2198

How fierce soe'er was Hagen, however
hard in mood,
Yet stirr'd that gift his pity, with which
the warrior good,
So nigh to his last moments, had freely
him endow'd;
And with him fell to weeping full many
a chieftain proud.

Then from the house-door speaking the
minstrel Volker said:

35 "Since my companion Hagen a truce with
you has made,
To you I also promise safe-conduct from
my hand;
For well have you deserved it since came
we to the land.

2204

2199

"Now God in Heaven reward thee, most
noble Rüdiger;
The like of thee will never be met with
anywhere,
Who unto exiled warriors so royally dost
give:
God grant that all thy virtue for evermore
may live."

"You must, most noble margrave, be
messenger of mine.

45 These ruddy golden armlets gave me the
margravine,
That I should surely wear them here at
the revelry:
You must yourself behold them and wit-
ness bear for me."

2205

"Would God in Heaven allow it," then
answer'd Rüdeger,
"The margravine should give you still
more of such to wear!
Unto my wife your message right gladly
will I give —
Thereof be ye not doubtful — if I to see
her live."

2210

Many the swift strokes also the weary
warriors spent
On him of Bechelaren, that straight and
surely went
Right through the bright mail armour,
nigh to the very life;
And glorious deeds of daring achieved
they in that strife.

2206

10

2211

And even whilst he promised, his buckler
Rüdeger
Raised: and in mood of madness no
longer could forbear,
But rush'd upon the strangers, — a very
warrior now;
And fast the mighty margrave dealt
round him many a blow.

When Rüdeger's noble comrades within
had made their way,
Volker along with Hagen rush'd swiftly
to the fray:
They gave to no one quarter, save to that
single man.
The blood through helmets, shatter'd by
hands of either, ran.

2207

2212

Aloof together standing Volker and
Hagen stay'd,
According to the promise the warriors
twain had made.
Yet more, as gallant, found he waiting
beside the door;
Whence Rüdeger the battle began with
trouble sore.

How grimly in that chamber the clang
of swords uprose,
And many of the shield-plates sprang off
beneath their blows;
The jewels hack'd from off them fell on
the bloody floor.
In such grim humour fought they as
might be never more.

2208

2213

With murderous intention he was allow'd
therein
By Gunther and by Gernot, who heroes
should have been.
But Giselher aside stood, so great his
sorrows were; —
For life he hoped, and therefore avoided
Rüdeger.

The lord of Bechelaren went up and down
the hall,
As one who might in battle by strength
accomplish all.
By Rüdeger's achievements that day it
might be told
He was indeed a warrior, right praise-
worthy and bold.

2209

2214

Anon the margrave's liegemen rush'd
forth upon the foe;
Like warriors true one saw them after
their leader go;
They bore their keen-edged weapons
ready in hand to wield,
And many a helm they shatter'd and
many a noble shield.

Here also stood those warriors Gunther
and Gernot too,
Who in the stress of battle full many a
hero slew;
And Giselher and Dankwart, — the
twain reck'd not for aught, —
And so full many a warrior unto his last
day brought.

2215

Well Rüdiger bore witness that he was
 strong enow,
 And brave, with proven armour; what
 heroes laid he low!
 'Twas seen by a Burgundian: wrath
 strove within him deep.
 On Rüdiger the noble then death began
 to creep.

2220

Aloft the gift of Rüdiger in hand he
 swung: and though
 His own wound, too, was deadly, he dealt
 5 on him a blow
 Right through his stalwart buckler unto
 his helmet's slot.
 The fair Gotlinda's husband fell dead
 upon the spot.

2216

10

Stout Gernot 'twas, who loudly the hero
 challenged then.
 He cried unto the margrave: "Wilt thou
 of all my men
 Not one unscathed leave me, most noble
 Rüdiger?
 It moves me beyond measure; the sight
 I cannot bear.

2221

In sooth a gift so precious was worse
 requited ne'er;
 The two fell slain together, Gernot and
 Rüdiger,
 15 Like-fated in the combat, each by the
 other's stroke.
 When this great loss to Hagen was known,
 his wrath outbroke.

2217

2222

"Now lo! the gift you gave me to your
 own ruin tends,
 Since you have taken from me so many
 of my friends.
 Now turn towards me hither, thou noble,
 gallant man,
 I'll make your gift avail me with all the
 skill I can."

Thus spake the Tronian hero¹: "In evil
 plight are we!
 In these two have we suffer'd so great an
 injury
 As ne'er can be o'ertided by peoples or
 25 by lands;
 Now hold we Rüdiger's chieftains as bail
 in luckless hands."

2218

2223

Or ever that the margrave had won his
 way to him,
 30 Mail coats that erst were shining must
 needs be spoilt and dim.
 Then either at the other, thirsting for
 honour, ran;
 And each to guard his body from deadly
 35 wounds began.

"Woe on me for my brother, who here in
 death doth lie!
 How cometh, every moment, some tale
 of misery!
 And I must mourn for ever the noble
 Rüdiger:
 The loss to me is double, and grievous
 'tis to bear."

2219

2224

Yet smote their swords so keenly, against
 them all was vain.
 And then was Gernot stricken by Rüdiger
 40 the thane
 Athwart his flint-like helmet, till down-
 ward flow'd the blood;
 All in a trice repaid him that gallant
 knight and good.

So Giselher, beholding his lady's father
 dead: —
 And they who still were living a grievous
 reckoning paid,
 Death fell upon them sorely seeking to
 take his own;
 Of them from Bechelaren there lived ere
 45 long not one.

¹ Hagen came from Tronje, in the North.

2225

Now Giseler and Gunther and with
them Hagen too,
Dankwart and Volker also, — all warriors
good and true, —
Came forward all together, to where the
twain were laid:
Then was there by the heroes great
lamentation made.

2230

"Not so, alas! the story, most noble
queen, I rede;
And, dare I charge with falsehood a dame
so nobly bred,
Thee, devilishly lying of Rūdeger, I
heard;
For he and his companions from peace
have sorely err'd.

2226

"Death sorely us despoileth," spake the
lad Giseler:
"But make an end of weeping, and get
we to the air
To cool our mail-clad bodies, worn as we
are with strife;
Here God, I ween, will grant us but
scanty spell of life."

10

2231

"That which the king commanded he did
so zealously,
That he and all his people dead in yon
chamber lie.
Now cast about, Kriemhilda, on errands
whom to send!
For Rūdeger the hero hath served thee to
the end.

2227

Some sitting, others leaning, one saw
there many a thane.
They once again were idle: and round
about them, slain,
Lay Rūdeger's companions. The uproar
all was laid.
So long the silence lasted, that Etzel
grew afraid.

20

2232

"And wilt thou not believe me, see it thou
shalt anon!"
And to her heartfelt sorrow so was it
straightway done:
They bore the mangled hero before the
king and queen.
The thanes of Etzel never so sad a sight
had seen.

2228

"Woe on me for such service!" then spake
the royal wife:
"These folk are not so trusty that on our
foeman's life
Shall vengeance due be taken by Rūde-
ger's command:
He means to take them safely back to
Burgundian land.

30

2233

When they beheld the margrave thus
borne before them dead,
No penman could have written, nor
elsewise could be said,
How manifold the mourning of women
and of men,
Who one and all bore witness unto their
heart-felt pain.

2229

"What boots it us, King Etzel, that we
with him and his
Have shared whate'er he wanted? The
chief hath done amiss:
He who should wreak our vengeance
doth wish a peace to gain."
Thereunto answer'd Volker, the all-
accomplish'd thane:

40

2234

The sorrowing of Etzel so great was, that
the noise
Was even as a lion's, — the mighty king
his voice
So lifted in his anguish: eke mourn'd his
wife no less:
Good Rūdeger bewail'd they with utmost
bitterness.

45

SPANISH

THE POEM OF THE CID

(ca. 1200)

The first real literary document in Spanish is the *Poem of the Cid*, a heroic narrative poem about three thousand lines in length. It deals with the adventures of the national hero Rodrigo Diaz (known as the Cid Campeador), who became famous in the wars between the Christians and the Moors. The Cid, a widely known traditional character, unlike most epic heroes actually existed. He was a landed baron in the northwest part of Spain and lived in the last half of the eleventh century. His name of the Cid Campeador is said to have been given him because he was so often acknowledged as *Seid* (Lord) by the Moorish nobles whom he conquered; *Campeador* is the Spanish for Champion. Although the hero himself was a real personage, his adventures are largely fabulous.

The literary character of the poem is simple, heroic, and national. The manners of the chivalric age gleam forth in the midst of epic plainness of literary structure. The meter is rude and undeveloped, the line varying in length between twelve and fourteen syllables. Like the *Chanson de Roland* (q.v.), the verse structure is dependent upon assonance. Rough and undeveloped as it is, it is valuable for its rugged strength, for its striking pictures of contemporary life, and for its vigorous assertion of the ancient virtues of courage and honor.

At the beginning of the story (the first pages of the manuscript are lost) the Cid has just been exiled by his king. He puts his wife and children into sanctuary and departs for the war against the Moors. The first part of the poem relates his successes against the pagans. The Cid then defeats the Count of Barcelona and captures Valencia. He is restored to the favor of the king, and his two daughters are married to the two Counts of Carrion, the most powerful lords of the realm. The marriages later are dissolved because of the misconduct of the husbands, the Cid triumphs over them in a public contest, and the two daughters are affianced to the heirs of Navarre and Aragon. The part given here begins with the Cid's accusation of the Counts of Carrion and continues through to the end. It is especially notable as a spirited account of a mediæval trial by combat.

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King Don Alfonso passed within Toledo,
My Cid Ruy Diaz camped in San Servan.
He bade them candles make and place
upon

The altar. Wish he hath to watch within
This holy spot, in prayer and secret speech
Unto Creator. When the morn had come
Minaya and the other good men there
Were warned. They matins said and
prime till dawn.

The mass was over ere the sun arose,
Their offering complete and fair they
made.

"Minaya Albarfáñez, thou who art
Right arm of mine, ye shall accompany me, 15
And Bishop Don Jerome, Pero Vermudez,
That Muño Gustioz as well shall go,
And Martin Antolinez, noble man
Of Burgos town, and Albar Albarez,
Martin Muñoz, at time propitious born, 20

And Albar Salvadorez go as well,
And Felez Muñoz too, my nephew he.
With me shall go Mal Anda, wise is he;
Galin García, good man of Aragon.

5 With these, they fill the number of five
score
From good men present; wearing gambes-
sons,¹

More easily to bear the weight of arms.
10 Beneath, cuirasses brilliant as the sun,
And o'er cuirasses ermines and pelisses,
And, that the arms show not, well-drawn
the cords.

Beneath the cloaks the trenchant swords
and keen.

In such a guise I wish to seek the court,
To say my say and my deserts demand.
If Lords of Carrion plan evil act,
With such an hundred shall I fearless
be."

¹ A sort of long shirt worn under the armor.

They all made answer: "Liege, 'tis thus
we wish."

As he hath bidden do they all prepare.
Naught stays the one on hour propitious
born.

In hose of goodly stuff his limbs he clad,
And over them shoes most ornate. A
shirt

Of linen fine, as white as is the sun;
The fastenings, with gold and silver all:
Bound fast upon the wrist, for so he bade.
Above the shirt a tunic rich he wore
Of ciclaton¹; with gold 'twas wrought, and
all

Appeared to be of gold. And over this
A scarlet skin, the edges are of gold;
My Cid the Campeador he wore it aye.
A noble scarlet coif upon his hair.

And it is wrought with gold, for this 'tis
made

That might the hair of good Cid Campea-
dor

Be never cut away. His beard was long,
He bound it with a cord; and that he did
That might he all his person keep secure
Beneath, he wore a cloak of greatest worth:
In this, all present found whereon to gaze.
With that five score he ordered to prepare,
He quickly mounts and goes from San
Servan.

Thus unto court My Cid departs prepared.
He would dismount beside the outer gate.
With circumspection passed My Cid
within,

With all his men, and seeks the midst of all,
And round about him stand his hundred
men.

When they the man on hour propitious
born

Beheld arrive, good King Alfonso rose
And Count Don Anrrich, Count Don
Raymond too,

And, know ye, thereupon all others rose.
With greatest honor they receive the man
On hour propitious born. But was no wish
In Crespo de Granon to rise, nor all
The party of the Lords of Carrion.

The king addressed the Cid: "Sir Cam-
peador,

Come hither, on the seat ye gave to me.
Though some it grieve, ye better are than
we."

Thereon the man who gained Valencia
Gave many thanks: "Rest thou upon thy
seat

As king and liege, and here will I remain
5 With all of these, my men." What said
the Cid

Right heartily it pleased the king.
Thereon

Upon a fair-wrought seat My Cid reposed.
10 The hundred men who guard him stood
about.

All gaze upon My Cid within the court,
Upon his beard so long and bound with
cord.

15 He truly in his trappings seems a man!
For very shame the Lords of Carrion
Dared not regard him. Rose good King
Alfonso:

"Hark me, my men, so help you the
20 Creator!

Since I was king but twice I called my
court:

In Burgos one, the other Carrion;
This third to-day I come to hold within
25 Toledo. For the love I bear My Cid,
The one who on propitious hour was born,
That right he have of Lords of Carrion.
We all are 'ware great wrong they bore to
him.

30 Count Anrrich and Count Raymond judge
herein,

And ye, the other counts, who join them
not.

Thereto attend ye all, for are ye wise,
35 To find the right, for wrong I order not.
In each division be there peace this day.
And do I by Saint Isidor make oath
That, whosoever shall disturb my court,
My kingdom shall he leave and lose my
love.

Whose cause is just I favor. Let My Cid
The Campeador demand and shall we
learn

The answer of the Lords of Carrion."
My Cid arose and kissed the royal hand:
45 "Great thanks I render you as king and
liege,

Wherein ye called this court through love
of me.

50 Of Lords of Carrion this thing I seek;
Not mine the shame that they my daugh-
ters left.

¹ Silk or other rich stuff.

For did ye wed them, king, and will ye
 know
 What thing this day to do. But when
 they took
 My daughters from Valencia the great
 I loved them well of heart and soul, and
 gave
 Two swords to them, Colada and Tizon —
 In manly guise I gained them — that they
 earn
 Honor with them and service render you.
 When they in Corpes' oaken forest left
 My daughters twain, they nothing sought
 of me
 And lost my love. Return my swords to
 me,
 Since are they sons-in-law of mine no
 more."
 The judges grant it: "All of this is just."
 Count Don Garcia said: "We'll speak on
 this."
 The Lords of Carrion then drew apart
 With all their kin and party present there.
 They soon discuss the thing and all agree:
 "Still unto us Çid Campeador doth show
 Great love, wherein this day he seeketh
 not
 The payment for his daughters' shame
 from us.
 And will we place us well with King Al-
 fonso:
 Give back his swords, since there his seek-
 ing ends.
 He having them, the court will go. Nor
 more
 Of us Çid Campeador shall justice gain."
 Upon that word again they sought the
 court:
 "Now, King Alfonso, grace; our liege are
 ye.
 We may deny it not, two swords he gave
 us.
 And since he asks for these and wishes
 them,
 Before you here we'd give them back to
 him."
 They drew the swords Colada and Tizon
 And placed in hands of their liege lord the
 king.

He drew the swords, the court was lighted
 all.
 The pommels¹ and the quillons² all were
 gold.
 5 Then marvelled all the good men in the
 court.
 He took the swords, the king's hand kissed,
 and turned,
 And sought once more the seat from
 whence he rose.
 10 He held them in his hands and gazed on
 both;
 Nor might they change them; knew them
 well the Çid.
 15 His body all rejoiced, and did he smile
 With all his heart. He raised his hand
 aloft
 And grasped his beard: "By this beard
 man ne'er plucked,
 20 Avenged Dame Sol and Dame Elvira
 thus."
 By name he called his nephew; then he
 stretched
 His arm and gave to him the sword Tizon.
 25 "Take, nephew, this, for gains it better
 lord."
 He reached and gave to Martin Antolinez,
 The noble burgales,³ the sword Colada.
 "My noble vassal, Martin Antolinez,
 Colada take, from worthy lord I gained it,
 'Twas from the Count Don Raymond
 Verengel
 Of mighty Barcelona; unto you
 I give to guard it well. If chance befall,
 35 I know with that great prize and fame
 were yours."
 He kissed his hand, the sword accepting
 took;
 Right soon arose My Çid the Campeador:
 40 "Grace to Creator and to you, liege king,
 Now of my swords Colada and Tizon
 I satisfaction have. Yet other cause
 Have I against the Lords of Carrion.
 When from Valencia my daughters twain
 They led, in gold and silver gave I them
 Three thousand silver marks. While this
 I did
 They yet their deed performed. Give
 back my wealth,

¹ The knobs on the hilts of swords.

² Arms of the cross guards of the swords.

³ Citizen of Burgos. The Çid was born near Burgos, and it is there that the remains of the hero and his wife are preserved.

Since they no more are sons-in-law of mine."
 Here had ye seen the Lords of Carrion
 Complain. Count Raymond cried: "Say
 yes or no."
 Then spake the Lords of Carrion: "We
 gave
 Çid Campeador his swords that naught
 beyond
 He ask of us and there the matter end. 10
 An't please the king 'tis thus that we
 reply."
 The king said: "Must ye meet the Çid's
 demands."
 And said the good king: "Thus do I or- 15
 dain."
 Spake Albarfañez: "Rise, Çid Campea-
 dor!"
 "That wealth I gave return, or make ac-
 count."
 Then drew the Lords of Carrion apart.
 Nor in their talk agree, for great the
 wealth;
 The Lords of Carrion have spent it all.
 They this decision brought and spake 25
 their wish:
 "Who gained Valencia doth press us hard.
 Since wealth he seeks from us, we needs
 must pay
 With property in lands of Carrion." 30
 When this was shown the judges made
 reply:
 "That do we not forbid, an't please the
 Çid;
 But thus, upon our judgment, we com- 35
 mand:
 That here, within the court, ye payment
 make."
 Upon these words King Don Alfonso spake:
 "Çid Campeador seeks justice well we 40
 know.
 Of these three thousand marks have I
 two hundred,
 Received from those two Lords of Carrion.
 Are all prepared, I wish to give them 45
 back.
 Unto My Çid, on hour propitious born,
 Let them be given. Since must they ren-
 der them,
 I wish them not." Fernan Gonzalez 50
 spake:
 "No coin have we." Count Raymond
 then replied:

"Now have ye spent the gold and silver
 all.
 'Fore King Alfonso thus do we ordain:
 That they shall pay a fair equivalent
 5 And that the Campeador accept the
 same."
 Now did the Lords of Carrion perceive
 It must be done. Ye had beheld them
 bring
 10 Fleet steeds in number, many sturdy
 mules,
 And palfreys and full store of goodly
 swords
 Equipped in full. My Çid accepted all
 Upon their valuation in the court.
 O'er that two hundred marks of King Al-
 fonso
 The lords paid him on hour propitious
 born.
 20 Their own sufficing not, they borrowed it.
 Know ye, ill served they 'scaped from this
 affair.
 My Çid accepted these equivalents.
 His men received them and will give them
 care.
 25 This done, full soon to other thought they
 came.
 "Oh, Lord King, grace, for love of charity!
 The chief complaint, it may not be forgot.
 Attend me all this court and grieve ye all
 30 With my affliction. Lords of Carrion,
 Who dire dishonor brought me, will I not
 Permit that short of challenge they escape.
 Speak, Lords, and say wherein I did ye
 35 harm,
 In jest or earnest, or what way soe'er;
 I'll make amends as shall the court decide.
 Why stripped ye bare my heart? I gave
 to you
 40 My daughters, when ye left Valencia,
 With honor very high and riches great.
 Dogs, traitors, since ye wished for them no
 more,
 Why take them from Valencia their fief?
 45 And wherefore struck ye them with girths
 and spurs?
 Alone ye left them in the oaken wood
 Of Corpes, to the wild beasts and the birds
 That haunt the mountain. 'Tis yourselves
 that stand,
 In what ye did to them, the less in worth.
 An ye redress me not, this court attend it."
 Then rose upon his feet Count Don Garcia.

"Grace now, O king, in all of Spain the best!

Here stands My Cid, announced before this court.

His beard he lets to grow and wears it long. With wonder some are filled and some with fear.

The Lords of Carrion are such by birth, For concubines they should not wish his daughters.

As wives and equals who had thought to give?

Deserting them they acted in their right. We naught esteem what thing soe'er he saith."

The Campeador laid hand upon his beard. "My thanks to God who heaven and earth commands.

'Tis long, for, while it grew, 'twas cared for well.

What moves you, Count, to thus attack my beard?

For since it grew it every care received.

Ne'er son of woman born laid hand thereon,

Nor ever plucked it Christian's son nor Moor's,

As I did yours in Cabra's castle, Count, When took I Cabra and you by your beard,

No boy was there but plucked a thumb's length forth,

Not yet the part I plucked hath even grown."

Fernan Gonzalez rose upon his feet.

With voice uplifted, hear the word he spake:

"Now leave ye, Cid, this talk. For are ye now

Of wealth and all content. Let quarrel not arise 'tween you and us. For we by birth Are Counts of Carrion, 'twere ours to wed Daughters of kings or emperors; for us Daughters of Infanzones¹ ne'er were meet.

And have we done the right in leaving them.

Know ye, we more, not less, esteem ourselves."

My Cid Ruy Diaz gazed on Pero Vermudez:

"Dumb Peter speak, thou ever silent man!

¹ Lower nobility.

My daughters and your cousins-german they.

To me they speak, upon your ears it falls. An I reply, ye may not arms assume."

5 Pero Vermudez then began to speak.

His speech was halting and unable he To reason, yet, when once he had begun, Know ye, not any rest he took therein:

"Cid, will I say to you your ways are 10 strange;

In cortes,² aye, Dumb Peter call ye me.

Ye well are 'ware that I can do no more.

Whate'er be mine to do lacks not through me.

15 Ye lie, Fernando, lie in all ye spake.

For great your honor, through the Campeador.

And I your evil ways will tell. Recall, When near Valencia the great, we fought,

20 First blows ye begged the loyal Campeador.

Ye saw a Moor and forth to try him went, But ere ye gained him turned about in flight.

25 Had I not charged the Moor, he ill had served you.

I took your place and fought against the Moor.

The blows that first I dealt him conquered 30 him.

I gave his horse to you, and hid the thing. Unto this day to none discovered it.

And might ye boast before My Cid and all That ye had slain a Moor and that ye did

35 A feat of arms. They all believed it true, But knew they not the truth, and are ye fair

But cowardly. Thou tongue devoid of hands,

40 How dare ye talk? Fernando, speak and grant

The justice of my words. Recall ye not The lion story in Valencia,

When slept My Cid and broke the lion 45 loose?

And thou, Fernando, what, with fear, didst thou?

Didst hide thyself behind the couch where slept

50 My Cid the Campeador; didst hide thyself, Fernando, whence to-day your worth is less.

² Court, meeting, assembly.

About the couch we drew to guard our
 liege,
 Until awoke My Cid, the man who gained
 Valencia. He from the couch arose
 And toward the lion went. The lion bowed
 His head, and did await My Cid, and let
 Him seize his neck; he placed him in the
 cage.
 When turned him back the goodly Cam-
 peador,
 His vassals round about him he beheld.
 Inquiry for his sons-in-law he made,
 But neither found. For evil one and
 traitor
 Do I defy thy body here before
 King Don Alfonso. Daughters of the
 Cid,
 Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, as to them,
 In that ye left them is your worth the less,
 For they but women are and ye are men: 20
 In every guise their worth is more than
 yours.
 An't please Creator, when the fight is
 come,
 In traitor guise ye shall acknowledge it. 25
 I'll prove the truth of all that I have said."
 Of these two now the talking came to
 end.
 Attend the words Diego Gonzalez spake:
 "By birth are we of counts of purest blood. 30
 These marriages were all unsuitable,
 Wherein we did accept as father-in-law
 My Cid Don Roderick. And that we left
 His daughters do we still repent us not.
 While living let them sigh! For what to 35
 them
 We did they will forever be reproached;
 On this I'll fight the most courageous one,
 That through deserting them we honored
 are."
 Rose Martin Antolinez to his feet.
 "Silence, ye false one, mouth that knows
 not truth!
 Shouldst not forget the story of the lion.
 Didst through the portal fly and place 45
 thyself
 Within the court, didst go to hide behind
 The wine-press beam, but ne'er again didst
 wear
 Thy cloak nor tunic. Will I fight thereon, 50
 Nor shall it otherwise befall. What cause
 Hath made ye leave the daughters of the
 Cid?
 Know ye their worth is greater than your
 own
 In every way. When ye the fight desert
 Thy mouth shall say it, that ye are a
 5 traitor,
 And lied in whatsoever ye have said."
 Here talk about these two was brought to
 end.
 Asur Gonzalez in the palace came,
 10 Trailing a tunic and an ermine cloak.
 All flushed he came, for had he broken
 fast.
 He little did attend whereof he spake:
 "Now, men, whoe'er such evil thing be-
 held?
 15 Who'll bring us information of My Cid,
 He of Bivar? How hath he sought the
 stream
 Of Obierna, there to drive his mills
 And take his miller's dues, as was his
 wont?
 Who led him to contract these marriages
 With those of Carrion?" Then to his feet
 Rose Muño Gustioz: "Thou treacherous
 one,
 Thou evil man and traitor, hold thy peace!
 Ye breakfast ere ye pray; to those ye give
 Your salutation, do ye all disgust;
 Nor do ye speak the truth to friend or
 20 liege,
 To all men false, and more to the Creator.
 No sharing in your friendship I desire.
 I'll make ye grant that are ye what I say."
 Said King Alfonso: "Cease ye now this
 talk.
 Those who defied shall fight, else God de-
 fend."
 Now as this talking to an end was brought,
 Behold there came two knights within the
 40 court.
 The one was called Oiarra, and the other
 Ynego Ximenez. And the one,
 The Infant of Navarre, and was the other
 Infant of Aragon. And did they kiss
 King Don Alfonso's hands, and did they
 ask
 His daughters of My Cid the Campeador
 For queens of Aragon and of Navarre,
 That be they honorably given them,
 And blessed. And thereupon the court
 was still.
 All harkened. Rose My Cid the Cam-
 peador:

"Grace, King Alfonso, are ye liege of mine!
 For this I render the Creator thanks,
 Since from Navarre and Aragon they ask
 My daughters. You before in marriage
 gave,
 For 'twas not I. Behold, my daughters
 are
 Within your hands. And lest you bid me
 so,
 I naught will do." The king arose; he
 bade
 The court be silent: "I desire you, Cid,
 Most worthy Campeador, that you be
 pleased,
 And I will grant it, that this wedding be
 Within this court accomplished on this
 day.
 Thereon your honor grows and lands and
 fief."
 My Cid arose; the king's hands did he
 kiss:
 "Since that is your desire, I yield it, liege."
 Then said the king: "God give ye guerdon
 thence!
 Oiarra, and you, Ynego Ximenez,
 This marriage do I grant it unto you:
 The ladies Dame Elvira and Dame Sol,
 The daughters of My Cid, unto the Lords
 Of Aragon and of Navarre be given
 To you in blessed wedlock honorable."
 Oiarra rose with Ynego Ximenez.
 King Don Alfonso's hands they kissed, and
 then
 My Cid the Campeador's. They pledged
 their faith,
 The oaths are given, that as thus 'twas said
 It so befall, or better e'en than that.
 Of all that court it many satisfied,
 But did it not the Lords of Carrion.
 Minaya Albarfañez rose: "I beg
 Your grace, as king and liege, and may this
 not
 Cid Campeador displease. Full leisure I
 Have given unto you through all this
 court.
 Now would I tell you something of my
 own."
 The king replied: "Right glad am I
 thereof.
 Minaya, speak what thing soe'er thou
 wish."
 "I pray you that you hear me all the
 court;

For high is my resentment 'gainst the
 Lords
 Of Carrion. My cousins gave I them,
 By King Alfonso's order. They received
 5 them
 With blessing and with honor. Great the
 wealth
 My Cid the Campeador on them be-
 stowed.
 And have they, to our grief, deserted them.
 As evil men and traitors I defy
 Their bodies. They by nature are of those
 Of Vanigomez, whence came counts of
 worth
 15 And valor; but full well we know their
 ways!
 For this I thank Creator, since the Lords
 Of Aragon and of Navarre demand
 Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, cousins mine.
 Ere this ye deemed them equals to be held
 Within your arms, but now their hands
 ye'll kiss,
 And needs must call them ladies, and
 must serve them,
 25 Though it be grievous unto ye. My thanks
 To God in heaven, and that King Don
 Alfonso,
 My Cid the Campeador in honor thus
 Increaseth! Such a man as I have named,
 30 In every guise ye are. If one there be
 To answer make or to deny the thing,
 I, Albarfañez, am in all his better."
 Gomez Pelayet thereupon arose:
 "Of what avail, Minaya, all this talk?
 35 For in this court are quite enough for you:
 Whoso would else desire 'twould be his
 death.
 God will, an forth from this unscathed we
 come,
 40 Ye after shall perceive ye spake not truth."
 The king: "Now cease the talking. None
 thereon
 Another word address. At morrow morn,
 When cometh forth the sun, be then the
 45 fight
 Between these three 'gainst three in court
 defied."
 Then soon outspake the Lords of Carrion:
 "King, grant us time, it may not be to-
 morrow;
 For those who service bear the Campeador
 Have arms and horses, needs we first
 must go

To lands of Carrion." The king addressed
The Campeador: "Wherever you ordain,
Be there the fight." Thereon My Cid
replied:

"I will not so, my liege, for I esteem
Valencia more than lands of Carrion."
And thereupon the king an answer made:
"Content ye, Campeador, and give to me
Your knights and all equipments; leave
with me,

And I will guardian be. I guarantee it,
As vassal good to liege; they'll ne'er be
harmed

By count nor infanzon. Hereon within
My court a time I set: at three weeks
hence,

Let them engage before me, on the plains
Of Carrion, and whoso fail to come
Upon the time agreed this cause shall lose
And thence as conquered and a traitor go." 20
That judgment took the Lords of Carrion.
My Cid the king's hands kissed and said:
"My liege,

It pleaseth me. These three knights mine
are now

Within your hands. I hence commend
them you,
As king and liege; to do their part pre-
pared.

For love of the Creator send them back
To me with honor in Valencia."
Thereon replied the king: "God so or-
dain!"

His headgear then Cid Campeador re-
moved,—

The linen coif was white as sun,— his
beard

He freed, its cord he loosened. All in
court

With look that never tired did gaze on 40
him.

Straightway to him the Count Don
Anrrich came,

And Count Don Raymond. Well em-
braced he them,

And begged them heartily that from his
wealth

They take whate'er they would. Both
these and others

Amongst the fitting ones, he begged them 50
all

To take as they desired. Now some there
were

Who took thereof, but others who took
naught.

The twice an hundred marks he left the
king;

5 And of the rest the king took what he
pleased.

"For love of the Creator, king, I beg
Your grace! Since all these things are
now arranged,

10 With your good grace, liege, do I kiss your
hands,

And would I seek Valencia. I gained
The place with toil." Then raised his
hand the king,

15 And on his face the sign of cross he made.
"Now, by Saint Isidor, he of Leon,

I swear, no man so good in all my lands!"
Straight forward rode My Cid upon his
horse.

20 His liege Alfonso's hand he went to kiss:
"Ye bade me stir my steed, fleet Babieca.
'Mongst Moors or Christians lives there
not his like.

To you as present do I give him, liege.

25 Bid them to take him." Then the king
replied:

"This like I not. An took I him from you,
The steed would not so good a lord possess.
Such steed for such as you were fit to rout,

30 And chase the Moors afield. What man
from you

Would take him may Creator guard him
not,

For by yourself and steed we honored are."

35 Then took they leave, and soon the court
dissolved.

The Campeador full well instructed those
Who were to fight: "Now, Martin An-
tolinez,

40 And you, Pero Vermudez, Muño Gustioz,
Be firm upon the field in manly guise.

Let good word reach me in Valencia

Concerning you." Said Martin Antolinez:

"Liege, wherefore speak ye so? We under-
took

45 This task, and will it be by us fulfilled.
Of dead men may ye hear, but conquered,
no!"

Thereat the one on hour propitious born
Rejoiced and leave he took of all his
friends.

My Cid betook him toward Valencia,
The king to Carrion. But now complete

The three weeks set. Behold the ones
 who serve
 The Campeador at time allotted come.
 They wish to fill the trust their liege hath
 set.
 In power of King Alfonso of Leon
 They stand. Upon the Lords of Carrion
 Two days they waited. Well equipped
 they come,
 Of steeds and trappings, all their kin with 10
 them,
 In hope that those who serve the Cam-
 peador
 They might decoy apart and on the field
 Might slay them, for dishonor to their lord. 15
 The scheme was ill, but fell there naught
 beyond,
 For much they feared Alfonso of Leon.
 They watched their arms by night and
 prayed Creator.
 The night has passed, already breaks the 20
 dawn.
 There gathered many goodly men and rich
 This fight to see, for pleased they were
 thereof.
 And more than all the rest, King Don Al-
 fonso
 To seek the right and not permit the
 wrong.
 The men who service bear the Campeador 30
 Now don their arms and all the three
 accord,
 For theirs a single liege. On other spot,
 The Lords of Carrion equip themselves.
 The Count Garciordoñez counselled them. 35
 They make a plea and told the King Al-
 fonso:
 That in the battle might not bear a part,
 And those who serve the Campeador use
 not,
 The trenchant blades Colada and Tizon.
 The lords repented sore they gave them
 up.
 They told the king, but would he grant it
 not:
 "When held we court ye did not any take.
 And if ye good ones have they'll serve ye
 well.
 And 'twere the same for those who service
 bear
 The Campeador. Rise, Lords of Carrion,
 And forth to field. It doth behoove that
 ye

In manner of brave men shall bear the
 fight,
 For naught will lack who serve the Cam-
 peador.
 5 Great honor yours, if well ye leave the
 field,
 And be ye vanquished, make us no com-
 plaint,
 For all men know 'twas ye who sought the
 thing."
 Regretful go the Lords of Carrion.
 They do repent them of the deed they did,
 For all in Carrion they had not done it.
 The three who serve the Campeador are
 armed.
 King Don Alfonso went to look on them.
 Thus spake the men who serve the Cam-
 peador:
 "As unto king and liege we kiss your
 hands,
 20 That ye to-day be judge 'tween them and
 us.
 Lend us your aid in justice, not in wrong.
 The Lords of Carrion have here their
 friends.
 25 We know not what they plan or do not
 plan.
 Unto your charge our liege confided us;
 For love of the Creator guard our right."
 Thereon the king replied: "With heart
 and soul."
 They lead to them the goodly steeds, and
 swift
 Upon their saddles sign of cross they made
 35 And boldly mount their steeds; they wear
 their shields
 Upon their necks, and bossed right well
 are they.
 Grasp keen-tipped shafts; these lances
 40 three have each
 A pennant; round them many worthy
 men.
 The field where stood the boundaries now
 they sought.
 45 All three who serve the Campeador agreed
 That each of them should well assail his
 foe.
 Behold, upon the other hand the Lords
 Of Carrion, full well accompanied,
 50 For great the number of their relatives.
 The king appointed judges to decide
 The righteous cause, nor any wrong up-
 hold,

That no discussion should between them
 rise
 This way or that. King Don Alfonso
 spake,
 From where on field he stood: "Attend
 my words,
 Ye Lords of Carrion. Ye wished it not,
 Else had ye held this fight within Toledo.
 These three knights of My Cid the Campeador
 I safely brought to lands of Carrion.
 Maintain your right, but seek ye nought
 of wrong,
 For who would do a wrong, in evil guise,
 Will I prevent him; through my realm's
 extent
 No rest for him." The Lords of Carrion
 Are filled with grief. The king and judges
 marked
 The boundaries. All others left the field.
 All six they fully told, that whoso pass
 Outside the boundary was vanquished
 there.
 All those about withdrew, and did they
 stay
 Six lances' lengths beyond the boundary.
 The field by lot is chosen and they place
 them
 Where falls the sunlight fairly. From
 their midst
 The judges go and face to face they stand.
 Then 'gainst the Lords of Carrion ad-
 vanced
 My Cid's men, and the Lords of Carrion
 'Gainst those who serve the Campeador,
 and each
 Attends his foe. Before their hearts they
 hold
 Their shields and lances decked with pen-
 nons all;
 O'er saddle-bows they bow their faces low.
 With spurs they strike their steeds; the
 very earth
 Appeared to quake beneath their onward
 rush;
 And closely each his enemy regards.
 Now all the three with three have joined
 their fight.
 Those round prepared to see them fall in
 death.
 Pero Vermudez, he who first defied,
 Straight facing, with Fernan Gonzalez
 closed.
 Each fearless struck their shields. Fer-
 nan Gonzalez
 5 Pero Vermudez' shield transfixed; he
 struck
 On naught, nor reached the flesh; the
 lance's shaft
 At two points brake. Pero Vermudez
 stood
 10 Right firmly, was he not thereby dis-
 turbed.
 A blow he took, but other blow he dealt.
 The boss upon the shield he burst apart,
 15 And hurled aside. Completely did he
 pierce it,
 And naught availed. Through breast he
 drove the lance,
 For naught protected. Ferdinand was
 clad
 20 In thrice thick cuirass,¹ and it lent him aid.
 Two broke, but held the third. The gam-
 beson,
 Together with the shirt and garniture,²
 25 Within the flesh he drove a hand in depth.
 Whereon the blood came gushing from his
 mouth.
 Then brake his horse's girths, nor one that
 held.
 30 To earth he bore him o'er the horse's croup.
 The people deem him stricken unto death.
 He flung the lance aside and grasped his
 sword.
 When that Fernan Gonzalez saw, he knew
 35 Tizon, nor stayed to feel the blow, but
 cried:
 "I vanquished am!" The judges yield it
 him.
 Pero Vermudez left him. Then with lance
 40 Diego Gonzalez and Martin Antolinez
 Each other struck. Such blows the lances
 brake.
 Then Martin Antolinez grasped his sword,
 So clean and bright it lighted all the field.
 45 A blow he dealt, aslant it fell upon him.
 And from his head he hurled the helm
 aside;
 The fastenings of the helmet all he cut,
 And bore away the hood and reached the
 50 coif.
 Both coif and hood he bore away, and cut

¹ A defensive garment of cloth or leather, stuffed and quilted.² Apparel.

The hair upon his head and reached the
 flesh.
 Part fell to earth; the rest remained upon
 him.
 This blow by fair Colada dealt, perceived
 Diego Gonzalez he'd not 'scape alive.
 He pulled the reins to turn his horse's
 face.
 Then Martin Antolinez did receive him
 With sword. A blow with flat against him
 aimed;
 The edge attained him not. Diego Gon-
 zalez
 Held sword within his hand, but tried it
 not.
 Thereon the lord his voice upraised and
 cried.
 "Now aid me, glorious God! Protect me,
 Sire,
 Against this sword!" He reined his steed
 aside
 To fly the blade, and from the bounds
 escaped.
 Stayed Martin Antolinez on the field.
 Then said the king. "Come join my com-
 pany;
 Your deed this battle won." The judges
 grant
 That truth he spake. They have o'ercome
 the two.
 Now will I tell how Muño Gustioz
 Made with Assur Gonzalez settlement:
 Great blows they dealt upon each other's
 shields.
 Assur Gonzalez, strong and valorous,
 Hath struck the shield of Muño Gustioz,
 Hath pierced the shield and through the
 trappings torn.
 Wild flew the lance, for touched it not the
 flesh.
 That blow accomplished, Muño Gustioz
 Another dealt; it shield and trappings
 pierced.
 The buckle of the shield at midst it brake.
 The trappings yielded, nor defense could
 make.
 Aside he took it, for his heart it failed.
 He plunged the lance and pennon in his
 flesh,
 And drove an arm's length out the other
 side.
 Dire shock he gave him, on his saddle
 dazed.

The lance drawn forth, to earth he hurled
 it down.
 The shaft, both lance and pennon, red
 came forth.
 All present deemed him wounded unto
 death.
 The lance he lowered, standing over him.
 Gonzalo Assurez cried: "For God, strike
 not!
 The field is won." This done, the judges
 spake:
 "We understand it thus." Good King
 Alfonso
 Bade clear the field. He took the arms
 they left.
 Who serve the Campeador with honor
 go.
 Now, by Creator's grace, this fight they
 won.
 Dire sorrow weighs the lands of Carrion.
 By night the king My Çid's attendants
 sent,
 That none attack, nor filled with fear they
 go.
 In manner shrewd by night and day they
 march.
 Together with My Çid the Campeador,
 Behold them in Valencia! They left
 As evil men the Lords of Carrion.
 The task their lord hath set they have ful-
 filled.
 Rejoiced thereof My Çid the Campeador.
 The Lords of Carrion's disgrace is deep.
 Who treateth ill sweet woman and deserts,
 May like befall, or e'en a fate more dire!
 This question of the Lords of Carrion
 Now let us leave; of what they earned
 they grieve.
 But speak of him on hour propitious born.
 High joy is in Valencia the great,
 Because the men who serve the Campeador
 Such high degree of honor have attained.
 Their lord Ruy Diaz grasped his beard:
 "Be praised
 The King of Heaven, my daughters are
 avenged —
 Freed now of heritage in Carrion!
 I will in marriage give them, free of shame,
 Be that to some a pleasing thing or no."
 The ones of Aragon and of Navarre
 Their question urged; Alfonso of Leon
 In talk they held; their weddings there-
 upon

With Dame Elvira and Dame Sol arranged.
 The first were great, these weddings better far;
 The Çid hath wed them higher than before.
 Behold, to him on hour propitious born
 What honor falls! His daughters have become
 The queens of Aragon and of Navarre;
 His relatives to-day are kings of Spain.
 To him on hour propitious born hath come
 In all things honor. From this age he passed

Upon Cinquesma day.¹ Christ pardon him!
 And grant us pardon, just and sinners all!
 5 These are the tales related of My Çid
 The Campeador; and here the story ends.
 God grant who wrote it Paradise, amen!
 The abbot Peter was the man who wrote it
 10 In month of May, and fashioned was the tale
 In era of twelve hundred forty-five.
 Now if ye have not money give us wine.

ITALIAN

DANTE ALIGHIERI

(1265-1321)

Dante was born in Florence of an old and honorable family. His father died when Dante was very young, and the duty of rearing the child fell upon the mother, a person well suited to the task. He was given his early education partly by Brunetto Latini and partly by the schools of his native city; and at the age of thirteen he went to Bologna for more advanced schooling. During the next ten years he led an active and varied life. He became acquainted with musicians and painters, he fought in a civil war, and composed poetry. As he became more prominent in political life, he was given a public office in Florence. At this time the affairs of the city were in a violent commotion caused by two political factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante was drawn into the dispute and in 1302 was exiled. For a time he lived in France. In 1304 the exiles made an attempt to storm the city, but they were unsuccessful; from then on Dante wandered as a refugee from place to place and finally died without being repatriated. The outstanding fact about the life of Dante was the love he bore Beatrice Portinari. The poet saw her only once or twice, and Beatrice probably knew little of him. But the poet's devotion to the ideal he made of her guided his life for thirteen years; and it was the spirit of Beatrice that purified his later years and, in the *Divine Comedy*, revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.

The *Divine Comedy* is an epic poem in one hundred cantos. The introduction takes one canto, and thirty-three are used for each of the three parts, the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise. This poem does not, like the *Iliad* or *Nibelungenlied*, describe great national heroes in conflict; yet it is intimately connected with the national life of Italy. The characters of the Inferno are actual persons, many of whom lived in Italy in Dante's own time. It may be said of the poem that the human soul is the hero, not in a vague allegorical sense, but vividly pictured in the person of the poet himself. The plan of the poem was ambitious beyond the dreams of any other great epic poet besides Milton. With a boldness equal to Homer's in reproducing the song of the sirens, Dante moves forward firmly through all the staggering profundities of Hell, through the wonders of Purgatory, and strikes steadily on to the ineffable glories of Paradise. In executing this breath-taking plan Dante never falters, nor does he allow himself to be frightened into qualification and physical elucidation, as Milton does. One needs no great imagination to realize the obligations incurred by such a plan. The poet must consider the whole religious and social scheme in the most fundamental fashion. Politics, manners, ethics, metaphysics — every kind of mediæval thought and feeling has its place. Dante's answers to the fundamental questions of existence were intended for his own time, and their literal value is limited to the age for which they were written; but the magnificent setting that Dante provided for them and the language in which he expressed them — these things are timeless.

¹ Whitsunday, Pentecost.

Not only is the *Divine Comedy* one of the mountain peaks of poetic genius but it is also the first really important and serious work in the Italian language. It is through Dante's influence that Boccaccio, Petrarch, and the other humanists were able to use Italian for literary purposes. But in spite of his free spirit and his sympathy with innovation, Dante belongs definitely to the Middle Ages. His theology and his politics are essentially mediæval, and with all his powers of imagination he was not a prophet of a new age, but rather the last and most glorious spokesman of the old.

The selection presented here is translated by Rev. Henry Francis Cary, *Dante's Inferno*, London, Cassell and Co.

INFERNO

CANTO I

The Poet, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

In the midway of this our mortal life,¹
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to
tell,

It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its
growth,

Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death. 20
Yet to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.

How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant
weighed

My senses down, when the true path I
left;

But when a mountain's foot I reached,
where closed

The valley that had pierced my heart with 30
dread,

I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every
way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain,
All of that night, so pitifully past:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,

Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to
shore,

Turns to the perilous wide waste, and
stands

5 At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed
Struggling with terror, turned to view the
straits,

That none hath past and lived. My weary
frame

10 After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the
ascent

Began, when, lo! a panther,² nimble, light,
15 And covered with a speckled skin, ap-
peared;

Nor, when it saw me, vanished; rather
strove

To check my onward going; that oft-times,
20 With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.
The hour was morning's prime, and on
his way

Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first
25 moved

Those its fair works; so that with joyous
hope

All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn

30 And the sweet season. Soon that joy was
chased,

And by a new dread succeeded, when in
view

A lion³ came, 'gainst me, as it appeared,
35 With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-
wolf⁴

Was at his heels, who in her leanness
seemed

¹ This statement is usually interpreted to mean that the poet was thirty-five years of age.

² The mediæval symbol for pleasure or luxury. Here we have a hint as to the allegorical aspect of the poem. Dante reveals his ideas regarding the progress of the soul through his own emotions in the presence of the wonders of Heaven and Hell.

³ Pride or ambition.

⁴ Avarice.

Full of all wants, and many a land hath
made

Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her ap-
palled,

That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such
was I,

Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who, coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward
step

I fell, my ken discerned the form of one,
Whose voice seemed faint through long
disuse of speech.

When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud, 20
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be!"

He answered: "Now not man, man once
I was,

And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans
both

By country, when the power of Julius¹ yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was
past

Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard

Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from
Troy,

When the flames preyed on Ilium's
haughty towers.

But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleas-
ant mount

Ascendest, cause and source of all de-
light?"

"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-
spring,

From which such copious floods of elo-
quence

Have issued?" I with front abashed re- 45
plied.

"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!

May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love
immense

Have conned it o'er. My master thou,
5 and guide!

Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I
fled.

10 O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my
frame

She hath made tremble." He, soon as he
saw

15 That I was weeping, answered, "Thou
must needs

Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This
beast,

20 At whom thou criest, her way will suffer
none

To pass, and no less hindrance makes than
death:

So bad and so accursed in her kind,

25 That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before,

To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,

30 Until that greyhound² come, who shall
destroy

Her with sharp pain. He will not life
support

By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be

35 The land 'twixt either Feltro.³ In his
might

Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,

For whose fair realm, Camilla,⁴ virgin
pure,

40 Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus⁵ fell.

He, with incessant chase, through every
town

Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.

45 I for thy profit pondering now devise,
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy
guide,

¹ This is a reference to Cæsar's assumption of the perpetual dictatorship (see introduction to Cæsar, p. 318), which occurred when Vergil was twenty-five years of age.

² Probably a political reference to hoped-for better times through the accession to power of Can Grande della Scala, Dante's Veronese patron.

³ Possibly Verona, the country of Can Grande, which lies between two Feltros.

⁴ A famous Latin woman warrior in the *Æneid*, who defended Italy against the invading Trojans.

⁵ Italian heroes who opposed the invasion of the Trojans under Æneas.

Will lead thee hence through an eternal
space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks,
and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who
dwell
Content in fire,¹ for that they hope to
come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the 10
blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier ² than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I
depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty
King,
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should 20
come.
He in all parts hath sway; there rules,
there holds
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few: 25
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not
adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou
said'st,
That I Saint Peter's gate ³ may view, and
those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal
plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pur- 35
sued.

CANTO II

After the invocation, which poets are used to
prefix to their works, he shows that, on a con-
sideration of his own strength, he doubted whether
it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but
that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took
courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing, and the air,
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils
released
All animals on earth; and I alone

Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses! O high genius! now vouch-
safe
Your aid! O mind! that all I saw hast
kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof.
I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my
guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that 15
Silvius' sire,⁴
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
The immortal tribes had entrance, and
was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great
Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favor showed,
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue
forth,
It seems in reason's judgment well de-
served:
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire
wide,
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen
sire: 30
Both which, if truth be spoken, were or-
dained
And 'stablished for the holy place, where
sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair ⁵ suc-
ceeds.
He from this journey, in thy song re-
nowned,
Learned things, that to his victory gave
rise 40
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel ⁶ also travelled there
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume? or who 45
Permits it? not Æneas I, nor Paul,
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.

¹ In Purgatory.² The entrance to Purgatory, opened only to the elect.³ Æneas.⁴ St. Paul.⁵ Beatrice.⁶ The papal throne.

Thou, who art wise, better my meaning
 know'st
 Than I can speak." As one, who unre-
 solves
 What he hath late resolved, and with new
 thoughts
 Changes his purpose, from his first intent
 Removed; e'en such was I on that dun
 coast,
 Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first 10
 So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words
 I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
 "Thy soul is by vile fear assailed, which oft
 So overcasts a man, that he recoils
 From noblest resolution, like a beast
 At some false semblance in the twilight
 gloom.
 That from this terror thou mayst free thy-
 self,
 I will instruct thee why I came, and what 20
 I heard in that same instant, when for thee
 Grief touched me first. I was among the
 tribe,
 Who rest suspended,¹ when a dame, so
 blest
 And lovely I besought her to command,
 Called me; her eyes were brighter than the
 star
 Of day; and she with gentle voice and soft,
 Angelically tuned, her speech addressed: 30
 'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose
 fame
 Yet lives, and shall live long as nature
 lasts!
 A friend, not of my fortune but myself, 35
 On the wide desert in his road has met
 Hindrance so great, that he through fear
 has turned.
 Now much I dread lest he past help have
 strayed,
 And I be risen too late for his relief,
 From what in heaven of him I heard.
 Speed now,
 And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
 And by all means for his deliverance meet, 45
 Assist him. So to me will comfort spring,
 I, who bid thee on this errand forth,
 Am Beatrice²; from a place I come

Revisited with joy. Love brought me
 thence,
 Who prompts my speech. When in my
 Master's sight
 5 I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'
 "She then was silent, and I thus began:
 'O Lady! by whose influence alone,
 Mankind excels whatever is contained
 Within that heaven which hath the small-
 est orb,
 So thy command delights me, that to obey,
 If it were done already, would seem late.
 No need hast thou further to speak thy
 will;
 15 Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
 To leave that ample space, where to return
 Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'
 "She then: 'Since thou so deeply
 wouldst inquire,
 20 I will instruct thee briefly, why no dread
 Hinders my entrance here. Those things
 alone
 Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed;
 None else, for none are terrible beside.
 25 I am so framed by God, thanks to his
 grace!
 That any sufferance of your misery
 Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce
 fire
 30 Assails me. In high heaven a blessed
 dame³
 Resides, who mourns with such effectual
 grief
 That hindrance, which I send thee to re-
 move,
 35 That God's stern judgment to her will in-
 clines.
 To Lucia⁴ calling, her she thus bespake:
 "Now doth thy faithful servant need thy
 aid,
 40 And I commend him to thee." At her
 word
 Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
 And coming to the place, where I abode
 Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
 She thus addressed me: "Thou true praise
 of God!
 Beatrice! why is not thy succor lent

¹ In a state neither of blessedness nor damnation which in the poem is designated as Limbo.

² Dante's guiding star, to whom also his sonnets in the *Vita Nuova* are addressed, appears here as the personification of celestial wisdom.

³ The Divine Mercy.

⁴ Probably St. Lucia the martyr. Here she has also a certain allegorical function as an embodiment of the Grace of Heaven.

To him, who so much loved thee, as to
leave
For thy sake all the multitude admires?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death, which in the torrent 5
flood,
Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling
holds?"

Ne'er among men did any with such speed
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy, 10
As, when these words were spoken, I came
here,
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the
force
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all 15
Who well have marked it, into honor
brings.'

"When she had ended, her bright beam-
ing eyes
Tearful she turned aside; whereat I felt 20
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she
willed,
Thus am I come: I saved thee from the
beast,
Who thy near way across the goodly 25
mount
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee
then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in
thy breast
Harbor vile fear? why hast not courage
there,
And noble daring; since three maids,¹ so
blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of 35
heaven;
And so much certain good my words fore-
bode?"

As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has 40
blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigor new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied: 45
"O full of pity she, who undertook
My succor! and thou kind who didst per-
form
So soon her true behest! With such desire
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voy- 50
age,
That my first purpose fully is resumed.

Lead on: one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and
lord."

So spake I; and when he had onward
moved,
I entered on the deep and woody way.

CANTO III

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of
Hell; where, after having read the dreadful
words that are written thereon, they both enter.
Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were
punished who had passed their time (for living
it could not be called) in a state of apathy and
indifference both to good and evil. Then pur-
suing their way, they arrive at the river Ache-
ron; and there find the old ferryman Charon,
who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore;
which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with
terror, and falls into a trance.

"Through me ye pass into the city of woe:
Through me ye pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power di-
vine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save
things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.

30 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
Such characters in color dim, I marked
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed:
Whereat I thus: "Master, these words
import
Hard meaning." He as one prepared re-
plied:

"Here thou must all distrust behind thee
leave;
Here be vile fear extinguished. We are
come
Where I have told thee we shall see the
souls
To misery doomed, who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand he had
stretched forth 45
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I
was cheered,
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud
moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no
star,

¹ Divine Mercy, Lucia, and Beatrice.

That e'en I wept at entering. Various
 tongues,
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
 With hands together smote that swelled 5
 the sounds,
 Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
 Round through that air with solid dark-
 ness stained,
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind 10
 flies.
 I then, with error yet encompass'd,
 cried:
 "O master! what is this I hear? what race
 Are these, who seem so overcome with 15
 woe?"
 He thus to me: "This miserable fate
 Suffer the wretched souls of those, who
 lived
 Without or praise or blame, with that ill 20
 band
 Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved
 Or yet were true to God, but for themselves
 Were only. From his bounds Heaven
 drove them forth,
 Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth
 Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed
 tribe
 Should glory thence with exultation vain."
 I then: "Master! what doth aggrrieve 30
 them thus,
 That they lament so loud?" He straight
 replied:
 "That will I tell thee briefly. These of
 death
 No hope may entertain; and their blind
 life
 So meanly passes, that all other lots
 They envy. Fame of them the world hath
 none,
 Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them
 both.
 Speak not of them, but look, and pass
 them by."
 And I, who straightway looked, beheld a 45
 flag,
 Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
 That it no pause obtained: and following
 came
 Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er 50
 Have thought that death so many had de-
 spoiled.
 When some of these I recognized, I saw
 And knew the shade of him, who to base
 fear
 Yielding, abjured his high estate.¹ Forth-
 with
 I understood, for certain, this the tribe
 Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
 And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er
 lived,
 Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
 By wasps and hornets, which bedewed
 their cheeks
 With blood, that, mixed with tears,
 dropped to their feet,
 And by disgustful worms was gathered
 there.
 Then looking farther onwards, I beheld
 A throng upon the shore of a great stream:
 Whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now to
 know
 Whom here we view, and whence impelled
 they seem
 25 So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
 Through the blear light?" He thus to me
 in few:
 "This shalt thou know, soon as our steps
 arrive
 Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."²
 Then with eyes downward cast, and
 filled with shame,
 Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
 Till we had reached the river, I from
 35 speech
 Abstained. And lo! toward us in a bark
 Comes on an old man, hoary white with
 eld,
 Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits!
 40 hope not
 Ever to see the sky again. I come
 To take you to the other shore across,
 Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
 In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who
 there
 Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and
 leave
 These who are dead." But soon as he be-
 held
 I left them not, "By other way," said he,

¹ Many of the references to contemporary characters are difficult to interpret with certainty. Some think that Dante here refers to Pope Celestine V, who abdicated the papacy in 1294.

² One of the four rivers of Hell.

"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my
guide:

"Charon! thyself torment not: so 'tis
willed,
Where will and power are one: ask thou no
more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy
cheeks

Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.
Meanwhile

Those spirits, faint and naked, color
changed,

And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel
words

They heard. God and their parents they
blasphemed,

The human kind, the place, the time, and
seed,

That did engender them and give them
birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the curst strand, that every man must
pass

Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac
form,

With eyes of burning coal, collects them
all,

Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with
his oar

Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal
leaves,

One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath;

E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from

the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

Thus go they over through the umbered
wave;

And ere they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng

Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the
courteous guide,

"Those who die subject to the wrath of
God

All here together come from every clime,

And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that
fear

Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath
past

Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now mayst thou know the import of his
words."

This said, the gloomy region trembling
shook

So terribly, that yet with clammy dew
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave
a blast,

That, lightening, shot forth a vermilion
flame,

Which all my senses conquered quite,
and I

Down dropped, as one with sudden
slumber seized.

CANTO IV

The poet, being roused by a clap of thunder,
and following his guide onwards, descends into
Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell,¹ where he
finds the souls of those, who, although they have
lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great
sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism,
merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led
on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

Broke the deep slumber in my brain a
crash

Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,
As one by main force roused. Risen up-
right,

My rested eyes I moved around, and
searched,

With fixed ken, to know what place it was
Wherein I stood. For certain, on the
brink

I found me of the lamentable vale,
The dread abyss, that joins a thunderous
sound

Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,
And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine
eye in vain

Explored its bottom, nor could aught dis-
cern.

"Now let us to the blind world there
beneath

¹ Dante's conception of Hell was that of a vast cavity in the form of an inverted cone with its apex at the center of the earth and its circular base beneath the hemisphere of land from which it is shut off by a crust. The huge cone is divided into descending circles or terraces, each destined to house the dead according to their various degrees of sin.

Descend"; the bard began, all pale of look:
"I go the first, and thou shalt follow
next."

Then I, his altered hue perceiving, thus:
"How may I speed, if thou yieldst to
dread,
Who still art wont to comfort me in
doubt?"

He then: "The anguish of that race
below
With pity stains my cheek, which thou
for fear
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way
Urges haste." Onward, this said, he
moved;
And entering led me with him, on the
bounds

Of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.
Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint
was heard
Except of sighs, that made the eternal air
Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from
grief

Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me
The gentle guide: "Inquirest thou not
what spirits
Are these, which thou beholdest? Ere
thou pass

Farther, I would thou know, that these of
sin
Were blameless; and if aught they mer-
ited,

It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,
The portal to thy faith. If they before
The Gospel lived, they served not God
aright;

And among such am I. For these defects,
And for no other evil, we are lost;
Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope." Sore grief as-
sailed

My heart at hearing this, for well I knew
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth. "Oh, tell me, sire re-
vered!

Tell me, my master!" I began, through
wish

Of full assurance in that holy faith
Which vanquishes all error; "say, did e'er
Any, or through his own or other's merit,

Come forth from thence, who afterward
was blest?"

Piercing the secret purport of my speech,
He answered: "I was new to that estate,
5 When I beheld a puissant one arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy
crowned.

He forth the shade of our first parent drew,
Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,
10 Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,
Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,
Israel with his sire and with his sons,
Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
And others many more, whom he to bliss
15 Exalted. Before these, be thou assured,
No spirit of human-kind was ever saved."

We, while he spake, ceased not our on-
ward road,
Still passing through the wood; for so I
name

20 Those spirits thick beset. We were not far
On this side from the summit, when I
kenned

A flame, that o'er the darkened hemisphere
Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space
Were distant, not so far but I in part
Discovered, that a tribe in honor high
That place possessed. "O thou, who every
art

And science valuest! who are these, that
boast

Such honor, separate from all the rest?"
He answered: "The renown of their
great names,

35 That echoes through your world above, ac-
quires

Favor in heaven, which holds them thus
advanced."

Meantime a voice I heard: "Honor the
bard

40 Sublime! his shade returns, that left us
late!"

No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld
Four mighty spirits toward us bend their
steps,

Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.
When thus my master kind began:

"Mark him,
Who in his right hand bears that falchion
keen,

The other three preceding, as their lord.

¹ Dante here refers to the salvation of the Hebrew patriarchs who, of course, were not Christians. The explanation is that Christ went down into Hell and led them up into Heaven.

This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:
Flaccus¹ the next, in satire's vein ex-
celling;

The third is Naso²; Lucan is the last.
Because they all that appellation own,
With which the voice singly accosted me,
Honoring they greet me thus, and well
they judge."

So I beheld united the bright school
Of him the monarch of sublimest song,
That o'er the others like an eagle soars.

When they together short discourse had
held,

They turned to me, with salutation kind
Beckoning me; at the which my master
smiled:

Nor was this all; but greater honor still
They gave me, for they made me of their
tribe;

And I was sixth amid so learned a band.

Far as the luminous beacon on we passed
Speaking of matters, then befitting well
To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot

Of a magnificent castle we arrived,
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and
round

Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this
As o'er dry land we passed. Next,
through seven gates,

I with those sages entered, and we came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes
around

Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they spake

Seldom, but all their words were tuneful
sweet.

We to one side retired, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each
one

Stood manifest to view. Incontinent
There on the green enamel of the plain
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose
sight

10 I am exalted in my own esteem.

Electra³ there I saw accompanied
By many, among whom Hector I knew,
Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye
Cæsar all armed, and by Camilla there
15 Penthesilea.⁴ On the other side,
Old King Latinus, seated by his child
Lavinia,⁵ and that Brutus⁶ I beheld,
Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Cato's
wife

20 Marcia, with Julia⁷ and Cornelia⁷ there;
And sole apart retired, the Soldan⁸ fierce.

Then when a little more I raised my
brow,

I spied the master of the sapient throng,⁹
Seated amid the philosophic train.

Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.
There Socrates and Plato both I marked,
Nearest to him in rank, Democritus,¹⁰

Who sets the world at chance, Diogenes,
30 With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,

And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,

Zeno, and Dioscorides¹¹ well read

In nature's secret lore. Orpheus¹² I
marked

35 And Livy, Tully and moral Seneca,¹³

¹ Horace.

² Ovid. Lucan was a Roman poet, author of the *Pharsalia*, an epic poem much admired in the Middle Ages.

³ Daughter of Atlas and mother of Dardanus, founder of Troy.

⁴ Famous queen of the Amazons.

⁵ Latin princess for whose hand Turnus and Æneas were rivals.

⁶ Lucius Junius Brutus, nephew of King Tarquin the Haughty. In a dispute over the succession Tarquin put to death the father and brother of Brutus. The latter saved himself by pretending to be simple-minded; hence the name Brutus, "feeble-minded, stupid." After the outrage upon Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, by Tarquin's son Sextus, Brutus led the people in a rebellion which drove the tyrant from his throne.

⁷ Daughter of Julius Cæsar and wife of Pompey. Cornelia was the wife of Tiberius Gracchus.

⁸ The famous Saladin, a Turkish prince noted for his valor and courtesy. He was the principal opponent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. See the romantic treatment of this character by Sir Walter Scott in *The Talisman*.

⁹ Aristotle, the great philosopher. See the biographical note, p. 187.

¹⁰ These seven names are those of famous Greek philosophers of the seventh to the fourth centuries B.C.

¹¹ A Greek physician of the first century A.D.

¹² The traditional Greek patron of song.

¹³ Cicero (Tully) was one of the first philosophers whom Dante studied. Livy wrote histories. Seneca the moralist was thought to be a different person from the dramatist.

Euclid and Ptolemy,¹ Hippocrates,²
Galenus, Avicenna, and him who made
That commentary vast, Averroes.³

Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
For my wide theme so urges, that oftentimes
My words fall short of what bechanced.

In two

The six associates part. Another way
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vexed with storms:

And to a part I come, where no light shines.

CANTO V

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos
stands

Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,

According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated
soul,

It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so
oft

Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Always a numerous throng; and in his
turn

Each one to judgment passing, speaks,
and hears

His fate, thence downward to his dwelling
hurled.

"O thou! who to this residence of woe

Approachest"; when he saw me coming,
cried

Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in
whom

Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance
broad

Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my
guide:

10 "Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his
way

By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed
Where will and power are one. Ask thou
no more."

15 Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining
voice

Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing
there groaned

A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring wings. The stormy blast of
hell

With restless fury drives the spirits on,
25 Whirled round and dashed amain with
sore annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamenta-
tions, moans,

30 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power
in heaven.

I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in
whom

35 Reason by lust is swayed. As in large
troops

And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne
abroad;

40 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil
souls

On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As

45 cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse
the sky,

Stretched out in long array; so I beheld

¹ Famous Greek scientists.

² Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Galen were three famous physicians.

³ Ibn-Roshd, a twelfth-century Spanish Arab, a celebrated philosopher and scholar, who translated and wrote commentaries upon the works of Aristotle. It was largely through the works of Averroes that Aristotle was introduced to Western Europe.

Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried
 on
 By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor!
 who
 Are these, by the black air so scourged?"—
 "The first
 'Mong those, of whom thou question'st,"
 he replied,
 "O'er many tongues was empress. She in
 vice
 Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
 Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
 To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
 This is Semiramis,¹ of whom 'tis writ,
 That she succeeded Ninus her espoused; 15
 And held the land, which now the Soldan
 rules.
 The next ² in amorous fury slew herself,
 And to Sicheus' ³ ashes broke her faith:
 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
 There marked I Helen, for whose sake
 so long
 The time was fraught with evil; there the
 great
 Achilles, who with love fought to the 25
 end.
 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
 A thousand more he showed me, and by
 name
 Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of 30
 life.
 When I had heard my sage instructor
 name
 Those dames and knights of antique days,
 o'erpowered
 By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
 Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
 I would address those two ⁴ together
 coming,
 Which seem so light before the wind." He 40
 thus:
 "Note thou, when nearer they to us ap-
 proach.
 Then by that love which carries them
 along,
 Entreat; and they will come." Soon as
 the wind

Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my
 speech:
 "O wearied spirits! come, and hold dis-
 course
 5 With us, if by none else restrained." As
 doves
 Beyond desire invited, on wide wings
 And firm, to their sweet nest returning
 home,
 10 Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
 Thus issued, from that troop, where Dido
 ranks,
 They, through the ill air speeding; with
 such force
 15 My cry prevailed by strong affection
 urged.
 "O gracious creature and benign! who
 goest
 Visiting, through this element obscure,
 20 Us, who the world with bloody stain im-
 brued;
 If, for a friend the King of all, we owned,
 Our prayer to him should for thy peace
 arise,
 25 Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
 Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
 It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
 Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the
 wind,
 As now, is mute. The land, that gave me
 birth,
 Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
 "Love, that in gentle heart is quickly
 35 learnt,
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing
 well,
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
 Love brought us to one death: Caina ⁵
 waits
 The soul who spilt our life." Such were
 45 their words:
 At hearing which downward I bent my
 looks,

¹ A celebrated queen of Assyria, supposed to have lived 1250 B.C., who succeeded Ninus, her husband, on the throne. She was known for her licentious character.

² Dido, queen of Carthage, who, being enamoured of Æneas, immolated herself upon a funeral pyre when he departed.

³ First husband of Dido.

⁴ Here begins the famous story of Paolo and Francesca treated by modern writers.

⁵ The place to which slayers of their own kindred were doomed in Hell awaits Francesca's husband.

And held them there so long, that the bard
cried:

"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer
thus:

"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what
fond desire

Must they at length to that ill pass have
reached!"

Then turning, I to them my speech ad-
dressed.

And thus began: "Francesca! your sad
fate

Even to tears my grief and pity moves.

But tell me; in the time of your sweet
sighs,

By what, and how love granted, that ye
knew

Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens

Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,

From whence our love gat being, I will do,
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One

day,

For our delight we read of Lancelot,¹

How him love thrall'd. Alone we were,
and no

Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that read-
ing

Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one
point

Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, rapturously kissed²

By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips

All trembling kissed. The book and writer
both

Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that
day

We read no more." While thus one spirit
spake,

The other wailed so sorely, that heart-
struck

I, through compassion fainting, seemed
not far

From death, and like a corpse fell to the
ground.

CANTO VI

On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the
third circle, where the gluttonous are punished.

5 Their torment is, to lie in the mire, under a
continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and
discolored water; Cerberus³ meanwhile barking
over them with his threefold throat, and rending
them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was
named Clacco, foretells the divisions with which
10 Florence is about to be distracted. Dante pro-
poses a question to his guide, who solves it, and
they proceed towards the fourth circle.

My sense reviving, that erewhile had
drooped

15 With pity for the kindred shades, whence
grief

O'ercame me wholly, straight around I
see

New torments, new tormented souls,
which way

Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of showers

Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, un-
changed

25 Forever, both in kind and in degree.

Large hail, discolored water, sleety flaw

Through the dun midnight air streamed
down amain:

Stank all the land whereon that tempest
30 fell.

Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and
strange,

Through his wide threefold throat, barks
as a dog

35 Over the multitude immersed beneath.

His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous
beard,

His belly large, and clawed the hands, with
which

40 He tears the spirits, flays them, and their
limbs

Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread,
as curs,

Under the rainy deluge, with one side

45 The other screening, oft they roll them
round,

A wretched, godless crew. When that
great worm

Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped

¹ One of the knights of the Round Table. He was the lover of Queen Guinevere, Arthur's wife. The romances of Arthur and his knights were sweeping up to the crest of their popularity in Dante's time.

² The three-headed monster who guarded the gate of Hades.

His jaws, and the fangs showed us; not a limb
 Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms
 Expanding on the ground, thence filled with earth
 Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
 E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food
 His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall 10
 His fury, bent alone with eager haste
 To swallow it; so dropped the loathsome cheeks
 Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns
 The spirits, that they for deafness wish in 15
 vain.
 We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt
 Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
 Upon their emptiness, that substance 20
 seemed.
 They all along the earth extended lay,
 Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,
 Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O 25
 thou!"
 He cried, "who through the infernal shades
 art led,
 Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou
 wast framed 30
 Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:
 "The anguish thou endurest perchance so
 takes
 Thy form from my remembrance, that it
 seems
 As if I saw thee never. But inform
 Me who thou art, that in a place so sad
 Art set, and in such torment, that although
 Other be greater, none disgusteth more."
 He thus in answer to my words rejoined: 40
 "Thy city heaped with envy to the brim,
 Aye, that the measure overflows its bounds,
 Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens
 Were wont to name me Ciacco.¹ For the
 sin

Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this
 rain,
 E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn;
 Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
 5 Have by like crime incurred like punishment."
 No more he said, and I my speech resumed:
 "Ciacco! thy dire affliction grieves me
 much,
 Even to tears. But tell me, if thou know-
 est,
 What shall at length befall the citizens
 Of the divided city; whether any
 15 Just one inhabit there; and tell the cause,
 Whence jarring discord hath assailed it
 thus?"
 He then: "After long striving they will
 come
 To blood; and the wild party ² from the
 woods
 Will chase the other ³ with much injury
 forth.
 Then it behooves, that this must fall,⁴
 within
 Three solar circles; and the other rise
 By borrowed force of one ⁵ who under
 shore
 Now rests. It shall a long space hold
 30 aloof
 Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight
 The other opprest, indignant at the load,
 And grieving sore. The just are two in
 number,
 35 But they neglected. Avarice, envy,
 pride,
 Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of
 all
 On fire." Here ceased the lamentable
 sound;
 And I continued thus: "Still would I
 learn
 More from thee, further parley still entreat.
 Of Farinata and Tegghiaio ⁶ say,
 45 They who so well deserved; of Giacopo,⁷

¹ i.e. a pig.

² The Whites, or Bianchi, so called because the party was headed by Vieri de' Cerchi, whose family had come from Acone and the wooded country of the Val di Sieve.

³ The Blacks, or Neri, headed by Corso Donati.

⁴ i.e. the Whites must fall.

⁵ Pope Boniface VIII, who "hugged the shore," i.e. acted ambiguously by dealing with both parties.

⁶ Leaders of the two opposing factions who were thought guilty of various crimes.

⁷ Giacopo Rusticucci, a rich Florentine.

Arrigo, Mosca,¹ and the rest, who bent
 Their minds on working good. Oh! tell
 me where
 They bide, and to their knowledge let me
 come.
 For I am prest with keen desire to hear
 If heaven's sweet cup or poisonous drug of
 hell
 Be to their lips assigned." He answered
 straight:
 "These are yet blacker spirits. Various
 crimes
 Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
 If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see
 them.

But to the pleasant world when thou re-
 turnest,

Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.
 No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."

This said, his fixed eyes he turned 20
 askance,

A little eyed me, then bent down his head,
 And 'midst his blind companions with it
 fell.

When thus my guide: "No more his 25
 bed he leaves,

Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The
 Power

Adverse to these shall then in glory come,
 Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair, 30

Resume his fleshly vesture and his form,
 And hear the eternal doom re-echoing
 rend

The vault." So passed we through that
 mixture foul

Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps;
 meanwhile

Touching, though slightly, on the life to
 come.

For thus I questioned: "Shall these tor- 40
 tures, Sir!

When the great sentence passes, be in-
 creased,

Or mitigated, or as now severe?"

He then: "Consult thy knowledge; 45
 that decides

That, as each thing to more perfection
 grows,

It feels more sensibly both good and pain.
 Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive
 This race accurst, yet nearer then, than
 now,

5 They shall approach it." Compassing
 that path,

Circuitous we journeyed, and discourse,
 Much more than I relate between us
 passed:

10 Till at the point, whence the steps led be-
 low,

Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we
 found.

CANTO VII

In the present Canto, Dante describes his
 descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of
 which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like
 doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious;
 which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great
 weights against each other with mutual upbraid-
 ings. Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the
 goods that are committed into the charge of For-
 tune; and this moves our author to inquire what
 being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks: which
 question being resolved, they go down into the
 fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and sloth-
 ful tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a
 compass round great part of this lake, they come at
 last to the base of a lofty tower.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!" loud ex-
 claimed

Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:
 And the kind sage, whom no event sur-
 prised,

To comfort me thus spake: "Let not thy
 fear

Harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is
 none

To hinder down this rock thy safe de-
 scent."

Then to that swoln lip turning, "Peace!"
 he cried,

"Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
 Prey, and consume thee! Through the
 dark profound

Not without cause he passes. So 'tis
 willed

On high, there where the great Archangel
 poured

¹ A noble Florentine whose advice is said to have started the feud between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. A certain noble, Buondelmonte, broke off his match with a lady of the Amidei family and united himself with the family of the Donati. The lady's kinsmen, upon the advice of Mosca, assassinated him. This assassination gave rise to the feud which disrupted politics in Florence for many years.

Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud."¹

As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,

Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split;
So to the ground down dropped the cruel fiend.

Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,

Gained on the dismal shore, that all the woe

Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!

Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st

New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.
Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?

E'en as a billow, on Charybdis rising,
Against encountered billow dashing breaks;

Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,

Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found,

From one side and the other, with loud voice,

Both rolled on weights, by main force of their breasts,

Then smote together, and each one forth-with

Rolled them back voluble, turning again;
Exclaiming these, "Why holdest thou so fast?"

Those answering, "And why castest thou away?"

So, still repeating their spiteful song,
They to the opposite point on either hand

Traversed the horrid circle: then arrived,
Both turned them round, and through the middle space

Conflicting met again. At sight whereof
I, stung with grief, thus spake: "O say,

my guide!

What race is this? Were these, whose heads are shorn,

On our left hand, all separate to the church?"

He straight replied: "In their first life,
these all

In mind were so distorted, that they made, 50

According to due measure, of their wealth
No use. This clearly from their words collect,

Which they howl forth, at each extremity
5 Arriving of the circle, where their crime

Contrary in kind disparts them. To the church

Were separate those, that with no hairy cowl

10 Are crowned, both Popes and Cardinals,
o'er whom

Avarice dominion absolute maintains."

I then: "'Mid such as these some needs must be,

15 Whom I shall recognize, that with the blot
Of these foul sins were stained." He

answering thus:

"Vain thought conceivest thou. That ignoble life,

20 Which made them vile before, now makes
them dark,

And to all knowledge indiscernible.

Forever they shall meet in this rude shock:
These from the tomb with clenched grasp

25 shall rise,
Those with close-shaven locks. That ill

they gave,

And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world

30 Deprived, and set them at this strife,
which needs

No labored phrase of mine to set it off.

Now mayest thou see, my son! how brief,
how vain,

35 The goods committed into Fortune's
hands,

For which the human race keep such a coil!

Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
40 Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls

Might purchase rest for one." I thus re-joined:

"My guide! of thee this also would I learn;

45 This fortune, that thou speakest of, what
it is,

Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world?"

He thus: "O beings blind! what ignorance

¹ Here Satan is called an adulterer in the sense, often used in the Bible, of a deserter from the affections of God. The rebellion of Satan and his consequent fall from Heaven are described in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Besets you? Now my judgment hear and
 mark.
 He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,
 The heavens creating, gave them ruling
 powers
 To guide them; so that each part¹ shines
 to each,
 Their light in equal distribution poured.
 By similar appointment he ordained
 Over the world's bright images to rule, 10
 Superintendence of a guiding hand
 And general minister,² which, at due
 time,
 May change the empty vantages of life
 From race to race, from one to other's 15
 blood,
 Beyond prevention of man's worst care:
 Wherefore one nation rises into sway,
 Another languishes, e'en as her will
 Decrees, from us concealed, as in the grass 20
 The serpent train. Against her naught
 avails
 Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight
 plans,
 Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs 25
 The other powers divine. Her changes
 know
 None intermission: by necessity
 She is made swift, so frequent come who
 claim
 Succession in her favors. This is she,
 So execrated e'en by those whose debt
 To her is rather praise; they wrongfully
 With blame requite her, and with evil
 word;
 But she is blessed, and for that reck not:
 Amidst the other primal beings glad,
 Rolls on her sphere,³ and in her bliss ex-
 ults.
 Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe 40
 Descending: for each star is falling now,
 That mounted at our entrance, and for-
 bids
 Too long our tarrying." We the circle
 crossed
 To the next steep, arriving at a well,
 That boiling pours itself down to a foss
 Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was
 the wave
 Than sablest grain: and we in company
 5 Of the inky waters, journeying by their
 side,
 Entered, though by a different track,
 beneath.
 Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
 10 The dismal stream, when it hath reached
 the foot
 Of the gray withered cliffs. Intent I stood
 To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
 A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
 15 Betokening rage. They with their hands
 alone
 Stuck not, but with the head, the breast,
 the feet,
 Cutting each other piecemeal with their
 fangs.
 The good instructor spake: "Now seest
 thou, son!
 The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
 This too for certain know, that underneath
 25 The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
 Into these bubbles make the surface heave;
 As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
 Fix'd in the slime, they say: 'Sad once
 were we
 30 In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
 Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
 Now in these murky settlements are we sad.'
 Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their
 throats.
 35 But word distinct can utter none." Our
 route
 Thus compassed we, a segment widely
 stretched
 Between the dry embankment, and the
 core
 Of the loathed pool, turning meanwhile
 our eyes
 Downward on those who gulped its muddy
 lees;
 45 Nor stopped, till to a tower's low base we
 came.

¹ Each hemisphere of the heavens shines upon the hemisphere of the earth that lies beneath it.

² Fortune, a most important element of mediæval thought. Fortune was conceived of as a goddess who regulated the earthly affairs of men.

³ i.e. the wheel, the traditional symbol of fortune.

ROMANCE

WELSH

THE MABINOIGION

(11TH OR EARLY 12TH CENTURY)

The literary men of ancient Wales practiced a highly technical art and were required to undergo a very careful training. Speaking strictly, the *Mabinogion* (pronounced: Máb-i-nó-gion) includes a group of four mediæval Welsh tales (called the "Four Branches of the Mabinogi") which formed a sort of textbook for the young *mabinog*, aspirant to the title of bard. More generally, the term "Mabinogion" is applied to a collection of some dozen stories (including the four just referred to) which illustrate the cultural and literary background of mediæval Wales. Although written in Welsh, they should be known to all serious students of literature for more than one reason. First, they are told in delightful style and are packed with motifs drawn from the superstition and fancies of the folk. Even more important is the fact that they help us to visualize the cultural background against which some of the most fascinating of the legends of the Round Table should be viewed. The Four Branches (from one of which our selection is taken) do not mention Arthur and hence may go back to ancient pagan Welsh mythology before Arthur became a popular hero. Others of the *Mabinogion* contain Arthurian figures, but represent them as highly grotesque and markedly different from the courtly knights of Anglo-Norman romance.

The translation here given is based on that of Lady Charlotte Guest, *The Mabinogion*, London, 1849.

PWYLL PRINCE OF DYVED

Once upon a time, Pwyll¹ was at Narberth his chief palace, where a feast had been prepared for him, and with him was a great host of men. And after the first meal, Pwyll arose to walk, and he went to the top of a mound that was above the palace, and was called Gorsedd Arberth.² 'Lord,' said one of the Court, 'it is peculiar to the mound that whosoever sits upon it cannot go thence, without either receiving wounds or blows, or else seeing a wonder.' 'I fear not to receive wounds and blows in the midst of such a host as this, but as to the wonder, gladly would

I see it. I will go therefore and sit upon the mound.'

And upon the mound he sat. And while he sat there, they saw a lady, on a pure white horse of large size, with a garment of shining gold around her, coming along the highway that led from the mound; and the horse seemed to move at a slow and even pace, and to be coming up towards the mound. 'My men,' said Pwyll, 'is there any among you who knows yonder lady?' 'There is not, Lord,' said they. 'Go one of you and meet her, that we may know who she is.' And one of them arose, and, as he came upon the road to meet her, she passed by, and he followed as fast as he could, being on foot; and the greater was his speed, the further was she from

¹ Pronounced, Poo-ihl. Pwyll was an ancient, probably mythical, Welsh prince, said to have been a contemporary of King Arthur. Dyved, pronounced, Duv-eth, is an ancient name for the western part of South Wales. The *mabinogi* of Pwyll combines a number of folklore themes often used both in mediæval and in modern popular fiction.

² The mound of Arbeth. Such mounds are often associated in Celtic tradition with supernatural appearances or with buried treasure, and hence are dangerous.

him. And when he saw that it profited him nothing to follow her, he returned to Pwyll, and said unto him, 'Lord, it is idle for any one in the world to follow her on foot.' 'Verily,' said Pwyll, 'go unto the palace, and take the fleetest horse that thou seest, and go after her.'

And he took a horse and went forward. And he came to an open level plain, and put spurs to his horse; and the more he urged his horse, the further was she from him. Yet she held the same pace as at first. And his horse began to fail; and when his horse's feet failed him, he returned to the place where Pwyll was. 'Lord,' said he, 'it will avail nothing for any one to follow yonder lady. I know of no horse in these realms swifter than this, and it availed me not to pursue her.' 'Of a truth,' said Pwyll, 'there must be some illusion here. Let us go towards the palace.' So to the palace they went, and they spent that day. And the next day they arose, and that also they spent until it was time to go to meat. And after the first meal, 'Verily,' said Pwyll, 'we will go the same party as yesterday to the top of the mound. And do thou,' said he to one of his young men, 'take the swiftest horse that thou knowest in the field.' And thus did the young man. And they went towards the mound, taking the horse with them. And as they were sitting down they beheld the lady on the same horse, and in the same apparel, coming along the same road. 'Behold,' said Pwyll, 'here is the lady of yesterday. Make ready, youth, to learn who she is.' 'My lord,' said he, 'that will I gladly do.' And thereupon the lady came opposite to them. So the youth mounted his horse; and, before he had settled himself in his saddle, she passed by, and there was a clear space between them. But her speed was no greater than it had been the day before. Then he put his horse into an amble, and thought that, notwithstanding the gentle pace at which his horse went, he should soon overtake her. But this availed him not; so he gave his horse the reins. And still he came no nearer to her than when he went at a foot's pace. And the more he urged his horse, the further was she from him. Yet she

rode not faster than before. When he saw that it availed not to follow her, he returned to the place where Pwyll was. 'Lord,' said he, 'the horse can no more than thou hast seen.' 'I see indeed that it avails not that any one should follow her. And by Heaven,' said he, 'she must needs have an errand to some one in this plain, if her haste would allow her to declare it. Let us go back to the palace.' And to the palace they went, and they spent that night in songs and feasting, as it pleased them.

And the next day they amused themselves until it was time to go to meat. And when meat was ended, Pwyll said, 'Where are the hosts that went yesterday and the day before to the top of the mound?' 'Behold, Lord, we are here,' said they. 'Let us go,' said he, 'to the mound, to sit there. And do thou,' said he to the page who tended his horse, 'saddle my horse well, and hasten with him to the road, and bring also my spurs with thee.' And the youth did thus. And they went and sat upon the mound; and ere they had been there but a short time, they beheld the lady coming by the same road, and in the same manner, and at the same pace. 'Young man,' said Pwyll, 'I see the lady coming; give me my horse.' And no sooner had he mounted his horse than she passed him. And he turned after her and followed her. And he let his horse go bounding playfully, and thought that at the second step or the third he should come up with her. But he came no nearer to her than at first. Then he urged his horse to his utmost speed, yet he found that it availed nothing to follow her. Then said Pwyll, 'O maiden, for the sake of him whom thou best lovest, stay for me.' 'I will stay gladly,' said she, 'and it were better for thy horse hadst thou asked it long since.' So the maiden stopped, and she threw back that part of her headdress which covered her face. And she fixed her eyes upon him, and began to talk with him. 'Lady,' asked he, 'whence comest thou, and whereunto dost thou journey?' 'I journey on mine own errand,' said she, 'and right glad am I to see thee.' 'My greeting be unto thee,' said he. Then he thought that the beauty of all the maidens,

and all the ladies that he had ever seen, was as nothing compared to her beauty. 'Lady,' he said, 'wilt thou tell me aught concerning thy purpose?' 'I will tell thee,'¹ said she. 'My chief quest was to seek thee.' 'Behold,' said Pwyll, 'this is to me the most pleasing quest on which thou couldst have come; and wilt thou tell me who thou art?' 'I will tell thee, Lord,' said she. 'I am Rhiannon,² the daughter of Heveydd Hên,³ and they sought to give me to a husband against my will. But no husband would I have, and that because of my love for thee, neither will I yet have one unless thou reject me. And hither have I come to hear thy answer.' 'By Heaven,' said Pwyll, 'behold this is my answer. If I might choose among all the ladies and damsels in the world, thee would I choose.' 'Verily,' said she, 'if thou art thus minded, 20 make a pledge to meet me ere I am given to another.' 'The sooner I may do so, the more pleasing will it be unto me,' said Pwyll, 'and wheresoever thou wilt, there will I meet with thee.' 'I will that thou 25 meet me this day twelvemonth at the palace of Heveydd. And I will cause a feast to be prepared, so that it be ready against thou come.' 'Gladly,' said he, 'will I keep this tryst.' 'Lord,' said she, 'remain in 30 health, and be mindful that thou keep thy promise; and now I will go hence.' So they parted, and he went back to his kins and to them of his household. And whatsoever questions they asked him respecting 35 the damsel, he always turned the discourse upon other matters. And when a year from that time was gone, he caused a hundred knights to equip themselves and to go with him to the palace of Heveydd 40 Hên. And he came to the palace, and there was great joy concerning him, with much concourse of people and great rejoicing, and vast preparations for his com-

ing. And the whole Court was placed under his orders.

And the hall was garnished and they went to meat, and thus did they sit; 5 Heveydd Hên was on one side of Pwyll, and Rhiannon on the other. And all the rest according to their rank. And they ate and feasted and talked one with another, and at the beginning of the carousal, after the meat, there entered a tall auburn-haired youth, of royal bearing, clothed in a garment of satin. And when he came into the hall, he saluted Pwyll and his companions. 'The greeting of Heaven be 15 unto thee, my soul,' said Pwyll, 'come thou and sit down.' 'Nay,'⁴ said he, 'a suitor am I, and I will do mine errand.' 'Do so willingly,' said Pwyll. 'Lord,' said he, 'my errand is unto thee, and it is to crave a boon of thee that I come.' 'What boon 20 soever thou mayest ask of me, as far as I am able, thou shalt have.' 'Ah,' said Rhiannon, 'wherefore didst thou give that answer?' 'Has he not given it before the 25 presence of these nobles?' asked the youth. 'My soul,' said Pwyll, 'what is the boon thou askest?' 'The lady whom best I love is to be thy bride this night; I come to ask her of thee, with the feast and the banquet 30 that are in this place.' And Pwyll was silent because of the answer which he had given. 'Be silent as long as thou wilt,' said Rhiannon. 'Never did man make worse use of his wits than thou hast done.' 'Lady,' said he, 'I knew not who he was.' 'Behold this is the man to whom they 35 would have given me against my will,' said she. 'And he is Gwawl⁵ the son of Clud, a man of great power and wealth, and, because of the word thou hast spoken, bestow me upon him lest shame befall thee.' 'Lady,' said he, 'I understand not thine answer. Never can I do as thou sayest.' 'Bestow me upon him,' said she [secretly],

¹ In Arthurian romance, fairy ladies are not slow in betraying the purpose of their visits.

² Pronounced, Reean-on. One of the most charming and unfortunate of the heroines of mediæval romance. She belongs to a long line of ladies in folklore and romance, who, in the face of the greatest misfortunes, carry to incredible lengths the virtue of patience under adversity.

³ Pronounced, Hev-a-ith Hane, Heveydd "the Old," another probably mythical Welsh king.

⁴ The stranger who arrives just in time for dinner, and enforces a request by refusing to accept hospitality till his boon be granted, is a common figure in mediæval romance.

⁵ Custom required that Arthur and other worthies of mediæval romance should grant whatever was asked on a high festival. When once the king's promise was given, it must be kept at any cost.

⁶ Pronounced, Goo-owl.

'and I will cause that I shall never be his.' 'By what means will that be?' asked Pwyll. 'In thy hand will I give thee a small bag,' said she. 'See that thou keep it well, and he will ask of thee the banquet, and the feast, and the preparations which are not in thy power. Unto the hosts and the household will I give the feast. And such will be thy answer respecting this. And as concerns myself, I will engage to become his bride this night twelvemonth. And at the end of the year be thou here,' said she, 'and bring this bag with thee, and let thy hundred knights be in the orchard up yonder. And when he is in the midst of joy and feasting, come thou in by thyself, clad in ragged garments, and holding thy bag in thy hand, and ask nothing but a bagful of food, and I will cause that if all the meat and liquor that are in these seven Cantreys were put into it, it would be no fuller than before. And after a great deal has been put therein, he will ask thee whether thy bag will ever be full. Say thou then that it never will, until a man of noble birth and of great wealth arise and press the food in the bag with both his feet, saying, "Enough has been put therein"; and I will cause him to go and tread down the food in the bag, and when he does so, turn thou the bag, so that he shall be up over his head in it, and then slip a knot upon the thongs of the bag. Let there be also a good bugle horn about thy neck, and, as soon as thou hast bound him in the bag, wind thy horn, and let it be a signal between thee and thy knights. And, when they hear the sound of the horn, let them come down upon the palace.' 'Lord,' said Gwawl, 'it is meet that I have an answer to my request.' 'As much of that thou hast asked as it is in my power to give, thou shalt have,' replied Pwyll. 'My soul,' said Rhiannon unto him, 'as for the feast and the banquet that are here, I have bestowed them upon the men of Dyved, and the household, and the warriors that are with us. These can I not suffer to be given to any. In a year from to-night a banquet shall be prepared for thee in this palace, that I may become thy bride.'

So Gwawl went forth to his possessions, and Pwyll went also back to Dyved. And

they both spent that year until it was the time for the feast at the palace of Heveydd Hên. Then Gwawl the son of Clud set out to the feast that was prepared for him, and he came to the palace, and was received there with rejoicing. Pwyll, also, came to the orchard with his hundred knights, as Rhiannon had commanded him, having the bag with him. And Pwyll was clad in coarse and ragged garments, and wore large clumsy old shoes upon his feet. And when he knew that the carousal after the meat had begun, he went towards the hall, and when he came into the hall he saluted Gwawl the son of Clud, and his company, both men and women. 'Heaven prosper thee,' said Gwawl, 'and the greeting of Heaven be unto thee.' 'Lord,' said he, 'may Heaven reward thee, I have an errand unto thee.' 'Welcome be thine errand, and, if thou ask of me that which is just, thou shalt have it gladly.' 'It is fitting,' answered he. 'I crave but from want, and the boon that I ask is to have this small bag that thou seest filled with meat.' 'A request within reason is this,' said he, 'and gladly shalt thou have it. Bring him food.' A great number of attendants arose and began to fill the bag, but, for all that they put into it, it was no fuller than at first. 'My soul,' said Gwawl, 'will thy bag be ever full?' 'It will not, I declare to Heaven,' said he, 'for all that may be put into it, unless one possessed of lands, and domains, and treasure, shall arise and tread down with both his feet the food that is within the bag, and shall say, "Enough has been put therein."' Then said Rhiannon unto Gwawl the son of Clud, 'Rise up quickly.' 'I will willingly arise,' said he. So he rose up, and put his two feet into the bag. And Pwyll turned up the sides of the bag, so that Gwawl was over his head in it. And he shut it up quickly and slipped a knot upon the thongs, and blew his horn. And thereupon behold his household came down upon the palace. And they seized all the host that had come with Gwawl, and cast them into his own prison. And Pwyll threw off his rags, and his old shoes, and his tattered array; and as they came in, every one of Pwyll's knights struck a blow upon the bag, and asked, 'What is here?'

'A Badger,' said they. And in this manner they played, each of them striking the bag, either with his foot or with a staff. And thus played they with the bag. Every one as he came in asked, 'What game are you playing at thus?' 'The game of Badger in the Bag,' said they. And then was the game of Badger in the Bag first played.

'Lord,' said the man in the bag, 'if thou wouldest but hear me, I merit not to be slain in a bag.' Said Heveydd Hên, 'Lord, he speaks truth. It were fitting that thou listen to him, for he deserves not this.' 'Verily,' said Pwyll, 'I will do thy counsel concerning him.' 'Behold this is my counsel then,' said Rhiannon; 'thou art now in a position in which it behoves thee to satisfy suitors and minstrels; let him give unto them in thy stead, and take a pledge from him that he will never seek to revenge that which has been done to him. And this will be punishment enough.' 'I will do this gladly,' said the man in the bag. 'And gladly will I accept it,' said Pwyll, 'since it is the counsel of Heveydd and Rhiannon.' 'Such then is our counsel,' answered they. 'I accept it,' said Pwyll. 'Seek thyself sureties.'¹ 'We will be for him,' said Heveydd, 'until his men be free to answer for him.' And upon this he was let out of the bag, and his liegemen were liberated. 'Demand now of Gwawl his sureties,' said Heveydd, 'we know which should be taken for him.' And Heveydd numbered the sureties. Said Gwawl, 'Do thou thyself draw up the covenant.' 'It will suffice me that it be as Rhiannon said,' answered Pwyll. So unto that covenant were the sureties pledged. 'Verily, Lord,' said Gwawl, 'I am greatly hurt, and I have many bruises. I have need to be anointed; with thy leave I will go forth. I will leave nobles in my stead, to answer for me in all that thou shalt require.' 'Willingly,' said Pwyll, 'mayest thou do thus.' So Gwawl went towards his own possessions.

And the hall was set in order for Pwyll and the men of his host, and for them also of the palace, and they went to the tables and sat down. And as they had sat that time twelvemonth, so sat they that night.

And they ate, and feasted, and spent the night in mirth and tranquillity. And the time came that they should sleep, and Pwyll and Rhiannon went to their chamber.

And next morning at the break of day, 'My Lord,' said Rhiannon, 'arise and begin to give thy gifts unto the minstrels. Refuse no one to-day that may claim thy bounty.' 'Thus shall it be gladly,' said Pwyll, 'both to-day and every day while the feast shall last.' So Pwyll arose, and he caused silence to be proclaimed, and desired all the suitors and the minstrels to show and to point out what gifts were to their wish and desire. And this being done, the feast went on, and he denied no one while it lasted. And when the feast was ended, Pwyll said unto Heveydd, 'My Lord, with thy permission I will set out for Dyved to-morrow.' 'Certainly,' said Heveydd, 'may Heaven prosper thee. Fix also a time when Rhiannon may follow thee.' 'By Heaven,' said Pwyll, 'we will go hence together.' 'Willest thou this, Lord?' said Heveydd. 'Yes, by Heaven,' answered Pwyll.

And the next day, they set forward towards Dyved, and journeyed to the palace of Narberth, where a feast was made ready for them. And there came to them great numbers of the chief men and the most noble ladies of the land, and of these there was none to whom Rhiannon did not give some rich gift, either a bracelet, or a ring, or a precious stone. And they ruled the land prosperously both that year and the next.

And in the third year the nobles of the land began to be sorrowful at seeing a man whom they loved so much, and who was moreover their lord and their foster-brother, without an heir. And they came to him. And the place where they met was Preseleu, in Dyved. 'Lord,' said they, 'we know that thou art not so young as some of the men of this country, and we fear that thou mayest not have an heir of the wife whom thou hast taken. Take therefore another wife of whom thou mayest have heirs. Thou canst not always continue with us, and, though thou desire to remain as thou art, we will not

¹ That is, sureties that he will keep his promise.

suffer thee.' 'Truly,' said Pwyll, 'we have not long been joined together, and many things may yet befall. Grant me a year from this time, and for the space of a year we will abide together, and after that I will do according to your wishes.' So they granted it. And before the end of a year a son was born unto him. And in Narberth was he born; and on the night that he was born, women were brought to watch the mother and the boy. And the women slept, as did also Rhiannon, the mother of the boy. And the number of the women that were brought into the chamber was six. And they watched for a good portion of the night, and before midnight every one of them fell asleep, and towards break of day they awoke; and, when they awoke, they looked where they had put the boy, and behold he was not there. 'Oh,' said one of the women, 'the boy is lost!' 'Yes,' said another, 'and it will be small vengeance if we are burnt or put to death because of the child.' Said one of the women, 'Is there any counsel for us in the world in this matter?' 'There is,' answered another, 'I offer you good counsel.' 'What is that?' asked they. 'There is here a stag-hound bitch, and she has a litter of whelps. Let us kill some of the cubs, and rub the blood on the face and hands of Rhiannon, and lay the bones before her, and assert that she herself hath devoured her son, and she alone will not be able to gainsay us six.' And according to this counsel it was settled. And towards morning Rhiannon awoke, and she said, 'Women, where is my son?' 'Lady,' said they, 'ask us not concerning thy son, we have nought but the blows and the bruises we got by struggling with thee, and of a truth we never saw any woman so violent as thou, for it was of no avail to contend with thee. Hast thou not thyself devoured thy son? Claim him not therefore of us.' 'For pity's sake,' said Rhiannon; 'the Lord God knows all things. Charge me not falsely. If you tell me this from fear, I assert before Heaven that I will defend you.' 'Truly,' said they, 'we would not bring evil on ourselves for any

one in the world.' 'For pity's sake,' said Rhiannon, 'you will receive no evil by telling the truth.' But for all her words, whether fair or harsh, she received but the same answer from the women.

And Pwyll the chief of Dyved arose, and his household, and his hosts. And this occurrence could not be concealed, but the story went forth throughout the land, and all the nobles heard it. Then the nobles came to Pwyll, and besought him to put away his wife, because of the great crime which she had done. But Pwyll answered them, that they had no cause wherefore they might ask him to put away his wife, save for her having no children. 'But children has she now had, therefore will I not put her away; if she has done wrong, let her do penance for it.' So Rhiannon sent for the teachers and the wise men, and, as she preferred doing penance to contending with the women, she took upon her a penance. And the penance that was imposed upon her was, that she should remain in that palace of Narberth until the end of seven years, and that she should sit every day near unto a horse-block that was without the gate. And that she should relate the story to all who should come there, whom she might suppose not to know it already; and that she should offer the guests and strangers, if they would permit her, to carry them upon her back into the palace. But it rarely happened that any would permit. And thus did she spend part of the year.

Now at that time Teirnyon Twryv Vliant¹ was Lord of Gwent Is Coed,² and he was the best man in the world. And unto his house there belonged a mare, than which neither mare nor horse in the kingdom was more beautiful. And on the night of every first of May she foaled, and no one ever knew what became of the colt. And one night Teirnyon talked with his wife: 'Wife,' said he, 'it is very simple of us that our mare should foal every year, and that we should have none of her colts.' 'What can be done in the matter?' said she. 'This is the night of the first of May,' said he. 'The vengeance of Heaven be

¹ Pronounced, Teir-nion Too-riv Vlee-ant.

² An ancient name for the eastern division of South Wales.

upon me, if I learn not what it is that takes away the colts.' So he caused the mare to be brought into a house, and he armed himself, and began to watch that night. And in the beginning of the night, the mare foaled a large and beautiful colt. And it was standing up in the place. And Teirnyon rose up and looked at the size of the colt, and as he did so he heard a great tumult, and after the tumult behold a 10 claw came through the window into the house, and it seized the colt by the mane. Then Teirnyon drew his sword, and struck off the arm at the elbow, so that portion of the arm together with the colt was in the 15 house with him. And then did he hear a tumult and wailing, both at once. And he opened the door, and rushed out in the direction of the noise, and he could not see the cause of the tumult because of the 20 darkness of the night, but he rushed after it and followed it. Then he remembered that he had left the door open, and he returned. And at the door behold there was an infant boy in swaddling-clothes, 25 wrapped around in a mantle of satin. And he took up the boy, and behold he was very strong for the age that he was.

Then he shut the door, and went into the chamber where his wife was. 'Lady,' 30 said he, 'art thou sleeping?' 'No, lord,' said she, 'I was asleep, but as thou camest in I did awake.' 'Behold, here is a boy for thee if thou wilt,' said he, 'since thou hast never had one.' 'My lord,' said she, 35 'what adventure is this?' 'It was thus,' said Teirnyon; and he told her how it all befell. 'Verily, lord,' said she, 'what sort of garments are there upon the boy?' 'A mantle of satin,' said he. 'He is then a 40 boy of gentle lineage,' she replied. 'My lord,' she said, 'if thou wilt, I shall have great diversion and mirth. I will call my women unto me, and tell them that I have been pregnant.' 'I will readily grant thee 45 to do this,' he answered. And thus did they, and they caused the boy to be baptized, and the ceremony was performed there; and the name which they gave unto him was Gwri Wallt Euryn,¹ because 50 what hair was upon his head was as yellow as gold. And they had the boy

nursed in the Court until he was a year old. And before the year was over he could walk stoutly. And he was larger than a boy of three years old, even one 5 of great growth and size. And the boy was nursed the second year, and then he was as large as a child six years old. And before the end of the fourth year, he would bribe the grooms to allow him to 10 take the horses to water. 'My lord,' said his wife unto Teirnyon, 'where is the colt which thou didst save on the night that thou didst find the boy?' 'I have commanded the grooms of the horses,' 15 said he, 'that they take care of him.' 'Would it not be well, lord,' said she, 'if thou wæst to cause him to be broken in, and given to the boy, seeing that on the same night that thou didst find the boy, the colt was foaled and thou didst save 20 him?' 'I will not oppose thee in this matter,' said Teirnyon. 'I will allow thee to give him the colt.' 'Lord,' said she, 'may Heaven reward thee; I will give 25 it him.' So the horse was given to the boy. Then she went to the grooms and those who tended the horses, and commanded them to be careful of the horse, so that he might be broken in by the time that the 30 boy could ride him.

And while these things were going forward, they heard tidings of Rhiannon and her punishment. And Teirnyon Twryv Vliant, by reason of the pity that he felt 35 on hearing this story of Rhiannon and her punishment, inquired closely concerning it, until he had heard from many of those who came to his court. Then did Teirnyon, often lamenting the sad history, ponder 40 within himself, and he looked steadfastly on the boy, and, as he looked upon him, it seemed to him that he had never beheld so great a likeness between father and son, as between the boy and Pwyll the Chief 45 of Dyved. Now the semblance of Pwyll was well known to him, for he had of yore been one of his followers. And thereupon he became grieved for the wrong that he did, in keeping with him a boy whom 50 he knew to be the son of another man. And the first time that he was alone with his wife, he told her that it was not right

¹ Goor-ee of the golden hair.

that they should keep the boy with them, and suffer so excellent a lady as Rhiannon to be punished so greatly on his account, whereas the boy was the son of Pwyll the Chief of Dyved. And Teirnyon's wife agreed with him, that they should send the boy to Pwyll. 'And three things, lord,' said she, 'shall we gain thereby. Thanks and gifts for releasing Rhiannon from her punishment; and thanks from Pwyll for nursing his son and restoring him unto him; and thirdly, if the boy is of gentle nature, he will be our foster-son, and he will do for us all the good in his power.' So it was settled according to this counsel.

And no later than the next day was Teirnyon equipped, and two other knights with him. And the boy, as a fourth in their company, went with them upon the horse which Teirnyon had given him. And they journeyed towards Narberth, and it was not long before they reached that place. And as they drew near to the palace, they beheld Rhiannon sitting beside the horse-block. And when they were opposite to her, 'Chieftain,' said she, 'go not further thus, I will bear every one of you into the palace, and this is my penance for slaying my own son and devouring him.' 'Oh, fair lady,' said Teirnyon, 'think not that I will be one to be carried upon thy back.' 'Neither will I,' said the boy. 'Truly, my soul,' said Teirnyon, 'we will not go.' So they went forward to the palace, and there was great joy at their coming. And at the palace a feast was prepared, because Pwyll was come back from the confines of Dyved. And they went into the hall and washed, and Pwyll rejoiced to see Teirnyon. And in this order they sat. Teirnyon between Pwyll and Rhiannon, and Teirnyon's two companions on the other side of Pwyll, with the boy between them. And after meat they began to carouse and to discourse. And Teirnyon's discourse was concerning the adventure of the mare and the boy, and how he and his wife had nursed and reared

the child as their own. 'And behold here is thy son, lady,' said Teirnyon. 'And whosoever told that lie concerning thee has done wrong. And when I heard of thy sorrow, I was troubled and grieved. And I believe that there is none of this host who will not perceive that the boy is the son of Pwyll,' said Teirnyon. 'There is none,' said they all, 'who is not certain thereof.' 'I declare to Heaven,' said Rhiannon, 'that if this be true, there is indeed an end to my trouble.' 'Lady,' said Pendaran¹ Dyved, 'well hast thou named thy son Pryderi, and well becomes him the name of Pryderi² son of Pwyll Chief of Dyved.' 'Look you,' said Rhiannon, 'will not his own name become him better?' 'What name has he?' asked Pendaran Dyved. 'Gwri Wallt Euryn is the name that we gave him.' 'Pryderi,' said Pendaran, 'shall his name be.' 'It were more proper,' said Pwyll, 'that the boy should take his name from the word his mother spoke when she received the joyful tidings of him.' And thus was it arranged.

'Teirnyon,' said Pwyll, 'Heaven reward thee that thou hast reared the boy up to this time, and, being of gentle lineage, it were fitting that he repay thee for it.' 'My lord,' said Teirnyon, 'it was my wife who nursed him, and there is no one in the world so afflicted as she at parting with him. It were well that he should bear in mind what I and my wife have done for him.' 'I call Heaven to witness,' said Pwyll, 'that while I live I will support thee and thy possessions, as long as I am able to preserve my own. And when he shall have power, he will more fitly maintain them than I. And if this counsel be pleasing unto thee, and to my nobles, it shall be that, as thou hast reared him up to the present time, I will give him to be brought up by Pendaran Dyved, from henceforth. And you shall be companions, and shall both be foster-fathers unto him.' 'This is good counsel,' said they all. So the boy was given to Pendaran Dyved, and the nobles of the land were sent with him.

¹ According to tradition, Pendaran was a powerful Welsh chieftain who possessed an immense herd of swine.

² Pronounced, Prid-eri. The name is suggested by the fact that Rhiannon has just used the word *pryderi*, which means "trouble."

And Teirnyon Twryv Vliant, and his companions, set out for his country, and his possessions, with love and gladness. And he went not without being offered the fairest jewels and the fairest horses, and the choicest dogs; but he would take none of them.

Thereupon they all remained in their own dominions. And Pryderi, the son of Pwyll the Chief of Dyved, was brought up 10 carefully as was fit, so that he became the fairest youth, and the most comely, and the best skilled in all good games, of any in the kingdom. And thus passed years and years, until the end of Pwyll the Chief 15 of Dyved's life came, and he died.

And Pryderi ruled the seven Cantrevs¹ of Dyved prosperously, and he was beloved by his people, and by all around him. And at length he added to them the 5 three Cantrevs of Ystrad Tywi,² and the four Cantrevs of Cardigan; and these were called the Seven Cantrevs of Seisyllwch. And when he made this addition, Pryderi the son of Pwyll the Chief of Dyved desired to take a wife. And the wife he chose was Kicva, the daughter of Gwynn Gohoyw, the son of Gloyw Wallt Lydan, the son of Prince Casnar, one of the nobles of this Island.

And thus ends this portion of the *Mabinogion*.

GERMAN

•TRISTAN AND ISEULT

(ca. 1210)

Of the various versions of the story of Tristan and Iseult told by mediæval writers, the best is that by the German poet Gottfried von Strassburg. Indeed it is doubtful whether, as a narrative love poem, it has ever been surpassed. The story had been told many times before Gottfried. He himself states that he learned it from a certain Thomas of Britain (whose poem now exists only in fragments), but he contributed to it a fine psychological treatment and a beautiful simplicity of narrative method. The part printed in this volume is the conclusion of the poem. In the beginning we learn that Tristan, son of Rivalin and Blancheflour, after a number of misfortunes is received at Tintagel, the court of his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. He frees his country from the paying of tribute by killing the powerful warrior Morholt, but receives in the contest a wound which can be cured only by Morholt's sister, Iseult of Ireland. Disguised as a minstrel he sails to Ireland, where he is healed by Iseult of Ireland and becomes acquainted with her daughter, also named Iseult, the heroine of the poem. There is, so far, no thought of love between them, and Tristan returns to Mark's court. Later King Mark, having been urged to marry, hears of Iseult the princess of Ireland, and sends Tristan as his representative to fetch her over to Cornwall. Realizing that her daughter is to marry a man older than herself, and wishing to insure her against domestic infelicity, Iseult the elder sends along with her a love potion to be drunk by bride and groom on their wedding night. On the journey to Cornwall, Tristan and Iseult drink the potion by mistake and find themselves plunged into eternal love for each other. The rest of the story is concerned with the tragic consequences of this love. Iseult is bound to marry King Mark, and Tristan remains in his uncle's service. Perhaps the most tragic element of the story is the character of the good King Mark, who loves his nephew and his wife, and tries to blind himself to their disloyalty.

The following translation from the German of Gottfried von Strassburg is by Jessie L. Weston, London, D. Nutt, 1899.

Now King Mark and his courtiers were doubter, prayed them straitly for God's in all things anxious to do [Tristan and Iseult] honour, yet they might no longer be their looks and words, and no longer to openly friendly as before, for Mark, the 20 shew each other favour and confidence

¹ The *cantrev*, literally "a hundred villages," was a measure of land used anciently both in Britain and in Ireland.

² Part of Carmarthenshire.

as of yore; and this grieved the lovers sorely.

But King Mark was joyful: he had as much happiness as his heart desired with his lady Iseult; he would that all should shew her open honour, and nothing rejoiced him more than that she should be hailed as queen and lady wherever he was king and lord. 'Tis the blindness of love that will close its eyes to that which it would not see. For in truth he knew that his wife's heart and soul were given to Tristan, yet would he not know it.

To whom then shall the shame of his dishonour be given? For in truth 'twere wrong to say that Tristan and Iseult deceived him; he saw with his eyes, and knew, unseeing, that she loved him not; and yet he loved her!

*Alas! many a Mark and many an Iseult doth one see to-day — men who are blind, or whose hearts and eyes are blind. Many are there who hug their blindness, and will not see that which lieth before their eyes, but hold for a lie that which their heart knoweth to be the truth. And would we look upon it fairly, then ought we scarce to blame the woman, if she let the man see that which she doth think and do. For so soon as a man seeth the shame, then is he no longer deceived, but hath at his own will turned his back upon the truth. And in truth the wondrous beauty of Iseult had so fettered King Mark's eyes and senses that he could not see in her aught that should displease him, for he loved her so well that he overlooked all the sorrow she might cause him.

But to Iseult separation from Tristan was even as death; the more her husband forbade her to shew favour and kindness towards him the more her heart clung to him. For this is ever the way of women; children of Mother Eve are they all; 'twas she who brake the first commandment. For our Lord God bade her do as she would with fruit, flowers, and grass, all that was in the fair garden of Paradise save one tree only (and the priests say 'twas the fig-tree), the which was forbidden her on peril of death. Yet she plucked the fruit, and brake the commandment, and lost Paradise.

Now is it my firm belief that Eve would never have desired to eat of that tree had it not been forbidden to her. Even so the first thing that she did shewed of what mind she was, for 'twas the thing that she was forbidden. Of every fruit might she eat at her pleasure, yet would she have none save that for which she must pay so heavily.

Yet what greater honour may a woman have than that she fight against her love and her desire for the sake of honour? For in sooth the strife shall end in that her womanhood and her honour alike be justified; and he who is beloved of such a lady findeth himself elect to all bliss. He hath Paradise in his heart, and need vex himself with no fear lest the serpent be hidden amongst the flowers, or that a thorn will pierce his hand if he pluck a rose, for thorns and thistles alike are banished from that garden.

But alas! such happiness was not for Tristan and Iseult; the watch they must keep upon their words and looks was bitter to them both, and never had they sought so earnestly for means whereby they might come together; yet when they found them 'twas but to their sorrow and bitter grief.

It was midday, and the sun shone hotly, so that the queen would no longer abide in the palace, but took her way forth to the orchard. There, under the cool shade of a tree, she bade her maidens prepare a couch that she might rest awhile. This they did, spreading the couch with purple and fine linen, and Queen Iseult bade them leave her, all save Brangœne alone.

Then, since the place was lonely, and none were abroad at that hour, she sent Brangœne secretly to Tristan, bidding him come and speak with her. This she did, and Tristan did even as Adam when Eve proffered him the fruit — he took it, and ate death thereof with her.

But Brangœne went away sadly, bidding the chamberlain see that none enter the queen's apartments, and sat herself down by one of the doors, sorrowing to think that her caution and her counsel might not serve her lady better.

Scarcely had the chamberlain taken his stand before the door ere King Mark came

towards him, and asked impatiently for the queen.

"She sleepeth, sire," answered her maidens; and Brang ene, as she sat, hid her face in her hands, for her heart failed her.

But the King said: "Where doth the queen sleep?" And they told him, in the garden. And Mark went thither and found his heart-sorrow, for there lay his wife and his nephew, clasped in each other's arms, cheek to cheek, and lip to lip. So were Mark's doubts at an end — he suspected no more, for he knew.

Silently he turned and went his way, and, calling the lords of his council, told them how Tristan and the queen were even now together, and bade them go, and take the twain, and judge them according to the law of the land.

But even as Mark turned to go Tristan awoke, and saw him, and said within himself: "Alas! what hast thou done, faithful Brang ene? I wot well this shall be our death! Awake, Iseult, unhappy love, heart's queen, we are betrayed!"

"Betrayed?" she spake, "how may that be?"

"My lord the king stood but now above us; he saw us, and I saw him. Now hath he gone to bring witnesses, he worketh for our death. Heart's lady, fair Iseult, now must we part, never again may we rejoice in each other as aforetime. Now bethink thee of the true love that hath been betwixt us, and see that it remain ever steadfast, let me not out of thine heart! For whatever befall mine, thou shalt never depart from it. Iseult must ever dwell in Tristan's heart! See, love, that neither time nor distance change thy mind towards me. Forget me not, whatever befall. Sweet love, fair Iseult, kiss me, and bid me farewell!"

She stepped a little back, and spake, sighing: "Our hearts and our souls have been too long and too closely knit together that they may ever learn forgetfulness. Whether thou art far or near, in my heart shall be nothing living save Tristan alone — my love and my life. Body and soul have been thine this long while; see that no other woman ever separate thee from

me, so that our love and our faith be ever steadfast and true as they have been betwixt us these many years. And take thou this ring, let it be a token to thee of faith and love, that at any time if thou lovest other than me thou mayest look upon it and remember how thou abidest in mine heart. Think of this parting, how near it goeth to heart and life! Remember the many heavy sorrows I have suffered through thee, and let none be ever nearer to thee than Iseult! Forget me not for the sake of another! We two have loved and sorrowed in such true fellowship unto this time, we should not find it over-hard to keep the same faith even to death. Yet methinks 'tis needless to remind thee thus. If Iseult were ever one heart and one faith with Tristan, that is she now, that must she ever be. • Yet would I fain make one prayer to thee: whatever land thou seekest, have a care for thyself — *my* life; for if I be robbed of that, then am I, *thy* life, undone. And myself, *thy* life, will I for thy sake, not for mine, guard with all care. For thy body and thy life, that know I well, they rest on me. Now bethink thee well of me, thy body, Iseult. Let me see my life in thee, if it may well be so, and see thou thy life in me! Thou guardest the life of both. Now come hither and kiss me. Tristan and Iseult, thou and I, we twain are but one being, without distinction or difference. This kiss shall be a seal that I thine, and thou mine, remain even to death but one Tristan and one Iseult!"

Now that they had set the seal on their covenant, Tristan departed thence, with bitter sorrow; his self, his other life, Iseult, remained weeping sorely. Never aforetime had their parting been thus sorrowful.

Herewith came the king, and with him a company of his lords and counsellors, yet they came too late, for they found but Iseult alone.

Then they drew the king aside, and said: "Sire, herein hast thou wronged both thy wife and thine honour. Now, as many a time before, hast thou accused the queen needlessly and for nought. Thou wrongest thyself. How canst thou be joyful the

while thou dost shame thy wife, and make her and thyself the mock of the land? Yet hast thou found no wrong in her. Why slander the queen who hath not betrayed thee? For thine own self and thine honour do so no more." Thus they counselled him; and Mark held his peace, and went thence unavenged.

Herein Ye May Read the Ending of Tristan and Iseult — Of Tristan's Valiant Deeds — How He Wedded Iseult of the White Hand — Of His Deadly Wound — Of the Coming of Iseult of Ireland — Of the Death of the Lovers.

Tristan betook him to his lodging, and bade his folk make ready and come with him swiftly to the haven. There he went aboard the first ship he found, and sailed with his men to Normandy. But there he abode not long, for he sought a life that should bring him some comfort for his sadness. He fled from death that he might seek death, and so free him from the death of the heart — his separation from Iseult. What profit to flee from death if he bare death with him? What profit if the torment that drave him forth from Cornwall yet lay, day and night, upon him?

He bethought him that if his sorrow were ever to be lessened it must needs be by deeds of knighthood; so, hearing that there was war in Almayne,¹ he journeyed thither, and served sceptre and crown so faithfully that the Roman Empire never won under its banners a warrior who wrought such doughty deed. Many an adventure had he, the which I will not recount, for, if I were to tell all the deeds that have been written of him, the tale would indeed be marvellous! But the many fables men tell of him I cast to the winds; 'tis toil and labour enow to record the truth.

Tristan's life and death, the fair-haired Iseult, she had sorrow and grief enough. Her heart well nigh broke as she watched his ship sail thence; but his life kept her in life — apart from him she might neither live nor die. She watched the sail flutter in the wind, and spake in her heart: "Alas, alas! Sir Tristan, my heart clingeth to thee, my eyes follow thee, and thou speedest from me! Why go thus quickly? Know-

est thou not that thou dost flee thy life in fleeing from Iseult? Thou canst no more live a day without me than I can live without thee. Our lives are so interwoven that thou bearest my life with thee; and though in sooth thou leavest thine, yet may neither of us rightly die nor fully live! So am I, poor Iseult, henceforth neither dead nor living! What may I do, alas? I am here, and I am there, yet am I in neither place. I see myself on the sea, and know myself on the land. I sail hence with Tristan, and sit here beside King Mark!" So she bemoaned herself.

When Tristan had been half a year and more in Almayne he became heavy at heart, hearing nought of his lady, and thought to return to the land where he might hear some rumours of her doings. So he gat him back to Normandy, and from thence to Parmenie, thinking that he would find comfort and counsel with Rual. But alas! he and his wife were both dead, yet his sons welcomed Tristan gladly, and were joyful at his coming. They kissed his hands and feet, eyes and mouth, many a time. "Lord," they said, "in thee hath God given us back both father and mother. Now abide here with us, and take again all that was thine, and let us serve thee even as our father served thee, who was thy man, as we would gladly be! Our father and mother are alike dead, but God hath looked upon our need, and sent thee back to us!"

Then they shewed Tristan the tomb, and he stood and wept awhile beside it, and said: "Now if faith and honour may be buried in the earth, here do they lie entombed. Yet if faith and honour are aught akin to God, as men say, then doubt I not that these twain are now crowned above, even as the children of God are crowned."

The sons of Rual, even as their father, laid themselves and all they had at Tristan's service, and vexed themselves in all things to do his will; and thus he abode with them many days.

Now was there a dukedom, betwixt Brittany and England, which was called Arundel, and lay upon the sea coast. The ruler of the land was an old man, but a

¹ Germany.

brave and courteous. The story saith that his neighbours had made war upon him, and had robbed him of possessions by sea and land. Right willingly had he avenged himself, but as yet he lacked the power to do so. One son and one daughter had the duke. The son had received knighthood three years past, and had won much praise and honour for his valiant deeds. His sister was a fair maiden, Iseult of the white hand was she called, and her brother's name was Kahedin. The duke's name was Jovelin.

A rumour came to Parmenie that there was fighting in the dukedom of Arundel, and Tristan, thinking thereby to forget his sorrow, journeyed thither, and found the duke in his castle of Karke. Thither went he with all his friends, and the duke received him with the welcome befitting a noble warrior, for he knew Tristan well by report — all the islands of the Western Sea were full of his fame. The duke was joyful of his coming, and Kahedin, his son, was minded to show him all the honour he might, and would ever be in his company. Friendship was sworn betwixt the two, and they kept that oath faithfully, even unto their death.

Tristan bade the duke tell him how matters stood with him; what was the might of his enemies, and where they most straitly beset his land; and when he knew that they had in truth a mighty force against them, he sent secretly to Parmenie, to Rual's sons, telling them he was in need of aid; and they came swiftly, with five hundred men, and great store of food and drink, for the duke's foemen had laid the land waste.

When Tristan knew of their coming he went to meet them, and led them under cover of night into the land. One half he bade abide at the castle of Karke, and keep their presence secret till he and Kahedin had need of them. With the other half he rode to a castle which the duke had bidden him guard, and commanded them to lie hidden, even as those at Karke.

With the daylight Tristan and Kahedin rode to the border, burning and sacking every fortress on their path, so that the cry went abroad through all the land that

Kahedin had ridden forth openly to dare the enemy. And when the former heard this they gathered their men together and came out to meet them, and fell in with them beneath the walls of Karke. When the battle was at its height Tristan's knights who had lain hidden within the castle fell upon them suddenly, and, thus taken by surprise, the foe could do nought but fly, or yield themselves prisoners, or die on the field.

When they had thus taken the leaders captive, Tristan and Kahedin, with all their knights, rode into the enemy's land. There was no fortress so strong that it might resist them, and all the goods and all the prisoners they won they sent to Karke, till the land was once more in their power, and the duke was well avenged.

Then Tristan bade Rual's sons return to Parmenie, and thanked them much for the aid they had given him. The prisoners he bade receive their lands again from the hands of Duke Jovelin, and swear to remain his men, and abstain henceforth from making war upon him; and to this all the princes agreed. Hereafter was Tristan held in great honour at court and through all the land, and all men alike were fain to do his bidding.

Now Kahedin's sister, Iseult of the white hand, was a fair and noble maiden, the flower of the land for beauty and virtue. As Tristan beheld her the old sorrow awoke in his heart. She reminded him of the other Iseult, the Princess of Ireland; nor might he hear or speak her name but that his sorrow might be read in his face. Yet he loved the grief that lay at his heart, and saw the maiden gladly, in that she called to his mind the faith he had sworn to the fair-haired Iseult. Iseult was alike his sorrow and his joy; she brought him comfort, and she vexed him sore. The more his heart yearned for the one Iseult, the more gladly he beheld the other.

And he said in his heart: "Yea, God, how the name doth lead me astray! truth and falsehood betray alike mine eyes and my soul. *Iseult* rings laughing in mine ear at all times, yet know I not who Iseult may be — mine eyes behold her, and yet they see her not. Iseult is far from me,

and yet is she near. Once more am I bewitched, and Cornwall hath become Arundel; Tintagel, Karke; and Iseult hath taken the form of Iseult! I deemed when men spake of this maiden as *Iseult*, that I had found my love again — and yet was I deceived. Over-long do I desire the sight of Iseult; now am I come where Iseult is, and find her not! I see her day by day, yet see her not, therefore make I my moan. I have found Iseult, yet not the fair-haired Iseult, who was so kindly cruel. The Iseult who vexeth thus my heart is she of Arundel, not Iseult the fair; she, alas! mine eyes behold not. And yet she whom I now behold, and who is sealed with her name, her I must ever honour and love, for the sake of the dear name that so oft hath given me joy and gladness unspeakable."

So Tristan spake oft with himself, and the maid, Iseult of the white hand, marked his troubled glances, and saw how they rested upon her, and her heart went out towards him, for she heard how throughout the land all men praised him; and her eyes strove to answer the thought in him, till the man began to marvel in his heart whether here he might not find an ending to his woe.

Then he upbraided himself for falsehood. "Ah, faithless Tristan! wouldst thou love *two* Iseults, when thine other life, Iseult, will have but one Tristan? She will have none other love but me; shall I woo another? Woe to thee, Tristan, lay aside this blind folly, and put the thought far from thee."

So was his heart turned again to the love that was his true heritage, and he thought but of his old grief.

Yet was he ever courteous to the maiden Iseult, and whatever her pleasure might be, that would he do. He told her knightly tales, he sang for her, and wrote and read, even as she bade him. And in those days he made the noble "*Lay of Tristan*," which men in all lands love and prize, and shall prize while the world endures. For often it chanced when all the folk sat together, Tristan, Iseult, and Kahedin, the duke and the duchess, with all the lords and ladies of the court, that he wove fair

verses, and roundels, and courteous songs, and ever he sang this refrain:

"Iseut ma drue, Iseut m'amie,

En vous ma mort, en vous ma vie!"

But since he was so fain to sing thus, all who hearkened deemed that he meant their lady, the maiden Iseult, and were beyond measure joyful. And none more than Kahedin. Many a time and oft did he set Tristan beside his sister, and she, when she smiled on Tristan, and gave him her hand, did it as if to please her brother — yet was it to pleasure herself.

Yet day by day Tristan's sorrow grew heavier; he desired but one Iseult, Iseult of Ireland; and Iseult of the white hand, she would have none but Tristan. Her heart and soul were his, his grief was hers, and as she saw him grow pale and sigh for sorrow, so she herself sighed and grew pale, till at length she shewed her love to him so openly, in sweet gestures, looks, and words, that he scarce knew what he might do, and his heart was tossed on a sea of doubt.

And as time passed on, and never word or message came from Queen Iseult, he began to think whether his sorrow and his faith were not all in vain.

"Ah, sweet friend, love Iseult!" he said, "now is our life too far apart. 'Tis no longer as erewhile, when we had but one joy, one sorrow, one love, and one life between us. Now is our fate unlike. I am sad, and thou art joyful. My heart yearneth for thy love, but thy longings for me, they are methinks but feeble. Alas! alas! that which I have lost for thee dost thou hold; thou art at home with thy lord Mark, and thy friends around thee, and I am alone, a stranger in a strange land. Little comfort may I have henceforth from thee, and yet my heart clingeth to thee. Little need hast thou of me! Why dost thou ask not what befalls me? Ah! sweet Queen Iseult, hadst thou departed from me as I from thee, surely had I sent to learn tidings of her who was my life. And yet it may be that she hath sought me, and found me not, for he who seeketh a wanderer hath no fixed goal for his search. She may well have sought secretly through Cornwall and England, through France

and Normandy, even to my land of Parmenie, and, finding me not, she thinketh of me no more."

Thus his doubt of Iseult of Ireland, and the love shewn him by Iseult of the white hand, wrought on Tristan's heart, and vexed him day and night, till at last, for the friendship he bare to Kahedln, and for the sweetness and beauty of Iseult the maiden, he determined to wed her. So 10 the duke proclaimed a great feast, and the folk came from far and wide, and Iseult of the white hand and Tristan were made man and wife by the bishop of the land, in the Minster¹ at Karke. And yet, for the love which he bare to Iseult of Ireland, which might not be stilled, was she but his wife in name. Yet none but they two knew of it, and Iseult's doubts were laid at rest, for Tristan told her how he had made 20 a vow, many a year ago, should he ever wed, to leave his wife a maiden for a year.

Now Kahedln, Iseult's brother, had loved, from his youth up, a lady of the 25 land, and she, too, loved him well; yet her parents, against her will, had given her in marriage to another knight, the lord of Gamaroch, which lay near to the land of Arundel. And there, in his castle of 30 Gamaroch, did her husband keep her strictly guarded, for he knew well that she loved him not; nor would he go abroad save that he bare the keys of the castle with him.

Then Kahedln in his sorrow took counsel with Tristan, and Tristan bade him, if he could by any means win speech with his lady from without, to pray her to make moulds in wax of the keys while her hus- 40 band slept, and throw the moulds into the moated ditch below the castle wall. This she did, and with the aid of a cunning smith they made keys that would fit the locks.

So when next Nampotenis, for so was the knight called, rode abroad, and left his wife in guard, Kahedln and Tristan came secretly, and unlocked the castle gates, and entered. The lady received them with 50 much joy; but as they crossed the moat the wind loosened the circlet from

Kahedln's helmet and it fell to the ground; but neither of the twain were ware of it.

Then Kahedln and his lady spake together through the hours of the night, and Tristan kept watch without till the dawning. With the morning light they rode away, and deemed that none knew of their coming.

But when Nampotenis came again in the morning, he beheld in the moat the circlet that had fallen from Kahedln's helmet, and knew well it was none of his or of his knights', and deemed that forsooth his 15 wife's lover had been with her. Then with stern words he bade her confess the truth, and because she greatly feared his wrath and cruelty she told him all; and Nampotenis forthwith called his men together, and pursued after the two knights, and overtook them in the forest.

They had no thought that they were pursued, and were taken at unawares, and ere they wist their foes were upon them. Nampotenis fell on Kahedln and ran 25 him through the body with his spear, so that he fell dead. But Tristan in wrath drew out his sword and ran upon Nampotenis and smote him dead, and put all his men to flight. Yet ere they fled had one of them smitten Tristan through the thigh with a poisoned spear. With great sorrow did Tristan bear his dead comrade back to Karke, and they buried him in the 35 minster.

Iseult of the white hand dressed Tristan's wound, and bade the leeches of the land do what they might to heal him, but nought that they might do was of any 40 avail, for the venom was so potent their skill might not prevail against it.

Then Tristan saw well how it stood with him, and he said to himself: "Now might I but send to my lady Iseult, methinks she 45 would cure me now, even as her mother did aforetime, otherwise must I die of this hurt." Then secretly he sent for Kurwenal, and prayed him to go with all speed to Tintagel and seek out Iseult the queen. "Bear with thee this ring, and shew it to her as a token from me, and say how that I lie, sorely wounded, and must needs die

¹ A church, usually one connected with a monastery.

an she come not to mine aid. And if for love of me she will come, then I pray thee to set a white sail to the ship; but if she cometh not, then let the sail be black, for I shall know she loveth me no more."

Then Kurwenal departed, even as Tristan bade him, and came to Tintagel, and told Iseult the queen secretly all that Tristan had bade him say. She made ready in haste, and wrapped her in her veil, and stole to the harbour, and sailed away ere any might know of it.

Now Tristan bade them bear him day by day to the shore that he might watch for the ship from Cornwall till his weakness grew so great he might do so no longer; then he bade his wife, Iseult, watch from the window of his chamber and bear him tidings when Kurwenal should return.

But Iseult of the white hand had heard more secretly when her husband spake to Kurwenal, and her heart was hot within her for anger 'gainst the other Iseult, for she knew well who it was that Tristan loved. So when at last she spied the ship that bare Iseult the queen thither, she said to her husband: "Yonder cometh the ship wherein Kurwenal sailed hence."

"What manner of sail doth it bear?" spake Tristan.

"'Tis black as night," answered Iseult of the white hand, yet she lied, for the sail was white as snow.

Then Tristan spake no word, but turned his face to the wall, and said in his heart: "God keep thee, my love Iseult, for I shall look on thee no more," and with that he loosed his hold of the life he had held till then, and his soul departed.

Now the ship wherein was Iseult of Ireland drew nigh to the haven; and as they came to shore they heard the bells toll from the Minster and the chapels, and the voice of weeping and lamentation in the streets. "What meaneth this woe?" asked Iseult the queen, "and wherefore do ye toll the bells?" Then an old man answered, and said: "Fair lady, a great misfortune hath befallen our land. Tristan, the

bravest of knights, he who drave out our enemies and restored our duke to his own, is but now dead. He hath died of a wound from a poisoned spear; but now have they borne his body to the Minster."

Then Iseult answered no word, but turned her on the way to the Minster, and went thither swiftly; and all looked upon her, and marvelled at her beauty and her woe. And when she came to the Minster Tristan lay dead on the bier, and beside him sat Iseult of the white hand. Then Iseult of Ireland looked upon her: "Why sittest thou here beside the dead, thou who hast slain him? Arise, and get thee hence!" And Iseult of the white hand arose and drew aside, for she feared the queen.

But Iseult of Ireland spake no word more, but laid her down on the bier by her lover, and put her arms around him, and sighed once, and her soul departed from her body.

Now tidings had been brought to King Mark how that Iseult the queen had fled with Kurwenal, and he took ship and pursued after her swiftly, but ere he came to shore at Arundel she lay dead beside Tristan. And there Kurwenal told Mark all that had chanced, and the secret of the love potion, and how it was by no will of their own but through the magic of the love drink that the twain had wronged him. And Mark spake, weeping: "Alas! Tristan, hadst thou but trusted in me, and told me all the truth, then had I given Iseult to thee for wife."

Then he bade them embalm the bodies, and he bare them back with him to Tintagel, and laid them in marble tombs on either side of the chapel wherein the kings of his line lay buried. And by the tomb of Tristan he bade them plant a rose-tree, and by that of Iseult a vine, and the two reached towards each other across the chapel, and wove branches and root so closely together that no man hereafter might separate them.

Explicit "Tristan and Iseult."

FRENCH

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

(ca. 1150)

This charming little romance, which is preserved in only one manuscript, enjoys at the present day greater popularity among English-speaking people than any other romance of its period. Various attempts have been made to discover the name of the author, but the past refuses to give up the secret. We can be sure that he was an old man, and he must have been a very wise and kind one, for he treats his lovers with a playful benevolence impossible to any but the most sophisticated. Even the father who breaks his pledge does not arouse his indignation.

The form, known as the *chanle-fable*, which consists of alternate sections of prose and poetry, both of which assist in furthering the progress of the plot, is apparently not paralleled in any other mediæval work. There are many that resemble it slightly, as for example the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boëthius and the *Vita Nuova* of Dante; but the similarity is only external.

The present translation is by Andrew Lang.

THE SONG-STORY OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolette.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness¹ of the captive grey?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolette,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace
Of his love, so fair of face.

• Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the
Tale:

How the Count Bougars de Valence
made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire,
war so great, and so marvellous, and so mortal that never a day dawned but alway
he was there, by the gates and walls, and
barriers of the town with a hundred
knights, and ten thousand men at arms,
horsemen and footmen: so burned he the
Count's land, and spoiled his country, and
slew his men. Now the Count Garin de
Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good
days were gone over. No heir had he,

neither son nor daughter, save one young
man only; such an one as I shall tell you.
Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau²:
fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly
fashioned of his body, and limbs. His
hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes
blue and laughing, his face beautiful and
shapely, his nose high and well set, and so
richly seen was he in all things good, that
in him was none evil at all. But so sud-
denly overtaken was he of Love, who is a
great master, that he would not, of his
will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor
follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him
beseeemed. Therefore his father and
mother said to him:

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy
horse, and hold thy land, and help thy
men, for if they see thee among them,
more stoutly will they keep in battle their
lives, and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel
that you will be speaking. Never may
God give me aught of my desire if I be
made knight, or mount my horse, or face
stour³ and battle wherein knights smite
and are smitten again, unless thou give me
Nicolette, my true love, that I love so
well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not
be. Let Nicolette go, a slave girl she is,
out of a strange land, and the captain of
this town bought her of the Saracens, and
carried her hither, and hath reared her and

¹ Pleasure or solace.

³ Conflict.

² A young man.

let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honourably. Herein hast thou nought to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolette the fair
None might win his heart away,
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay.
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolette is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims¹ sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair,
Choose a maid of high degree;
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these I have no care,
Nicolette is debonaire.
Her body sweet and the face of her
Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would not avail to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolette, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him saying:

"Sir Count: away with Nicolette thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that, if

I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honourably. With this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they from each other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolette with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, where through came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:

Nicolette as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colours of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,
With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she wofully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,²
If I may flee!"

¹ Infidels.

² Dwell.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolette was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit ¹ of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolette was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever ¹⁰ had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spoke to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be ²⁰ even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolette is a captive that I did ²⁵ bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these ³⁰ days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honourably. With this thou hast naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee ³⁵ to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise ⁴⁰ wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but ⁴⁵ such folk as I shall tell thee now. Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices ⁵⁰

and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go ⁵ into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all ¹⁰ men noble. With these would I liefly ³ go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, ⁴ ¹⁵ and cloth of gris, ⁵ and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear.
To the palace doth he fare,
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear,
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolette, how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways,
Sister, sweet friend!"

As Aucassin sat sorrowing in his chamber, his father came to him and reproached him for his inactivity. Aucassin offered to take up arms

¹ Fame.

² Gladly.

³ Probably another kind of squirrel fur, gray.

⁴ Clerics' hoods.

⁵ Squirrel fur.

against the invader, provided he receive Nicolette as a reward. When this request was refused, he offered to fight if he could only be granted an interview with her. His father agreed to this arrangement and Aucassin went out to fight. In spite of his lover-like abstraction, he fought successfully and brought the Count Bougars as captive to his father. Much to his surprise, however, the bargain was repudiated and, when he insisted upon his right to see Nicolette, he was thrown into a dungeon.

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolette, in another place, was in a chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolette lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of 20 Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told 25 of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very 30 goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the 35 garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

•Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her 45 breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as 50 she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so

white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate,¹ and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. 10 Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:

Nicolette the bright of brow,
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold.
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

40 When Aucassin heard Nicolette say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee, and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed and that bed not mine, wit ye well that 50 I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not; but would

¹ A private back gate.

hurl myself on it so soon as I could find a wall, or a black stone, thereon would I dash my head so mightily, that the eyes would start, and my brain burst. Rather would I die even such a death, than know thou hadst lain in a man's bed, and that bed not mine."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolette held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolette as they went, and threatening to slay her.

"God!" quoth he, "this were great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity."

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that lingerest here,
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord,
Of the cloaked men of the sword,
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolette, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah, God," saith she, "sweet Saviour! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and, if here I abide, to-morrow they will take me and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that to-morrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet, and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber¹ to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two cross-bow shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts, and beasts serpentine, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolette, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping stone,

¹ In difficulty.

There made she lament and moan
 Calling on our Lord alone
 For his mercy and his grace.
 "Father, king of Majesty,
 Listen, for I nothing know
 Where to flee or whither go.
 If within the wood I fare,
 Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
 Boars and lions terrible,
 Many in the wild wood dwell,
 But if I abide the day,
 Surely worse will come of it,
 Surely will the fire be lit
 That shall burn my body away.
 Jesus, lord of Majesty,
 Better seemeth it to me,
 That within the wood I fare,
 Though the wolves devour me there,
 Than within the town to go,
 Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the
 Tale:

Nicolette made great moan, as ye have
 heard; then commended she herself to
 God, and anon fared till she came unto the
 forest. But to go deep in it she dared not,
 by reason of the wild beasts, and beasts
 serpentine. Anon crept she into a little
 thicket, where sleep came upon her, and
 she slept till prime next day, when the
 shepherds issued forth from the town and
 drove their bestial between wood and
 water. Anon came they all into one place
 by a fair fountain which was on the fringe
 of the forest, thereby spread they a mantle,
 and thereon set bread. So while they were
 eating, Nicolette wakened, with the sound
 of the singing birds, and the shepherds,
 and she went unto them, saying, "Fair
 boys, our Lord keep you!"

"God bless thee," quoth he that had
 more words to his tongue than the rest.

"Fair boys," quoth she, "know ye
 Aucassin, the son of Count Garin de
 Biaucaire?"

"Yea, well we know him."

"So may God help you, fair boys,"
 quoth she, "tell him there is a beast in this
 forest, and bid him come chase it, and if he
 can take it, he would not give one limb
 thereof for a hundred marks of gold, nay,
 nor for five hundred, nor for any ransom."

¹ About 1/12 of a sou.

Then looked they on her, and saw her so
 fair that they were all astonished.

"Will I tell him thereof?" quoth he that
 had more words to his tongue than the
 5 rest; "foul fall him who speaks of the
 thing or tells him the tidings. These are
 but visions ye tell of, for there is no beast
 so great in this forest, stag, nor lion, nor
 boar, that one of his limbs is worth more
 10 than two deniers,¹ or three at the most,
 and ye speak of such great ransom. Foul
 fall him that believes your word, and him
 that telleth Aucassin. Ye be a Fairy, and
 we have none liking for your company,
 15 nay, hold on your road."

"Nay, fair boys," quoth she, "nay, ye
 will do my bidding. For this beast is so
 mighty of medicine that thereby will
 Aucassin be healed of his torment. And
 20 lo! I have five sols² in my purse, take
 them, and tell him: for within three days
 must he come hunting it hither, and, if
 within three days he find it not, never will
 he be healed of his torment."

"My faith," quoth he, "the money will
 we take, and if he come hither we will tell
 him, but seek him we will not."

"In God's name," quoth she; and so
 took farewell of the shepherds, and went
 30 her way.

Here one singeth:

Nicolette the bright of brow
 From the shepherds doth she pass
 All below the blossomed bough
 Where an ancient way there was,
 Overgrown and choked with grass,
 Till she found the cross-roads where
 Seven paths do all way fare,
 Then she deemeth she will try,
 Should her lover pass thereby,
 If he love her loyally.
 So she gathered white lilies,
 Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
 Leaves of many a branch I wis,
 Therewith built a lodge of green,
 Goodlier was never seen,
 Swore by God who may not lie,
 "If my love the lodge should spy,
 He will rest awhile thereby
 If he love me loyally."
 Thus his faith she deemed to try,
 "Or I love him not, not I,
 Nor he loves me!"

² Sous.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolette built her lodge, of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and feteously, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolette was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. And the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and let make a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin his son. Now at the high time of the feast, was Aucassin leaning from the gallery, all woful and discomfited. Whatsoever men might devise of mirth, Aucassin had no joy thereof, nor no desire, for he saw not her that he loved. Then a knight looked on him, and came to him, and said:

"Aucassin, of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee, if thou wilt hearken to me —"

"Sir," said Aucassin, "gramercy, good counsel would I fain hear."

"Mount thy horse," quoth he, "and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

"Sir," quoth Aucassin, "gramercy, that will I do."

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He let saddle and bridle him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest, so rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here singeth one:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,

Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,
And the maid with yellow hair,
Bright of brow and eyes of vair,
She that gave us gold to ware,
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also,
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

* * *

The night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolette had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolette, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolette his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, nathless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolette with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star.
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the
Tale:

When Nicolette heard Aucassin, right
so came she unto him, for she was not far
away. She passed within the lodge, and
threw her arms about his neck, and
clipped¹ and kissed him.

"Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair sweet love, be thou
welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other,
and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin,
"but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder
wried, but I take no force of it, nor have
no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found
it was wried from its place. And she so
handled it with her white hands, and so
wrought in her surgery, that, by God's
will who loveth lovers, it went back into
its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh
grass, and leaves green, and bound these
herbs on the hurt with a strip of her
smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair sweet love,

take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy
father let search this forest to-morrow, and
men find me here, they will slay me, come
to thee what will."

5 "Certes, fair sweet love, therefore
should I sorrow heavily, but, an if I may,
never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady
before him, kissing and clipping her, and
so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight, and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spaké in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"
"Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!"
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

¹ Embraced.

TALES

ORIENTAL

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

(ca. 900 A.D.)

The *Thousand and One Nights* is a collection of stories in the Arabic language which comes, in approximately its present form, from the middle of the tenth century. When it is first heard of, however, it is already a compilation of stories of various origins — Egyptian, Persian, Arabian, etc. — some of which undoubtedly come from remote antiquity. The stories are set in a framework, as are the stories of the *Canterbury Tales*, the *Decameron*, the *Seven Wise Masters*, and others. The tradition is that a certain Persian king was accustomed to marry a woman on one day and kill her the next. A beautiful princess named Sharazad (Scheherazade), who was married to the king, saved her life by a clever plan. On her wedding night she began a story of such great interest that the king was determined to hear the end. She left the story unfinished, promising the remainder on the next night. She kept this plan going for a thousand and one nights, and by that time the king had become so attached to her that he spared her life.

The *Thousand and One Nights* is significant in European literary history because it provides the originals of certain Oriental tales which have been incorporated into Western literature. Since their first translation (the French translation by Galland was made 1704-1712), they have been enjoyed almost as much as any piece of European origin. The story of Sinbad the Sailor is a travel yarn which occupies in Oriental literature a place analogous to that of St. Brandon in Europe. The adventure printed in this volume tells of Sinbad's visit to the Earthly Paradise, an imaginary Happy Land that has caught the imagination of many writers from Homer to William Morris.

This selection is from *Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights*, Everyman's, 1907.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad; but it was not long ere I grew weary of a quiet life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods suited to the commerce I intended, and put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and, after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit trees, but so unpeopled, that we could see neither man nor beast upon it. We went to take a little fresh air in the meadows, and along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others with gathering fruits, I

took my wine and provisions and sat down by a stream betwixt two great trees, which formed a curious shape. I made a very good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I was very much surprised to find the ship gone. I got up and looked about everywhere, and could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. At last I perceived the ship under sail, but at such a distance that I lost sight of her in a very little time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition. I was ready to die with grief: I cried out sadly, beat my head and breast, and threw myself down upon the ground, where I lay some time in a terrible agony. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might well have served me all my life.

But all this was in vain, and my repentance out of season.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God; and not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides to see if there was anything that could give me hope. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water, but looking towards the land I saw something 10 white; and, coming down from the tree, I took up what provision I had left and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl of a prodigious height and bigness; and when I came up to it I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went around to see if it was open on any 20 side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top of it, it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was ready to set, 25 and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was occasioned by a bird, of a monstrous 30 size, that came flying toward me. I remember a fowl, called *roc*, that I had often heard mariners speak of, and conceived that the great bowl, which I so much admired, must needs be its egg. In short, the bird lighted, 35 and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to 40 it with the cloth that went round my turban, in hopes that when the roc flew away next morning she would carry me with her out of this desert island. And, after having passed the night in this condition, the bird really flew away next morning, as soon as it was day, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended all of a sudden, with so much 45 rapidity that I lost my senses; but when the roc was settled, and I found myself upon the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the

bird, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The place where she left me was a very deep valley, encompassed on all sides with 5 mountains, so high that they seemed to reach above the clouds, and so full of steep rocks that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity, so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some 15 of which were of surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking at them; but speedily I saw at a distance such objects as very much diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not look upon 20 without terror; they were a great number of serpents, so big and so long that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day-time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the night-time.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most suitable. When 30 night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might be in safety. I stopped the mouth of it, which was low and straight, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so exactly fitted as to hinder light from coming in. I supped on 35 part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began to appear, hissing about in the meantime, put me into such extreme fear that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked a long time upon diamonds without feeling an inclination to touch any of them. At last 45 I sat down, and notwithstanding my uneasiness, not having shut my eyes during the night, I fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions; but I had scarcely shut my eyes, when something 50 that fell by me with great noise awakened me. This was a great piece of fresh meat, and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always looked upon it as a fable when I heard mariners and others discourse of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems made use of by some merchants to get jewels from thence; but now I found it to be true. For, in reality, those merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and, throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests upon the top of the rocks to feed their young with, at which time the merchants, running to their nests, frighten the eagles by their noise, and take the diamonds that stick to the meat. And this stratagem they make use of to get the diamonds out of the valley, which is surrounded with such precipices that nobody can enter it.

I believed till then that it was not possible for me to get out of this abyss, which I looked upon as my grave; but now I changed my mind, for the falling in of those pieces of meat put me in hopes of a way of saving my life.

I began to gather together the largest diamonds that I could see, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being tied fast to my girdle, so that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarcely laid me down before the eagles came. Each of them seized a piece of meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with a piece of meat on my back, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants fell straightway to shouting, to frighten the eagles; and, when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was very much afraid when he saw me, but, recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. "You will treat

me," replied I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not trouble yourself; I have diamonds enough for you and myself too, more than all the other merchants together. If they have any, it is by chance; but I chose myself in the bottom of the valley all those which you see in this bag"; and, having spoken those words, I showed them to him. I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came trooping about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story. Yet they did not so much admire my stratagem to save myself as my courage to attempt it.

They took me to the place where they were staying all together, and there, having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that in all the courts where they had been they had never seen any that came near them. I prayed the merchant to whom the nest belonged (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that too the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages to raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with those merchants, to whom I told my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought I was in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself to be out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days, and, each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place next morning all together, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took ship at the nearest port and came to the Isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor.

Here I exchanged some of my diamonds

for good merchandise. From thence we went to other isles, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the main land, we landed at Balsora, from

whence I went to Bagdad. There I immediately gave great alms to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had gained with so much fatigue.

ITALIAN BOCCACCIO

(ca. 1313-1375)

Although he cannot be compared with Dante for elevation and dignity nor with Petrarch for elegance, Giovanni Boccaccio deserves a high place for his contributions to Italian prose. He was born in a small Tuscan town, the son of a Florentine merchant. Neither business nor law appealed to the young Boccaccio. His chief delight was in poetry and in the study of the ancients. He fixed his residence at Naples and gave himself up to literature and study. In 1341 he assisted in the examination preceding the public coronation of Petrarch, and the two became very close friends. During his earlier years Boccaccio became enamored of a lady of noble family, possibly the daughter of King Robert of Sicily, whom he celebrated in his writings as Fiammetta. It was largely for her amusement that he composed that famous collection of stories known as the *Decameron*. In 1350 he returned to Florence and devoted himself to public services and the advancement of letters. He assumed the habit in 1361 and died in 1375. As a scholar he is famous as a commentator upon Dante, as a compiler of ancient traditions, as a student of Greek, and as a transcriber of Latin manuscripts. As an author he is memorable chiefly for the *Teseide*, an epic poem dealing with the career of Theseus, which forms the basis for Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; the *Filocolo*, a modernized version of the mediæval romance *Florice and Blancheflour*; the *Filostrato*, used by Chaucer as the basis for his *Troilus and Criseyde*; and the famous *Decameron*.

The *Decameron* was written sometime about the middle of the fourteenth century. During the plague of 1348 a party of cavaliers and ladies, ten in number, retired to a pleasant part of the country for safety. In order that the time might pass more quickly, each person told a story each day for ten days. These hundred stories are of every imaginable kind, and are introduced by a vivid description of the plague in all its terrors. The contrast between the horror without and the courtly care-free life of the story-tellers within never quite leaves the reader's consciousness. The work illustrates Boccaccio's remarkable discrimination in selection; it contains the best there is in the domain of mediæval story; and it is a masterpiece in grace and beauty of prose style. The *Decameron* established a type of fiction known as the *novella*, a short narrative which, realistic in setting and detail and romantic in general effect, foreshadowed the novel.

The translation here given is based on that published, with an introduction by Thomas Wright, by Chatto & Windus, London.

THE DECAMERON

THE TALE OF THE FALCON

There dwelt at Florence a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who in feats of arms and gentility surpassed all the youth in Tuscany: this gentleman was in love with a lady called Madame Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and, to gain her affection, he used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as just and reputable as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding that he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he

went out a-fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now, one day it happened that, as he was reduced to the last extremity, the husband of this lady chanced to fall sick, who, being very rich, left all his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up, and, if the son should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and, when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo: whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; when he, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree, that the youth knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the young spark soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child: and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him, often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it were possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said, "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of its kind, and which alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply, till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself, to bring it. She then re-

plied, "Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery, for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy, that he immediately showed signs of amendment. The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to his little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said, "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for what you have formerly done on my account; what I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighbourly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any harm by your means, but rather so much good that, if I was worth anything at any time, it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he shewed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said, "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a labourer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table." He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and wishing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and, finding it very

fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he pulled the hawk's head off, and gave it to a girl to truss and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to her, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the hawk. After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little together, she thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him courteously in this manner: —

"Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclinations and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which my son has taken such a fancy to that, unless I bring him back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have him; by which means you will save my child's life, and lay him under perpetual obligations." Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to serve her, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she first thought was his great concern to part with his favourite bird, and that he was going to give her a flat denial; but, after she had waited a little for his answer, he said, "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still

been contrary to me in many things; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor mansion, and whither in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present from me, which it is no way in my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favour you intended to do me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something more nice and valuable than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and its goodness, I judged it a fit repast for you, and you have had it roasted. Nor could I have thought it better bestowed, had you not now desired it in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live"; and upon saying this, he produced its feathers, feet, and talons. She began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with; secretly praising the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had shewed toward her, and returned full of concern to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but, being left rich, and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again, which, though against her inclinations, yet finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity, in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have only Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say: but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*"

They, hearing her resolution and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs for the time to come.

WISDOM AND MEDITATION

LATIN

ST. AUGUSTINE

(354-430 A.D.)

Augustine's father was a pagan who was converted only shortly before his death; his mother was a woman of great piety. Because of his precocity as a child, his parents had great expectations of him and hoped to train him for a forensic career. Instead of applying himself, however, he plunged into dissipation. In 373 his reading of Cicero drew his attention to the study of philosophy, but he followed this pursuit only a short time. About 374 he attached himself to the sect of the Manicheans, whose belief was a blending of the teachings of Christ with the religion of Old Persia. Here again he was dissatisfied, and became hopeless of finding the true faith. Coming to Milan in 384 as a teacher of oratory, he discovered the famous Ambrosius, and experienced an entire reorganization of his life and thought. He accepted the Christian faith, was baptized in 387, disposed of all his worldly goods, and retired to Africa to lead a secluded life. In 391 he was ordained priest and sent to Hippo, and about 396 he was made Bishop of Hippo, a title by which he is often designated in modern times. He died in 430.

Augustine was the most important and the most versatile of the early Church Fathers, and his influence has been felt in ecclesiastical matters down to the present day. The penetration of his mind, the depth of his spirit, the force of his speculation, and the scope of his thought made him the spiritual patron not only of mediæval scholasticism but of the Reformation as well. He discussed the most fundamental spiritual questions of all time — the relation of Man to God, of Man's power to exert his own will, and of his responsibility for his actions. His secular training, moreover, enabled him to combat the enemies of the new Christian religion on their own ground. Next to the *Confessions* his best known work is *The City of God*, a noble defense of the purpose of God in history.

The *Confessions* are an intimate record of the spiritual life of a great and holy man. The Christian literature of meditation grew to tremendous proportions during the Middle Ages, but in it there is nothing to surpass this work; indeed there is little in any age to equal it for sheer religious exaltation.

The selection comes from *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, translated by Edward B. Pusey.

CONFESSIONS

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER

This great gift also Thou bestowedst, O my God, my mercy, upon that good handmaid of Thine, in whose womb Thou createdst me, that, between any disagreeing and discordant parties where she was able, she showed herself such a peace-maker, that hearing on both sides most bitter things, such as swelling and indigested choler use to break out into, when the crudities of enmities are breathed out in sour discourses to a present friend against an absent enemy, she never would disclose aught of the one unto the other, but what might tend to their reconciliation. A small good this might appear to me, did I not to my grief know numberless persons who, through some horrible and widespread contagion of sin, not only disclose to persons mutually angered things said in anger, but add withal things never spoken, whereas to humane humanity it ought to seem a light thing, not to foment or increase ill will by ill words, unless one study withal by good words to quench it. Such was she, Thyself, her most inward Instructor, teaching her in the school of the heart. Finally, her own husband, towards the very end of his earthly life, did she gain unto Thee; nor had she to complain of

that in him as a believer, which before he was a believer she had borne from him. She was also the servant of Thy servants; whosoever of them knew her did in her much praise and honor and love Thee; for the witness of the fruits of a holy conversation they perceived Thy presence in her heart. For she had been *the wife of one man, had requited her parents, had governed her house piously, was well reported of for good works, had brought up children, so often travailing in birth of them*, as she saw them swerving from Thee. Lastly, of all of us Thy servants, O Lord (whom on occasion of Thy own gift Thou sufferest to speak), us, who before her sleeping in Thee lived united together, having received the grace of Thy baptism, did she so take care of, as though she had been mother of us all; so served us, as though she had been child to us all.

The day now approaching whereon she was to depart this life (which day Thou well knewest, we knew not), it came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone; leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where, removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and *forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before*, we were inquiring between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man*. But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart, after those heavenly streams of Thy fountain, *the fountain of life*, which is *with Thee*; that, being bedewed thence according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery.

And when our discourse was brought to that point, that the very highest delight of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, was, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention; we, raising up ourselves with a more glowing

affection towards the "Self-same," did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heaven, when sun and moon, and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing, and discourse, and admiring of Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-failing plenty, where *Thou feedest Israel* forever with the food of truth, and where life is the *Wisdom by whom all these things are made*, and what have been, and what shall be, and she is not made, but is, as she hath been, and so shall she be ever; yea rather, to "have been," and "hereafter to be," are not in her, but only "to be," seeing she is eternal. For to "have been," and "to be hereafter," are not eternal. And while we were discoursing and panting after her, we slightly touched on her with the whole effort of our heart; and we sighed, and there we leave bound *the first fruits of the Spirit*; and returned to vocal expressions of our mouth, where the word spoken was beginning and end. And what is like unto Thy Word, our Lord, who *endureth in Himself* without becoming old, and *maketh all things new*?

We were saying then: If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, and waters, and air, hushed also the poles of heaven, yea the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if any could hear, all these say, *We made not ourselves, but He made us that abideth forever* — If then, having uttered this, they too should be hushed, having roused only our ears to Him who made them, and He alone speak, not by them, but by Himself, that we may hear His Word, not through any tongue of flesh, nor Angel's voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of similitude, but, might hear Whom in these things we love, might hear His Very Self without these (as we two now strained ourselves, and in swift thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom, which abideth over all); — could this be continued on, and other visions of kind far unlike be

withdrawn, and this one ravish, and absorb, and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might be forever like that one moment of understanding which now we sighed after; were not this, *Enter into thy Master's joy?* And when shall that be? *When we shall all rise again,* though we *shall not all be changed?*

Such things was I speaking, and even if not in this very manner, and these same words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest, that in that day when we were speaking of these things, and this world with all its delights became, as we spake, contemptible to us, my mother said, "Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was for which I desired to linger for a while in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now see thee withal, despising earthly happiness, also become His servant: what do I here?"

What answer I made her unto these things, I remember not. For scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever; and in that sickness one day she fell into a swoon, and was for a while withdrawn from these visible things. We hastened round her; but she was soon brought back to her senses; and, looking on me and my brother standing by her, said to us inquiringly, "Where was I?" And then looking fixedly on us, with grief amazed; "Here," saith she, "shall you bury your mother." I held my peace and refrained weeping; but my brother spake something, wishing for her, as the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, she with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, for that he still *savored such things,* and then looking upon me; "Behold," saith she, "what he saith": and soon after to us both, "Lay," she saith, "this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be." And having delivered this sentiment in what words

she could, she held her peace, being exercised by her growing sickness.

But I, considering Thy gifts, Thou unseen God, which Thou instillest into the hearts of Thy faithful ones, whence wondrous fruits do spring, did rejoice and give thanks to Thee, recalling what I before knew, how careful and anxious she had ever been, as to her place of burial, which she had provided and prepared for herself by the body of her husband. For because they had lived in great harmony together, she also wished (so little can the human mind embrace things divine) to have this addition to that happiness, and to have it remembered among men, that, after her pilgrimage beyond the seas, what was earthly of this united pair had been permitted to be united beneath the same earth. But when this emptiness had through the fullness of Thy goodness begun to cease in her heart, I knew not, and rejoiced admiring what she had so disclosed to me; though indeed in that our discourse also in the window, when she said, "What do I here any longer?" there appeared no desire of dying in her own country. I heard afterwards also, that when we were now at Ostia, she with a mother's confidence, when I was absent, one day discoursed with certain of my friends about the contempt of this life, and the blessing of death: and when they were amazed at such courage which Thou hadst given to a woman, and asked, "Whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city?" she replied, "Nothing is far to God; nor was it to be feared lest, at the end of the world, He should not recognize whence He were to raise me up." On the ninth day then of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.

I closed her eyes; and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time, by the violent command of my mind, drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last, a boy burst out into a loud lament; then, checked by us all, held his peace. In like

manner also a childish feeling in me, which was, through my heart's youthful voice, finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament, and groanings: for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed, as though unhappy, or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death, nor altogether dead. Of this we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her *faith unfeigned*.

What then was it which did grievously pain me within, but a fresh wound wrought through the sudden wrench of that most sweet and dear custom of living together? I joyed indeed in her testimony, when, in that her last sickness, mingling her endearments with my acts of duty, she called me "dutiful," and mentioned, with great affection of love, that she never had heard any harsh or reproachful sound uttered by my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, Who madest us, what comparison is there betwixt that honor that I paid to her, and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great comfort in her, my soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were, which, of hers and mine together, had been made but one.

The boy then being stifled from weeping, Euodius took up the Psalter, and began to sing, our whole house answering him, the Psalm, *I will sing of mercy and judgment to Thee, O Lord*. But hearing what we were doing, many brethren and religious women came together; and whilst they (whose office it was) made ready for the burial, as the manner is, I (in a part of the house where I might properly), together with those who thought not fit to leave me, discoursed upon something fitting the time; and by this balm of truth assuaged that torment, known to Thee, they unknowing and listening intently, and conceiving me to be without all sense of sorrow. But in Thy ears, where none of them heard, I blamed the weakness of my feelings, and refrained my flood of grief, which gave way a little unto me; but again came, as with a tide, yet not so as to burst out into tears, nor to a change of

countenance; still I knew what I was keeping down in my heart. And being very much displeased that these human things had such power over me, which in the due order and appointment of our natural condition must needs come to pass, with a new grief I grieved for my grief, and was thus worn by a double sorrow.

And behold, the corpse was carried to the burial; we went and returned without tears. For neither in those prayers which we poured forth unto Thee, when the sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her, when now the corpse was by the grave's side, as the manner there is, previous to its being laid therein, did I weep even during those prayers; yet was I the whole day in secret heavily sad, and with troubled mind prayed Thee, as I could, to heal my sorrow, yet Thou didst not; impressing, I believe, upon my memory by this one instance, how strong is the bond of all habit, even upon a soul which now feeds upon no deceiving Word. It seemed also good to me to go and bathe, having heard that the bath had its name *balneum* from the Greek word *balaneion* for that it drives sadness from the mind. And this also I confess unto Thy mercy, *Father of the fatherless*, that I bathe, and was the same as before I bathed. For the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of my heart. Then I slept, and woke up again, and found my grief not a little softened; and, as I was alone in my bed, I remembered those true verses of Thy Ambrose. For Thou art the

"Maker of all, the Lord,
And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renew'd,
And hearts be rais'd that sink and cower,
And sorrows be subdu'd."

And then by little and little I recovered my former thoughts of Thy handmaid, her holy conversation towards Thee, her holy tenderness and observance toward us, whereof I was suddenly deprived: and I was minded to weep in Thy sight, for her and for myself, in her behalf and in my own. And I gave way to the tears which

I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired; reposing my heart upon them; and it found rest in them, for it was in Thy ears, not in those of man, who would have interpreted my weeping scornfully. And now, Lord, in writing I confess it unto Thee. Read it, who will, and interpret it, how he will: and if he finds sin

therein, that I wept my mother for a small portion of an hour (the mother who for the time was dead to mine eyes, who had for many years wept for me, that I might live in Thine eyes), let him not deride me; but rather, if he be one of large charity, let him weep himself for my sins unto Thee, the Father of all the brethren of Thy Christ.

BOËTHIUS

(ca. 470-525 A.D.)

Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boëthius, celebrated philosopher and statesman, was born of a family of high rank and educated at Rome and at Athens. Early in life he made the acquaintance of the Greek classics, many of which he translated. His abilities as a scholar and politician rapidly brought him into public prominence, and in 510 he was selected by King Theodoric¹ as his counsellor. Boëthius carried on his work with great success and was granted all possible honor by Theodoric. He used his influence over the ruler to bring about many reforms and corrections. At length as Theodoric became old and infirm, the enemies of Boëthius succeeded in having the great philosopher accused of treason and thrown into prison, where he died without ever regaining his liberty.

Boëthius forms an important connecting link between pagan and Christian learning. Although there is no evidence that he actually embraced the new faith, his writings are full of the tender and forbearing spirit that characterized the philosophy of Christianity. He translated some of the writings of Aristotle and Nichomachus,² and produced numerous works on mathematics. His most famous work is *The Consolation of Philosophy*, which he composed in prison (ca. 500 A.D.). It is written as a dialogue between Boëthius and Philosophy, which comes to him in prison in the form of a woman. The lofty strains of his discourse echoed down through the whole course of the Middle Ages. Almost all readers felt his influence, and many wrote commentaries upon him, translated him, or imitated him. Perhaps the two greatest English writers thus to show his influence were Alfred the Great and Chaucer, both of whom translated extensively from his works.

The following excerpt from *The Consolation of Philosophy* is translated by W. V. Cooper, London, G. M. Dent & Co. (Temple Classics), 1902.

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

BOOK III

When she finished her lay, its soothing tones left me spellbound with my ears alert in my eagerness to listen. So a while afterwards I said, 'Greatest comforter of weary minds, how have you cheered me with your deep thoughts and sweet singing too! No more shall I doubt my power to meet the blows of Fortune. So far am I from terror at the remedies which you did lately tell me were sharper, that I am

longing to hear them, and eagerly I beg you for them.'

Then said she, 'I knew it when you laid hold upon my words in silent attention, and I was waiting for that frame of mind in you, or more truly, I brought it about in you. They that remain are indeed bitter to the tongue, but sweet to the inner man. But as you say you are eager to hear, how ardently you would be burning, if you knew whither I am attempting to lead you!'

'Whither is that?' I asked.

'To the true happiness, of which your soul too dreams; but your sight is taken

¹ Theodoric the Great, 454-526, was the king of the East Goths and ruler of Italy.

² An early Greek philosopher.

up in imaginary views thereof, so that you cannot look upon itself.'

Then said I, 'I pray you shew me what that truly is, and quickly.'

'I will do so,' she said, 'for your sake willingly. But first I will try to picture in words and give you the form of the cause, which is already better known to you, that so, when that picture is perfect and you turn your eyes to the other side, you may recognise the form of true happiness.

'When a man would sow in virgin soil, first he clears away the bushes, cuts the brambles and the ferns, that the corn-goddess may go forth laden with her new fruit. The honey, that the bee has toiled to give us, is sweeter when the mouth has tasted bitter things. The stars shine with more pleasing grace when a storm has ceased to roar and pour down rain. After the morning star has dispersed the shades of night, the day in all its beauty drives its rosy chariot forth. So thou hast looked upon false happiness first; now draw thy neck from under her yoke: so shall true happiness now come into thy soul.'

She lowered her eyes for a little while as though searching the innermost recesses of her mind; and then she continued: — 'The trouble of the many and various aims of mortal men brings them much care, and herein they go forward by different paths but strive to reach one end, which is happiness. And that good is that, to which if any man attain, he can desire nothing further. It is that highest of all good things, and it embraces in itself all good things: if any good is lacking, it cannot be the highest good, since then there is left outside it something which can be desired. Wherefore happiness is a state which is made perfect by the union of all good things. This end all men seek to reach, as I said, though by different paths. For there is implanted by nature in the minds of men a desire for the true good; but error leads them astray towards false goods by wrong paths.

'Some men believe that the highest good is to lack nothing, and so they are at pains

to possess abundant riches. Others consider the true good to be that which is most worthy of admiration, and so they strive to attain to places of honour, and to be held by their fellow-citizens in honour thereby. Some determine that the highest good lies in the highest power; and so they either desire to reign themselves, or try to cleave to those who do reign. Others think that renown is the greatest good, and they therefore hasten to make a famous name by the arts of peace or of war. But more than all measure the fruit of good by pleasure and enjoyment, and these think that the happiest man is abandoned to pleasure.

'Further, there are those who confuse the aims and the causes of these good things: as those who desire riches for the sake of power or of pleasure, or those who seek power for the sake of money or celebrity. In these, then, and other things like to them, lies the aim of men's actions and prayers, such as renown and popularity, which seem to afford some fame, or wife and children, which are sought for the pleasure they give. On the other hand, the good of friends, which is the most honourable and holy of all, lies not in Fortune's but in Virtue's realm. All others are adopted for the sake of power or enjoyment.

'Again, it is plain that the good things of the body must be accounted to those false causes which we have mentioned; for bodily strength and stature seem to make men more able and strong; beauty and swiftness seem to give renown; health seems to give pleasure. By all these happiness alone is plainly desired. For each man holds that to be the highest good, which he seeks before all others. But we have defined the highest good to be happiness. Wherefore what each man desires above all others he holds to be a state of happiness.

'Wherefore you have each of these placed before you as the form of human happiness: wealth, honours, power, glory, and pleasure. Epicurus¹ considered these

¹ Epicurus, 342-270 B.C., founder of the Epicurean school of philosophy, subscribed to a teaching of a higher nature than might be supposed from this bare statement that he thought "pleasure was the highest good."

forms alone, and accordingly determined upon pleasure as the highest good, because all the others seemed but to join with it in bringing enjoyment to the mind.

'But to return to the aims of men: their minds seem to seek to regain the highest good, and their memories seem to dull their powers. It is as though a drunken man were seeking his home, but could not remember the way thither. Can those 10 people be altogether wrong whose aim it is to lack nothing? No, there is nothing which can make happiness so perfect as an abundant possession of good things, needing naught that belongs to others, but in all ways sufficing for itself. Surely those others too are not mistaken who think that what is best is also most worthy of reverence and respect. It cannot be any cheap or base thing, to attain which almost all 20 men aim and strive. And is power not to be accounted a good thing? Surely it is: can that be a weak thing or forceless, which is allowed in all cases to excel? Is renown of no value? We cannot sur- 25 render this; that whatever is most excellent has also great renown. It is hardly worth saying that happiness has no torturing cares or gloom, and is not subject to grief and trouble; for even in small 30 things, the aim is to find that which it is a delight to have and to enjoy. These, then, are the desires of men: they long for riches, places of honour, kingdoms, glory, and pleasure; and they long for them because 35 they think that thereby they will find satisfaction, veneration, power, renown, and happiness. It is the good then which men seek by their different desires; and it is easy to shew how great a force nature 40 has put therein, since, in spite of such varying and discordant opinions, they are all agreed in the goal they seek, that of the highest good.

'I would to pliant strings set forth a song 45 of how almighty Nature turns her guiding reins, telling with what laws her providence keeps safe this boundless universe, binding and tying each and all with cords that never shall be loosed. The lions of 50 Carthage, though they bear the gorgeous bonds and trappings of captivity, and eat the food that is given them by hand, and

though they fear their harsh master with his lash they know so well; yet if once blood has touched their bristling jaws, their old, their latent wills return; with deep roaring they remember their old 5 selves; they loose their bands and free their necks, and their tamer is the first torn by their cruel teeth, and his blood is poured out by their rage and wrath.

'If the bird who sings so lustily upon the high tree-top be caught and caged, men may minister to him with dainty care, may give him cups of liquid honey and feed him with all gentleness on plenteous food; 15 yet, if he fly to the roof of his cage and see the shady trees he loves, he spurns with his foot the food they have put before him; the woods are all his sorrow calls for, for the woods he sings with his sweet tones.

'The bough which has been downward thrust by force of strength to bend its top to earth, so soon as the pressing hand is gone, looks up again straight to the sky 20 above.

'Phœbus sinks into the western waves, but by his unknown track he turns his car once more to his rising in the east.

'All things must find their own peculiar course again, and each rejoices in his own 30 return. Not one can keep the order handed down to it, unless in some way it unites its rising to its end, and so makes firm, immutable, its own encircling course.

'And you too, creatures of the earth, do 35 dream of your first state, though with a dim idea. With whatsoever thinking it may be, you look to that goal of happiness, though never so obscure your thoughts: thither, to true happiness, your natural 40 course does guide you, and from the same your various errors lead you. For I would have you consider whether men can reach the end they have resolved upon, namely happiness, by these ways by which they 45 think to attain thereto. If money and places of honour and such-like do bring anything of that sort to a man who seems to lack no good thing, then let us acknowledge with them that men do become 50 happy by the possession of these things. But if they cannot perform their promises, and there is still lack of further good things, surely it is plain that a false appearance

of happiness is there discovered. You, therefore, who had lately abundant riches, shall first answer me. With all that great wealth, was your mind never perturbed by torturing care arising from some sense of injustice?

'Yes,' I said; 'I cannot remember that my mind was ever free from some such care.'

'Was it not because something was lacking, which you missed, or because something was present to you which you did not like to have?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'You desired, then, the presence of the one, and the absence of the other?'

'I acknowledge it.'

'Then,' said she, 'such a man lacks what he desires.'

'He does.'

'But while a man lacks anything, can he possibly satisfy himself?'

'No,' said I.

'Then, while you were bountifully supplied with wealth, you felt that you did not satisfy yourself?'

'I did indeed.'

'Then,' said she, 'wealth cannot prevent a man from lacking or make him satisfied. And this is what it apparently professed to do. And this point too I feel is most important: money has in itself, by its own nature, nothing which can prevent its being carried off from those, who possess it, against their will.'

'It has not,' I said.

'No, you cannot deny that any stronger man may any day snatch it from them. For how come about the quarrels of the law-courts? Is it not because people try to regain money that has been by force or by fraud taken from them?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'Then,' said she, 'a man will need to seek from the outside help to guard his own money.'

'That cannot be denied,' I said.

'And a man will not need that unless he possesses money which he can lose.'

'Undoubtedly he will not.'

'Then the argument turns round the other way,' she said. 'The riches which were thought to make a man all-sufficient for himself do really put him in need of other people's help. Then how can need be separated from wealth? Do the rich never feel hunger nor thirst? Do the limbs of moneyed men never feel the cold of winter? You will say, "Yes, but the rich have the wherewithal to satisfy hunger and thirst, and drive away cold." But though riches may thus console wants, they cannot entirely take them away. For, though these ever crying wants, these continual requests, are satisfied, yet there must exist that which is to be satisfied. I need not say that nature is satisfied with little, greed is never satisfied. Wherefore, I ask you, if wealth cannot remove want, and even creates its own wants, what reason is there that you should think it affords satisfaction to a man?'

'Though the rich man with greed heap up from ever-flowing streams the wealth that cannot satisfy, though he deck himself with pearls from the Red Sea's shore, and plough his fertile field with oxen by the score, yet gnawing care will never in his lifetime leave him, and at his death his wealth will not go with him, but leave him faithlessly.'

'But,' I urged, 'places of honour make the man, to whom they fall, honoured and venerated.'

'Ah!' she answered, 'have those offices their force in truth that they may instil virtues into the minds of those that hold them, and drive out vices therefrom? And yet we are too well accustomed to see them making wickedness conspicuous rather than avoiding it. Wherefore we are displeased to see such places often falling to the most wicked of men, so that Catullus called Nonius¹ "a diseased growth," though he sat in the highest chair of office. Do you see how great a disgrace high honours can add to evil men? Their unworthiness is less conspicuous if they are not made famous by honours. Could you yourself have been induced by any

¹ Probably Boëthius makes a mistake in his interpretation of Catullus, as Nonius' surname was very likely "Struma" (which also means a wen); in which case Catullus cannot have intended more than a play upon the man's true name.

dangers to think of being a colleague with Decoratus,¹ when you saw that he had the mind of an unscrupulous buffoon, and a base informer? We cannot consider men worthy of veneration on account of their high places, when we hold them to be unworthy of those high places. But if you see a man endowed with wisdom, you cannot but consider him worthy of veneration, or at least of the wisdom with which he is endowed. For such a man has the worth peculiar to virtue, which it transmits directly to those in whom it is found. But since honours from the vulgar crowd cannot create merit, it is plain that they have not the peculiar beauty of this worth. And here is a particular point to be noticed: if men are the more worthless as they are despised by more people, high position makes them all the worse because it cannot make venerable those whom it shews to so many people to be contemptible. And this brings its penalty with it: wicked people bring a like quality into their positions, and stain them with their infection.

Now I would have you consider the matter thus, that you may recognise that true veneration cannot be won through these shadowy honours. If a man who had filled the office of consul many times in Rome came by chance into a country of barbarians, would his high position make him venerated by the barbarians? Yet if this were a natural quality in such dignities, they would never lose their effective function in any land, just as fire is never aught but hot in all countries. But since they do not receive this quality of veneration from any force peculiar to themselves, but only from a connexion in the unworthy opinions of men, they become as nothing as soon as they are among those who do not consider these dignities as such.

But that is only in the case of foreign peoples. Among the very peoples where they had their beginnings, do these dignities last for ever? Consider how great was the power in Rome of old of the office of Præfect: now it is an empty name and

a heavy burden upon the income of any man of Senator's rank. The præfect then, who was commissioner of the corn-market, was held to be a great man. Now there is no office more despised. For, as I said before, that which has no intrinsic beauty sometimes receives a certain glory, sometimes loses it, according to the opinion of those who are concerned with it. If then high offices cannot make men venerated, if furthermore they grow vile by the infection of bad men, if changes of time can end their glory, and, lastly, if they are held cheaply in the estimation of whole peoples, I ask you, so far from affording true beauty to men, what beauty have they in themselves which men can desire?

Though Nero decked himself proudly with purple of Tyre and snow-white gems, none the less that man of rage and luxury lived ever hated of all. Yet would that evil man at times give his dishonoured offices to men who were revered. Who then could count men blessed, who to such a villain owed their high estate?

Can kingdoms and intimacies with kings make people powerful? "Certainly," some may answer, "in so far as their happiness is lasting." But antiquity and our times too are full of examples of the contrary; examples of men whose happiness as kings has been exchanged for disaster. What wonderful power, which is found to be powerless even for its own preservation! But if this kingly power is really a source of happiness, surely then, if it fail in any way, it lessens the happiness it brings, and equally causes unhappiness. However widely human empires may extend, there must be still more nations left, over whom each king does not reign. And so, in whatever direction this power ceases to make happy, thereby comes in powerlessness, which makes men unhappy; thus therefore there must be a greater part of unhappiness in every king's estate. That tyrant² had learnt well the dangers of his lot, who likened the fear which goes with kingship to the terror

¹ A minion of Theodoric.

² Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, showed his flattering courtier Damocles what it was to be a tyrant, by setting him in his own seat at a sumptuous banquet, and hanging a sword above him by a hair.

inspired by a sword ever hanging overhead. What then is such a power, which cannot drive away the bite of cares, nor escape the stings of fear?

'Yet these all would willingly live without fear, but they cannot, and yet they boast of their power. Think you a man is powerful when you see that he longs for that which he cannot bring to pass? Do you reckon a man powerful who walks abroad with dignity and attended by servants? A man who strikes fear into his subjects, yet fears them more himself? A man who must be at the mercy of those that serve him, in order that he may seem to have power?

'Need I speak of intimacies with kings when kingship itself is shewn to be full of weakness? Not only when kings' powers fall are their friends laid low, but often even when their powers are intact. Nero compelled his friend and tutor, Seneca,¹ to choose how he would die. Papinianus,² for a long while a powerful courtier, was handed over to the soldiers' swords by the Emperor Antoninus. Yet each of these was willing to surrender all his power. Seneca even tried to give up all his wealth to Nero, and to seek retirement. But the very weight of their wealth and power dragged them down to ruin, and neither could do what he wished.

'What then is that power, whose possessors fear it? in desiring to possess which, you are not safe, and from which you cannot escape, even though you try to lay it down? What help are friends, made not by virtue but by fortune? The friend gained by good fortune becomes an enemy in ill fortune. And what plague can more effectually injure than an intimate enemy?

'The man who would true power gain must needs subdue his own wild thoughts: never must he let his passions triumph and yoke his neck by their foul bonds. For though the earth, as far as India's shore, tremble before the laws you give, though Thule³ bow to your service on earth's

farthest bounds, yet if thou canst not drive away black cares, if thou canst not put to flight complaints, then is no true power thine.

5 'How deceitful is fame often, and how base a thing it is! Justly did the tragic poet cry out, "O Fame, Fame, how many lives of men of naught hast thou puffed up!" For many men have got a great name from the false opinions of the crowd. And what could be baser than such a thing? For those who are falsely praised must blush to hear their praises. And if they are justly won by merits, what can they add to the pleasure of a wise man's conscience? For he measures his happiness not by popular talk, but by the truth of his conscience. If it attracts a man to make his name widely known, he must equally think it a shame if it be not made known. But I have already said that there must be yet more lands into which the renown of a single man can never come; wherefore it follows that the man, whom you think famous, will seem to have no such fame in the next quarter of the earth.

'Popular favour seems to me to be unworthy even of mention under this head, for it comes not by any judgment, and is never constant.

'Again, who can but see how empty a name, and how futile, is noble birth? For, if its glory is due to renown, it belongs not to the man. For the glory of noble birth seems to be praise for the merits of a man's forefathers. But if praise creates the renown, it is the renowned who are praised. Wherefore, if you have no renown of your own, that of others cannot glorify you. But if there is any good in noble birth, I conceive it to be this, and this alone, that the highborn seem to be bound in honour not to show any degeneracy from their fathers' virtue.

45 'From like beginning rise all men on earth, for there is one Father of all things; one is the guide of everything. 'Tis He who gave the sun his rays, and horns unto

¹ The philosopher and wise counsellor of Nero, who was by him compelled to commit suicide, 65 A.D.

² The greatest lawyer of his time, who was put to death by the Emperor Antonius Caracalla, 212 A.D.

³ The northernmost part of the habitable world, according to the conception of the ancients.

the moon. 'Tis He who set mankind on earth, and in the heavens the stars. He put within our bodies spirits which were born in heaven. And thus a highborn race has He set forth in man. Why do ye men rail on your forefathers? If ye look to your beginning and your author, which is God, is any man degenerate or base but him who by his own vices cherishes base things and leaves that beginning which 10 was his?

'And now what am I to say of the pleasures of the body? The desires of the flesh are full of cares, their fulfilment is full of remorse. What terrible diseases, what 15 unbearable griefs, truly the fruits of sin, do they bring upon the bodies of those who enjoy them! I know not what pleasure their impulse affords, but any who cares to recall his indulgences of his passions will know that the results of such pleasures are indeed gloomy.* If any can shew that those results are blest with happiness, then may the beasts of the field be justly called blessed, for all their aims are urged toward 25 the satisfying of their bodies' wants. The pleasures of wife and children may be most honourable; but nature makes it all too plain that some have found torment in their children. How bitter is any such 30 kind of suffering, I need not tell you now, for you have never known it, nor have any such anxiety now. Yet in this matter I would hold with my philosopher Euripides, that he who has no children is happy in his 35 misfortune.

'All pleasures have this way: those who enjoy them they drive on with stings. Pleasure, like the winged bee, scatters its honey sweet, then flies away, and with a 40 clinging sting it strikes the hearts it touches.

'There is then no doubt that these roads to happiness are no roads, and they cannot lead any man to any end whither they pro- 45 fess to take him. I would shew you shortly with what great evils they are bound up. Would you heap up money? You will

need to tear it from its owner. Would you seem brilliant by the glory of great honours? You must kneel before their dispenser, and, in your desire to surpass other 5 men in honour, you must debase yourself by setting aside all pride. Do you long for power? You will be subject to the wiles of all over whom you have power, you will be at the mercy of many dangers. You seek fame? You will be drawn to and fro among rough paths, and lose all freedom from care. Would you spend a life of pleasure? Who would not despise and cast 10 off such servitude to so vile and brittle a thing as your body? How petty are all the aims of those who put before themselves the pleasures of the body, how uncertain is the possession of such? In bodily size will you ever surpass the elephant? In strength will you ever lead the bull, or in speed the tiger? Look upon the expanse of heaven, the strength with which it stands, the rapidity with which it moves, and cease for a while to wonder at base things. 15 This heaven is not more wonderful for those things than for the design which guides it. How sweeping is the brightness of outward form, how swift its movement, yet more fleeting than the passing of the flowers of spring. But if, as Aristotle says, many could use the eyes of lynxes to see through that which meets the eye, then if they saw into the organs within, would not that body, though it had the most fair out- 20 side of Alcibiades,¹ seem most vile within? Wherefore it is not your own nature, but the weakness of the eyes of them that see you, which makes you seem beautiful. But consider how in excess you desire the pleasures of the body, when you know that, howsoever you admire it, it can be reduced to nothing by a three-days' fever. To put 25 all these points then in a word: these things cannot grant the good which they promise; they are not made perfect by the union of all good things in them; they do not lead to happiness as a path thither; they do not make men blessed.'

¹ A disciple of Socrates, an Athenian youth of doubtful ethics, who became a prominent politician and a general.

ST. FRANCIS

(1182-1226)

St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan order, was the son of a rich merchant named Bernardone de Mariconi. His early life gave no indication of his later calling, for he took an active part in all the worldly amusements of his friends. His expenses were so lavish as to cause some alarm to his parsimonious father. It happened at one time that Francis was made prisoner in a foray against the citizens of a neighboring town. In prison he got his first close glimpse of the miseries of mankind. Always sensitive to the sufferings of others, he was awakened by this incident to a powerful desire to devote his life to the alleviation of pain. In 1206, at the age of twenty-four, he renounced the world and took a vow of poverty. Adopting the garb of a hermit, he began his ministry with the care of the lepers. He returned to Assisi to direct the building of a church, an undertaking in which he, though naturally frail and small, participated as a common laborer. Once his church was built, he threw himself into the preaching of humility—especially of poverty. It is virtually on the doctrine of poverty that the Franciscan order of friars was founded (1208).

The present selection, although not from the pen of St. Francis, is an embodiment of his ideals. The fine sentiment of self-abnegation and altruism that dominated his monastic reformation here shines forth in the utterances of one of his followers. To the reader who has come to think of the Franciscans as they appear in the satirical writings of Chaucer and Wyclif, this record of the sincere and humble beginnings of the order brings the knowledge that, whatever evils may have crept into the life of the Franciscans during the fourteenth century, their founder was a man whose actions and thoughts make him in the truest sense an embodiment of the mediæval ideal of the saint.

The selection is taken from *The Little Flowers and The Mirror of Perfection*, Everyman's Library.

THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION

CHAPTER III

How he answered a minister who wished to have books with his leave; and how the ministers without his knowledge caused the chapter of the prohibitions of the Gospel to be removed from the rule

But on a time, when blessed Francis was returned from oversea, a certain Minister was speaking with him of the Chapter of Poverty, wishing to know his will and understanding thereon, — for at that time a certain chapter of the Prohibitions of the Holy Gospel was written in the Rule, namely, "Take nothing with ye in the way." And the blessed Father answered, "I understand it thus, that friars should possess naught save a robe with a cord and breeches, as says the Rule, and if they are forced by necessity they may wear sandals." And the Minister said to him, "What shall I do, who have so many books that they be worth more than fifty pounds?" (but this

he said for that he would have them with a good conscience, since against it he had owned so many books, knowing that blessed Francis understood the Chapter of Poverty so strictly). And blessed Francis said to him, "I neither will, nor ought, nor can, go against my conscience and the perfection of the Holy Gospel which we have professed." Hearing these things the Minister became sad. But the blessed one, seeing him thus troubled, with great fervour of spirit said to him in the presence of all the brethren, "You would be seen of men as Friars Minor, and be called observants of the Holy Gospel, but for your works you wish to have store-chests!"

Yet though the Ministers knew that according to the Rule friars were bound to observe the Holy Gospel, nevertheless they caused that chapter to be removed from the Rule, "Take nothing with you in the way," believing that therefor they would not be held to the observance of the perfection of the Gospel. Knowing which by the Holy Spirit, blessed Francis said therefore before certain brethren, "The brothers Ministers think to deceive God and me;

though they know that all friars are bound to observe the perfection of the Holy Gospel. I will that it be written in the beginning and in the end of the Rule that friars are bound to strictly observe the Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that the brethren be for ever without excuse, since I have announced and do announce to them those things which the Lord for their and my salvation placed in my mouth. I wish to show it by my works in the presence of God, and with His aid to observe it for ever." Whence he observed to the letter all the Holy Gospel from the first time when brethren began to join themselves to him unto the day of his death.

CHAPTER IV

Of the novice who would fain have a psalter with his leave

On another time a certain brother novice who knew how to read the psalter, though not well, obtained from the Minister-General leave to have one; yet, because he heard that blessed Francis wished his brethren not to desire knowledge and books, he was not content to have it without the leave of blessed Francis. When therefore blessed Francis had come to the place where that novice was, the novice said, "Father, it would be a great solace to me to have a psalter, but though the General has conceded it to me, yet I wish to have it, Father, with thy knowledge." To whom the blessed Francis answered, "Charles the Emperor, Roland and Oliver,¹ and all the Paladins and strong men, being mighty in war, chasing the infidels with much travail and sweat to the death, had over them notable victory, and at the last themselves did die in battle, holy martyrs for the faith of Christ; but now there are many who would fain receive honours and human praise for the mere telling of the things which those others did. So also amongst ourselves are many who would fain receive honours and praise by reciting and preaching only the works which the saints did." (As if he would say, "Books and science should not be esteemed, but rather vir-

tuous labours, since knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.") But after a few days, when blessed Francis was sitting at the fire, the same novice spoke to him again of the psalter. And blessed Francis said to him, "After you have a psalter, you will desire and wish to have a breviary. Then you will sit in your chair, like a great prelate, and say to your brother, 'Bring me the breviary?'" So saying, blessed Francis with great fervour of spirit took up some ashes and put them on his head, and, drawing his hand over his head in a compass like one who washes the head, said, "I, a breviary, I, a breviary!" And he repeated it thus many times, drawing his hand over his head. And that brother was amazed and ashamed. Afterwards blessed Francis said to him, "Brother, I likewise was tempted to have books, but, when I might not know the will of the Lord concerning this, I took up a book wherein the Gospels of the Lord were written, and I prayed the Lord that in the first opening of the book He would show me His will concerning this thing. And when the prayer was finished in the first opening of the book I lighted on that saying of the Holy Gospel: *Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but unto others in parables.*" And he said, "There are so many who willingly rise unto knowledge, that he shall be blessed who makes himself barren for the love of God." But many months having passed, when blessed Francis was at the dwelling of St. Mary of the Portiuncula, near the cell beyond the house in the street, the aforesaid brother spoke again to him of the psalter. To whom blessed Francis said, "Go and do concerning this what thy Minister tells thee." And when he heard this, that brother began to return by the road whence he had come. And blessed Francis remaining in the street began to consider what he had said to that brother, and immediately called after him, saying, "Wait for me, brother, wait!" And he came up to him, and said to him, "Turn back with me, brother, and show me the place where I said unto thee that thou shouldst do in the matter of the psalter as

¹ See the *Song of Roland*, p. 359.

thy Minister should say." When therefore they had arrived at the place, blessed Francis kneeled before that brother, and said, "*Mea culpa*, brother, *mea culpa*, for whosoever will be a Friar Minor should have nothing except a tunic, as the Rule concedes to him, and a cord and breeches, and those who are forced by manifest necessity, sandals." Whence as often as friars came to him to have his counsel on these matters, he used to answer them on this wise, because, as he often used to say, "As much knowledge hath a man as he doth work, and a Religious is as good a speaker as his works proclaim, for the worker is known by his fruit."

CHAPTER V

Of keeping poverty in books and beds and utensils

The most blessed Father used to say that we should look for proof and not price in books, edification not ornament. He wished that few be owned and those in common, befitting the poverty and necessity of friars. In beds and bedding so great poverty abounded, that he who had half-worn-out rags over his chaff reputed them mattresses.

He hated further his friars to make their huts poor and their little cabins of wood, not of stone, and he would have them be constructed and built of mean appearance, and not only did he hate pride in dwellings, but also he did much abhor many or choice utensils. He loved that they should preserve in their tables or in their vessels nothing of worldly seeming, by which they should recall the world, so that all things should end in poverty, should sing out to them of their pilgrimage and exile.

CHAPTER VI

How he made all the friars depart from a certain house which was called the House of the Friars

When he was passing through Bologna he heard that a House of Friars had been

newly builded there. And immediately when he had heard that house called the House of the Friars, he turned on his steps and went out of the city, and ordered most strictly that all the friars should depart in haste, and no longer dwell therein. Therefore all the friars went out, so that even the sick did not remain there, but were turned out with the others, until Dom Hugo, Bishop of Ostia, and Legate in Lombardy, publicly announced that the said house belonged to him. And a sick friar who was turned out from that same house bears witness to these things and wrote these words.

CHAPTER VII

How he would fain destroy a certain house which the folk of Assisi had made at St. Mary of the Portiuncula

When the Chapter-General was drawing near which took place each year at St. Mary of the Portiuncula, the people of Assisi, considering that the friars were daily multiplying, and that every year all were used to assemble together there, although they had but one small cell thatched with straw whose walls were of wattle¹ and mud, having held their council, did in a few days with very great devotion and respect build there a great house of stone and lime, without the consent of blessed Francis, and in his absence. And when the blessed Father returned from a certain province and came thither for the Chapter, he marvelled greatly at that house constructed there, and fearing lest by occasion of that house other friars would cause to be made likewise great houses in the places in which they dwelt and should dwell, and because he wished that place to be the form and example of all other places of the Order, before the Chapter was finished he went up on the roof of that house, and ordered the friars to come up with him, and together with those friars he began to throw down on the ground the laths with which the house had been covered, being fain to destroy it even to the foundations. But certain men-at-

¹ Twisted twigs and the like.

arms of Assisi who were there to guard the place on account of the crowds of rabble who had come together to see the Chapter of the Friars, seeing that blessed Francis with other friars wished to pull the house to pieces, forthwith went to him and said, "Brother, this house belongs to the Commune of Assisi, and we be here on the part of that Commune. Whence we forbid thee to destroy our house." Hearing this, blessed Francis said to them, "Therefore if it be yours, I will not touch it." And straightway he and the friars came down from it. (For which cause the folk of the City of Assisi made a law that from that time forth their Podestà,¹ whoever he should be, should cause that house to be repaired. And every year for a long time this law was observed.)

CHAPTER VIII

How he blamed his vicar because he was making a little house to be built for saying the office

On another time the Vicar of blessed Francis began to have built in that place a little house where the friars might rest and say their Hours, since for the multitude of

friars who came to that place they had no place wherein to say the Office. For all the brethren of the Order came together there, because no one was received into the Order save only there. And now, when the house was complete, blessed Francis returned to that place, and being in that cell heard the noises of those labouring there, and calling to him his companion he asked him what those brethren were doing. To whom his companion told all things as they were. Then forthwith he caused the Vicar to be called, and said to him, "Brother, this place is the form and example of the whole Order, and I would therefore rather that the friars of this place should bear tribulation and inconveniences for the love of the Lord God, and that other friars who come hither should carry away with them a good example of poverty to their own place, than that they should have their consolations fully, and that others should take an example of building in their own places, saying, 'In this place of Blessed Mary of the Portiuncula, which is the chief place of the Order, there are such and so great buildings; we also may well build in our own places.'"

ORIENTAL

OMAR KHAYYĀM

(ca. 1050-1125)

According to the traditional account of his life, Omar was born in the Persian village of Naishāpur, formerly one of the four great cities of Khorassan, and was educated at the school of the famous sage Imām Mowaffak. One of his schoolmates was Nizām-ul-Mulk, who later became Vizier to the Sultan Alp Arslan. In accordance with a pledge that the schoolmates should share whatever fortune befell them, the Vizier granted to Omar the shelter of the court and a yearly pension, so that he might pursue his studies unhindered. He achieved great distinction in the study of astronomy and mathematics, and was one of the eight men selected by Malik Shah to revise the calendar. His professional poetical name Khayyām means a "tent-maker," and it may be that he followed the trade during the years before he was made independent by the generosity of Nizām-ul-Mulk.

Omar's fame rests on his *Rubāiyāt*, a collection of epigrammatic verses written in quatrains (*rubāi*), of which the first, second, and the fourth lines bear the same rhyme. He belonged to a pantheistic sect of Mohammedanism, called the Sufis, whose custom it was to disguise their mystic beliefs under a cloak of apparent epicureanism. It is with this in mind that Omar's praise of earthly joys should be read and interpreted. His philosophy of life is at once meditative, melancholy, and pessimistic.

¹ One of the chief magistrates in the towns of mediæval Italy.

The present translation is Edward Fitzgerald's famous rendering of the poem, done in 1859 and revised in 1879. In no sense literal, Fitzgerald's translation is one of liberal interpretation and free paraphrase.

• THE RUBÁIYÁT

Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.
Before the phantom of False morning ¹ died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
'When all the Temple is prepared within, ¹⁵
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'
And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — 'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.' ²⁵
Now the New Year ² reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES ³ on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.
Iram ⁴ indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's ⁵ Sev'n-ringed Cup where ³⁵
no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.
And David's ⁶ lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine!
Wine!
Red Wine!' — the Nightingale cries to
the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.
¹⁰ Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.
¹⁵ Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.
²⁰ Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád ⁷ away.
Well, let it take them! What have we to do
³⁰ do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum ⁸ bluster as they will,
Or Hátim ⁹ call to supper — heed not you.
With me along the strip of Herbage strown

¹ A transient light on the horizon about an hour before the true dawn; a well-known phenomenon in the East.

² The Persian New Year began with the vernal equinox.

³ According to a Persian tradition, Moses's hand was not leprous, but "white as our May-blossom in spring." The Persians believed also that Jesus's healing power resided in his breath.

⁴ A garden planted by King Shadad, now obliterated somewhere in the sands of Arabia.

⁵ A legendary Persian king. His seven-ringed divining cup typified the seven heavens, seven planets, seven seas, etc.

⁶ David's tongue is forgotten, but the nightingale still cries in the ancient Pehlevi language, "Wine!" etc.

⁷ Founder of the Kaianian dynasty, the most celebrated of all the dynasties of ancient Persia. According to legend he was placed on the throne by the help of Rustum.

⁸ Zal was the father of Rustum and King of India, and reputed to be a descendant of Benjamin, the youngest and favorite son of Jacob.

⁹ A well-known type of Oriental generosity.

That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot —
 And Peace to Mahmūd¹ on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit¹⁵ go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us — 'Lo,
 Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse²⁰
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.²⁵

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty³⁰ Face,
 Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai³
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,⁴⁰
 How Sultān after Sultān with his Pomp
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep

The Courts² where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
 And Bahrām,⁴ that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
 To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may²⁰
 be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

¹ Mahmud the Great (ca. 971–1030) was one of the great Mohammedan conquerors.

² An inn for caravans.

³ Jamshyd's capital was Persepolis.

⁴ A Persian sovereign who sank in a swamp while pursuing a wild ass.

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW
stare,

A Muezzin¹ from the Tower of Dark-
ness cries,
'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor
There.'

Why, all the Saints and Sages who dis-
cussed

Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are
thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words
to Scorn

Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt 15
with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argu-
ment

About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door where in I
went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow, 25
And with mine own hand wrought to make
it grow;

And this was all the Harvest that I
reaped —

'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.' 30

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flow-
ing;

And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, 35
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried
Whence?

And, without asking, *Whither* hurried 40
hence!

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that inso-
lence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the
Seventh Gate

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn²
sate,

And many a Knot unraveled by the 50
Road;

But not the Master-knot of Human
Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no
5 Key;

There was the Veil through which I might
not see:

Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE
10 and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that
mourn

In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
revealed

And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
Morn.

20 Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find

A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I
heard,

As from Without — 'THE ME WITHIN
THEE BLIND!'

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:

And Lip to Lip it murmured — 'While
you live,

Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall
return.'

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive

35 Articulation answered, once did live,

And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I
kissed,

How many Kisses might it take — and
give!

For I remember stopping by the way

To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:

And with its all-obliterated Tongue

It murmured — 'Gently, Brother, gently,
45 pray!'

And has not such a Story from of Old

Down Man's successive generations
rolled

Of such a clod of saturated Earth

Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

¹ A Mohammedan priest who chants the hour of prayer from the minaret.

² The lord of the seventh heaven.

And not a drop¹ that from our Cups we
 throw
 For Earth to drink of, but may steal be-
 low
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some 5
 Eye
 There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
 Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up, 10
 Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
 To Earth invert you — like an empty
 Cup.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine, 15
 To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you 20
 Press,
 End in what All begins and ends in —
 Yes;
 Think then you are TO-DAY what
 YESTERDAY 25
 You were — TO-MORROW you shall not be
 less.

So when the Angel² of the darker 'Drink
 At last shall find you by the river- 30
 brink,
 And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall
 not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside, 35
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Were't not a Shame — were't not a
 Shame for him
 In his clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's
 rest
 A Sultán to the realm of Death address;
 The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh³
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest. 45

And fear not lest Existence closing your
 Account, and mine, should know the like
 no more;
 The Eternal Sáki⁴ from the Bowl has
 poured
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are
 past,
 Oh, but the long, long while the World shall
 last,
 Which of our Coming and Departure
 heeds
 As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
 And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has
 reached
 The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make
 haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About THE SECRET — quick about it,
 Friend! 25
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and
 True —
 And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
 Yes; and a single Alif⁵ were the clue —
 Could you but find it — to the Treasure-
 house,
 And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's
 veins
 Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your
 pains;
 Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi⁶;
 and
 They change and perish all — but He re-
 mains;

A moment guessed — then back behind
 the Fold

¹ An allusion to the custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking. To Omar it signified: "The liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor wine-worshipper gone to his reward."

² Death, or Azrael, who, according to tradition, performs his mission "by holding to the nostril an apple from the Tree of Life."

³ A servant, camp follower.

⁴ The first letter of certain Oriental alphabets.

⁵ From fish to moon.

⁶ Wine-bearer.

Immerst of Darkness round the Drama
rolled

Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening
Door,

You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You —
how then
TO-MORROW, when You shall be You no
more?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pur-
suit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave
Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my
Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse.

For 'IS' and 'IS-NOT' though with Rule
and Line
And 'UP-AND-DOWN' by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

Ah, but my Computations,¹ People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? —
Nay,

'Twas only striking from the Calendar³⁵
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel
Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the
Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic Absolute⁴⁵
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects con-
fute:

The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice

Life's leaden metal into Gold trans-
mute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing
5 Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the
Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind
10 Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who
dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
15 A Blessing, we should use it, should we
not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it
there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
20 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on
trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner
Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into
25 dust!

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life
flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
30 The Flower that once has blown for ever
dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness
through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
40 Who rose before us, and as Prophets
burned,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from
Sleep,
They told their comrades, and to Sleep re-
turned.

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell²:

¹ Omar refers to his having been employed to reform the calendar under the sultanate of Malik Shah.

² To bring tidings of life after death.

And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered 'I Myself am Heav'n and
Hell':

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire, 5
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Our-
selves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon ex-
pire. 10

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and
go
Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern 15
held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and 20
Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks,
and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and
Noes,¹
But Here or There as strikes the Player
goes;

And He that tossed you down into the 30
Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE
knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having 35
writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and
die,

Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for
It
As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last
Man knead,

And there of the Last Harvest sowed the
Seed:

And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall
read.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did pre-
pare;

TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or De-
spair:

Drink! for you know not whence you
came, nor why:

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where.

I tell you this — When, started from the
Goal,

Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal,
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari² they
flung,

In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish³
flout;

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls with-
out.

And this I know: whether the one True
Light

Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me
quite,

One Flash of It within the Tavern
caught

Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to pro-
voke

40 A conscious Something to resent the yoke⁴
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
45 Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-
allayed —

Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh, the sorry
trade!

¹ The game of polo, of ancient Persian origin.

² The Pleiades and Jupiter.

³ A mendicant priest whose whirling and howling practices were a well-known feature of old Mohammedanism.

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with
gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil
round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

O Thou, who Man of Baser Earth didst
make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake: 10
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of
Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give —
and take!

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Rāmazān¹ away,
Once more within the Potter's house
alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay. 20

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and
small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and 25
some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them — 'Surely not in
vain
My substance of the common Earth was
ta'en

And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth
again.'

Then said a Second — 'Ne'er a peevish
Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he
drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel
made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.'

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?'

Whereat someone of the loquacious Lot —
I think a Sūfi² pipkin³ — waxing hot —
'All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me
then,

5 Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'

'Why,' said another, 'some there are who
tell

Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making
— Pish!

He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be
well.'

15 'Well,' murmured one, 'Let whoso make
or buy,

My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.'

So while the Vessels one by one were speak-
ing,

The little Moon³ looked in that all were
seeking:

And then they jogged each other,
'Brother! Brother!

Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot⁴
a-creaking!'

30 Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has
died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

35 That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

40 Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much
wrong:

Have drowned my Glory in a shallow
Cup,
45 And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?

¹ The fasting month of the Moslems.

² An adherent of a pantheistic religious sect in Persia.

³ The new moon announcing the end of the month of fasting.

⁴ Shoulder strap or rope; creaking from bearing wine.

And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.	Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, And made the stern Recorder otherwise Enregister, or quite obliterate!
And much as Wine has played the Infidel, And robbed me of my Robe of Honour — Well, I wonder often what the Vintners buy, One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.	Ah Love! could you and I with Him con- spire To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things en- tire,
Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose! That Youth's sweet scented manuscript should close!	10 Would not we shatter it to bits — and then Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang, Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!	15 Yon rising Moon that looks for us again — How oft hereafter will she wax and wane; How oft hereafter rising look for us Through this same Garden — and for <i>one</i> in vain!
Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, re- vealed, To which the fainting Traveler might spring,	20 And when like her, O Sâki, you shall pass Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass, And in your joyous errand reach the spot
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!	25 Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

SATIRE

WALTER MAP

(ca. 1140-1200)

Very few facts have come down to us regarding the activities of Walter Map. Undoubtedly he was of Welsh blood, but of Norman training and sympathies. He spent much time at the court of Henry II of England, and was a friend of such twelfth-century notables as Thomas à Becket and Giraldus Cambrensis. He held numerous important secular and ecclesiastical offices. Walter Map was a man of prodigious reading and of mercurial vivacity in writing. His omnivorous mind grasped at all things, and his free-flowing pen let his thoughts forth in a tumbling stream of folk-lore, anecdote, moralizing, court gossip, erudition, and satire. His style, in spite of the rapidity of his thought, is adorned with all the graces and extravagances that we have been taught to call euphuism, and yet one feels that his use of this style is prompted less by an urge for ostentation than by a desire to be in keeping with current practice.

Map's prediction that his tract *Valerius to Ruffinus* would be attributed to a Roman Valerius, was fulfilled. It is only in comparatively recent times that Map has been properly credited with this piece and relieved of the responsibility for the roistering Goliardic lyrics that for so many years bore his name. The tract, in which Valerius advises Ruffinus not to marry, is found in the fourth division of *Courtiers' Trifles*, a commonplace book or miscellany written by Map in Latin during a period of a dozen years. *Valerius to Ruffinus* could have been written in almost any period; but, knowing its true source, we are inclined to see in it the typical mediæval satire on women. Perhaps the most truly mediæval part of the tract is its collection of famous "examples," a feature of which writers in the Middle Ages were excessively fond.

This following selection is translated by Frederick Tupper and Marbury B. Ogle in *Master Walter Map's Book De Nugis Curialium*, London, 1924.

• VALERIUS TO RUFFINUS

I am forbidden to speak and yet I cannot be silent. I hate cranes and the voice of the owl, the bubo,¹ and other birds who forbode with doleful cries the bitterness of a muddy winter, and so dost thou deride the prophecies of the loss to come — true prophecies, too, if thou continuest in thy course.

I love the nightingale and the merle,² that herald with gentle harmony the delight of the soft air, and I love above all the swallow that filleteth to the brim the season of coveted joy with a rich plenty of pleasures — nor am I wrong.

Thou lovest parasites and players who whisper of sugared baits to come, and especially Circe, who doth cheat thee by pouring profusely sensual delights that are redolent of the aroma of sweetness

long drawn out. For fear that thou be made swine or ass, I cannot hold my peace.

Ministering Babel pledgeth thee in the honeyed poison; it moveth itself aright, and awakeneth delight in thee and leadeth thy spirit's force whither it will. Hence I am forbidden to speak.

I know that 'at the last, it will bite as a serpent,' and will make a wound which will defy every antidote (treacle). Hence I cannot keep silent.

Thou hast many advocates of thy pleasures, most practised in pleading against thy well-being. Shall I be the only one to hold the tongue — I, who alone proclaim the bitter truth which thou loathest? Hence I am forbidden to speak.

The foolish 'voice of the goose among swans,' which are trained only to give pleasure, hath been blamed, yet the voice of the goose taught the senators to save

¹ A large horned owl.

² Blackbird.

the city¹ from burning, their treasures from theft, themselves from the enemy's weapons. Perchance thou, too, wilt understand, with the senators, because thou art wise, that the swans chant death to you and the goose hisseth safety. Hence I cannot keep silent.

Thou art all aflame with thy desires, and, being ensnared by the beauty of a lovely person, thou knowest not, poor wretch, that what thou seekest is a chimera. But thou art doomed to know that this triform monster, although it is beautified with the face of a noble lion, yet is blemished with the belly of a reeking kid and is beweaponed with the virulent tail of a viper. Therefore I am forbidden to speak.

Ulysses was enticed by the song of the sirens, but because 'he knew the voices of the sirens and the cups of Circe,' he won for himself, by the fetters of virtue, the power of shunning the abyss. Moreover, I, trusting in the Lord, predict that thou wilt be the imitator of Ulysses, not of Empedocles,² who, under the power of his philosophy, to say nothing of his melancholy, chose Etna as his tomb, and that thou wilt hearken to the parable which thou hearest; but of this I am afraid. Hence I cannot keep silent.

Finally, stronger is that flame of thine by which a part of thee hath become the foe of thyself, than that flame in thee by which thou art kindled into love of me. Lest the greater draw the lesser to itself and I die, therefore I am forbidden to speak.

That I may speak with the spirit in which I am thine, let the fires be weighed in any scale, equal or unequal, and let whatever thou mayst do or decide result in the danger of my life. Thou must indulge me who, out of the impatience of my love, cannot keep silent.

The first wife of the first man (Adam) after the first creation of man, by the first sin, relieved her first hunger against God's

¹ A Roman tradition has it that the cackling of geese aroused the guard and saved the city from a surprise attack.

² Empedocles was a Greek philosopher, who, the legends claim, wishing to have it believed that he had been caught up to heaven, threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna.

³ The wife of Uriah the Hittite. David, because of his love for her, brought about the death of her husband and married her.

direct command. Great hath been the spawn of Disobedience, which until the end of the world will never cease from assailing women and rendering them ever unwearied in carrying to the fell consequences their chief inheritance from their mother. O friend, a man's highest reproach is a disobedient wife. Beware!

The truth of God, which cannot err, saith of the blessed David: 'I have found a man after mine own heart.' Yet even he is a signal instance of descent, through the love of woman, from adultery to homicide, that 'offences may never come singly.' For every sin is rich in abundant company and surrendereth whatever home it entereth to the pollution of its fellow vices. O friend, Bathsheba³ spake not a word and maligned no man, yet she became the instigation of the overthrow of the perfect man and the dart of death to her innocent mate. Shall she be held guiltless who shall battle by her charm of speech as Samson's Delilah, and by her grace of form as Bathsheba, although her beauty alone may have triumphed without her will? If thou art not more after God's heart than David, doubt not that thou too mayst fall.

That sun of men, Solomon, treasure-house of the Lord's delights, chief dwelling-place of wisdom, was darkened by the inky blackness of shadows and lost the light of his soul, the fragrance of his fame, the glory of his home, by the witchery of women. At the last, having bowed his knee to Baal, he was degraded from a priest of the Lord to a limb of the devil, so that he seemed to be thrust over a yet greater precipice than Phœbus, who, after Phæton's fall, was changed from the Apollo of Jove into the shepherd of Admetus. Friend, if thou art not wiser than Solomon — and no man is that — thou art not greater than he who can be bewitched by woman. 'Open thine eyes and see.'

Even the very good woman, who is rarer

than the phoenix, cannot be loved without the loathsome bitterness of fear and worry and constant unhappiness. But bad women, of whom the swarm is so large that no spot is without their malice, punish bitterly the bestowal of love, and devote themselves utterly to dealing distress, 'to the division of soul and body.' O friend, a trite moral is, 'Look to whom thou givest.' True morality is, 'Look to whom thou givest thyself.'

Lucretia and Penelope, as well as the Sabine women,¹ have borne aloft the banners of modesty and they have brought back trophies with but few in their following. Friend, there is now no Lucretia, no Penelope, no Sabine woman. Fear all the sex.

Scylla,² the daughter of Nisos, and Myrrha,³ the daughter of Cinyras, have opposed the Sabine battle-lines, and have led in their train great throngs attended by an army of all the vices, so that they dispense to their captives groanings and sighs, and, in the end, hell itself. My friend, lest thou become the prey of merciless pillages, thou must not slumber while their army is passing.

Jupiter, king of earth, who was also called king of heaven on account of his matchless might of body and his peerless excellence of mind, compelled himself to bellow for Europa.⁴ My friend, lo, him whom worth lifted above the heavens, a woman hath lowered to the level of brutes! A woman will have the power to compel thee to bellow unless thou art greater than Jupiter, to whose greatness no one else was equal.

Phoebus, who first environed the round of the whole world with the rays of his wisdom, so that he might rightly win the sole honour of the name of Sol, was infatuated with the love of Leucothoe,⁵ to his own disgrace and her destruction;

and, through the repeated change of the eclipse, he frequently came to lack his own light, of which the whole world felt the loss. My friend, 'lest the light which is in thee be turned to darkness,' flee Leucothoe.

Then there was Mars, who attained the name of 'God of Battles' through the well-known number of victories, in which his ready valour stood him greatly in stead. Although he knew no fear for himself, he was bound with Venus by Vulcan⁶ in chains, invisible, to be sure, but tangible — this too amid the mocking applause and the derision of the heavenly court. My friend, meditate at least upon the chains which thou dost not see and yet already in part feel, and snatch thyself away while they are still breakable, lest that lame and loathsome smith whom 'no god ever honoured at his board nor goddess with her bed' shall chain thee in his fashion to his Venus and shall make thee like unto himself, lame and loathsome, or, what I fear more, shall render thee club-footed; in such wise that thou canst not have the saving grace of a cloven hoof, but, bound to Venus, thou wilt become the distress and laughing-stock of onlookers, while the blind applaud thee and those with sight threaten.

Pallas was condemned by a false judge⁶ of goddesses, since she promised to bestow not pleasure but profit. Friend, dost thou, too, ever judge in this wise?

I mark that thou, in growing disgust of spirit, art turning very rapidly the leaves before thee and art not attending to the meaning, but art awaiting the figures of rhetoric. In vain 'thou waitest for this muddy river' to flow out or for these noisome floods to pass and to yield to currents of pure water; since all streams must be like their source, either muddy or clear. Thus the weakness of my speech expresseth

¹ The Sabine women were treacherously abducted by the Romans, who had not enough women of their own. Lucretia and Penelope are Roman and Greek examples, respectively, of womanly virtue.

² Women notorious in classical tradition for their unchastity.

³ This refers to Zeus' having changed himself into a bull to carry off Europa.

⁴ Daughter of the Babylonian king Orchamus and Eurynome, beloved by Apollo; was buried alive by her father. Apollo metamorphosed her into an incense bush.

⁵ This refers to the revenge of Venus' husband Vulcan for her infidelity.

⁶ Paris, when he awarded the prize for beauty to Venus, in the contest in which Venus, Juno and Minerva (Pallas) participated.

the ignorance of my heart, and the swelling unevenness of my diction offendeth a delicate spirit. Conscious as I am of this weakness, I should have abandoned gladly this task of dissuasion; but, because I could not hold my peace, therefore I spake as well as I could. But, if I possessed as much merit of style as zest of writing, I should send thee such fine words, mated in such noble union, that each of them apart and all of them together would seem to bless the author. But because thou owest to me everything that a lover as yet bare and unfruitful — I do not say barren — can deserve from all men, lend me meantime thine ear in patience while I unfold what I have enfolded. And do not exact from me the rouge and white lead of the orator, my ignorance of which I confess and bemourn, but accept the will of the writer and the truth of his page.

Julius Cæsar, 'for whose greatness the world was too narrow,' on the day that too cruel Atropos¹ dared to break the thread of his noble life, bent his ear humbly, at the doors of the Capitol, to Tongillus — a poor man, indeed, but a prophet — when he offered him tablets (of writing). Had he, instead, bent his mind to the warning, his murderers and not he would have paid the penalty. Thou indeed inclinest thine ear to me, the sender of this writing, as the asp to charmers; but thou offerest thy mind as a boar to dogs. Thou art as soothed as the serpent dipsas,² upon which the sun shone with equatorial rays. Thou art as thoughtful for thyself as was the betrayed Medea. Thou pitiest thyself as the sea the shipwrecked. In that thou restrainest thy hand, it is out of reverence to the king's peace. O my friend, the conqueror of the world, although nearly perfect, bent himself humbly to his faithful servant, and he almost escaped because he almost obeyed; and he yielded to punishment because he did not yield full obedience. Much humility availed him naught, because it was not full humility. What will thy wild savagery and thy inflexible vigour

and thy dreaded haughtiness avail thee, if thou voluntarily rushest unarmed into the snares of robbers? Humble thyself, prithee, to the measure of his humility, who humbled under himself the whole world, and listen to thy friend. And if thou thinkest that Cæsar erred, not hearkening to counsel, listen and mark what hath happened to others, that their injury may be to thy profit. Without hurt is the chastening to which these patterns persuade thee. Thou art safe in some sanctuary or other, or thou languishest in some asylum. Cæsar looked upon the merciless traitors and did not turn back. If thou hast always evaded such self-discipline, thou hast found the pious impious (i.e. thou hast not been able to distinguish the pious from the impious).

King Phoroneus, who did not begrudge the transmission of treasures of law to his people, but was the first of the Greeks to make such studies precious, on the day when he entered upon the way of all flesh, said to Leontius his brother: 'I should have lacked naught that tendeth to the highest happiness had I always lacked a wife.' Leontius asked, 'And how did a wife stand in your way?' And he replied, 'All husbands know how.' My friend, would that thou hadst marriage behind thee and not before, that thou mightest know what hindereth happiness.

* * *

(Here follows a list of anecdotes dealing with unhappy marriages.)

Pray what woman among thousands ever hath saddened with perpetual repulse the persistently solicitous suitor? What woman doth repeatedly reject the prayer of the petitioner? Her response hath a savour of favour, and, however hard she seemeth, she will always have in some corner or other of her words some hidden kindling for thy craving. However much she may deny, she denieth not altogether.

Gold broke through the barriers of the tower of Acrisius, and melted the vir-

¹ One of the three fates.

² A serpent whose bite was fabled to produce intense thirst.

ginity of Danæ,¹ which was guarded by many a rampart. My friend, thus the unchaste raineth from heaven upon the maiden whose chastity hath triumphed over earth; thus he from heaven overcometh her whom the lowly enticeth not, thus the north wind overturneth the tree which the west wind doth not budge.

Perictione (Pennutia), a virgin verging on old age, and renowned for her chastity, at length conceived 'under the pressure of Apollo's phantom,' and bore Plato. My friend, lo, an apparition in sleep hath deflowered her whom many watchings have preserved undefiled, as every rose garden is always robbed of its crimson by a whirlwind. But to a good purpose — if anything of the sort can be called good — because Plato waxed like unto his father in wisdom, and became the heir of both the name and fame of his mighty sire.

My friend, are you amazed or are you, the rather, affronted, because in my parallels I point out heathen as worthy of your imitation, idolatries to a Christian, wolves to a lamb, evil men to a good. I wish you to be like unto the fruitful bee, which draweth honey from the nettle, 'so that you may suck honey from the stone and oil from the hardest rock.' I know the superstition of the heathen; but every one of God's creatures furnisheth some honourable illustration, whence He himself is called lion, or serpent, or ram. The unbelieving perform very many things perversely; nevertheless they do some things which, although barren in their case, would in ours bring forth fruit abundantly. But if those who lived without hope, without faith, without charity, indeed without a preacher, made coats of skins (in human wise), and, if we should become asses or sows or brutes in some inhuman form, of what reward of faith, of charity, of hope should we be deemed worthy, although we might behold prophets, apostles, and, chief of all, Him, the Lord of the pure heart, whom only pure

eyes are permitted to perceive? Or if they have wearied themselves in the pursuit of their own designs with no perception of future bliss, but only with the hope of avoiding ignorant minds, what shall we have in return for our neglect of the sacred page, whose end is truth and whose illumination is 'a lamp unto the feet' and 'a light unto the path' to eternal light? Would that thou mayst select this sacred page, would that thou mayst peruse this, would that 'thou mayst bring this into thy chamber,' that 'the king may bring thee unto his'! Thou hast already ploughed closely this field of Holy Writ for the flowers of thy spring, in this thy summer 'He expecteth thee to make grapes'; to the hurt of this do not marry another lest, in the time of harvest, 'thou wilt make wild grapes.' I do not wish thee to be the bridegroom of Venus, but of Pallas. She will adorn thee with precious jewels; she will clothe thee in a marriage garment. These nuptials will boast Apollo as the attendant; the Fescennine² verses chanted there will be taught by the married Stilbon to the cedars of Lebanon. Devoutly but fearfully have I conceived the hope of this solemn union, which I so greatly desire; for this reason have I planned this whole reading; to this end, the whole discourse, albeit slowly, will hasten. With the firmness of this dissuasion is armed the whole man of me, whose dart, hardened with many a point of steel, thou dost now feel.

Hard is the hand of the surgeon, but healing. 'Hard is this speech also,' but healthy; and may thou find it useful as it is devoted. My friend, thou protestest that I inflict upon thee a narrow rule of living. So be it! For 'narrow is the way which leadeth to life,' nor is the path plain by which men proceed to a plenitude of joys. Nay, even to attain to moderate pleasures we must pass through rough places. Jason heard that he must voyage through a sea that up to this time had not

¹ An oracle prophesied that the son of Danæ would be the means of his grandfather's (Acrisius) death. Acrisius therefore shut his daughter in an underground chamber that no man might love her. But Jupiter, turning himself into a shower of gold, wooed and won her. Their son was Perseus, who fulfilled the prophecy of the oracle.

² Scurrilous, obscene verses. This type of poetry originated in Fescennia, a city in Etruria, hence the name.

been deflowered by ships or oars and must
take his way by sulphur-breathing bulls
and by the post of a poisonous serpent to
the golden fleece. Employing a counsel that
was sound but not sweet, he departed, and
returned bringing the desired treasure.
This humility of mind accepteth the worm-
wood of surly truth; dutiful care doth
fertilize it, and persistent service bringeth
it to fruit. Thus Auster, the south wind, 10
cupbearer of the rains, bringeth up the
seed, Aquilo (from the north), sweeper of
the ways, strengtheneth it, Zephyr, the
creator of flowers, advanceth it to a rich
yield. Thus stern beginnings are rewarded
with a sweet ending, thus a strait path
leadeth to stately mansions; thus a narrow
road windeth to the land of the living.
But, to support belief in my words by the
testimony of the ancients, read the *Aureo-*
lus ('Little Golden Book') of Theophrastus
and the story of Jason's Medea, and thou
wilt find almost nothing impossible to a
woman.

TRAVEL

MARCO POLO

(1254-1324)

Marco Polo, the Venetian, was son of Nicolo Polo, himself a notable traveller in the Orient. At the age of seventeen Marco was taken by his father to the court of the grand khan of Tartary. He received a position in the khan's household, and soon became a great favorite. Having learned the language and customs of the Tartars, he was frequently entrusted by the grand khan with diplomatic missions of the utmost importance. It was on these missions that he gathered most of the materials for his book of travels. After about seventeen years of service, Marco, his father, and his uncle received the reluctant consent of the grand khan to return for a visit to their own country. Loaded with presents of almost indescribable value, they departed, and, after a long and eventful journey, reached their home in Venice in 1295. Not long after their return, Marco was captured in a naval battle against the Genoese and was taken to Genoa to be imprisoned. During his captivity he dictated, from notes he had gathered on his travels, the material for the book now known as *The Travels of Marco Polo*. The book was originally written in French, and was later translated into all the principal languages of western Europe. *The Travels of Marco Polo* is not only the earliest authentic European account of China and the Far East, but it is also one of the most famous travel books ever written.

The present translation is that of Maraden, *The Travels of Marco Polo the Venetian*, revised and edited by Thomas Wright, London, Henry G. Bohn, 1854.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

THE PALACE OF KUBLA KHAN

The grand khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January, and February, in the great city of Kanbalu, situated toward the northeastern extremity of the province of Cathay; and here, on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square enclosed with a wall and deep ditch; each side of the square being eight miles in length, and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance gate, for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this enclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed: and this is bounded by a second wall, enclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on occasions of the emperor's entrance or departure. Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers. In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the enclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores. Thus, for instance, the bridles, saddles, stirrups, and other furniture serving for the equipment of cavalry, occupy one storehouse; the bows, strings, quivers, arrows, and other articles belonging to archery, occupy another; cuirasses, corselets, and other armor formed of leather, a third storehouse; and so of the rest. Within this walled enclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet. The battlements or crenated parapets are all white. This also forms a square four miles in extent, each side being one mile, and it has

six gates, disposed like those of the former enclosure. It contains in like manner eight large buildings.

The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in which are kept various kinds of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roebucks, fallow deer, and others of the same class. Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner. The pastures have abundant herbage. The roads across them being raised three feet above their level, and paved, no mud collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation. Within these walls, which constitute the boundary of four miles, stands the palace of the grand khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within the line of which the palace is erected; so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach. The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye. On each of the four sides of the palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and which constitute the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and ad-

mits of dinners being served there to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement to the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colors, red, green, azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal. In the rear of the body of the palace there are large buildings containing several apartments, where there is deposited the private property of the monarch, or his treasure in gold and silver bullion, precious stones, and pearls, and also his vessels of gold and silver plate. Here are likewise the apartments of his wives and concubines; and in this retired situation he dispatches business with convenience, being free from every kind of interruption.

On the other side of the grand palace, and opposite to that in which the emperor resides, is another palace, in every respect similar, appropriated to the residence of Chingis, his eldest son, at whose court are observed all the ceremonials belonging to that of his father, as the prince who is to succeed to the government of the empire. Not far from the palace, on the northern side, and about a bow-shot distance from the surrounding wall, is an artificial mount of earth, the height of which is a full hundred paces, and the circuit at the base about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees; for, whenever his majesty receives information of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots and the earth about them, and, however large and heavy it may be, he has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the verdant collection. From this perpetual verdure it has acquired the appellation of the Green Mount. On its summit is erected an ornamental pavilion, which is likewise entirely green. The view of this altogether,—the mount itself, the trees, and the building form a delightful and at the same time a wonder-

ful scene. In the northern quarter also, and equally within the precincts of the city, there is a large and deep excavation, judiciously formed, the earth from which supplied the material for raising the mount. It is furnished with water by a small rivulet, and has the appearance of a fish-pond, but its use is for watering the cattle. The stream passing from thence along an aqueduct, at the foot of the Green Mount, proceeds to fill another great and very deep excavation formed between the private palace of the emperor and that of his son Chingis; and the earth from hence equally served to increase the elevation of the mount. In this latter basin there is great store and variety of fish, from which the table of his majesty is supplied with any quantity that may be wanted. The stream discharges itself at the opposite extremity of the piece of water, and precautions are taken to prevent the escape of fish by placing gratings of copper or iron at the places of its entrance and exit. It is stocked also with swans and other aquatic birds. From one palace to the other there is a communication by means of a bridge thrown across the water. Such is the description of this great palace.

THE COURT OF KUBLA KHAN

When his majesty holds a grand and public court, those who attend it are seated in the following order. The table of the sovereign is placed before his elevated throne, and he takes his seat on the northern side, with his face turned toward the south; and next to him, on his left hand, sits the empress. On his right hand, on seats somewhat lower, are placed his sons, grandsons, and other persons connected with him by blood, that is to say, who are descended from the imperial stock. The seat, however, of Chingis, his eldest son, is raised a little above those of his other sons, whose heads are nearly on a level with the feet of the grand khan. The other princes and the nobility have their places at still lower tables, and the same rules are observed with respect to the females, the wives of the sons, grandsons, and other relatives of the grand khan being seated on the left hand, at tables in like manner gradually lower; . . . The tables are arranged in such a manner that the grand khan, sitting on his elevated throne, can overlook the whole. It is not, however, to be understood that all who assemble on such occasions can be accommodated at tables. The greater part of the officers, and even of the nobles, on the contrary, eat, sitting upon carpets, in the hall; and on the outside stand a great multitude of persons who come from different countries, and bring with them many rare and curious articles. Some of these are feudatories, who desire to be reinstated in possessions that have been taken from them, and who always make their appearance upon the appointed days of public festivity, or occasions of royal marriages.

In the middle of the hall, where the grand khan sits at table, there is a magnificent piece of furniture, made in the form of a square coffer, each side of which is three paces in length, exquisitely carved in figures of animals, and gilt. It is hollow within, for the purpose of receiving a precious vase, shaped like a jar, and of precious materials, calculated to hold about a tun, and filled with wine. On each of its four sides stands a smaller vessel, containing about a hogshead, one of which is filled with mare's milk, another with that of the camel, and so of the others, according to the kinds of beverage in use. Within this buffet are also the cups or flagons belonging to his majesty for serving the liquors. Some of them are of beautiful gilt plate. Their size is such that, when filled with wine or other liquor, the quantity would be sufficient for eight or ten men. Before every two persons who have seats at the tables, one of these flagons is placed, together with a kind of ladle, in the form of a cup with a handle, also of plate; to be used not only for taking the wine out of the flagon, but for lifting it to the head. This is observed as well with respect to the women as the men. The quantity and richness of the plate belonging to his majesty are quite incredible. Officers of rank are likewise appointed, whose duty it is to see that all strangers

who happen to arrive at the time of the festival, and are unacquainted with the etiquette of the court, are suitably accommodated with places; and these stewards are continually visiting every part of the hall, inquiring of the guests if there is anything with which they are unprovided, or whether any of them wish for wine, milk, meat, or other articles, in which case it is immediately brought to them by the attendants.

At each door of the grand hall, or whatever part the grand khan happens to be in, stand two officers, of a gigantic figure, one on each side, with staves in their hands, for the purpose of preventing persons from touching the threshold with their feet, and obliging them to step beyond it. If by any chance one is guilty of this offence, these janitors take from him his garment, which he must redeem for money; or, when they do not take the garment, they inflict on him such number of blows as they have authority for doing. But, as strangers may be unacquainted with the prohibition, officers are appointed to introduce them, by whom they are warned of it; and this precaution is used because touching the threshold is there regarded as a bad omen. In departing from the hall, as some of the company may be affected by liquor, it is impossible to guard against the accident, and the order is not then strictly enforced. The numerous persons who attend at the sideboard of his majesty, and who serve him with victuals and drink, are all obliged to cover their noses and mouths with handsome veils or cloths of worked silk, in order that his victuals or his wine may not be affected by their breath. When drink is called for by him, and the page in waiting has presented it, he retires three paces and kneels down, upon which the courtiers, and all who are present, in like manner make their prostration. At the same moment all the musical instruments, of which there is a numerous band, begin to play, and continue to do so until he has ceased drinking, when all the company recover their posture; and this reverential salutation is made so often as his majesty drinks.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the

victuals, because it may well be imagined that their abundance is excessive. When the repast is finished, and the tables have been removed, persons of various descriptions enter the hall, and amongst these a troop of comedians and performers on different instruments, as also tumblers and jugglers, who exhibit their skill in the presence of the grand khan, to the high amusement and gratification of all the spectators.

KUBLA KHAN'S HUNTING

When his majesty makes his progress in this manner, towards the shores of the ocean, many interesting occurrences attend the sport, and it may be truly said that it is unrivalled by any other amusement of the world. On account of the narrowness of the passes in some parts of the country where the grand khan follows the chase, he is borne upon two elephants, or sometimes a single one, being more convenient than a greater number; but under other circumstances he makes use of four, upon the backs of which is placed a pavilion of wood, handsomely carved, the inside being lined with cloth of gold, and the outside covered with the skins of lions, a mode of conveyance which is rendered necessary to him during his hunting excursions, in consequence of the gout, with which he is troubled.

In the pavilion he always carries with him twelve of his best gerfalcons, with twelve officers, from amongst his favorites, to bear him company and amuse him. Those who are on horseback by his side give him notice of the approach of cranes or other birds, upon which he raises the curtain of the pavilion, and, when he espies the game, gives directions for letting fly the gerfalcons, which seize the cranes and overpower them after a long struggle. The view of this sport, as he lies upon his couch, affords extreme satisfaction to his majesty, as well as to the officers who attend him, and to the horsemen by whom he is surrounded. After having thus enjoyed the amusement for some hours, he repairs to a place named Kakzarmodin, where are pitched the pavilions and tents

of his sons, and also of the nobles, the life-guards, and the falconers; exceeding ten thousand in number, and making a handsome appearance. The tent of his majesty, in which he gives his audiences, is so long and wide that under it ten thousand soldiers might be drawn up, leaving room for the superior officers and other persons of rank. Its entrance fronts the south, and on the eastern side it has another tent connected with it, forming a capacious saloon, which the emperor usually occupies, with a few of his nobility, and, when he thinks proper to speak to any other persons, they are introduced to him in that apartment. In the rear of this there is a large and handsome chamber, where he sleeps; and there are many other tents and apartments (for the different branches of the household), but which are not immediately connected with the great tent. These halls and chambers are all constructed and fitted up in the following manner. Each of them is supported by three pillars of wood, richly carved and gilt. The tents are covered on the outside with the skins of lions, streaked white, black, and red, and so well joined together that neither wind nor rain can penetrate. Withinside they are lined with the skins of ermines and sables, which are the most costly of all furs; for the latter, if of a size to trim a dress, is valued at two thousand besants¹ of gold, provided it be perfect; but if otherwise, only one thousand. It is esteemed by Tartars the queen of furs. The animal, which in their language is named *rondes*, is about the size of a polecat. With these two kinds of skin, the halls as well as the sleeping-rooms are handsomely fitted up in compartments, arranged with much taste and skill. The tent-ropes, or cords by which they stretch the tents, are all of silk. Near to the grand tent of his majesty are situated those of his ladies, also very handsome and splendid. They have in like manner their gerfalcons, their hawks, and other birds and beasts, with which they partake in the amusement. The number of persons collected in these encampments is quite incredible, and a spectator might conceive himself to be in the midst of a populous city, so great is the assemblage from every part of the empire.

¹ A gold coin of the time in Europe, of about the same value as an English pound.

LYRIC POETRY

LATIN

To the reader who is inclined to think of the Latin literature of the Middle Ages as limited to edification and instruction, these lyrics may come as a pleasant surprise. They illustrate a phase of mediæval Latin literary activity that is far too little known. The rollicking boisterous spirit of the *Glutton's Confession*, though perhaps not entirely in consonance with modern taste, offers an entertaining contrast to the severely scholastic air that we have grown to think of as mediæval. On the other hand, the freshness and charm of the two love lyrics, *The Nightingale* and *Sofly Blows the Wind of Summer*, might come from any of the great lyric periods of modern literature.

The Glutton's Confession and *Gaudeamus Igitur* come from *Wine, Women and Song*, translation by J. A. Symonds, Oxford University Press, 1907. The other poems are translated by Howard Mumford Jones in *The Romanesque Lyric* by Philip Schuyler Allen, University of North Carolina Press, 1928.

•THE GLUTTON'S CONFESSION

In the public-house to die
Is my resolution;
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution:
That will make the angels cry,
With glad elocution,
'Grant this toper, God on high,
'Grace and absolution!'

With the cup the soul lights up,
Inspirations flicker;
Nectar lifts the soul on high
With its heavenly ichor¹:
To my lips a sounder taste
Hath the tavern's liquor
Than the wine a village clerk
Waters for the vicar.

Nature gives to every man
Some gift serviceable;
Write I never could nor can
Hungry at the table;
Fasting, any strippling to
Vanquish me is able;
Hunger, thirst, I liken to
Death that ends the fable.

Nature gives to every man
Gifts as she is willing;

I compose my verses when
Good wine I am swilling,
Wine the best for jolly guest
Jolly hosts are filling;
5 From such wine rare fancies fine
Flow like dews distilling.

Such my verse is wont to be
As the wine I swallow;
10 No ripe thoughts enliven me
While my stomach's hollow;
Hungry wits on hungry lips
Like a shadow follow,
But when once I'm in my cups,
15 I can beat Apollo.

(12th c. or earlier)

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Let us live, then, and be glad
20 While young life's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us.
25 Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof:
They are not; they're sleeping.
30 Brief is life, and brevity

¹ An ethereal fluid that supplied the place of blood in the veins of the gods.

Briefly shall be ended:
 Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
 Bears us with his blast along;
 None shall be defended.

Live this university,
 Men that learning nourish;
 Live each member of the same,
 Long live all that bear its name;
 Let them ever flourish!

Philosophy fled from the work of thy soul!
 The steward of the Master whose love did
 physician thee,
 Grant of that grace our appropriate dole,
 5 That we, being filled with the words of the
 wise,
 Shall feed upon knowledge and to thee
 arise.

(12th c. or earlier)

10

Live the commonwealth also,
 And the men that guide it!
 Live our town in strength and health,
 Founders, patrons, by whose wealth
 We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you
 Melting maids and beauteous!
 Live the wives and women too,
 Gentle, loving, tender, true,
 Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!
 Perish envious blamers!
 Die the Devil, thine and mine!
 Die the starch-necked Philistine!
 Scoffers and defamers!

(12th c. or earlier)

O ROMA NOBILIS

Rome, thou imperial queen of the universe,
 Over all cities thou regent most excellent;
 Martyrdom's blood is thy roseate curse,
 The virgins' white lives are thy lilies all
 redolent!

With blessing and benison thee do we hail,
 Through the long centuries thou shalt
 prevail.

Thou, the omnipotent porter of paradise,
 Take, O thou Peter, the voice of our
 prayer;

From Israel's judging when thou shalt
 arise,

Be not irate nor implacable there —
 From temporal troubles to thee do we
 cry —

Hear thou our suffrages mercifully!

Sinners, we pray to thee, Paul, and peti-
 tion thee;

• THE NIGHTINGALE

When spring leads out new buds across the
 wold,
 15 And leaves on greening branches swell,
 Sweet odors burn, and flowery seeds un-
 fold,
 Then laugheth Philomel.

20 Her own sweet voice she knows, and from
 her throat
 With measured pause she stops and
 sings,
 And pausing, sings again her liquid note
 25 Of idle, summery things.

All day and night she singeth, giving sleep
 Amid melodious intervals,
 And lovelier solace shall no wanderer reap
 30 Than her sweet-throated calls.

Her voice is clearer than the zither's note
 When, grove and forest glade along,
 Her measured music stops such tunes as
 float
 35 From birds of lowlier song.

Then, soaring to the high tops of the trees
 Which she makes glorious with her
 wings,

40 Because of all the springtime joy she sees,
 She gladly sits and sings.

(ca. 1000)

45•LIGHTLY BLOWS THE WIND OF
SUMMER

Lightly blows the wind of summer,
 And the sun, the warm new-comer,
 50 Shines on earth, whose bosom bare
 Melts in that dissolving air.

Now the ruddy spring goes out
 With her festal robes about,
 Shaking o'er the world her flowers
 And her leaves on forest bowers.

Now the beasts their lairs are finding,
 And sweet birds their nests are binding,
 Singing in the greenwood trees
 Of the joys of marriages.

Why must I behold this mirth,
 Hear this rapture in the earth —

Why, when sound and sight denying,
 All my heart is given to sighing?

For, alas, alone I sit,
 5 Thinking wanly over it;
 If my head lifts from my knee,
 Then I neither hear nor see.

O thou spirit of the spring,
 10 Hear me, help me — everything,
 Flower and seed and frond are there —
 But my soul is sick with care.

(ca. 1000)

GERMAN

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE

(ca. 1165-1230)

Walther von der Vogelweide was born between the years 1165 and 1168, probably in Southern Tyrol. He spent his youth in Austria, where he learned the art of the minnesinger. He belonged to the knightly class, but he was poor and had to earn his own living as a wandering minstrel. After a time Frederick II granted his request for a small pension. He lived for some time at the courts of Thuringia and Austria and died in 1230 in Würzburg. Walther, the most important of the minnesingers, is regarded by some as the greatest lyric poet before Goethe. His themes included love, nature, patriotism, and religion. He was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. Gottfried von Strassburg called him "the worthiest poet and the leader of all the singers."

•LOVE'S DREAM

I

Take, maid, this wreath from me —
 So spake I once to a maiden sweet and fair,
 Star of the dance you'll be,
 If these flowers sweet thereto ye will but
 wear.
 If I rare jewels had, believe me,
 In your hair I'd place them,
 And joy to see you grace them;
 Truth is't I tell, I'd not deceive ye.

II

So pleasing, maid, are ye
 That gladly on ye would I this wreath be-
 stow
 As fair as it may be,
 But so many bright-hued flowers still I
 know
 Which blossom in that meadow yonder:

From the ground they're springing
 15 And the birds are singing,

III

She took the wreath from me
 As a modest maiden overcome with shame;
 Her cheek was red to see,
 20 As the rose that 'neath white lilies is
 aflake.
 And downward then her bright eyes turn-
 ing,
 Gracious bow she made me,
 25 Kindly to repay me;
 If more — from me ye'll not be learning.

IV

Methought that ne'er again
 30 Joy so great as mine could anywhere I find.
 There fell the flowers rain
 From the trees on us who in the grass re-
 clined.

Ah! see with joy my heart was leaping,
 Joyous was my dreaming,
 Blissful life was seeming, —
 Came day — and I awoke from sleeping.

v

Therefore constrained am I,

When fair maids I in summertime do see,
 In their eyes to spy,
 If I found her my pain might ended be.
 Oh! were she 'mongst these maids here
 5 dancing?

Ladies now aside lay
 Hats that your faces hide may, —
 See I my wreath-bound maid advancing?

(Translated by Sidney March)

MORNING PRAYER

Dear Lord, my Shepherd, I arise:
 Bless my footsteps and advise
 What course my wanderings shall lead
 me.
 Your strength and goodness shall display,
 Dear Lord, the splendor of your way.
 In your Mother's name preserve me!
 The angels faithfully did serve thee

As thou humble lay'st in sleep
 10 Among the cattle and the sheep:
 As child so young, as God so old.
 Joseph did with tender care
 Guard above thy manger there;
 So care for me that I may sense
 15 Within the shelter of thy fold
 My Saviour's omnipotence.

(Translated by Thea Goldschmidt)

• A SONG AT DAYBREAK

Lovingly caresses
 A warrior well-bedight
 The lady in his arms:
 They view with love's alarms
 The sun's first feeble light.
 The lady thus addresses
 The day that draweth nigh,
 "Ah, woe unto the day
 That cometh once again.
 It bringeth only pain
 And takes my love away:
 Each kiss becomes a sigh."

"Beloved," said the knight,
 "Cease your sighs of woe;
 It behooves me to
 20 Bid farewell to you,
 For I see the glow
 Of the morning light."
 "Lover, do not leave me
 Or speak of it again,
 25 My heart was filled with gladness
 Which now hath turned to sadness.
 Your haste to go brings pain
 And sorely doth grieve me."

(Translated by Thea Goldschmidt)

FRENCH

ALAIN CHARTIER

(ca. 1386-1440)

Alain Chartier, a Norman poet of the fifteenth century, was born at Bayeux and received his education at the University of Paris. He was a general favorite, both as a poet and as a man. He held important positions at the French court and was so highly regarded in literary circles that he has been called the Father of French Eloquence.

His *La Belle Dame Sans Mercy*, of which the following selection is a part, has nothing in common with the famous poem of Keats except the title. It is a charming and graceful narrative of chivalric love and mediæval courtesy. The epithet *sans merci* was frequently applied to high-born ladies reluctant to yield to the importunities of sighing lovers. The total subjection of the suitor in this poem is fairly representative of the mediæval lover's suffering from the

"malady of love," an ailment with a full list of symptoms and complications playfully elaborated by sophisticated wits.

The translation is that of the Middle English poet Sir Richard Ros.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY

The bordes¹ were spred in right little space,

The ladies sat each as hem² seemed best,
There were no deadly seruants in the place,

But chosen men, right of the goodliest:
And some there were, perauenture most freshest,

That saw their judges full demure,
Without semblaunt, either to most or lest,
Notwithstanding they had hem vnder cure.³

Emong all other, one I gan espy,⁴

Which in great thought ful often came
and went,

As one that had been rauished⁵ vtterly:

In his language not greatly dilligent,²⁰
His countenance he kept with great turment,

But his desire farre passed his reason,
For euer his eye went after his entent,

Full many a time, when it was no season.²⁵

To make chere sore himselfe he pained,

And outwardly he fained great gladnesse,

To sing also by force he was constrained,³⁰
For no pleasance, but very shamefastnesse⁶:

For the complaint of his most heauinesse⁷

Came to his voice, alway without request,³⁵

Like as⁸ the soun of birdes doth expresse,

When they sing loud in frithe⁹ or in forrest.

Other there were that serued in the hall,⁴⁰

But none like him, as after mine aduise,¹⁰
For he was pale, and somewhat lean withall,

His speech also trembled in fearfull wise,
And euer alone, but whan he did seruise,

⁵ All blacke he ware, and no deuise¹¹ but plain:

Me thought by him, as my wit could suffice,

¹⁰ His herte was nothing¹² in his own demain.

To feast hem all he did his dilligence,

And well he coud, right as¹³ it seemed me,

¹⁵ But euermore, whan he was in presence,¹⁴
His chere was done, it nolde none other be:

His schoolmaster had such auctorite,

That, all the while he bode still in the place,

Speake coud he not, but upon her beautie
He looked still with a right pitous¹⁵ face.

With that his head he tourned at the last
For to behold the ladies euerichone,¹⁶

But euer in one¹⁷ he set his eye stedfast

On her which his thought was most vpon,

³⁰ For of his eyen the shot I knew anone,
Which fearful was, with right humble requests:

Than to my self I said, by God alone,

Such one was I, or that I saw these jests.

³⁵ Out of the prease¹⁸ he went full easly

To make stable his heauie countenance,

And wote¹⁹ ye well, he sighed wonderly²⁰

For his sorrowes and wofull remembrance:

¹ Tables.

² To them.

³ Charge, care, attention.

⁴ Observed.

⁵ Stricken (by love).

⁶ Sense of shame.

⁷ Great burden.

⁸ Such as.

⁹ Copse.

¹⁰ According to my knowledge, as far as I know.

¹¹ Device worn upon the clothing.

¹² Not at all.

¹³ So.

¹⁴ In a large assembly.

¹⁵ Pitiful, mournful.

¹⁶ Each one.

¹⁷ Unchangeably.

¹⁸ Crowd.

¹⁹ Know.

²⁰ Wondrously.

Than in himselfe he made his ordinance,
 And forthwithal came to bring in the
 messe,
 But for to judge his most wofull pennance,
 God wote it was a pitous entremesse.¹

After dinner anon they hem auanced
 To daunce aboue the folke euerichone,
 And forthwithall, this heauy mane he
 danced,

Somtime with twain, and sometime
 with one:

Unto hem all his chere was after one,²

Now here, now there, as fell by auen-
 ture,³

But euer among he drew to her alone

Which he most dread of liuing creature.

To mine aduise good was his purueiance,⁴

Whan he her chose to ⁵ his maistresse
 alone,

If that her herte were set to his pleas-
 ance,⁶

As much as was her beauteous person:
 For who so euer setteth his trust vpon

The report of the eyen, withouten more,
 He might be dead, and grauen ⁷ vnder
 stone,

Or euer ⁸ he should his hertes ease
 restore.

In her failed nothing that I coud gesse,

One wise nor other, priuie nor apert,⁹

A garrison she was of all goodlinesse,

To make a frontier for a louers herte:

Right yong and fresh, a woman full couert,

Assured wele of port,¹⁰ and eke of chere,

Wele at her ease withouten wo or smert,¹¹

All vnderneath the standerd of dan-
 gers.¹²

To see the feast it wearied me full sore

For heauy joy doth sore the herte trau-
 aile:

Out of the prease I me withdrow therefore,

And set me downe alone behind a traile,

5 Full of leaues, to see a great meruaile,

With greene wreaths ybounden won-
 derly,

The leaues were so thicke withouten faile,

That throughout no man might me espy.

10

To this lady he came full courtesly,

Whan he thought time to dance with her
 a trace,¹³

Set in an herber, made full pleasantly,

15 They rested hem fro thens but a little
 space:

Nigh hem were none of a certain compace,

But onely they, as farre as I coud see:

Saue the traile, there I had chose my place,

20 There was no more between hem two
 and me.

I heard the louter sighing wonder sore,

For aye the more the sorer it him sought,

25 His inward paine he coud not keepe in
 store,

Nor for to speake so hardie ¹⁴ was he
 nought,

His leech ¹⁵ was nere, the greater was his
 thoght,

30

He mused sore to conquer his desire:

For no man may to more pennance be
 broght

Than in his heat to bring him to the fire.

35

The herte began to swell within his chest,

So sore strained for anguish and for
 paine,

That all to peeces almost it to brest,¹⁶

40 Whan both at ones so sore it did con-
 straine,

Desire was bold, but shame it gan refraine,

¹ Appetizer.

² Equally good.

³ Chance.

⁴ Foresight, provision.

⁵ To be.

⁶ Pleasure.

¹² The quality known to the Middle Ages as "danger," meaning disdain, comprised one of the well-known conventions of ladylike behavior.

¹³ Step.

¹⁴ Bold.

¹⁵ Physician, another term common to the conventional vocabulary of chivalry, or "courtesy."

¹⁶ Broke, burst.

⁷ Buried.

⁸ Before.

⁹ Secret or manifest.

¹⁰ Bearing, deportment.

¹¹ Pain.

That one was large, the other was full
close:
No little charge was laid on him, certaine,
To keepe such werre,¹ and haue so
many fose.

Full oftentimes to speak himself he pained,
But shamefastnesse and drede said euer
nay,

Yet at the last, so sore he was constrained,
Whan he full long had put it in delay,
To his lady right thus than gan² he say,
With dredeful³ voice, weeping, half in a
5 rage:
"For me was purueyed⁴ an vnhappy
day,
Whan I first had a sight of your vis-
age!"

GEOFFREY RUDEL

(12TH CENTURY)

The facts of the life of the famous troubadour, Rudel, are little known. The traditions connected with him are drawn chiefly from his *Life*, written in ancient Provençal, according to which he loved (though he had not seen), the Countess of Tripoli, for her great excellence and virtue. "And he made of her fair songs, with fair melodies, and with short verses, till he longed so greatly to see her, that he took the Cross and embarked upon the sea to gain sight of her." He fell ill and died in the arms of the Countess, who, on that self-same day, became a nun, for loss of him, and for grief at his death.

The tradition of Geoffrey has inspired many subsequent poets. It was used as the basis of Leopardi's *Consalvo*, of Carducci's *Geoffrey Rudel*, of a poem in Heine's *Romanzero*, of a ballad of Uhland, of Rostand's play *The Faraway Princess*, of Browning's *Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli*, and of Swinburne's *The Triumph of Time*.

The first poem following is the one he is supposed to have composed for the Countess on his deathbed. It is taken from *The Lives of the Troubadours*, translated by Ida Farnell, London: David Nutt, 1896.

• GEOFFREY RUDEL TO HIS FAR-OFF LADY

When May-days come, full tunefully
The birds do carol from afar,
Yet when I needs from there must be,
Where dwelleth my sweet love afar,
As drear to me as winter's snow
Are songs, or fairest flowers that blow,
So sad the heart within my breast.

No happiness I hope to see,
Fail I to win that love afar;
I know of none so fair as she
In any country near or far.
Her worth above all worth doth stand,
And captive in the Paynim's land
I'd gladly die at her behest.

10 Ah me! What joy, what ecstasy
To seek of her a refuge far!
Mayhap too she will shelter me
Beneath the roof, thus come from far;
Then there will be full many a kiss,
15 When far-off love in perfect bliss
Doth gaily reach the long-sought rest.

The God that made all things to be,
And formed for me this love afar,
Give me ere long the power to see
20 With such great joy my love afar,
That the gay bower or garden sweet,
Where first my Lady I may greet,
For aye may seem a palace blest.

• WHY SHOULD I LIVE?

Around, above, on every spray,
Enough instructors do I see,

¹ War, trouble.
² Did.

To guide my unaccustomed lay,
25 And make my numbers worthy thee:

³ Timid.
⁴ Provided.

Each field and wood and flower and tree,
Each bird whose notes with pleasure
thrill,

As, warbling wild at liberty,
The air with melody they fill.

How sweet to listen to each strain!
But, without love, how cold, how vain!

The shepherds love the flocks they tend,
Their rosy children sporting near;
For them is joy that knows no end,
And, O, to me such life were dear!

To live for her I love so well,
To seek her praise, her smile to win, —
But still my heart with sighs must swell,
My heart has still a void within!

5
Far off those towers and castles frown
Where she resides in regal state,
And I, at weary distance thrown,
Can find no solace in my fate.

10
Why should I live, since hope alone
Is all to my experience known?

(Translated by Louisa Stuart Costello in *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*)

EUSTACHE DESCHAMPS

(ca. 1340-1415)

Eustache Deschamps (or, as sometimes called, Morel) held various official positions under Charles V in the latter part of the fourteenth century. He was a rude, rough, and apparently honest man, with a great capacity for drinking and grumbling. There is a certain material vigor in his poetry, however, that makes even his grumbling good entertainment.

The late Middle Ages are famous for their adulation of women and their abuse of marriage. Deschamps' *Advice to a Friend* is a fair sample. In the light of the fact that Deschamps had a wife and two children, who seem not to have suffered greatly, one may be justified in regarding this piece as purely literary ranting. The *Ballad* shows a different side of Deschamps' literary character. Elaborating on the age-old theme, the evanescence of earthly pleasures, he reveals a sort of bitter and harsh disillusion that contrasts rather unfavorably with the mock dismay of the writers in the *Greek Anthology*, the urbane and gentle cynicism of Horace, or the tender, romantic reminiscence of Villon's "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Both selections are from the translation of Henry Carrington in the *Anthology of French Poetry*.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND ON MARRIAGE

Ope! Who? A friend! What wouldst
obtain?

Advice! Whereof? Is't well to wed? 15

I wish to marry. What's your pain?

No wife have I for board and bed,

By whom my house is wisely led.

One meek and fair I wish to gain,

Young, wealthy too, and nobly bred; 20

You're crazy — batter out your brain.

Consider! Grief can you sustain?

Women have tempers bold and dread;

When for a dish of eggs you're fain, 25

Broth, cheese, you'll have before you
spread:

Now free, you'll be a slave instead —
When married, you yourself have slain.

Think well. My first resolve is said;
You're crazy — batter out your brain.

No wife will be like her you feign;

On angry words you shall be fed,

So shall you bitterly complain,

With woes too hard to bear, bested:

Better a life in forest led

Than of such beast to bear the strain.

No! The sweet fancy fills my head;

You're crazy — batter out your brain.

ENVOY

Soon you will long that you were dead

When married; seek in street or lane

Some love. No! Passion bids me wed;

You're crazy — batter out your brain.

• BALLAD

There is no flower, no violet e'er so sweet,
 Nor tree, nor brier; whatever charms
 they show,
 Beauty nor worth where all perfections
 meet,
 No man, nor woman, though her face be-
 stow
 Bright locks, fair skin, cheeks that like
 roses glow,
 Or wise or foolish nought by nature made, 10
 Which length of time shall age not, and
 degrade,
 But the fierce hunter death shall hold in
 chase,
 And which, when old, the world will not 15
 upbraid:
 Old age ends all, in youth alone is
 grace.

Age comes, th' allotted span can none
 extend:
 Old age ends all, in youth alone is grace.

5 Why then do blooming dame and youthful
 maids
 Such danger see in love and being loved?
 Like trampled grass, youth soon dries up
 and fades;
 'Tis folly, then, if pity be not proved
 For one another, for from life removed
 Both those who love and those who love
 defy,
 The latter pitiless shall blame descry;
 While kindly lovers shall renown em-
 brace,
 And all the world shall prize and glorify,
 Old age ends all, in youth alone is grace.

ENVOY

Spring flowers that perfumes yield most
 exquisite,
 To charm our senses, last but for a day;
 Comes the rough wind and does the blos-
 som smite,
 And lays it low or tears the leaves away:
 Thus trees and mortals hasten to decay. 25
 Nought Nature rules can against change
 contend:
 Whate'er on earth is born fell death shall
 end;
 E'en a small fever can man's life efface. 30

20 Prince, each one ought in youth's delightful
 prime
 To enjoy and snatch his fate-allotted time;
 Age shall our youth with other cares re-
 place:
 Thus from both periods shall we profit
 take.
 Let none through pride love unattempted
 make;
 Old age ends all, in youth alone is
 grace.

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS

(1391-1465)

Prince Charles D'Orléans was half Italian, the son of Valentine of Milan. He was captured at the Battle of Agincourt and was held prisoner in England for twenty-five years. Most of his poetry was written during his captivity. The scope of his poetry is not great. He seldom attempted anything ambitious, or if he did he soon tired of it. His touch was light and sure, and he knew how to adapt the phrase to the thought. His themes were not new, but he clothed old themes in fresh and attractive imagery. Gracefulness and good taste were his chief qualities as a poet. His "rondels" are especially graceful. A rondel is a poem running on two rhymes and having commonly fourteen lines. In the poetry of Charles d'Orléans we get a brief but splendid afterglow of French mediæval lyric poetry at its best. He has been called the "last of the trouvères."

The following poems are translated by Harry Carrington, in the *Anthology of French Poetry*.

• RONDEL

Hence away, begone, begone,
 Carking¹ care and melancholy!
 Think ye thus to govern me
 All my life long, as ye have done?
 That shall ye not, I promise ye:
 Reason shall have the mastery.
 So hence away, begone, begone,
 Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
 With your mournful company,
 A curse be on ye, and the day
 That brings ye moping back to me!
 Hence away, begone, I say,
 Carking care and melancholy!

RENOUVEAU

Now Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
 And clothes him in the embroidery
 Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
 5 With beast and bird the forest rings,
 Each in his jargon cries or sings;
 And Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
 10 Wear in their dainty livery
 Drops of silver jewelry;
 In new-made suit they merry look;
 And Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

(1431- ?)

François de Moncorbier was a pupil of Guillaume de Villon, a chaplain whose name he later took. In 1449 he received the degree of bachelor of arts, and in 1452 became master of arts. His early life was spent in the quiet environment of his adoptive father's home, in the society of clerics and lawyers. He was not long content with this sedate circle, and gave himself over to the riotous pastimes of the turbulent University population. His first escapades seem to have been concerned mainly with dissipation and practical joking, but matters took a serious turn in 1455, when he killed a monk in a disgraceful brawl. He was forced to flee from Paris and to seek refuge among friends in Burgundy. In 1456 he received pardon for killing the priest and returned to Paris, but in the same year he and some companions robbed the college of Navarre. His consequent hasty departure from the city was the occasion for the composition of the *Little Testament*, a sardonic poem in which he bequeaths to his friends and enemies imaginary gifts of no value. When Villon heard that his companions in the robbery had been captured, he went to Poitou and joined the train of Charles d'Orléans. He is next heard of in 1461, when he had been released from prison at Meung-sur-Loire. Some time during this interval he composed the *Great Testament*, for he had it when he returned to Paris. This poem, drawn up in the jargon of legal procedure, is likewise ironical in tenor, but it bodies forth the sincere feelings and remorse of this derelict genius and contains several short lyrics of great beauty. In 1463 Villon was involved in another fatal brawl, was taken, tried, and condemned to death. The sentence was later commuted to banishment. This is the last detail known of his life.

Like Chaucer in England and Boccaccio in Italy, Villon as a poet was a pioneer of Renaissance individualism. A contemporary of troubadours and trouvères (Charles d'Orléans, his protector, was the last of the trouvères), he broke away utterly, in spirit and subject, from the traditions and conventions of mediæval poetry and attempted to picture the real life of his own day, particularly the life of the lower classes and the unclassed. In his representations of the everyday life of the poor and wretched, there is a lively personal note, a strong realization of the importance of the individual, a reflection of the turbulent love of life that characterizes the dawning Renaissance. Villon's expression of the evanescence of beauty is especially poignant. His *Ballad of Dead Ladies*, his best-known poem, is rather romantic than mediæval in tone. Although he lived in a society whose institutions were still mainly mediæval, Villon was so strongly imbued with the spirit of the new age that he saw the traditions of the Middle Ages through a rosy mist of illusion. Already he is sighing for the good old times. It is a very

¹ Anxious.

charming piece of sentimentality — perhaps the best we possess of its kind, although there are some who would award first place to Browning's *A Toccata of Galuppi's*. Although Chaucer in his *Legend of Good Women* and Tennyson in his *Dream of Fair Women* have dealt, externally at least, with the same subject, neither has quite caught the spirit of playful sadness which enriches Villon's poem and Browning's.

✓THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

<p>Tell me now in what hidden way is Lady Flora ¹ the lovely Roman? Where's Hipparchia,¹ and where is Thais,¹ Neither of them the fairer woman? Where is Echo, beheld of no man, Only heard on river and mere, — She whose beauty was more than human? . . . But where are the snows of yesteryear?</p>	<p>White Queen Blanche,² like a queen of lilies, With a voice like any mermaid — Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,³ 5 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine, — And that good Joan ⁷ whom Englishmen At Rouen doomed and burned her there, — Mother of God, where are they then? . . . 10 But where are the snows of yesteryear?</p>
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Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard,² I ween,
 Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!)³
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen ⁴
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the
 Seine? . . .
 But where are the snows of yesteryear?

ENVOI

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 15 Where they are gone, nor yet this
 year,
 Except with this for an overword, —
 But where are the snows of yester-
 year?

(Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

-A DOUBLE BALLAD OF GOOD COUNSEL

<p>Now take your fill of life and glee, And after balls and banquets hie; In the end ye'll get no good for fee, But just heads broken by and by; Light loves make beasts of men that sigh; They changed the faith of Solomon And left not Samson lights to spy; Good luck has he that deals with none! Sweet Orpheus,⁸ lord of minstrelsy,</p>	<p>20 For this with flute and pipe came nigh The danger of the dog's heads three That ravening at hell's door doth lie; Fain was Narcissus, fair and sly, For love's love lightly lost and won, 25 In a deep well to drown and die; Good luck has he that deals with none! Sardana,⁹ flower of chivalry, Who conquered Crete with horn and cry, 30 For this was fain a maid to be</p>
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¹ Roman courtesans of note.

² A great scholastic philosopher (1079–1142). He fell in love with Héloïse, one of his pupils, and secretly married her. She wished to retire to a convent to avoid injuring his career. When she departed, her relatives, enraged by what they thought was Abelard's desertion of her, attacked and mutilated him.

³ Grief and affliction.

⁴ There is a tradition that a certain queen of France used to lure students to the Tour de Nesle for her pleasure, and, when she had tired of them, order them thrown into the Seine. Buridan, a famous fourteenth-century teacher, is supposed to have had such an adventure and to have escaped with his life.

⁵ Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis (Louis IX).

⁶ Famous ladies of royal lineage.

⁷ Jeanne d'Arc.

⁸ When Orpheus went to Hell in search of his wife Eurydice, he had to pass by Cerberus, the three-headed dog who guarded the entrance.

⁹ Possibly Sardanapalus, although no such tale is told of that monarch.

And learn with girls the thread to
ply;
King David, wise in prophecy,
Forgot the fear of God for one
Seen washing either shapely thigh¹;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

For this did Ammon,² craftily
Feigning to eat of cakes of rye,
Deflower his sister fair to see,
Which was foul incest; and hereby
Was Herod³ moved, it is no lie,
To lop the head of Baptist John
For dance and jig and psaltery;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

Next of myself I tell, poor me,

How thrashed like clothes at wash was I
Stark naked, I must needs agree;
Who made me eat so sour a pie
But Katherine of Vaucelles? thereby
5 Noé took third part of that fun;
Such wedding-gloves are ill to buy,
Good luck has he that deals with none!

But for that young man fair and free
10 To pass those young maids lightly by,
Nay, would you burn him quick, not he;
Like broom-horsed witches though he
fry,
They are sweet as civet in his eye;
15 But trust them, and you're fooled anon;
For white or brown, and low or high,
Good luck has he that deals with none!

(Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne)

•HIS MOTHER'S SERVICE TO OUR LADY

Lady of Heaven and earth, and therewithal
Crowned Empress of the nether clefts of
Hell, —

I, thy poor Christian, on thy name do call,
Commending me to thee, with thee to
dwell,

Albeit in nought I be commendable.
But all mine undeserving may not mar
Such mercies as thy sovereign mercies are;
Without the which (as true words testify)
No soul can reach thy Heaven so fair
and far.

Even in this faith I choose to live and 30
die.

Unto thy Son say thou that I am His,
And to me graceless make Him gracious.
Sad Mary of Egypt⁴ lacked not of that 35
bliss,

Nor yet the sorrowful clerk Theophilus,⁵
Whose bitter sins were set aside even
thus

Though to the Fiend his bounden service 40
was.

Oh, help me, lest in vain for me should pass
(Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss
thereby!)

20 The blessed Host and sacring of the Mass.
Even in this faith I choose to live and
die.

25 A pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old,
I am, and nothing learn'd in letter-lore.
Within my parish-cloister I behold
A painted Heaven where harps and lutes
adore,
And eke an Hell whose damned folk
seethe full sore;

One bringeth fear, the other joy to me,
That joy, great Goddess, make thou mine
to be, —

Thou of whom all must ask it even as I;
And that which faith desires, that let it see.
For in this faith I choose to live and die.

ENVOI

O excellent Virgin Princess! thou didst bear
King Jesus, the most excellent comforter,

¹ Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite.

² Reference is here made to the story of Ammon (Amnon) and Tamar (II Sam. xiii).

³ Herod, king of the Jews, who was moved by the dancing of the daughter of his wife, Herodias, to grant her request for the head of John the Baptist.

⁴ A famous Egyptian courtesan who was converted to Christianity and went to live the life of a hermit in the territory beyond the Jordan.

⁵ An early Egyptian martyr, whose deeds formed the basis of one of the popular Miracles of Our Lady in fourteenth-century France.

Who even of this our weakness craved a share
 And for our sake stooped to us from on high,
 Offering to death His young life sweet, and fair.
 Such as He is, Our Lord, I Him declare,
 And in this faith I choose to live and die.

(Translated by A. C. Swinburne)

✓BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

Albeit the Venice girls get praise
 For their sweet speech and tender air,
 And tho' the old women have wise ways
 Of chaffering for amorous ware,
 Yet at my peril dare I swear,
 Search Rome, where God's grace mainly 10
 tarries,
 Florence and Savoy, everywhere,
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.
 5 Breton and Swiss know nought of the
 matter,
 Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;
 Two fishwomen with a half hour's chatter
 Would shut them up by threes and twos;
 Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews
 (Names enow the mad song marries),
 England and Picardy, search them and
 choose,
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

The Naples women, as folk prattle, 15
 Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:
 German girls are good at tattle,
 And Prussians make their boast thereof;
 Take Egypt for the next remove,
 Or that waste land the Tartar harries, 20
 Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.
 Prince, give praise to our French ladies
 For the sweet sound their speaking
 carries;
 'Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,
 But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

ENVOI

(Translated by A. C. Swinburne)

SPANISH

JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440?-1479)

Coming from a family prominent alike for culture and for military talent, Jorge Manrique occupies the front rank among Spanish poets of the fifteenth century. He distinguished himself both as a poet and as a soldier, and fell heroically in battle in the very prime of life.

It is because of the merits of the poem here printed that Manrique's name is immortal. The poem was written on the death of the author's father, which occurred in 1476. It is an elegy, a form which is almost sure to produce great artificiality of style and conventionality of content; and yet this poem stands as one of the most direct and sincere expressions of personal grief in the literature of Europe. Without making any attempt to moralize, the poet through his strong feeling of personal loss expresses sorrow for all the joy and glory that have vanished from the world, and achieves something of the same atmosphere of melancholy over the departure of earthly beauties that marks other famous poems on the same subject: Villon's *Ballad of Dead Ladies*, Du Bellay's *Ruins of Time*, Browning's *Toccata*, etc.

The translation is by Thomas Walsh in the *Hispanic Anthology*.

✓COPLAS

I turn me from the praise and singing
 Of panegyrists, and the proud
 Old poets' stories;
 I would not have them hither bringing
 Their artful potions that but cloud
 25 His honest glories;

On Him alone I lay my burden —
Him only do I now implore
In my distress, —

Who came on earth and had for guerdon
The scorn of man that did ignore
His Godliness.

This world is but a highway going
Unto that other, the abode
Without a sorrow;

The wise are they who gird them, knowing
The guideposts set along that road
Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing;
We journey all the while we live,
Our goal attaining
The day alone that brings us resting,
When Death shall last quietus give
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,
Did we but give it the employ
That was intended;

For by the precepts of our Creed
We earn hereby a life of joy
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth
Came down to raise our lowly race
Unto the sky;
Here took upon Him human birth;
Here lived among us for a space;
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize —
What futile task we set upon,
Whilst greed awakes us!
And what a traitor world of lies
Is this, whose very gifts are gone
Ere Death o'ertakes us!

Some through increasing age deprived,
Some by unhappy turn of fate
Destroyed and banished,
Some, as with blight inherent rived
At topmost of their branching state,
Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me, shall the lovely blason,
The gentle freshness and contour
Of smiling faces, —
The blush and pallor's sweet occasion, —

Of all — shall one a truce secure
From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,
5 The corporal liness, and the strength
Of gallant youth, —
All, all, — to weariness surrender
As o'er them falls the shadow's length
Of age in truth.

10 The Visigoths whose lineage kingly,
Whose feats of war and mighty reign
Were so exalted, —
What divers ways did all and singly
15 Drop down to the obscure again
And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness (How
lowly
20 And base among the rabble came
Their estimation!),
Whilst others as a refuge solely
In offices they only shame,
Maintain their station.

25 Estate and luxury's providing
Can leave us pauper — who may
doubt? —
Within an hour;

30 Let us not count on their abiding,
Since there is nothing sure about
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable
35 Upon her globe as swift as light
Revolving ever;
Who to be constant is unable,
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight
On aught so ever.

40 And though, say I, her highest favor
Should follow to the tomb and heap
With wreaths her master;
Let not our solid judgment waver
45 Since life is like a dream and sleep
Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today
Wherein we find our joy and ease
50 Are but diurnal;
Whilst the dread torments that must pay
The cost of our iniquities
Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions
That life on troubled earth deploys
For eyes of mortals,
What are they but the fair persuasions
Of labyrinths where Death decoys
To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing
We hasten laughing to the snare
Without suspicion.
Until, aghast at our undoing,
We turn to find the bolt is there,
And our perdition.

Could we but have procured the power
To make our faded youth anew
Both fresh and whole,
As now through life's probation hour
'Tis ours to give angelic hue
Unto the soul, —

What ceaseless care we then had taken,
What pains had welcomed, so to bring
A health but human, —
Our summer bloom to re-awaken,
Our stains to clear, — outrivalling
The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious
Upon the parchments of the years,
Alas! — the weeping
That overtook their boast audacious,
And swept their thrones to grime and tears
And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;
Nor are the popes, nor emperors,
Nor prelaties
A longer stay or truce securing
Than the poor herdsman of the moors
From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman,
The echo of whose wars is now
But far tradition;
Recount no more how fared the Roman
(His scroll of glories we allow)
Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable
Of such as yielded up their sway

These decades gone;
But let us say what lamentable
Fate the lords of yesterday
Have fallen upon.

5 Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us, —
Of those hight heirs of Aragon, —
What are the tidings?
Of him whose courtly graces schooled us,
10 Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,
Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where they
vaunted
15 With trappings, and caparison,
And armor sheathing, —
Were they but phantasies that taunted, —
But blades of grass that vanished on
A summer's breathing?

20 What of the dames of birth and station,
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,
Their vesture scented?
What of that gallant conflagration
25 They made of lovers' hearts whose pains
Were uncontented?

And what of him, that troubadour
Whose melting lutany and rime
30 Was all their pleasure?
Ah, what of her who danced demure,
And trailed her robes of olden time
So fair a measure?

35 Then Don Enriqu  , in succession,
His brother's heir, — think, to what
height
Was he anointed!
What blandishment and sweet possession
40 The world prepared for his delight,
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,
What cruel adversary, Fate
45 To him became;
A friend befriended as was no man —
How brief for him endured the state
His birth might claim.

50 The golden bounties without stinting,
The strongholds and the lairs of kings
With treasure gluttied;
The flagons of their wassail glinting,

The sceptres, orbes, and crowns, and
rings
With which they strutted;

The steeds, the spurs, and bits to rein
them,
The pillions draped unto the ground
Beneath their paces, —
Ah, whither must we fare to gain them? —
That were but as the dews around
The meadow places.

His brother then, the unoffending,
Who was intruded on his reign
To act as heir, —
What gallant court was round him bend- 15
ing,
How many a haughty lord was fain
To tend him there!

Yet as but mortal was his station,
Death for his goblet soon distilled
A draught for draining;
O Thou Divine Predestination! —
When most his blaze the world had
filled
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master
And Constable, whom we have known
When loved and dreaded, —
What need to tell of his disaster,
Since we behold him overthrown
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,
His manors and his feudal lands,
His boundless power, —
What more than tears were their amount- 35
ing?
What more than bonds to tie his hands
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,
Yet with the fortunes as of kings
Fraternal reigning, —
Who brought the high as well as lowly
Submissive to their challengings
And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize
That touched the very peaks of fame
That none could limit? —

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,
Till at its brightest ruthless came
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,
5 The marquises, and counts, the throng
Of barons splendid,
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their
dwelling?
The sway we saw them wield so
10 strong —
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging, —
What prowess showing us in war
Or its cessation,
When thou, O Death, didst come outrag-
ing
Both one and all, and swept them o'er
With desolation.

20 Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,
The pennon, and the battle-flag,
And bannered splendor, —
The castles with their turrets boasting,
25 Their walls and barricades to brag
And mock surrender, —

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,
Or secret passage, vault, or stair, —
What use affords it?
30 Since thou upon thy onslaught striding
Canst send a shaft unerring where
No buckler wards it!

* * *

Speaketh Death

"Good Cavalier," — he cried, — "divest
you
Of all this hollow world of lies
40 And soft devices;
Let your old courage now attest you,
And show a breast of steel that vies
In this hard crisis!

45 "And since of life and fortune's prizes
You ever made so small account
For sake of honor,
Array your soul in virtue's guises
To undergo this paramount
50 Assault upon her!

"For you, are only half its terrors
 And half the battles and the pains
 Your heart perceiveth;
 Since here a life devoid of errors
 And glorious for noble pains
 Today it leaveth;

"A life for such as bravely bear it
 And make its fleeting breath sublime
 In right pursuing,
 Untainted, as is theirs who share it
 And put their pleasure in the grime
 Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting
 Was never yet by aught attained
 Save meed eternal;
 And ne'er through soft indulgence casting
 The shadow of its solace stained
 With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers
 Besiege it with unceasing prayer
 And hard denial;
 And faithful paladins are others
 Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear
 With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,
 Your hands the paynim's blood have
 shed
 In war and tourney, —
 Make ready now to take the vaunted
 High guerdon you have merited
 For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,
 And in the faith entire and pure
 You e'er commended,
 Away, — unto your new abiding,
 Take up the Life that shall endure
 When this is ended!"

Respondeth the Grand-Master

"Waste we not here the final hours

This puny life can now afford
 My mortal being;
 But let my will in all its powers
 Conformable approach the Lord
 5 And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting
 My soul to put the body by
 In peace and gladness;
 10 The thought of man to live, prevent-
 ing
 God's loving will that he should die,
 Is only madness."

The Supplication

15 O Thou who for our weight of sin
 Descended to a place on earth
 And human feature;
 Thou who didst join Thy Godhead in
 20 A being of such lowly worth
 As man Thy creature;

Thou who amid Thy dire tormenting
 Didst unresistingly endure
 25 Such pangs to ease us;
 Not for my mean deserts relenting,
 But only on a sinner poor,
 Have mercy, Jesus!

The Codicil

30 And thus, his hopes so nobly founded,
 His senses clear and unimpaired
 So none could doubt him, —
 35 With spouse and offspring fond sur-
 rounded,
 His kinsmen and his servants bared
 And knelt around him, —
 40 He gave his soul to Him who gave it
 (May God in heaven ordain it place
 And share of glory!),
 And left our life as balm to save it,
 And dry the tears upon our face!
 His deathless story.

ITALIAN

DANTE

Next to *The Divine Comedy*, the best known of Dante's works is the *Vita Nuova*. This is a series of sonnets accompanied by cold and analytical prose passages which contrast strangely with the deep fervor of the poems, written under the influence of Dante's Platonic love for Beatrice. Although this love was wholly ideal, the death of Beatrice in 1290 came as a devastating blow from which Dante never recovered. The *canzone* given here interprets his vision of Beatrice in Paradise. The *Vita Nuova* is interesting not only as a personal document but also as an example of the kind of love poetry that grew out of the rhapsodies of the troubadours, refined by a strong admixture of Platonic idealism. The devotion of the lover did not grow less by reason of its being analyzed and refined; and, while the sentiment which resulted from all this extreme analysis may be somewhat of a curiosity to the modern reader, he may find in it the same spirit that dominated the rhapsodic phrases of Shelley's *Epipsychidion*. For Dante's life, see p. 391.

The following selections were translated by Lorna de' Lucchi in the *Minor Poems of Dante*.

VITA NUOVA

SONNET I

To captured soul and gentle heart I bring
 A greeting fair in Love the master's name,
 That peradventure, happening on this 10
 thing,
 Each may discover meaning in the same.
 It was of time almost the hour of three,
 When every star shines brightly overhead,
 That Love appeared before me suddenly, 15
 To think of it still filleth me with dread.
 Gleeful Love seemed and in his hand was
 laid
 My heart and in his arms my lady sweet
 Lay, with a mantle wrapt about her, sleep- 20
 ing;
 He wakened her and humbly she did eat
 That burning heart of mine and looked
 afraid;
 Then I beheld him turn and go thence 25
 weeping.

✓ SONNET VIII

With other ladies you make mock of me, 30
 And heed not, lady mine, the reason
 why
 So strange a look upon my face you see
 Whenever I your loveliness descry.
 Were you informed of it, Pity would be 35
 In her defence less stubborn than of yore,

For Love, whenever he discovers me
 Beside you, grows so eager and so sure,
 That all my tim'rous spirits he doth
 smite,

5 This one he chaseth, that one layeth low,
 Till he alone remaineth in your sight:
 Whence I am so distraught I seem to be
 Another, yet even thus hear constantly
 My outcast and tormented spirits' woe.

• SONNET IX

That which befalls me fades from mem-
 ory
 Whene'er I look upon you, lovely joy,
 And if I bide with you Love warneth me:
 'Flee, flee if haply death cause thee an-
 noy!'

My face betrays the colour of my heart,
 That, fainting, where it may doth lean and
 lie,

While, by a frenzy shaken, the stones start
 Wailing aloud, or so it seems: 'Die, die!'

Truly he sinneth who, beholding me,
 Comfort to the affrighted soul denies,
 Not even showing that he sorroweth
 Through pity, slain by your own mockery
 And born of the distressful look in eyes
 That have so great a yearning after death.

SONNET X

Often returneth to my memory
 The quality of anguish Love makes
 mine,
 So that, o'ercome by pity, constantly:

'Befalls it thus to others?' I repine;
For Love assaileth me so suddenly,
That of my life scarce anything remains,
Except one thought alone which speaks of
thee,

And so may tarry with me for his pains.

Then unto mine own aid I ply the spur;
And come with pallid features and spent
strength

To see thee, thinking to be healed at 10
length:

But, when I lift mine eyes towards their
goal,

A trembling in my heart begins to stir,
That from my pulses driveth forth my soul. 15

✓CANZONE VI

Mine eyes that grieve for pity of the
heart

Have suffered such an agony of weep-
ing,

That now in sooth their tears have all
been spent;

Hence, would I find some healing for the 25
smart

That brings me ever nearer to Death's
keeping,

I needs must tune my words to a lament.

Remembering, gentle ladies, how I went 30

Speaking about my lady gladsomely,

When she still dwelt among us here, to you,
I will not speak save to

The gentle heart that in a woman may be;

And I will tell of her, wailing for rue,

Since she hath gone to heaven suddenly

And left Love sorrowing behind with me.

Beatrice hath risen up into high heaven,

Into the realm where angels are at peace,

And bides with them and hath forsaken 40
you;

Not frost, sweet ladies, bore her hence, nor
even

Such summer-heats as oftwhiles bring re-
lease,

But only her great goodness did so do;

For the light of her humility shone through

The very heaven with a ray so bright

That it astonished the Eternal Sire,

Who, moved by a fond desire

To summon to Himself so much delight,

Bade her from here below to Him aspire,

Because He knew this life of weariness

To be unworthy of her gentleness.

Her gentle soul hath doffed the lovely
veil

Of flesh it wore so graciously awhile,

5 And dwells in glory in a worthy place.

Whoso in speaking of her doth not wail

Hath but a heart of stone, morose and vile,

That never could receive a spirit of grace.

However dowered with wit, a heart that's
base

Could not imagine her in any wise,

And from the like no tears could ever flow;

But he indeed hath woe,

Would die of weeping, is in love with sighs,

And with a soul all comfortless doth go,

Who in his mind considereth how she

Was reft from us and what she used to be.

I feel the bitter agony of sighs

When to sad memory my thoughts recall

20 The lady who hath cleft my heart in twain;

Thus oftentimes when death is my surmise,

Such a sweet longing comes to me that
all

The colour in my countenance doth wane;

25 And when this fancy holds me fast, then
pain

Assaileth me with pangs so sharp and rude

That swiftly to my senses I am brought,

But looking so distraught

30 That shame constraineth me to solitude.

Then weeping in the loneliness I sought,

I call on Beatrice, saying: 'Now art thou
dead?'

And as I call her I am comforted.

35 By sighs of anguish and by tears of
sorrow

The heart, Love left to loneliness, is spent.

And piteous thing, methinks, to con-
template;

40 And what hath been the burden of each
morrow

Since into the new world my lady went

No mortal tongue could fittingly relate;

Most bitter is my life, most desolate,

45 Yea, even if I would I could not tell

You, ladies, how it happeneth to me;

Such is my misery,

That all men seem to say: 'So fare thee
well!'

50 When they my wan and woful aspect see:

But what I am my lady can divine,

And I still hope her blessing may be
mine.

My piteous Song, go weeping on thy way,
 And seek out every dame and damozel
 To whom, thus it befell,

Thy sister-songs sang sweetly many a day;
 And thou who art the daughter of dismay,
 Betake thee mournfully with them to

ANGELO POLIZIANO

(1454-1494)

Angelo Poliziano, better known as Politian, Italian humanist and poet, was born in Tuscany. He studied classical languages in Florence and was selected by Lorenzo de' Medici to undertake the education of his two sons Piero and Giovanni. In 1480 he took the chair of Greek and Roman literature in the University of Florence. His principal service to literature was his study of classical texts. By 1472 he had already translated Books II to V of the *Iliad*. In his original work he was notable for his use of the *ottava rima*. His pastoral drama *Orfeo* is also noteworthy as a contribution to the development of European drama. His prose and verse were both distinguished for taste and elegance.

The following selections were written in approximately 1480. The translation is that of the Rev. W. Parr Greswell in Simonde de Sismondi, *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*, London, 1853.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA¹

Beneath a snow-white bull's majestic guise,
 Here Jove, conceal'd by love's trans-
 forming power,
 Exulting bears his peerless, blooming prize:
 With wild affright she views the parting
 shore;
 Her golden locks, the winds that adverse
 rise,
 In loose disorder spread her bosom o'er;
 Light floats her vest, by the same gales
 upborne:
 One hand the chine, one grasps the circling
 horn.

5 Her naked feet, as of the waves afraid,
 With shrinking effort, seem to avoid the
 main;
 Terror and grief in every act — for aid
 Her cries invoke the fair attendant
 10 train:
 They, seated distant on the flow'ry
 mead,
 Frantic, recall their mistress loved, in
 vain —
 15 Return, Europa; far resounds the cry:
 On sails the God, intent on amorous
 joy.

¹ Her beauty charmed Zeus, who assumed the form of a bull and mingled with the herd as Europa and her maidens were sporting on the sea-shore. Encouraged by the tameness of the animal, Europa ventured to mount his back, whereupon the god rushed into the sea and swam with her to Crete. Here she became by Zeus the mother of Minos, Radamanthys, and Sarpedon.

BALLADS

SPANISH

It has been customary to divide the Spanish ballads into three classes, historic, romantic, and Moorish. The historic ballads deal with the adventures of the early heroes of Spain, the romantic with the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne (cf. the *Song of Roland*), and the Moorish with the dazzling splendor of Saracen civilization. The ones printed in this volume are presumably from the fifteenth century. Regarded as the oldest of the Spanish ballads, they treat of characters whose exploits were recounted at greater length in the romances of chivalry. They are of great variety in subject and scope; some are very short, others are of almost epic proportions. The same variety is to be noted in their literary quality.

The translation of the following selections is that of Lockhart in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, Philadelphia, 1849.

COUNT ARNALDOS

Who had ever such adventure,
Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befell the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold, —
Many a morn you'll hood your falcon,
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops may come again;
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
Faith is strong, and Hope is free;
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To the song that rules the sea.

When the gray-haired sailor chanted,
Every wind was hushed to sleep, —

Like a virgin's bosom panted
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the starfish
5 From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him, —
Holy music charmed them so.

"Stately galley! glorious galley!
10 God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone may'st scorn the perils
Of the dread, devouring sea!"

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
15 Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sandbank, gulf and whirlpool,
All, — my glorious galley mocks!"

"For the sake of God, our Maker!" —
20 Count Arnaldos' cry was strong, —
"Old man, let me be partaker
In the secret of thy song!"

"Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
25 Hearts I read, and thoughts I know; —
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
In our galley thou must go."

THE ADMIRAL¹ GUARINOS

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day
for you,
Ye men of France! for there the lance of
King Charles was broke in two:
Ye well may curse that rueful field; for 5
many a noble peer,
In fray or fight, the dust did bite, beneath
Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King 10
Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and
seized him for their thrall:
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er,
for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and
the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his cap-
tive much did prize;
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was
precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the
best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto 25
his prisoner: —

"Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral
Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall 30
ever rest between us:
Two daughters have I; — all the day thy
handmaid one shall be;
The other — and the fairest far — by
night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy
weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch
thee garments brave;
The other — she the pretty — shall deck
her bridal bower,
And my field and my city they both shall
be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give;
speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos
said Marlotes.

But not a moment did he take to ponder or
to pause;
Thus clear and quick the answer of the
Christian captain was: —
"Now, God forbid, Marlotes, — and
Mary, his dear Mother, —
That I should leave the faith of Christ and
bind me to another!
For women, — I've one wife in France, and
I'll wed no more in Spain:
I change not faith, I break not vow, for
courtesy or gain."

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus
he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be
led away, —
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its
vaults to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far
off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands;
that sore, unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness,
doomed never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long
bolts of iron he bore,
When signified the knight should ride on
charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the
captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear,
instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like
Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a
sport and show.

On three high feasts they bring him forth,
a spectacle to be, —
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of
the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when
maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the
firstlings of the flowers.

¹ Leader.

- Days come and go of gloom and show;
 seven years are come and gone;
 And now doth fall the festival of the holy
 Baptist John;
 Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to
 give it homage due,
 And rushes on the paths to spread they
 force the sulky Jew.
- Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target
 high doth rear, —
 Below the Moorish knights must ride and
 pierce it with the spear;
 But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much
 they strain,
 No Moorish lance so far may fly, Marlotes' 15
 prize to gain.
- Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he be-
 held them fail;
 The whisker trembled on his lip, — his
 cheek for ire was pale;
 And heralds proclamation made, with
 trumpets, through the town, —
 "Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat,
 till the mark be tumbled down."
- The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's 25
 haughty sound,
 Did send an echo to the vault where the
 admiral was bound:
 "Now help me, God!" the captive cries;
 "what means this din so loud?
 O Queen of Heaven, be vengeance given
 on these thy haters proud!
- "O, is it that some pagan gay doth Mar-
 lotes' daughter wed,
 And that they bear my scorned fair in 35
 triumph to his bed?
 Or is it that the day is come, — one of the
 hateful three, —
 When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum,
 make heathen game of me?" 40
- These words the jailer chanced to hear,
 and thus to him he said:
 "These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear,
 conduct no bride to bed;
 Nor has the feast come round again, when 45
 he that has the right
 Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain,
 to glad the people's sight!
- "This is the joyful morning of John the
 Baptist's day,
 When Moor and Christian feast at home,
 each in his nation's way;
 But now our king commands that none
 his banquet shall begin,
 Until some knight, by strength or sleight,
 the spearsman's prize do win."
- Then out and spake Guarinos: "Oh, soon
 each man should feed,
 Were I but mounted once again on my
 own gallant steed!
 Oh, were I mounted as of old, and har-
 nessed cap-a-pie,
 Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er
 its price may be!
- "Give me my horse, mine old gray horse,
 — so be he is not dead, —
 All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on
 breast and head;
 And give the lance I brought from France;
 and if I win it not,
 My life shall be the forfeiture, — I'll yield
 it on the spot."
- The jailer wondered at his words: thus to
 the knight said he:
 "Seven weary years of chains and gloom
 have little humbled thee;
 There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the
 like so well might bear;
 And if thou will, I with thy vow will to the
 king repair."
- The jailer put his mantle on, and came
 unto the king;
 He found him sitting on the throne, within
 his listed ring:
 Close to his ear he planted him, and the
 story did begin,
 How bold Guarinos vaunted him the
 spearman's prize to win:
- That, were he mounted but once more on
 his own gallant gray,
 And armed with the lance he bore on
 Roncesvalles' day,
 What never Moorish knight could pierce,
 he would pierce it at a blow,
 Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at
 Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king:
 "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
 And in the grange go seek ye for his gray
 steed of worth;
 His arms are rusty on the wall; — seven 5
 years have gone, I judge,
 Since that strong horse has bent his force
 to be a carrion drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the 10
 enfeebled lord
 Essay to mount that ragged steed and
 draw that rusty sword;
 And for the vaunting of his phrase he well
 deserves to die:
 So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring
 your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his
 cuisses well they've clasped, 20
 And they've barred the helm on his visage
 pale, and his hand the lance hath
 grasped;
 And they have caught the old gray horse,
 the horse he loved of yore, 25
 And he stands pawing at the gate,
 caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out, the Moors
 did shout, and loudly laughed the
 king,
 For the horse he pranced and capered and
 furiously did fling:
 But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and
 looked into his face;
 Then stood the old charger like a lamb,
 with a calm and gentle grace.

Oh, lightly did Guarinos vault into the
 saddle-tree,
 And, slowly riding down, made halt before
 Marlotes' knee:
 15 Again the heathen laughed aloud: "All
 hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he;
 "Now do thy best, thou champion proud!
 thy blood I look to see!"

With that, Guarinos, lance in rest, against
 the scoffer rode.
 Pierced at one thrust his envious breast,
 and down his turban trode.
 Now ride, now ride, Guarinos, — nor lance
 nor rowel spare, —
 Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life: the
 land of France lies there!

GERMAN

As in the case of the ballads of Spain, here too we have a body of poems by authors of whom we know nothing. Our German ballads were handed down from one generation to another before they were recorded in writing, perhaps in the fifteenth century or thereafter. According to some theories, the ballads are the result of gradually developing communal authorship, as in England and Scotland; others are of the opinion that each ballad is the work of an individual, if anonymous, poet. Whatever we may think of the origin and authorship of these ballads, their materials are deeply rooted in folklore, and their unspoiled art has ever been a source of delight to modern readers.

THE LAY OF THE YOUNG COUNT

I stood on a high mountain
 And looked on the Rhine so wide;
 A little skiff came swimming,
 A little skiff came swimming,
 Wherein three knights did ride.

And of these knights, the youngest
 He was the count his heir;
 He promised he would marry me,
 He promised he would marry me,
 Although so young he were.

He took from off his finger
 A ring of gold so red;
 30 "Thou fairest, finest, take it,
 My own heart's dearest, take it,
 And wear it when I'm dead."

"What shall I do with the ringlet,
 If I dare not wear it before?"
 35 "Say only thou hast found it,
 Say only thou hast found it,
 In the grass before the door."

"Nay, why should I be lying?
It would not behoove me well;
The young count he is my husband,
The young count he is my husband,
Much rather I would tell."

"Wert thou but richer, maiden,
Hadst thou but a little gear,
In sooth I then would take thee,
In sooth I then would take thee,
For then we equals were."

"And though I have not riches,
Yet of honor I have some;
That honor I will keep it,
That honor I will keep it,
Until my equal come."

"But if there come no equal,
What then wilt thou begin?"
"Then I will seek a cloister,
Then I will seek a cloister,
To live as a nun therein."

'Twas after three months' time had
passed,
The count dreamed heavily;
As if his own heart's dearest,
As if his own heart's dearest,
In a cloister he did see.

"Arise, my groom, and hasten,
Saddle mine and saddle thy steed;

We'll ride o'er hill and valley,
We'll ride o'er hill and valley;
The maiden is worth all speed."

5 And when they came to the cloister,
They gently knocked at the door:
"Come out, thou fairest, thou fine,
Come out, thou heart's dearest mine,
Come forth to thy lover once more!"

10 "But wherefore should I hasten
To thee before the door?
My hair is clipped and veiled,
My hair is clipped and veiled,
15 Thou'lt have me never more."

The count with fright is silent,
Sits down upon a stone;
The bitter tears he's weeping,
20 The bitter tears he's weeping,
Till life and joy are gone.

With her snow-white hands the maiden
She digs the count his grave;
From her dark-brown eyes so lovely,
From her dark-brown eyes so lovely,
The holy water she gave.

Thus to all young lads 'twill happen,
30 Who for riches covet sore;
Fair wives they all are wishing,
Fair wives they all are wishing,
But for gold and silver more.

THE DEAD BRIDEGROOM

There went a boy so stilly,
To the window small went he:
"Art thou within, my fair sweetheart?
Rise up and open to me."

"We well may speak together,
But I may not open to thee;
For I have plighted my faith to one,
And want no other but he."

"The one to whom thou'rt plighted,
Fair sweetheart, I am he;

Reach me thy snow-white little hand,
35 And then perhaps thou'lt see."

"But nay! thou smelllest of the earth;
And thou art Death, I ween!"
"Why should I not smell of the earth,
40 When I have lain therein?"

"Wake up thy father and mother,
Wake up thy friends so dear;
The chaplet green shalt thou ever wear,
45 Till thou in heaven appear."

DRAMA

The play of *Adam* was written about 1160 in the Anglo-Norman French of England. It illustrates the state of the drama at the time when it was emerging from the purely religious form known as the liturgical play. The earliest plays were introduced into the liturgy of the Church, and usually grew out of some very essential part of it. The next step in the development of the drama was to present incidents from Bible narrative or from the lives of the saints. The material of *Adam*, although it comes ultimately from the Old Testament, seems to be taken more immediately from a well-known sixth-century sermon. The structure of the play shows some knowledge of dramatic technique and considerable interest in purely theatrical effects. The play is further noteworthy in the history of the drama as an example of the transition from Latin to the vernacular. This change shows clearly that the drama at this time, in spite of its still vital preoccupation with religious subjects, is aiming at general theatrical effectiveness rather than strictly religious appeal.

The play is divided into three parts, which we might call "acts." Only the first one is printed in this volume. It is taken from *Antichrist and Adam*, translated by Sarah F. Barrow and William H. Hulme, Western Reserve Bulletin, XXVIII (1925).

THE PLAY OF ADAM

ORDO REPRESENTACIONIS ADE

Paradise must be built on a more elevated spot, surrounded by curtains and cloths of silk to such a height that persons in Paradise may be visible as far down as the shoulders. Fragrant flowers and foliage are to be strewn round about the spot, and in it are to be put trees of various kinds with hanging fruits, so that the place may seem very delightful. Then let the Savior (Salvator) appear clothed in a dalmatic¹ and Adam and Eve be brought before him. Adam must wear a red tunic and Eve the white robe of a woman, with a white silk cloak. And they must both stand before the Figura, Adam the closer, with composed countenance, while Eve is a little more modest. The Adam must be well trained when to answer: he must be neither too quick nor too slow in replying. And not only he but all the persons shall be instructed to speak deliberately, making gestures appropriate to the thing they are speaking about; and, in rhythms, they shall not put in an extra syllable, nor omit one, but all must enunciate clearly and speak in an orderly manner what they have to say. Whoever names Paradise shall look and point towards it. Then the lectio shall begin:

IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED HEAVEN AND EARTH

*When this is finished the choir must sing:
God therefore created, etc.*

After this the Figura shall say:

Adam! and Adam shall reply: Lord!

FIGURA. I have formed thee
From clay of the earth.

5 ADAM. I know it well.

FIGURA. I have given thee a living soul,
So have I formed thee in my semblance,
In my image have I made thee of earth,
Thou must never strive against me.

10 ADAM. So shall I not do, but I shall trust
thee,

I shall obey my creator.

FIGURA. I have given thee a good companion:

15 This is thy wife, Eve by name,
This is thy wife and thy mate,
Thou must be very faithful to her.
Thou shalt love her, she shall love
thee,

So shall you both have my favor.

She shall be at thy command,
And you both according to my will.

From thy rib have I formed her,
She is not alien, she is born of thee.

25 I have created her straight from thy
body;

From thee she came, not from without,
Govern her justly;

Let there be no strife between you,
But great love, great mutual service,

Let such be the law of marriage.

¹ An ecclesiastical vestment.

FIGURA to Eve. Now I shall speak to thee,
Eve.

This heed thou, nor consider it lightly:
If thou wouldst do my will,
Preserve righteousness in thy heart.

Honor me, thy creator,
And acknowledge me as lord.
Put thy mind on serving me,
All thy might and all thy intelligence.
Love Adam, and cherish him,
He is thy husband, thou his wife;
Be always obedient to him,
Deviate not from his instruction;
Serve and honor him with good intent;
For that is the law of marriage.
If thou be a good helpmeet to him,
I shall put thee with him in glory.

EVA. I shall act, lord, according to thy
pleasure,

I will not deviate at all;
Thee shall I acknowledge as my lord,
Him as mate and superior;
I shall always be faithful to him,
From me he will have much good
counsel;

Thy pleasure, thy service
I shall do, lord, in every way.

*Then the Figura shall call Adam nearer and speak
to him more earnestly.*

FIGURA. Listen, Adam, and hear my 30
words!

I have made thee, now I shall endow
thee thus:

Thou mayest live forever if thou obey
my word,
And thou shalt be well and feel no ill-
ness.

Never shalt thou hunger or need to
drink,

Never shalt thou be cold or feel heat.
Thou shalt be ever joyous, never weary;
And in pleasure shalt thou never know
pain.

All thy life shalt thou spend in joy;
Thy life shall not be short, thou shalt 45
always be.

I tell thee so, and wish Eve to hear,
If she heeds not, then she is foolish.
You have dominion over all the earth,
Over birds, beasts, and other posses-
sions.

Of little importance be he who envies
you,

For all the world shall be in thy domin-
ion.

I give you choice of both good and evil,
Whoever is so endowed is not tethered
to a stake.

Now you are quite evenly balanced.

Trust counsel, be loyal to me,
Eschew evil and adhere to good.

Love thy lord and abide with him,

For no other counsel forsake mine,
If thou do as I bid, thou wilt sin in no
way.

ADAM. Great is my gratitude for thy
benignity,

For thou hast made me and art so kind
to me,

Putting good and evil in my power.

Into thy service shall I put my will,

Thou art my lord, I am thy creature;

Thou didst create me, I am thy work.

My will shall never be so bad

That my whole care shall not be in
serving thee.

*Then let the Figura point out Paradise to Adam,
25 saying:*

Adam!

ADAM. Lord!

FIGURA. I shall tell thee my design,
Dost thou see this garden?

ADAM. What is its name?

FIGURA. Paradise.

ADAM. It is very beautiful.

FIGURA. I have planted it and laid it out,
He shall be my friend who shall stay
there,

I intrust it to thee: stay there and care
for it.

Then he shall send them into Paradise, saying:
I put you inside.

ADAM. May we continue there?

FIGURA. Always, and you need fear
nothing there;

You can never die there nor be ill.

Let the Choir sing:

Therefore the Lord created man.

*Then the Figura shall stretch his hand toward
Paradise saying:*

I shall tell you the nature of the gar-
den:

You will find there no lack of any
delight;

There is no good thing in the world,
desired by any creature,

Which each one may not find there in full measure, —

Woman shall have there no anger from man,

Nor man shame or fear from woman.

There a man sins not by begetting,

And there a woman does not suffer in childbirth.

Thou shalt live always, the life there is so good,

Thine age shall never change there.

Thou shalt not fear death there, harm shall not strike thee,

I do not wish thee to go hence, here shalt thou dwell.

The Choir shall sing:

The Lord said to Adam.

Then let the Figura show Adam the trees of Paradise, saying:

Of all this fruit thou mayest eat for pleasure.

Then he shall show him the forbidden tree and its fruit, saying:

I forbid thee all enjoyment of this;

If thou eat of it, thou shalt forthwith taste death;

Thou shalt lose my love, thou shalt mar thy lot.

ADAM. I shall keep all thy commandment, Neither I nor Eve shall deviate from it at all;

If for one fruit only I lose such an abode, I ought to be thrown out to the wind.

If for an apple I forsake thy love, I shall never in my life pay for my folly.

He ought to be judged by the law of the traitor

Who perjures himself and betrays his lord.

Then shall the Figura go into the church, and Adam and Eve shall walk about in Paradise with true delight. Meanwhile devils shall run about the stage, making appropriate gestures; and they shall approach Paradise from time to time and show Eve the forbidden fruit as if persuading her to eat it. Then Diabolus shall approach Adam and say to him:

What art thou doing, Adam?

ADAM. I am living here in great delight.

DIABOLUS. Is it well with thee?

ADAM. I am aware of no annoyance.

DIABOLUS. You might be better off.

ADAM. I cannot imagine how.

DIABOLUS. I know how.

ADAM. And what does it matter to me?

DIABOLUS. And why not?

ADAM. It is of no value to me.

DIABOLUS. It will be worth something.

ADAM. I do not know how much.

DIABOLUS. I am in no hurry to tell thee.

ADAM. Now tell me.

DIABOLUS. I shall not,

I had rather see thee tired of entreating.

ADAM. I do not need to know it.

DIABOLUS. Then thou dost not deserve good fortune,

Thou hast good fortune but canst not enjoy it.

ADAM. Why?

DIABOLUS. Dost thou care to hear?

I will tell thee privately.

ADAM. To be sure, I should like it.

DIABOLUS. Listen, Adam, hear what I have to say,

It will be to thy advantage.

ADAM. I grant it.

DIABOLUS. Wilt thou trust me?

ADAM. Yes indeed.

DIABOLUS. Wholly?

ADAM. Except for one thing.

DIABOLUS. For what thing?

ADAM. I shall tell you,

I will not offend my creator.

DIABOLUS. Dost thou fear him so much?

ADAM. Yes, truly.

I love and fear him.

DIABOLUS. Thou art ignorant,

What can he do to thee?

ADAM. Both good and evil.

DIABOLUS. Thou art doing very foolishly, If thou believest that evil can come to thee.

Art thou not in glory? Thou canst not die.

ADAM. God has told me that I shall die, If I violate his commandment.

DIABOLUS. What is this great transgression?

I would hear it without delay.

ADAM. I shall tell thee all truly.

He has given a command to me:

Of all the fruits of Paradise

I may eat, that he has told me,

Except of one only; that is forbidden me,

That I shall not touch with my hands.

DIABOLUS. Which is that?

Then shall Adam point toward the forbidden fruit, saying:

ADAM. Dost thou see it there?

That he has expressly forbidden me. 5

DIABOLUS. Dost thou know why?

ADAM. Certainly not.

DIABOLUS. I shall tell thee the reason:

He is not at all concerned about the other fruit, 10

And he shows him the forbidden fruit with his hand, and says to Adam:

Only that which hangs above:

That is the fruit of wisdom,

It gives the science of knowing every- 15 thing.

If thou eat it, thou shalt do well.

ADAM. In what way?

DIABOLUS. Thou shalt see,

Whatever is to be will be apparent,

Whatever thou wilt thou shalt be able to perform,

It has much good in store for thee.

Thou wilt do well to eat it,

For then thou shalt not fear thy lord at 25 all;

Rather thou shalt be quite his peer then,

For this reason he forbade it thee.

Wilt thou believe me? Taste of the fruit!

ADAM. I shall not do it.

DIABOLUS. You must be jesting!

You will not do it?

ADAM. No.

DIABOLUS. Then thou art foolish; 35

Another time thou wilt remember these words.

Then Diabolus shall withdraw and go to the other devils, and he shall make a sally about the stage; and after a short while he shall return merry and rejoicing to the temptation of Adam, and say to him:

Adam, what art thou doing? Wilt thou change thy mind?

Art thou still of foolish opinion?

I was on the point of saying to thee the other day,

God makes thee his pensioner here,

Has put thee here to eat this fruit.

Hast thou other pleasures besides?

ADAM. Yes, I lack nothing at all.

DIABOLUS. Wilt thou never rise higher?

You may think yourself of great value,

Since God has made thee his gardener.

God has made thee keeper of his garden,

Shalt thou never seek other pleasure?

Did he create thee for thy belly?

He will bestow upon thee other honor.

Listen, Adam, give heed unto me,

I shall counsel thee in good faith,

So that thou shalt be without a master,

And shalt be the peer of thy creator.

I shall tell you the whole matter:

If thou eat of the apple,

Then he must point toward Paradise:

Thou shalt reign in majesty,

Mayst share the power of God.

ADAM. Get thee hence! 15

DIABOLUS. What sayest thou, Adam?

ADAM. Get thee hence! thou art Satan;

Thou givest bad counsel.

DIABOLUS. How? I ask.

ADAM. Thou wilt deliver me to torment,

Wilt involve me with my lord,

Take me out of bliss and put me into misery,

I shall not trust thee, get thee hence.

Be thou never so bold

As to come into my presence,

Thou art a faithless traitor.

Then with a sad and downcast expression, he shall leave Adam and go to the gates of hell, and shall converse with other devils. But after this he shall make a sally among the audience; and then he shall approach Paradise on Eve's side, and, flattering Eve with a joyous expression, he shall address her thus:

Eve, I have come here to thee. 30

EVA. Tell me, Satan, what for?

DIABOLUS. I seek thy profit, thy honor.

EVA. God grant it!

DIABOLUS. Be not afraid;

For a long time I have known

All the counsels of Paradise;

I shall tell thee a part of them.

EVA. Now commence, and I shall listen.

DIABOLUS. Wilt thou listen to me?

EVA. Certainly I shall, 45

I shall offend thee in no way.

DIABOLUS. Wilt thou keep secret what I tell thee?

EVA. Yes, faithfully.

DIABOLUS. Will it be revealed? 50

EVA. Not by me.

DIABOLUS. Now I shall trust thee,

I desire of thee no other assurance.

EVA. Thou canst indeed trust my word.

DIABOLUS. Thou has been in a good school;

I have seen Adam, but he is very unreasonable.

EVA. He is a little hard.

DIABOLUS. He will be mild; He is harder than hell.

EVA. He is very noble-minded.

DIABOLUS. But he is very servile. 10

If he will not take care of himself,

Let him at least take care of thee.

Thou art a delicate and tender thing,

And thou art fresher than the rose;

Thou art whiter than crystal, 15

Than snow which falls on ice in the valley;

The creator has made a bad match,

Thou art too tender and he too hard;

And yet thou art wiser,

Thou hast set thy heart on wisdom;

This attracts to thee good fortune.

I will speak to thee, be it in confidence,

Let no one know about it.

EVA. Who should know it? 25

DIABOLUS. Not Adam.

EVA. No indeed.

DIABOLUS. Now I shall tell thee, and do thou hearken!

There are only the two of us in this path, 30

And Adam there, who hears us not.

EVA. Speak aloud, he will not understand a word of it.

DIABOLUS. I warn you of a great deceit, Which goes on at your expense in this 35 garden.

The fruit which God has given you

Has in it no virtue whatsoever;

That which he has forbidden you

Has within it great merit.

In that is the gift of life,

Of power, of dominion,

Of all knowledge, both good and evil.

EVA. How does it taste?

DIABOLUS. It has a celestial flavor. 45 With thy fair person, and thy countenance,

Very fitting would be such a chance

As thy being lady of the world,

Of the highest and of the lowest,

And knowing whatsoever is to be,

As thy being good mistress of everything.

EVA. Has the fruit such virtue as that?

DIABOLUS. Yes, truly.

Then Eve, after looking long and earnestly at the forbidden fruit, shall say:

5 It does me good even to look at it.

DIABOLUS. If thou eatest it, what wilt thou do?

EVA. How do I know?

DIABOLUS. Wilt thou not trust me?

Take it first and give it to Adam.

You shall at once have the crown of heaven,

You shall be equal to the creator,

He can not conceal knowledge from you;

When you have eaten the fruit,

Your heart shall be changed forever;

You shall be with God, without fail,

Of equal virtue, of equal power.

Taste the fruit!

20 EVA. I should like it.

DIABOLUS. Do not fear Adam.

EVA. I shall do it later.

DIABOLUS. When will you do it?

EVA. Allow me

Until Adam retires.

DIABOLUS. Eat it, do not hesitate,

Delay would be childish.

Then Diabolus shall depart from Eve and go to hell. But Adam, being angry because she has spoken with Diabolus, shall go to Eve and say to her:

Tell me, woman, what did he desire of thee,

The evil Satan? what did he want of thee?

EVA. He spoke to me of our honor.

ADAM. Do not trust the traitor!

Know well he is a traitor.

EVA. How do you know?

40 ADAM. For I have tested him.

EVA. How does that concern this matter?

ADAM. I am going to see.

EVA. He will make you change your opinion.

ADAM. He will not, for I shall not believe him

On any point, until I have tried him.

Never allow him to come to you,

50 For he is very evil and untrustworthy.

He wishes to betray his lord,

And put himself in opposition to the most high;

Such a wretch as that

I do not wish with us.

Then an artificially made serpent shall ascend close to the trunk of the forbidden tree; Eve drawing nearer shall lend her ear to him as if receiving his counsel; then Eve shall accept an apple and reach it to Adam. But he will not yet receive it, and Eve shall say to him:

Eat, Adam! thou knowest not what it is,

Let us take the good that is at hand. 10

ADAM. Is it so good?

EVA. Thou mayst know;

But thou canst not know without tasting it.

ADAM. I fear it. 15

EVA. Well, leave it then!

ADAM. I shan't.

EVA. Hesitation makes thee seem cowardly.

ADAM. I shall take it. 20

EVA. Come, eat it!

Thereafter thou wilt know both evil and good,

I will eat first.

ADAM. And I afterward. 25

EVA. Certainly.

Then, after eating a piece of the apple, Eve shall say to Adam:

I have tasted it; God! what a flavor!

Never have I tasted such sweetness! 30

This apple is of a flavor like . . .

ADAM. Like what?

EVA. Like nothing man ever tasted.

Now my eyes are so clear-seeing,

I am like God the Almighty; 35

Whatever has been and whatever is to be

I know fully, I am indeed mistress of it.

Eat, Adam, delay not,

Thou wilt take it in very good season. 40

Then Adam shall receive the apple from Eve's hand, saying:

I shall trust thee, thou art my peer.

EVA. Eat! Come, thou canst not hesitate.

Then Adam shall eat a piece of the apple; immediately after eating it he recognizes his sin and humiliates himself. He may not now be seen by the audience; and he shall cast off his festive garments and put on wretched clothes made of fig-leaves, and, simulating deep grief, he shall begin his lamentation:

ADAM. Alas! sinful one, what have I done?

Now am I dead without any escape.

Beyond rescue I am dead,

Such evil has come upon me.

My lot is changed for the worse;

It was very good, now it is very hard.

I have forsaken my creator

At the counsel of a wicked woman.

Alas! sinful one, what shall I do?

How shall I await my creator?

How shall I await my creator,

Whom I have forsaken in my folly? 45

Never did I make so bad a bargain;

Now I know what sin is.

Ah death! why dost thou let me live?

Why is the world not rid of me?

Why do I encumber the world?

I must sound the depth of hell;

In hell will be my dwelling,

Until he come who may deliver me.

If I shall live in hell,

Whence will aid come to me there?

Whence will succor come to me there?

Who will rescue me from such anguish?

Why have I transgressed against my lord?

I deserve to have no friend,

No one will be of much avail,

I am certainly lost.

I have so transgressed against my lord,

I cannot enter into any plea with him;

For I am wrong and he is right.

Lord! how cursed shall I be here!

Who will ever remember me?

For I have transgressed against the king of glory!

Against the king of glory I have transgressed,

I have not a trace of claim on him.

Nor have I friend or neighbor,

Who may get me out of this trouble finally.

On whom shall I call for aid,

When my wife has so betrayed me,

She whom God gave me for my mate?

She gave me bad counsel.

Ah! Eve!

Then he shall look at his wife Eve and say:

Foolish woman!

At an evil hour wast thou born of me!

Oh, that the rib had been burned,

Which has put me into such a plight!

Oh, that the rib had been burned in fire,

Which has caused me strife so great!

When (God) took that rib from me,

Why didn't he burn it and kill me?
 The rib has betrayed the whole body,
 And injured and put it in evil plight.
 I know not what to say nor what to do;
 Without grace from heaven,
 I may not be rescued from pain;
 Such is the evil that torments me.
 Ah, Eve! what a misfortune,
 What great trouble overwhelms me,
 That ever thou didst become my mate!
 Now am I lost by thy counsel,
 By thy counsel am I brought to pain,
 From great height brought low.
 I shall not be delivered by any human,
 If not by the God of Majesty.
 What did I say, alas? Why did I name
 him?

Will he aid me? I have angered him.
 No one will aid me,
 Except the son who shall be born of 20
 Mary.

I know not how to get help from any one,
 Now that we have been faithless to God,
 Now be it as God may will,
 There is no counsel but to die!

Then let the choir begin the anthem:

"While he was walking forth."

After this has been chanted, the Figura shall appear clad in a stole and shall enter Paradise and look around, as if seeking where Adam might be. But Adam and Eve shall conceal themselves in a corner of Paradise, as if confessing their wretchedness, and the Figura shall say:

Adam, where art thou?

Then both shall rise and stand before the Figura, 35 though not entirely erect, but a little bent and very sad with shame on account of their sins, and Adam shall reply:

Here I am, gracious lord,
 I have hidden myself for fear of thy 40
 wrath,
 And because I am all naked,
 I have run here to hide.

FIGURA. What hast thou done? How hast
 thou erred? 45

What has taken thy virtue from thee?
 What hast thou done? What art thou
 ashamed of?

How shall I settle accounts with thee?
 There was nothing amiss with thee 50
 yesterday,

Of which thou shouldest be ashamed,
 But now I see thee sad and troubled:

He is far from happy who is in that
 state.

ADAM. Such shame I have, lord, on thy
 account,

5 [That I conceal myself.]

FIGURA. And why?

ADAM. Such shame entwines my body,
 That I dare not look thee, lord, in the
 face.

10 FIGURA. Why didst thou violate my pro-
 hibition?

Hast thou gained anything by it?
 Thou art my servant, and I thy lord.

ADAM. I cannot contradict thee.

15 FIGURA. I have made thee in my like-
 ness;

Why hast thou transgressed my law?
 I created thee exactly in mine image;
 For that didst thou affront me?
 Thou didst not regard my prohibition,
 Freely thou didst transgress it.
 The fruit thou didst eat, of which I said
 to thee,
 That I had forbidden it thee.

25 Didst thou think thereby to be mine
 equal?

I know not if thou wilt be pleased to jest.

*Then Adam shall stretch his hand first towards
 the Figura and then towards Eve, saying:*

30 ADAM. The woman whom thou gavest me,
 She first did commit this offense;
 She gave it to me and I did eat,
 Now life for me has turned to woe.
 Bad was my meddling with this eating,
 I have done wrong because of my wife.

FIGURA. Thy wife thou didst believe
 rather than me,

Thou didst eat the fruit without my
 consent;

Now I shall render thee this in return:
 The land shall be under a curse

Where thou shalt sow thy corn,
 And shall fail to bear thee fruit;

It shall be cursed under thy hand,
 Thou shalt cultivate it in vain,

Its fruit it shall refuse thee,
 It shall produce thee thorns and thistles,

It shall change thy seed for thee,
 Cursed shall it be as a judgment on thee.

With great labor, with great hardship,
 Thou must eat thy bread;

With great pain and much sweat,
 Shalt thou live always, night and day.

Then the Figura shall turn to Eve and say to her with a threatening mien:

And thou, Eve, bad woman,
Soon didst thou begin opposition,
Little didst thou keep my command- 5
ments!

EVA. The serpent did trick me.

FIGURA. By him didst thou think to be
my peer?

Didst thou indeed know how to proph- 10
esy?

Before thou didst have control
Of whatsoever is necessary in life:
How soon thou hast lost it!

Now I see thee sad and dejected; 15
Hast thou gained or lost?

I shall render thee well thy deserts,
I shall give thee what thy service mer-
its;

Evil shall come to thee in every guise. 20

In pain thou shalt bear children
And in pain they shall live their years.
Thy children shall be born in sorrow,
In anguish they shall end.

In such distress, in such harm, 25
Hast thou put both thyself and thy
lineage;

All those who shall be descended of thee,
They shall deplore thy sin.

And Eve shall reply, saying:

I have done wrong in my madness,
For the sake of an apple I have suffered
great hurt;

For in pain it puts both me and my
lineage; 35

A small gain yields me a heavy toll.
If I did wrong, it was no great marvel,
Inasmuch as the serpent seduced my
foolish ear;

Much he knows of evil, he resembles no 40
lamb;

He is put in an evil plight who follows
his advice.

I took the apple, foolishly, I now know,
Contrary to thy command; by that I 45
committed treason!

Wrongly I tasted it; now am I hated
by thee:

For the sake of a little fruit I must lose
life.

*Then the Figura shall threateningly say to the
serpent:*

And thou, serpent, cursed be thou!

On thy account I shall resume my law
again.

On thy breast shalt thou drag thyself
All the days of thy life.

The dust shall always be thy food,
In wood and on plain and on heath.

The woman shall bear thee hate,

Ever shall be a bad neighbor to thee.

Thou shalt be on the watch for her heel,
She will deprive thee of thy sting;

Thy head shall she strike with such a
mallet

As will cause thee great pain;

Ever she will take good care

How she may be revenged upon thee.

Evilly you meddled with her society,

And she shall make thy head bow;

Hereafter shall issue from her

One who shall destroy all thy power.

*Then the Figura shall expel them from Paradise,
saying:*

Now go out of Paradise,

A bad change of residence have you
made.

On the earth you shall make a dwelling
place;

You have no right in Paradise;

You can claim nothing there.

You shall go out never to return;

According to your sentence, you have
nothing there,

Take up now your abode elsewhere.

You go forth from happiness;

Never shall you be without hunger or
fatigue,

Never shall you be without grief or pain

For all the days of the week.

On earth shall you have a poor abode,

Then finally you shall die;

After you have tasted death,

You shall pass into hell without delay;

There your bodies shall have torment,

Your souls infernal peril;

Satan shall have possession of you.

There is no one to aid you,

By whom you may ever be rescued,

Unless I take pity on you.

*Then the choir shall sing: "In the sweat of thy
face." Meanwhile an angel, clothed in white
garments, shall come, bearing a flaming sword
in his hand, and the Figura shall place him at the
gate of Paradise and shall say to him:*

Guard well my paradise,

That this outlaw enter not there,
That he never have the power
To touch the fruit of life;
With that flaming sword,
Thus forbid him well the way.

When they are outside Paradise, they shall appear sad and confused, and shall be bowed down to the ground on their ankles, and the Figura shall point to them with his hand while his face is turned towards Paradise; and the choir shall strike up: 10
"Behold Adam as one." *After this is finished the Figura shall return to the church. Then Adam with a spade and Eve with a hoe shall begin to till the soil and sow wheat in it. After they have finished sowing, they shall go and sit down for some time, as if wearied with labor, and they shall often look mournfully at Paradise, beating their breasts at the same time. Meanwhile Diabolus shall come and plant thorns and thistles in their garden, and withdraw. Then when Adam and Eve come to their garden and see the growing thorns and thistles, they shall be overcome by powerful grief and prostrate themselves on the ground and lie there beating their breasts and thighs, thus showing their sorrow by gestures. Then Adam shall begin his lamentation:*

Oh, woe is me! never saw I so evil an 25
hour,

For my sins have so overwhelmed me,
That I forsook the lord whom man wor-
ships;

Whom shall I ask to succor me? 30

Here Adam must look back at Paradise and lift both hands towards it, and with his head humbly bent forward he shall say:

O Paradise! how fair a dwelling place
art thou! 35

Glorious garden so fair to see!
For my sin forsooth I have been thrown
out of it;

I have lost the hope of recovery.

I was within, I could not enjoy much of 40
it,

I trusted counsel which caused me to go
away soon;

Now I repent, rightly am angry at it,
It is too late, my sighing avails me noth- 45
ing.

Where was my good sense, what became
of my memory,

When I forsook the God of glory for
Satan? 50

Now I am grieved, but it avails not;
My sin will be written in history.

Then he shall lift his hand towards Eve, who shall

be removed by a little elevation, and, shaking his head with great indignation, he shall say to her:

Oh! evil woman full of treason!

How soon didst thou bring me to perdi-
tion, 5

Didst take away from me good sense and
reason!

Now I repent, but I cannot have pardon.
Wretched Eve, how I was betrayed to
evil,

When thou didst trust the counsel of
the serpent!

Because of thee am I dead, have thus
lost life;

Thy sin will be written in a book.

Dost thou see the signs of great confu-
sion?

The earth feels our curse;

We sowed corn, now thistles are brought
forth there;

We toiled hard and evil is the reward.

See the beginning of our trouble:

This is great affliction, but greater
awaits us;

We shall be led into hell without delay;

We shall lack no pain nor torture.

Wretched Eve! what is thy opinion of
it?

Thou hast gained this, it is given thee as
dowry.

Never wilt thou be able to benefit man,
But with reason thou shalt always be
harmful.

All those descended from us

Will feel the punishment of thy mis-
deed, 35

By thy wrong-doing are they all con-
demned,

Late will he be who will change it.

EVA. Adam, fair sir, thou hast blamed me
much,

Blamed and rebuked my villainy.

If I have done wrong, I suffer punish-
ment for it;

Guilty, I shall be judged by God.

I have sinned greatly against God and
against thee,

Long shall I be reproached for my
wickedness.

My guilt is great, my sin afflicts me,

I am wretched, I am devoid of all good,
I have no argument to offer God in my

defense,

That he pronounce me not a guilty
sinner.

Pardon me, for I cannot make amends;
If I could, I would by sacrifice.

Sinful, unhappy, wretched one that I 5
am!

For my misdeed I am thus ashamed
before God;

Death take me! Suffer me not to
live!

I am in peril, I cannot come to shore,
The wicked serpent, the viper of evil
nature,

Made me eat the apple of misfortune.

I gave some of it to thee, thinking thus 15
to do good;

With thy sin never may I reproach thee;
Why was I not obedient to the crea-
tor?

Why, lord, did I not keep thy law? 20

Thou didst wrong, but I am the root
[of it];

Far away is the remedy of our trouble.

My misdeed, my great misfortune,

Our offspring will expiate dearly.

The fruit was sweet, the pain is great and
hard;

It was eaten at an evil hour, ours was
the guilt.

Yet nevertheless in God is my hope;

For soon will be reconciliation about
that misdeed,

God will restore to me his grace and his
favor,

10 He will rescue us from hell by his power.

*Then Diabolus shall come and three or four devils
with him, bearing chains and iron fellers in their
hands, which they shall put on the necks of Adam
and Eve. And some push and others drag them
to hell; and still other devils shall meet them near
hell as they approach, and they shall make great
revel among themselves on account of their dam-
nation; and certain other devils shall point them
out as they come, and shall pick them up and toss
them into hell; and they shall make a great smoke
rise up from it and shall shout loudly, rejoicing
in their hell, and they shall strike their pots and
kettles together, so that they can be heard outside.
Then after considerable delay the devils shall go
out and run about the stage, but some of them shall
25 remain in hell.*

THE RENAISSANCE

Columbus's discovery of the New World, although spectacular, was only one of dozens of bold excursions into the unknown which were made during that period of awakening which we have come to call the Renaissance. Voyagers, moreover, brought back something more important than spices, silks, and ivory; they brought back ideas of strange worlds, of infinities of space. The compact and almost homogeneous little world that had grown up in the heart of Europe was shocked out of its complacent sleep and made to face new facts of awesome proportions. Along with the discovery of new geographical worlds came the discovery of new worlds of thought. Sciences, arts, industries, politics — all became aware of the fact that the limits which they had imposed upon themselves were illusory. • In this new age of enthusiasm the trend was all toward experiment. Minds hitherto held in check by devotion to what seemed thoroughly proved now ventured forth upon unknown ground searching for new truths. They reached not only into the unknown before them but into the unknown behind them. The treasures of Greek and Latin literature, mostly neglected and many hitherto lost, were dug out, edited, translated, and read, not as infallible authority on ethics and history but, according to the principles of Humanism, as enjoyable pieces of imaginative literature.

In literature, as in many other departments of activity, the leaders were the Italians. The ancient culture of Greece and Rome was their natural heritage, and, though they had allowed it to fall into disuse, they were best situated to pick up the threads again. Their geographical location furthermore in the Mediterranean, the very heart of European commerce, put them in position to serve as disseminators of the revived culture. The great figures of early Italian literature, Dante and Boccaccio, who belong primarily to the Middle Ages, played an important part in the new movement. Dante established the vernacular language of Italy as a dignified medium of discourse, and Boccaccio in the *Decameron* set the fashion which was later developed by a succession of writers, such as Bandello, Cinthio, and Masuccio, whose collections furnished plots to the authors of France, Spain, and England.

We see in Italy, too, the rise of a new attitude toward life, — the attitude of self-reliance, of individual independence, of a certain hard and naïve disregard for the long-established laws of society. Cellini (p. 566), the great metal-worker, was as joyously mercurial as a child, with no more self-discipline than a child, and yet was endowed with a mature intelligence that made him a supreme artist and a dangerous citizen. • In fact we might almost say that it was an age of dangerous men, when rewards were made for individual achievement rather than for social service, — a keen, laughing, adventurous, blood-spilling age.

The high-flown, serious epic themes of the Middle Ages became in the hands of Ariosto (p. 537) an extravagant mélange of frankly incredible wonders, of flights, wooings, and killings piled up in almost contemptuous profusion, and yet endowed with flashing and unexpected beauty. Machiavelli (p. 551) writes a book about tyrants and their methods, in which he tosses about the wisdom of the ancients — with all the facility and grace of a juggler. The refinement of thought which appears in the poetry of Petrarch (p. 510) and his followers is not an invention of the Renaissance; the thought of the Middle Ages was even more fine and accurate. Even the freedom of this thought — the extension of its boundaries, the opening of its doors to the enthusiasm of the new age — is due very largely to the discovery of a philosophical heritage from the ancient world, — in short to Platonism.

The influences of this age swept upward into France and England and there awoke the same swift enthusiastic spirit that had pervaded the work of the Italians. Rabelais' (p. 557) incredible virtuosity of thought and language, and Montaigne's (p. 573) astounding range of interest and information would be enough by themselves to reveal to us the temper of the Renaissance if everything else were lost. Although they are far from being what we should call kindred spirits, we see in both that same rapidity of association, the same interest in all human knowledge and all people. Even the more severe and restrained temper of Luther and Erasmus (p. 548) embodies a potential turbulence of thought and expression that may burst out, and frequently does, almost without warning. We never know, as we follow the thought of even their

most serious discourses, when we shall encounter a quite untrammelled and thoroughly enjoyable rhetorical cadenza. And yet these men knew their facts. They sought eagerly for learning and succeeded in finding it. Jugglers they may have been, but even in their fantastic moments they show a firm command of their materials. When Bacon composed his *Novum Organum*, taking all knowledge as his province, he was doing only what should be expected of a scholar in the Renaissance. Just as the ideal aristocrat must be able to serve as diplomat, soldier, courtier, or musician, so the writer must be philosopher, scientist, historian, poet, and teacher.

This remarkable diffusion of interest and activity does not imply that Renaissance writers could not stick to their subjects; they wrote all around their subjects, their minds playing over them like fire, rapid, shifting, but penetrating.

In considering the more formal types of literary expression, especially the drama, there is good reason for us to be thankful for the restraint exerted upon them by classical models. With the rambling and disorganized Western European drama of the Middle Ages before our eyes, we can hardly help shuddering when we stop to think of what might have become of it without the restraining influence of Seneca (p. 116). The formality of the Senecan type, plus the enthusiasm of newly awakened native genius, finally resulted in the flashing but controlled brilliance of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

•There was much in this age, of course, that was formal and uninspired, but the general temper of mind was toward expansion; the spirit of man was outward bound, bold, eager for knowledge, and happy to be living in an age that everybody knew to be great and productive.

POETRY

ITALIAN

PETRARCH

(1304-1374)

Francisco Petrarch, successor to Dante, and first modern poet, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany. His father, like Dante, had been a resident of Florence but had been exiled for political reasons. In 1313 the family removed to Avignon, at that time the residence of the Pope. Petrarch studied law but was predominantly attracted by the Greek and Latin classics. He was quickly accepted by the Papal court at Avignon and was fortunate enough to interest powerful patrons, who enabled him to spend much time in the study of the classics and to perform the great service of rescuing from obscurity numerous important monuments of classical literature. About 1336 he retired to Vaucluse, a beautiful valley near Avignon, to work on a Latin epic poem, *Africa*, of which Scipio Africanus was the hero. Although he based on this ambitious work his hope of immortality, the poem is almost forgotten, while his Italian love poems are known to every educated person. In 1341 Petrarch was honored by the Roman Senate for his literary achievements and was acclaimed the literary leader of the Renaissance. During the remainder of his life he continued to write and to serve Visconti, Lord of Milan, in diplomatic missions. In 1370 he retired to the Euganean hills south of Padua and died in 1374. In addition to the epic *Africa* and three hundred sonnets to Laura, Petrarch composed fifty canzoni to Laura, a Latin discourse entitled *On Contempt of the World*, and many other Italian poems, shorter Latin tracts, and letters.

It is to Petrarch that we owe the popularity of the sonnet as a verse form in Europe. The first sonnets written in England were Petrarchan not only in form but in matter. One of Petrarch's sonnets is printed in this volume, in the translation both of Wyatt and of Surrey. The Italian sonnet is divided into octave and sestet, the relation between the two parts being roughly analogous to the strophe and antistrophe of the Pindaric ode. (See introductory note on Pindar.) The style of setting forth in sonnets a sort of history of the poet's love was another of Petrarch's inventions, and was the model for the sonnet cycles of Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, Drayton, Daniel, and others. The lady to whom Petrarch addressed his poems, probably Laura de Sade, wife of Hugh de Sade, was a woman well known for her beauty, wisdom, and modesty. Like Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura was to the poet not a mortal woman, but a creature of superhuman goodness and beauty, an embodiment of a great poetic ideal.

SONNET II

HOW HE BECAME THE VICTIM OF LOVE

For many a crime at once to make me smart,
And a delicious vengeance to obtain,
Love secretly took up his bow again,
As one who acts the cunning coward's part;
My courage had retired within my heart, 10
There to defend the pass bright eyes might gain;

When his dread archery was pour'd amain
Where blunted erst had fallen every
dart.

Scared at the sudden brisk attack, I found
Nor time, nor vigour to repel the foe
With weapons suited to the direful need;
No kind protection of rough rising ground,
Where from defeat I might securely speed,
Which fain I would e'en now, but ah, no
method know!

(Translated by Nott in *The Sonnets, Triumphs, and other Poems by Petrarch*)

SONNET XIX

HIS HEART, REJECTED BY LAURA, WILL
PERISH, UNLESS SHE RELENT

A thousand times, sweet warrior, to
obtain
Peace with those beauteous eyes I've
vainly tried,
Proffering my heart; but with that lofty
pride
To bend your looks so lowly you refrain:
Expects a stranger fair that heart to gain,
In frail, fallacious hopes will she confide¹:
It never more to me can be allied;
Since what you scorn, dear lady, I disdain
In its sad exile if no aid you lend,
Banish'd by me; and it can neither stay
Alone, nor yet another's call obey;
Its vital course must hasten to its end:
Ah me, how guilty then we both should
prove,
But guilty you the most, for you it most
doth love!

(Translated by Nott in *The Sonnets, Triumphs,
and other Poems by Petrarch*)

SONNET LXI

UNLESS LAURA RELENT, HE IS RESOLVED
TO ABANDON HER

Yet was I never of your love aggrieved,
Nor never shall while that my life doth last:
But of hating myself, that date is past;
And tears continued sore have me wearied:
I will not yet in my grave be buried;
Nor on my tomb your name have fixèd
fast,
As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon
haste
From the unhappy bones, by great sighs
stirr'd.
Then if a heart of amorous faith and will
Content your mind withouten doing grief;
Please it you so to this to do relief:
If otherwise you seek for to fulfil
Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you
ween;
And you yourself the cause thereof have
been.

(Translated by Wyatt in *The Sonnets, Triumphs,
and other Poems by Petrarch*)

¹ If any other woman hopes to gain my heart, her efforts will prove vain.

SONNET CIX

THE COURAGE AND TIMIDITY OF LOVE

The long Love that in my thought I
harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face pressèth with bold pretence,
And there campèth displaying his ban-
nèr.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negli-
gence
Be rein'd by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardness takes displeasure.
Wherewith Love to the heart's forest he
fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appearèth.*
What may I do, when my master fearèth,
But in the field with him to live and
die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

(Translated by Wyatt in *The Sonnets, Triumphs,
and other Poems by Petrarch*)

SONNET CIX

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my
thought,
That built its seat within my captive
breast;
Clad in the arms wherein with me he
fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain;
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
With shamefaced cloak to shadow and
restrain,
Hersmiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward love then to the heart apace
Taket his flight; whereas he lurks, and
plains
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I
pains.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by
love.

(Translated by Surrey in *The Sonnets, Triumphs,
and other Poems by Petrarch*)

SONNET CXIII

HIS INVINCIBLE CONSTANCY

Place me where angry Titan burns the
Moor,
And thirsty Afric fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phoenix spreads
her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight
adore:
Place me by Gange, or Ind's empamper'd
shore,
Where smiling heavens on earth cause 10
double springs:
Place me where Neptune's quire of Syrens
sings,
Or where, made hoarse through cold, he
leaves to roar:
● Me place where Fortune doth her darlings
crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye,
Or late outrageous fates upon me frown,
And pity wailing, see disaster'd me,
Affection's print my mind so deep doth
prove,
I may forget myself, but not my love.

(Translated by Drummond in *The Sonnets,
Triumphs, and other Poems by Petrarch*)

SONNET CXLVI

HE APPEASES HER BY HUMILITY, AND EX-
HORTS A FRIEND TO DO LIKEWISE

When my sweet foe, so haughty oft and
high,
Moved my brief ire no more my sight can
thole,
5 One comfort is vouchsafed me lest I die,
Through whose sole strength survives my
harass'd soul;
Where'er her eyes — all light which would
deny
To my sad life — in scorn or anger roll,
Mine with such true humility reply,
Soon their meek glances all her rage con-
trol.
15 Were it not so, methinks I less could brook
To gaze on hers than on Medusa's mien,
Which turn'd to marble all who met her
look.
My friend, act thus with thine, for closed I
ween
20 All other aid, and nothing flight avails
Against the wings on which our master
sails.

(Translated by MacGregor in *The Sonnets,
Triumphs, and other Poems by Petrarch*)

FRENCH

RONSARD

(1524-1585)

The importance of Ronsard to literary history may possibly be best summarized by saying that he was a prominent member of the Pléiade, a literary group which took upon itself the task of reforming and ennobling the French language and literature by going back to classical models for forms, and by establishing for poetry a language separate from prose. Ronsard spent most of his earlier life in the service of various nobles. Following in their train, he travelled much in France and even went as far as Scotland. He became deaf early in life and retired to the College of Coqueret, where he was later joined by Du Bellay. Ronsard's first publications, the *Odes* and *Amours*, were received with great enthusiasm, and he was immediately taken under the protection of Margaret of Savoy, the king's sister. Charles IX is known to have visited him and to have endowed him with many abbeys and benefices. Under Henry III Ronsard belonged to that group of poets and scholars whom the king called the Academy of the Palace, and, although Des Portes was the court poet, Ronsard's glory shone undiminished in the public eye. Tasso read to him the first canto of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and Mary Stuart sent him a gift from her prison. During his later years the poet lived mostly in his abbey of Croixval and in his priory of St. Cosmo. He is the greatest French poet of the sixteenth century.

The Pindaric odes and the epic fragment, *Franciade*, which made the deepest impression during the life of Ronsard, are scarcely read today except by students of literary history. It is his fragile, fugitive, amorous pieces, perfect in form and measure, that have come to represent

to the modern reader the spirit of Ronsard. Of the selections printed in this book, two are from the *Amours*, and the third, *See, Mignonne*, is one of the Horatian odes. The selections, written between 1550 and 1555, are from *The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang*, edited by Mrs. Lang.

•THE ROSE

See, Mignonne, hath not the rose,
That this morning did uncloze
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her colour, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
'Twixt matin song and even-tide.

Hear me, darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
Take ye your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it
Like roses that were loveliest.

•OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, 'Ah well — ah
well-a-day!
5 When I was young, of me did Ronsard
sing.'
None of your maidens that doth hear the
thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
10 But wakens at my name, and calls you
one
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
15 On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame
gray,
My love — your pride — remember and
regret;
20 Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,
And gather roses, while 'tis called
to-day.

•ROSES

<p>I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown, And woven flowers at sunset gathered 25 Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown. By this, their sure example, be it 30 known, That all your beauties, now in perfect flower, Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,</p>	<p>Flowerlike, and brief of days, as the flower sown. Ah, time is flying, lady — time is flying; Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go, Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying, And of our loving parley none shall know, Nor any man consider what we were; Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art 35 fair.</p>
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DRAMA

SPANISH

The real beginning of Spanish dramatic literature is the work of that most voluminous of writers, Lope de Vega Carpio, 1562-1635. He was born in Madrid and received his early education in the Imperial College. After an adventurous childhood he enlisted in the army and took part in the Portuguese and African campaigns, in the same regiment as Cervantes. He then returned to Madrid, where he entered service, first with Don Jerónimo Manrique, bishop of Cartagena, and then with the Duke of Alva. It was during this service that he brought out his first important work, the *Arcadia*, a pastoral novel. He married Doña Isabel de Urbina, but was forced to leave her shortly and go into retirement, in consequence of a duel in which he seriously wounded his adversary. While he was in hiding, his wife fell fatally ill, and he returned to Madrid. After her death he again entered military service, this time with the famous Invincible Armada. Upon his return he married again and lived a quiet and happy life until the death of his second wife, seven years later. During all this time he had been writing industriously, turning out large numbers of plays and poems. The public had received him well, and he had become prosperous and famous; but the loss of his second wife, and the breaking up of his family, left him dejected and lonely. He joined the order of St. Francis, but despite the gravity of his duties he continued to write for the stage almost to the time of his death. He is said to have written more than fifteen hundred plays besides many other pieces. He literally created a whole literature.

For many generations Lope de Vega dominated the dramatic traditions of Spain. He also found considerable favor with many writers of the English Renaissance. His whole purpose in writing for the stage was to amuse and to entertain, and the chief interest in his plays consists in intricacy of plot, judicious mingling of comic and tragic elements, and proper adjustment of meter to thought. *The Star of Seville*, though perhaps not by Lope, has long been accepted as his and is well worthy of his genius. It is selected for inclusion here both because of its popularity and influence, and because it is one of the finest examples of Spanish "heroic" comedy at its best.

The translation is that of Phillip M. Hayden in *Chief European Dramatists*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1916.

THE STAR OF SEVILLE

ACT I

SCENE I. A room in the palace.

Enter the KING, DON ARIAS, DON PEDRO DE GUZMAN, and FARFAN DE RIVERA.

KING. My welcome in Seville has greatly pleased me, and I perceive I am indeed the sovereign monarch in Castile; my reign dates from this day, since this day Seville receives me and does me honor; for it is clear and evident, and an accepted law, that no man could be king in Castile who did not reign in Seville. I shall not be content if I do not reward the munifi-

cence of my reception, and the splendor of my entrance. My court shall have its seat within these walls, and marvel not that the Castilian court should make its seat in Seville, for I shall reign in Castile, while I reign in Seville.

DON PEDRO. We, the chief alcaldes¹ of the city, kiss your feet in gratitude, for we receive your favors in her name. Jurors and councilmen gladly offer you their wealth and loyalty, and the council is in accord, provided only that the chartered rights of this your city do not suffer.

KING. I am much pleased —

DON PEDRO. Grant us your hand to kiss.

KING. — that in receiving me you have

¹ Administrative officials, usually mayors or judges.

borne yourselves like the men you are, and I believe that with your support I shall make myself king of Gibraltar, which sleeps in fancied security upon the Columns,¹ and if fortune favors me I shall make myself remembered.

FARFAN. With loyalty the people of Seville will serve Your Highness in this lofty enterprise, offering their lives as one.

ARIAS. His Majesty feels it so, and is well pleased with you and your desire.

KING. Men of Seville, I believe you and so declare. Go with God.

(*Exeunt the alcaides.*)

ARIAS. My lord, how like you Seville?

KING. Much; for to-day I am truly king.

ARIAS. She will deserve your favor, Sire, and win it more from day to day.

KING. Surely; for so rich and fair a city, as I live longer in it, will be admired at leisure.

ARIAS. The beauty and the grandeur of its streets — I know not if Augustus saw the like in Rome, or had such wealth.

KING. And her ladies, divinely fair, why do you not mention them? How can you limit or describe their attributes and radiance? Tell me, why are you not aflame in the light of such glories?

ARIAS. Doña Leonor de Ribera seemed heaven itself, for in her countenance shone the light of the springtime sun.

KING. She is too pale. A sun with rays of ice is little worth, for it chills instead of warming. I want a burning sun, not freezing.

ARIAS. The one who threw you roses is Doña Mencía Coronel.

KING. A handsome dame, but I saw others lovelier.

ARIAS. The two lively damsels at the next window were Doña Ana and Doña Beatriz Megia, sisters through whom day gains fresh splendors.

KING. Ana is but a vulgar name for one, and Beatriz for the other, lonely like the phoenix, because unequalled.

ARIAS. Does good fortune or ill attend even upon a name?

KING. In love — and do not wonder at

it — names unusual, and indicating quality and breeding, are a magnet to a man.

ARIAS. The pale, auburn-haired . . .

KING. Tell me not her name. The pale lady with auburn hair will be marble and bronze, and your descriptions weary me as you continue. One I saw there full of grace, whom you have left unmentioned; for you have noted only the blonde, and not the raven-haired. Who is she who on her balcony drew my attention, and to whom I doffed my hat? Who is she whose two eyes flash lightning like Jove's thunder-bolts, and sent their deadly rays into my heart, unknowing of their power? One who, though dark, outshone the sun? In tresses of night she eclipsed the orb of day; her beauty obscured its rays.

ARIAS. I have it, Sire.

KING. Choose the loveliest of them all, for that is she.

ARIAS. They call her the Star of Seville.

KING. If she is fairer than the sun, why slight her thus? But Seville does not esteem her, seeing her daily. Sun she shall be called, since she is a sun that revives and kindles.

ARIAS. Her name is Doña Stella Tabera, and Seville, in homage, calls her its star.

KING. And it might call her its sun.

ARIAS. Her brother hopes to marry her in Seville, as well he may.

KING. Her brother's name?

ARIAS. Bustos Tabera, and he is counselor in Seville, in saying which I bear tribute to his quality.

KING. And is he married?

ARIAS. He is not married, for in the Sevillian firmament he is the sun, if Stella is his sister, and Star and Sun are in conjunction.

KING. My guiding star brought me to Seville, and I find great joy in it, if it is as brilliant as I hope. All will go well with me, under such a star. What means, Don Arias, will you find, for me to see her and to speak with her?

ARIAS. You shall find her a friendly star, in spite of the Sun. Heap honors upon her

¹ Columns of Hercules, Abyla and Calpe, the latter of which is a mountain in the southern part of Spain. Mt. Abyla is opposite to it on the African coast.

brother, for the most rigid honor yields to honors. Favor him, for favors can overcome and conquer the impossible. If you give to him, and he receives, he binds himself, and sees himself obliged to requite what you have given; for he graves in bronze who accepts favors.

KING. Let him be summoned, and take measures likewise that the following night I may see Stella in her house. O vision that inflames my inmost soul.

(Exit ARIAS.)

Enter DON GONZALO, in mourning.

GONZALO. I kiss your highness' feet.

KING. Rise, Gonzalo. On this day of 15 joy, why do you come so sad?

GONZALO. My father is no more.

KING. I have lost a valiant captain.

GONZALO. And the frontier remains without defender.

KING. Yes, a heroic commander has departed. Grieving I listen to you.

GONZALO. Sire, the frontier of Archidona¹ has suffered a great loss, and since there can be found no equal to his valor, 25 and since I have inherited the honored name of the great general, I implore your majesty not to permit another to receive the post now vacant.

KING. There is sufficient proof that his 30 valor lives again in you. Lament your father's death, and, while you are in mourning and in sorrow, rest in my court.

GONZALO. Fernán Pérez de Medina 35 comes with the same request, and thinks his services may claim the baton, for in fact he has been ten years captain, and with his sword has stained with ruby hue the pearly walls of Granada. Hence my diligence. 40

KING. I will consider it; for, if I must make this decision, I wish to weigh the matter.

Enter FERNÁN PÉREZ DE MEDINA.

FERNÁN. I fear, O king, that I arrive too late. I kiss your feet, and then . . .

KING. You may present your homage, Fernán Pérez, with a tranquil mind. The office is still in my hands, and such a post 50 will not be given without consulting first

yourself and others of high credit in the kingdom who being bulwarks in themselves will be advisers concerning Archidona. Go, and rest.

5 GONZALO. This memorial I leave with you, my lord.

FERNÁN. And I leave mine, which is the crystal mirror of my valor, in which my nature can be seen, pure, accomplished, 10 loyal.

GONZALO. Mine is crystal too, and shows the clearness of my claim.

(*Exeunt FERNÁN and GONZALO.*)

Enter ARIAS and BUSTOS.

ARIAS. Here, my lord, is Bustos Tabera.

BUSTOS. Perturbed you see me at your feet, my lord, for so it is natural for the vassal to be confused in presence of his king; I am for this reason and by the com- 20 mon lot perturbed, but twice perturbed, because this undreamt-of favor hath further agitated me.

KING. Rise.

BUSTOS. Nay, this is my place. If kings 25 should be adored like saints upon an altar, my place is here.

KING. You are a gallant gentleman.

BUSTOS. Of that I have shown proof in Spain. But, Sire, I crave but such advancement as is due me.

KING. Then cannot I advance you?

BUSTOS. The laws of God and man give power to kings, but forbid the vassal to be presumptuous; for he, my lord, must keep his wishes within bounds. So I, seeing this law transgressed, limit my ambition to my lawful aspirations.

KING. What man ever did not desire to become greater?

BUSTOS. If I were greater, I should be covered now; but if I am Tabera, Tabera must stand uncovered.

KING (*aside to ARIAS*). A strange philosophy of honor!

45 ARIAS (*aside to KING*). A caprice novel and unexampled.

KING. I do not desire, Tabera, upon my life, that you stand covered before I have advanced you, and given you a proof of my affection. And thus it is my will that you cease to be Tabera, and become General of

¹ A town in Spain.

Archidona, for your heroism shall be the defense of that frontier.

BUSTOS. But, Sire, in what war have I ever served you?

KING. Even in the occupations of peace, Bustos, I see you so capable of defending my lands, that I give you preference over these, whose memorials show such services. Here in my presence read and decide: the candidates are three — yourself and these two; see what competitors you have.

BUSTOS (*reads*): "Most noble king, Don Gonzalo de Ulloa entreats your majesty to grant him the post of captain general of the frontier of Archidona, inasmuch as my father died in battle, after serving you more than fourteen years, rendering notable services to God in behalf of your crown. I implore justice, etc." If Don Gonzalo has inherited the valor of his father, I name him for the place.

KING. Read the other memorial.

BUSTOS (*reads*): "Most noble king, Fernán Pérez de Medina has been a soldier twenty years in the service of your father, and desires to serve you with his arm and sword, on Spanish or on foreign soil. Ten years he has been captain in the plain of Granada, and three years a prisoner, in close confinement, for which reasons, and by his sword, in which he places all his claim, he by this memorial asks the baton of general of the fields of Archidona."

KING. Recite your claims.

BUSTOS. I have no service to relate to second a request, or justify a favor. I could recall the noble exploits of my ancestors, the banners captured, the castles conquered; but, Sire, they had their reward, and I cannot reap the glory for their services. Justice, to deserve the name, must be well ordered, for it is a sacred boon divine, suspended by a hair. Justice requires that this post be given to one of these two men, for, if you give it me, you do injustice. Here in Seville, my lord, I have no claim upon you, for in the wars I was a soldier, in peace, a councilor. In truth Fernán Pérez de Medina merits the honor, for his age is worthy of the frontier post; Don Gonzalo is young, and a nobleman of Cordova; him you can make a captain.

KING. Then it shall be as you desire.

BUSTOS. I desire only what is right and in accord with justice, to give to those who serve their due reward.

KING. Enough. You put me to shame with your good counsels.

BUSTOS. They are mirrors of truth, and so in them you see your true self.

KING. You are a noble gentleman, and I desire your attendance in my chamber and in my palace, for I wish to have you near me. Are you married?

BUSTOS. My lord, I am the protector of a sister, and will not marry, until I have given her a husband.

KING. I will give her a better one, Bustos. Her name?

BUSTOS. Doña Stella.

KING. To a star, if she be fair, I know not what husband to give, except the sun.

BUSTOS. I wish only a man, Sire, for Stella. She is not a heavenly star.

KING. I will unite her to one who is worthy of her.

BUSTOS. In her name I thank you, Sire.

KING. I will give her, Bustos, a husband suited to her rank. Inform your sister that her marriage is in my care, and that I shall dower her.

BUSTOS. Now, Sire, I pray you tell me on what business you have called me; for your summons agitated me.

KING. You are right, Tabera, I summoned you for an affair of Seville, and wished to talk with you first before discussing it. But peace and leisure are before us and we will treat it later. From to-day attend me in my chamber and my palace. Go with God.

BUSTOS. I kiss your feet.

KING. I embrace you, noble councilor.

BUSTOS (*aside*). Such favor passes my understanding, and I am filled with misgiving. To love me and to honor me without knowing me seems rather to attack my honor than to favor me. (*Exit.*)

KING. The man is keen of mind; as wise as he is honorable.

ARIAS. I have no patience with these men of honor. How many, Sire, have been so, until occasion meets them! Yes, all are occasionally wise, but not all, my lord, on all occasions. To-day the breath of

slander reaches him who denounced another yesterday; and the law which he invoked is invoked anon on him. If he puts his honor in the balance, you can put in the other your favors and your gifts, your praises and your privacy.

KING. In secret I intend to see this woman in her house. For she is a sun, and has inflamed me, although she seems a star. Let Spain say what it will, a blinded king, I follow the Star of Seville.

(*Exeunt the KING and ARIAS.*)

SCENE II. *A Room in TABERA's house.*

Enter DON SANCHE, DOÑA STELLA, MATILDE, and CLARINDO.

SANCHE. Angel of heaven, when will you be mine, when will you free from this restraint the passion that I feel for you? Like a sun you rise, dispensing radiance from coral lips formed for love: — when will you turn the pale dew that drops from my eyes to pearls that may deck the peaceful joys of our souls?

STELLA. If time kept pace with my desires, its giant strides should outstrip the sun; Seville should celebrate my sweet submission, and your happy love should cease to envy the tender turtle dove, which, softly cooing, makes its nest amid a thousand favoring branches.

SANCHE. Ah, how gratefully my heart receives these sighings! My soul yearns for the noblest gifts of fame, to lay them at your feet.

STELLA. I ask only for life, to join it to yours.

SANCHE. Oh, sweet Stella, clothed in love and light!

STELLA. Ah! Can life endure such love?

SANCHE. Oh, charms divine, lodestar to my dazzled eyes!

CLARINDO (*to MATILDE*). Why should not we, like our masters, utter a few sweet sighs, soft as finest cambric?

SANCHE. Be quiet, knave!

CLARINDO. We're dumb. (*To MATILDE.*) Ah! Slink filly! Despair of my existence!

MATILDE. Oh, low-born suitor! Your poetical smack of the currycomb.

CLARINDO. Oh, my love!

MATILDE. Oh, happy man!

CLARINDO. What leper ever heaved such sighs!

SANCHE. What does your brother say?

STELLA. That when the papers are made out and signed, the marriage may proceed; and that there shall be but a few days' delay, while he makes the arrangements.

SANCHE. He'll bring my love to desperation; delay is torment for it. Would we might wed to-day, lest fortune change before to-morrow!

STELLA. If delay continues, speak to my brother.

SANCHE. Speak I will, for I shall die if this persists.

CLARINDO. Bustos Tabera comes.

Enter BUSTOS.

BUSTOS. Sancho, my friend!

STELLA. Heavens! What is this?

SANCHE. Such sadness? You?

BUSTOS. Sadness and joy are cause of my dismay. Stella, leave us alone.

STELLA. God help me! Delay has turned against me. (*Exit.*)

BUSTOS. Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, . . .

SANCHE. Do you no longer call me brother?

BUSTOS. A steed beyond control sweeps me on unspurred. Know that the king sent for me; God is my witness that I know not why, for though I asked him, yet he told me not. Unasked, he was about to make me general of Archidona, and indeed, had I not resisted, would have given me the royal commission. Finally he made me . . .

SANCHE. Proceed, for all of this is joy. Tell me your sadness, explain your grief.

BUSTOS. He attached me to his suite.

SANCHE. And he did well.

BUSTOS. We come now to the pain.

SANCHE (*aside*). I foresee sorrow here for me.

BUSTOS. He told me not to seek a match for Stella; that should be his care; and he preferred that he should dower her, not I, and give to her a husband of his choosing.

SANCHO. You said that you were sad and joyful too, but I alone am sad; for you attain to honors, and I reap only pains. Leave with me your grief, and keep your joy, for in the king's suite, and with a brilliant marriage for your sister, it is natural for you to be merry. But you break the law of friendship, for you should have told the king your sister was already promised.

BUSTOS. It was all so strange, and my head so troubled, that I did not find the chance to say it.

SANCHO. Being so, shall my marriage not take place?

BUSTOS. I will return and inform the king that the agreements and the writings are all made, and the contract will then stand, for his authority will not disregard your just claim.

SANCHO. But if the king should turn the law, who can constrain him if guided by self-interest or pleasure?

BUSTOS. I will speak to him, and you as well; for then, in my confusion, I did not tell him of our agreement.

SANCHO. Would that my griefs might kill me! I said indeed that fortune stands not a moment steadfast, and that sorrow and weeping cast their shadow on our joys. And if the king should wish to do us wrong?

BUSTOS. Sancho Ortiz, the king's the king. Be silent and have patience. (*Exit.*)

SANCHO. In such a plight, who can have patience, and forbear? Oh, tyrant, come to thwart my happy marriage, applauded though you be in Seville, may your people drive you from your kingdom of Castile! Well do you deserve the name of Sancho the Bold by the acts I learn of now, if you win the name by tyranny! But God will break your plans — may He drive you from your kingdom of Castile! I'll leave Seville, and go to Gibraltar, to seek death in the battle-front.

CLARINDO. Methinks we'll find it nearer than Gibraltar!

SANCHO. Loving Stella the fair, why is my love so ill-starred? But my star is unfavorable, and her influence works my unhappiness!

CLARINDO. A shooting star, mayhap.

SANCHO. May you be banished from your kingdom of Castile! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. A street in Seville, showing entrance to TABERA'S house.

Enter the KING, DON ARIAS, and Suite.

5 KING. Announce that I am here.

ARIAS. They are informed, and Don Bustos Tabera is already at the door to greet you, Sire.

Enter BUSTOS.

BUSTOS. What an honor, and what condescension! Your highness in my house!

KING. I was strolling in disguise to see the city, and they told me, as we passed, this was your house; and I would see it, for they say it is most beautiful.

BUSTOS. It is the house of a simple esquire.

KING. Let us go in.

BUSTOS. Sire, 'tis fit for my humble station, but not for you; for so great a lord it is too small. And it will not be well received in Seville, when they know you came to visit me.

25 KING. I come not for your house, Tabera, but for you.

BUSTOS. My lord, you do me great honor. But if you come for me, it is not meet that I obey you; for it would be uncourtly, that the king should come to the vassal, and the vassal permit it and consent to it. I am your servant and your vassal, and it is fitting that I come to you in the palace, if you wish to honor me. For favors may become affronts, when open to suspicion.

KING. Suspicion? Of what?

BUSTOS. It will be said, though it be false, you came to my house to see my sister; and her good name, however well established, might come in question; for honor is a crystal clear — a breath may tarnish it.

KING. Since I am here, I wish to speak with you of matters of importance. Let us go in.

BUSTOS. It shall be upon the way, with your permission. My house is not in order.

KING (*aside to ARIAS*). He makes great opposition.

ARIAS (*aside to the KING*). Take him away, and I will stay behind and speak to her for you.

KING. Speak low, that he may not hear you. The fool puts all his honor in his ears.

ARIAS. The weight will break them.

KING (*to* BUSTOS). So be it; I would not see your house against your will.

BUSTOS. Sire, at Stella's marriage you shall see it suitably adorned.

ARIAS. Bring up the coach.

KING. Bustos, you'll ride upon the step.

BUSTOS. I'll go on foot, with your permission.

KING. The coach is mine, and I give orders here.

ARIAS. The carriage waits.

KING. Drive to the palace.

BUSTOS (*aside*). Great favors these! The king does me much honor: please God it be for good.

(*Exeunt. Manet* ARIAS.)

Enter STELLA and MATILDE.

STELLA. What do you say, Matilde?

MATILDE. It was the king, my lady.

ARIAS. It was he, and it is not the first time a king was guided by a star. He came to your house to do homage to your charms; for, if he is king of Castile, you are the queen of beauty. The King Don Sancho, whom, for his unconquered prowess, the public, and the Moors who tremble at his name, have called The Bold, saw at a balcony your divine beauty, which rivals Aurora in her palace, when, hailed by drowsy birds mid roses and lilies, and weeping at the wakening, she scatters garlands of pearls. He ordered me to offer you the riches of Castile, though riches be but little for such charms. Accept his will, for if you do accept it, and reward it, you shall be the Sun of Seville, where you have been the Star. He will give you towns and cities, whereof you shall be Duchess, and he will wed you to a Duke, whereby you will crown the glory of your ancestors, and bring honor to the name of Tabera. What say you?

STELLA. What do I say? See!

(*She turns her back.*)

ARIAS. Hold! Wait!

STELLA. To such ignoble message, my back gives a reply. (*Exit.*)

ARIAS. A noble pair! I marvel at them both. The austerity of Rome survives in them in Seville. It seems impossible for the king to outwit and conquer them, but strength and persistence level mountains and split rocks. I'll speak to his servant, for gifts are gates to favor with the Portias and Lucrecias.¹ Are you the servant of the house?

MATILDE. Servant I am, by force.

ARIAS. By force?

MATILDE. I am a slave.

ARIAS. A slave!

MATILDE. Deprived of blessed liberty, and subject both to prison and to death.

ARIAS. I'll have the king release you, and give you with your freedom a thousand ducats rent, if you will do his will.

MATILDE. For liberty and gold, there is no crime that I'll not undertake. What is there I can do? I'll do it if I can.

ARIAS. You'll give the king admittance to the house to-night.

MATILDE. He shall find the doors all open, if you but keep your promise.

ARIAS. Before he enters, I will give you a letter from the king, in his own hand and signed by him.

MATILDE. Then I'll put him in Stella's very bed to-night.

ARIAS. What time does Bustos come?

MATILDE. Each night he's out till dawn. He has a lady, and this distraction often costs men dear.

ARIAS. What time do you think the king should come?

MATILDE. Let him come at eleven, for then she will be in bed.

ARIAS. Take this emerald as pledge of the favors that await you. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. A room in the palace.

Enter INIGO OSORIO, BUSTOS TABERA, and DON MANUEL, with golden keys.

MANUEL. I congratulate your lordship on the key, and the dignity it represents. May you win the honors you desire.

¹ The names of prominent Roman women, — names often connected with intrigue and scandal among the Roman nobility, but themselves representing virtue and honor.

BUSTOS. Would I might repay his majesty the honor that he does me, undeserved.

INIGO. 'Tis not beyond your merit. Be assured, the king makes no mistake.

BUSTOS. The key he's given me admits me to his paradise; although thus elevated I fear a fall to earth; for he has granted me abruptly all these honors and I foresee that he who gives thus hastily may change suddenly.

10

Enter ARIAS.

ARIAS. You may retire, gentlemen. The king intends to write.

MANUEL. Let's go and seek amusement for the night.

(Exeunt.)

Enter the KING.

KING. You say I shall enjoy her charms to-night, Don Arias?

20

ARIAS. The little slave is wholly won.

KING. Castile shall raise a statue to her.

ARIAS. You are to give her a document.

KING. Prepare it, Arias. I shall not hesitate to sign, for my love impels it.

25

ARIAS. In faith, the little slave is useful.

KING. 'Tis the sun in heaven she procures for me, in the Star of Seville.

(Exeunt KING and ARIAS.)

ACT II

SCENE I. *Street before TABERA's house.*

Enter the KING, DON ARIAS, and MATILDE.

MATILDE. Alone; it will be safer, for all are now at rest.

KING. And Stella?

MATILDE. She is sleeping, and the room is dark.

40

KING. Although my promise might suffice, here, woman, is the paper, with your liberty therein. I will give another slave to Bustos.

ARIAS. And the money and all is included in it.

MATILDE. I kiss your feet.

ARIAS. All alike, my lord, yield to their interest.

KING. What joy divine to be a king!

50

ARIAS. Who can resist it?

KING. To be more secret, I'll go up alone.

ARIAS. You risk yourself alone, my lord?

KING. Now, tell me: although I risk myself, and though it be not safe — is not the king at hand? Begone.

ARIAS. Where shall I wait?

KING. Not in the street; some nook where I can find you.

ARIAS. I'll enter in Saint Mark's.

(Exit.)

KING. What time will Bustos come?

MATILDE. He always comes when the birds salute the dawn. And till he comes, the door is open.

KING. My love impels me to this high adventure.

MATILDE. Follow me, your highness; the passage is in darkness.

(Exeunt.)

Enter BUSTOS, DON MANUEL, and DON INIGO.

BUSTOS. Here is my house.

INIGO. Farewell.

BUSTOS. It is early for me.

MANUEL. You need not go farther.

BUSTOS. 'Tis well.

INIGO. We two have a certain visit still to make.

BUSTOS. Did Feliciana please your fancy?

30

MANUEL. To-morrow at the palace, my good friend, we will speak of her, for she is a figure worthy of all praise.

(Exeunt.)

BUSTOS. I'm early home to bed. The house is dark. No page is at the door.

35

Ho! Lujan, Osorio, Juan, Andres! They're all asleep. Justine! Inés! The maids are sleeping too. Matilde! The slave also has surrendered. Sleep is the god and master of her senses.

(Exit BUSTOS.)

SCENE II. *A room in the house.*

Enter MATILDE and the KING.

MATILDE. I think that was my master calling. I am lost.

KING. Did you not say he came at dawn?

MATILDE. Woe is me!

Enter BUSTOS. The KING wraps himself in his cloak.

BUSTOS. Matilde!

MATILDE. O God! I cannot face him.

KING (*aside to MATILDE*). Have no fear.

(*Exit MATILDE.*)

BUSTOS. Who's there?

KING. A man.

BUSTOS. A man, at this hour? And in my house? His name!

KING. Stand back.

BUSTOS. You lack in courtesy, and, if you pass, it shall be by the point of this sword; for, although this house is sacred, I'll profane it.

KING. Lower your sword.

BUSTOS. What! Lower it, when my sister's room is thus profaned? Tell me your name, or I will kill you here.

KING. I am a person of importance. Let me pass.

BUSTOS. This house is mine, and I command in it.

KING. Let me pass; observe, I am a man of rank, and, though I have come to your house, my intent is not to attack your honor, but to increase it.

BUSTOS. Is honor thus increased?

KING. Your honor is in my care.

BUSTOS. A better defender is this sword. And if you seek my honor, why do you come disguised? Do you conceal yourself to honor me? Do you hide yourself to do me service? Let your fear convince you how true it is that no one who gives honor need bring shame with it. Draw, or, by Heaven, I'll kill you!

KING. Rash provocation!

BUSTOS. I'll kill you here and now, or you'll kill me.

KING. I'll tell him who I am. Hold! I am the king.

BUSTOS. You lie! The king, seeking my shame, alone, disguised, and unattended? It cannot be, and you insult your king, since you accuse him of a fault that is the depth of baseness. What? The king outrage his vassal? This angers me still more. For this I'll kill you, in spite of all resistance. Offending me, lay not such charges against His Majesty, for well you know the laws of God and man condemn to just chastisement him who fancies or suspects unworthy conduct in his king.

KING. What strange persistence! Man, I say I am the king.

BUSTOS. Still less do I believe it, for the

name of king is here, but not the deeds. The king is he who seeks my honor, and you seek my dishonor.

KING (*aside*). He is both fool and boor. What shall I do?

BUSTOS (*aside*). It is the king, disguised. There is no doubt. I'll let him pass, and later learn if he has wronged me. My soul is roused to anger and to fury, for honor is a thing that he who gives may also take away. — Pass, whoever you may be, and next time do not defame the king, nor call yourself the king, wretch, when you have to blush for your acts. Know that the king is my master, the dread of Africa, is most Christian and most holy, and you insult his name. He has entrusted to me the key to his house, and could not come without a key to mine, when he has given me his. And do not offend the law; remember that he is an honorable man. This I say to you, and I spare you because you feigned to be the king. Marvel not to see me loyal, though offended, for 'tis a vassal's obligation to respect the name. Thus will he learn to be ruler of the honor of his vassals, and cease to wrong them against God's law and man's.

KING. I can no more; I choke with shame and anger. Fool! You let me go because I feigned to be the king? Then let me tell you that, because I said so, I'll go out thus from here. (*He draws.*) For if I win to freedom because I called myself the king, and you respect the name, I'll act the king, and you'll respect his deeds. (*They fight.*) Die, villain, for here the name of king gives power to me; the king will kill you.

BUSTOS. My honor rules me more than any king.

Enter servants with lights.

SERVANT. What's this?

KING. I'll make escape before I'm recognized. I leave this offended ruffian, but I will have revenge. (*Exit.*)

SERVANT. Your enemy has fled.

BUSTOS. Follow him! Chastise him! . . . No, let him go, we'll give the enemy a bridge of silver. Give a light to Matilde, and do you withdraw.

(*They give her one and exeunt.*)

BUSTOS (*aside*). She has betrayed me,

for she hangs her head in shame. *I* will obtain the truth with a cunning lie. — Close the door. I am about to kill you. The king has told me all.

MATILDE. If he has not kept the secret, how can I in my unhappy state do so, my lord? All the king has told you is the truth.

BUSTOS (*aside*). Now I shall learn the damage to my honor. — So then you gave the king admittance?

MATILDE. He promised me my freedom, and for that I brought him to this place, as you have seen.

BUSTOS. And does Stella know aught of this?

MATILDE. I think her wrath would have consumed me, had she heard my plot.

BUSTOS. That is certain, for, if her light were dimmed, she'd be no star.

MATILDE. Her radiance suffers neither shadow nor eclipse, and her light is clear and bright as of the sun. The king but reached her room, and entered, giving me this paper, and you behind him.

BUSTOS. What? The king gave you this paper?

MATILDE. With a thousand ducats rent, and liberty.

BUSTOS. A noble gift, at the expense of my honor! Well does he honor and advance me! Come with me.

MATILDE. Where do you take me?

BUSTOS. You are going where the king may see you, for thus I fulfill the law and obligation that rests upon me.

MATILDE. Ah, unhappy slave!

BUSTOS. Though the king sought to eclipse her, the fame shall not be lost in Spain of the Star of Seville.

(*Exeunt BUSTOS and MATILDE.*)

SCENE III. *A street leading to the palace.*

Enter the KING and ARIAS.

KING. And that is what befell me.

ARIAS. You would go in alone.

KING. He was so mad and bold as to insult me; for I know he recognized me. He drew upon me with equivocal words and, though I contained myself a time, the natural resentment born in every man broke down the dignity my rank demands. I attacked him, but they came with lights

who would have told the truth that they imagined, had I not turned my back fearing to be recognized. And so I come; you see, Arias, what befell me with Bustos

5 Tabera.

ARIAS. Let him pay for his offense with death; behead him, let the rising sun shine on his just punishment, for in the boundaries of Spain there is no law but your de-

10 sire.

KING. To execute him publicly, Arias, is error great.

ARIAS. You will have sufficient pretext; for he is counselor of Seville, and the wisest and most prudent, Sire, still commits some crime, a prey to power and ambition.

KING. He is so circumspect and prudent, that he has no guilt.

ARIAS. Then have him killed in secret,

20 Sire.

KING. That might be done, but to whom can I entrust the secret?

ARIAS. To me.

KING. I do not wish to endanger you.

ARIAS. Then I will find you a man, courageous and valiant soldier, and distinguished nobleman as well, before whom the Moor has trembled in the strong fortress of Gibraltar, where he has been many times victorious captain, and was never conquered. To-day in Seville they give him first rank among the brave and gallant, for he is the glory of the soldier's trade.

35 KING. What is his name?

ARIAS. Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, called besides the Cid of Andalusia.

KING. Summon him to me at once, for dawn approaches.

ARIAS. Come to bed.

KING. What bed can tempt him who is offended, and in love? Call the man at once.

ARIAS. What form is that, that hangs upon the palace, swinging in the wind?

KING. A form, you say? What can it be?

ARIAS. There must be reason for it.

KING. See what it is.

ARIAS. The little slave, with her paper in her hands.

KING. What cruelty!

ARIAS. And what a crime!

KING. I'll kill the brother and the sister, too, if Seville shows sedition.

ARIAS. Have her cut down at once, and secretly give her a decent burial. Such bold effrontery! Tabera must die.

(*Exeunt the KING and ARIAS.*)

SCENE IV. A room in TABERA'S house.

Enter BUSTOS and STELLA.

STELLA. What do I hear?

BUSTOS. Close the door.

STELLA. Hardly does the sleepy sun shod with sapphires, leave the palace of Aurora, and you rouse me from my bed, alone, troubled, and afflicted? You are agitated and perturbed! Tell me, have you seen some fault, in which I am concerned?

BUSTOS. You can tell me if there has been such.

STELLA. I? What do you say? Are you mad? Tell me, have you lost your mind? I, a fault? Nay, you have committed one in saying so, for only to question is a crime against me. Do you not know me? Know you not who I am? In my mouth have you ever heard words not in keeping with the honor with which I guard my tongue? And if you have seen nothing that can testify against me, what fault can I have done?

BUSTOS. I do not speak without occasion.

STELLA. Without occasion?

BUSTOS. Alas! Stella! . . . for this night and in this house . . .

STELLA. Speak, for, if I should be guilty, I offer myself at once for punishment. What happened in this house this night?

BUSTOS. This night was the epicycle of the sun, for this night my Stella's star declined.

STELLA. No astrologies in dealing with questions of honor! Speak plainly, and leave the sun in its five zones, for, though my name be Stella, the sun does not control me.

BUSTOS. When the discordant tones of the bell of Cuevas sounding in the sky

marked the middle of the night, I entered the house, and found in it, and near your very room, the king alone and in disguise.

STELLA. What say you?

BUSTOS. I speak the truth. Ask yourself, Stella, why the king could have come to my house alone at such an hour, if he came not for Stella. Matilde was with him: I heard her step, for then my honor was alert and keen. I drew, and said: "Who's there?" "A man," he answered.

I advanced upon him, and he retreating said he was the king. And, although I recognized him at once, I pretended not to know him, for Heaven willed to give me torment. He attacked me like an angry and offended monarch, for a king who attacks in anger fails not in valor. Pages came with lights, and then he turned his back lest he be seen, and was not recognized by any. I questioned the slave, and she, without need of torture, confessed the truth. The king gave her her freedom, signed in a paper that he wrote, chief witness in the case, in which his guilt stood clear. I took her from the house at once, lest her infected breath sow dishonor within these walls. I seized her at the door, and, placing her upon my shoulders, made my way to the palace, and for her crime I hanged her from the railings; for I'd have the king know that, if he is a Tarquin, I will be a Brutus.¹ Now you know all, Stella. Our honor is in danger. I am forced to leave you, and must give you a husband. Sancho Ortiz it shall be, for in his care you will be delivered from the designs of the king, and I can go my way in peace.

STELLA. Oh, Bustos, give me your hand for the service you have done me.

BUSTOS. It must be to-day, and, till I see you wed to him, keep silence, for my honor is at stake.

STELLA. O joy, my love! Thou art mine at last, and shalt not escape again. And yet, who knows the end from the beginning, if between the cup and the lip the sage feared danger?

(*Exeunt STELLA and BUSTOS.*)

¹ In the midst of his prosperity Tarquinius, the last legendary king of Rome, fell, through a shameful outrage committed by his son Sextus on Lucretia, the wife of his cousin Tarquinius Collatinus. L. Brutus, friend of Collatinus, as well as Tribunus Celerum, established a decree deposing and banishing the king. Sextus was murdered shortly thereafter in his own principality.

SCENE V. *A room in the palace.**Enter ARIAS, and the KING, with two papers.*

ARIAS. Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas is waiting in the antechamber.

KING. All of love is trickery, and pity takes hold upon me. In this paper I have sealed his name and fate, and in this I say that I command his death: in this fashion the killer will be safeguarded. Have him come in. Then draw the bolt and do you remain without.

ARIAS. Without?

KING. Yes; for I wish him to see that I alone am in the secret. Thus my desire conceives the vengeance more assured.

ARIAS. I'll call him. *(Exit.)*

KING. I fear this is no glorious or lofty token of my love.

Enter SANCIO ORTIZ.

SANCIO. I kiss your feet.

KING. Rise, I would not humble you, rise.

SANCIO. My lord.

KING *(aside)*. A noble youth.

SANCIO. My lord, it is not strange that I should be confused, being no courtier, nor yet orator.

KING. Why, tell me: What see you in me?

SANCIO. Majesty and valor; and in fine I see in you God's image, since the king is his embodiment; and I believe in you, as I do in Him. I submit myself here, great king, to your imperial will.

KING. What is your state?

SANCIO. Never so honored as I am today.

KING. I applaud your wisdom and your zeal. Now, since you will be anxious, and eager to learn why I have summoned you, I'll tell you, and will see if I have in you as well a valiant soldier. My interest demands the killing of a man, in secret, and this task I mean to trust to you, for I prefer you to all others in the city.

SANCIO. Is he guilty?

KING. He is.

SANCIO. Then, why a secret murder for a culprit? You may, in justice, publicly effect his death, without killing him in se-

cret; for thus you do accuse yourself, accusing him, since men will think you cause his death unjustly. If this poor man has but a slight offense, my lord, I ask you pardon him.

KING. Sancho Ortiz, you are not here as advocate for him, but executioner. And since I order it, hiding the hand that strikes, it must be that it interests my honor to kill him thus. Does he who has attacked my person merit death?

SANCIO. By fire.

KING. And if his crime was that?

SANCIO. My lord, I would demand his death at once, and if 'tis so, then I will give it, though he were my brother, and hesitate no more.

KING. Give me your hand upon it.

SANCIO. And with it my soul and faith.

KING. You can kill him, taking him un-
awares.

SANCIO. My lord, I am Roela and a soldier, would you make me a traitor? I, kill by treachery! Face to face I'll kill him, where Seville may see, in street or market-place. For none can excuse him who kills and does not fight; and he who dies by treachery fares better than the one who kills. He who lives thus proclaims his perfidy to all he meets.

KING. Kill him as you like. You bear this paper signed by me, as guarantee, in which it states that I have pardoned any crime you do. Read. *(He gives him a paper.)*

SANCIO. It reads thus *(reads)*:

"*Sancho Ortiz*, At once for me and in my name give death to him this paper indicates. I act through you, and, if you be disturbed, I promise you hereby that I shall free you. *"I the King."*

I am amazed Your Majesty should think so meanly of me. I, a promise! a paper! My loyalty trusts more in you than it. If your words have effect to move the hills, and carry out whate'er they say, give me your promise, Sire, and then I need no paper. Destroy it, for without it death is better sought than with it, since to some degree the paper casts discredit on your word. *(He tears it.)* Without a paper, Sire, we'll pledge ourselves, and promise, I to avenge you, you to protect me. If so it

be, we need no documents which are an obstacle. I go at once to execute your will, and only ask you, as reward, the woman whom I choose, as wife.

KING. Be she a duchess of Castile, I give her to you.

SANCHO. May you regain the Moorish throne! May your glorious possessions reach the sea, and even to the pole!

KING. Your excellent service, Sancho, 10 shall be rewarded. In this paper is the name of the man who is to die. (*Gives him the paper.*) And, when you open it, be not dismayed. I have heard it said in Seville, he is brave.

SANCHO. That we shall see hereafter.

KING. We two alone this secret know. I need not say, be prudent, act, and keep your counsel. (*Exit.*)

Enter CLARINDO.

CLARINDO. I have sought you, my lord, bearing good news. I ask a guerdon for your dearest wish fulfilled.

SANCHO. You come in good spirits.

CLARINDO. Does your heart not divine the guerdon? (*Gives him a paper.*)

SANCHO. From whom is this?

CLARINDO. From Stella, who was fairer and lovelier than the sun. She ordered me to give you this paper and ask a guerdon.

SANCHO. For what?

CLARINDO. For the marriage, which is to take place at once.

SANCHO. What do you say? This joy 35 will kill me. What! Stella will be mine? The glorious radiance of Aurora is for me? And I may hope that the sun's golden rays will bathe in floods of light our former griefs?

(*Reads:*) 40

"My husband: The happy day so long desired has arrived. My brother seeks you, to crown my life, and to reward you. If you accord, seek him at once and lose no time.

"Your Stella." 45

Oh, fairest maid! What height may I not reach with such a star! Advise my steward of the happy bond which I assume. Let him bring forth at once the liveries reserved for this event, and let my servants and pages put on their hats adorned with finest plumes. And if you claim a guerdon, take this hyacinth. I would give

even the sun, if it were mounted in a ring.

CLARINDO. May you outlive the very stones, and cling like ivy to your bride! Nay, since I love you so, may you live longer than a fool! (*Exit.*)

SANCHO. I will seek Bustos, for I am tormented with hope and eagerness. But with this marriage and my joy, I had forgot the king. It was not right. The paper is unsealed; I'll see who is it must be killed. (*Reads:*)

"Sancho, he whom you must kill is Bustos Tabera."

15 Heaven help me! Is this his will? After joy, disaster! All this life is but a game of chance, the cards ill shuffled and leading to reverse and ruin, for it's all in gains and losses, like a game of cards. I won at first, but now my luck has changed, and turned the card to give me death. Did I read aright? But I should not have read it, if the paper said not so. I'll look again. (*Reads.*) "Sancho, he whom you must kill

25 is Bustos Tabera." I am undone. What shall I do? For I have given my promise to the king, and I shall lose his sister. . . . Sancho Ortiz, it must not be; Bustos shall live! — But it is not right that my desire constrain my honor. Bustos shall die! Bustos must die! — But hold, fierce hand! Bustos must live, shall live! — But I cannot obey my honor, if I yield to love. — But who can resist the force of love? —

'Tis better that I die or go away, so that I serve the king, and he may live. — But I must do the king's will. (*Reads.*) "Sancho, he whom you must kill is Bustos Tabera." — But if the king kills him because of Stella, and seeks to honor her? If for Stella he kills him! Then he shall not die because of her. I will offend him and defend her. — But I am a gentleman, and must not do that which I will, but what I ought. — What is my duty? To obey the law that takes precedence. — But there is no law that forces me to this — But yes, there is, for, though the king be wrong, he is accountable to God. My mad love must

50 give way, for, though it cost me cruel grief, to obey the king is right: Bustos must die, shall die! None may rightly say: Bustos must live, shall live! Forgive me, beloved

Stella, but O the sacrifice, to renounce you and become your enemy. What shall I do? Can I do otherwise?

Enter BUSTOS TABERA.

BUSTOS. Brother, I am blessed by fate in finding you.

SANCHO (*aside*). And I am cursed by fate in meeting you, for you seek me to give me life, but I seek you to kill you.

BUSTOS. Brother, the hour has come for your desired marriage.

SANCHO (*aside*). The hour of all my grief, I'd better say. O God! Was ever man in such despair? That I should have 15 to kill the man I most have loved! to renounce his sister! to lose all that I hold dear!

BUSTOS. By contract you are already wed to Stella.

SANCHO. I meant to marry her, but now 20 it may not be, although you grant it.

BUSTOS. Do you know me, and address me thus?

SANCHO. Because I know you, I speak thus, Tabera.

BUSTOS. If you know me to be Tabera, how dare you use such words?

SANCHO. I speak because I know you.

BUSTOS. You know my birth, my blood, and valor; and virtue, which is honor, for 30 without it honor never was: and I am aggrieved, Sancho.

SANCHO. But less than I.

BUSTOS. How so?

SANCHO. To have to speak with you. 35

BUSTOS. If you cast reflection on my honor or my faith, you basely lie, and here I do maintain it. (*He draws.*)

SANCHO. What have you to maintain, villain? (*Aside.*) Forgive me, love; the 40 king's excess has made me mad, and none may resist me now. (*They fight.*)

BUSTOS. You've killed me; stay your hand.

SANCHO. Ah! I am beside myself and 45 wounded you unknowing. But now I beg you, brother, since I have regained my sense, to kill me. Sheathe your sword within my breast, and open passage for my soul.

BUSTOS. Brother, I leave my Stella in 50 your care. Farewell. (*He dies.*)

SANCHO. O cruel sword! O bloody, savage murder! Since thou hast taken half

my life, complete thy work, that my soul may expiate this other wound.

Enter two alcaldes, PEDRO and FARFAN.

5 PEDRO. What's this? Hold your hand.
SANCHO. Why stay me if I've killed one dear to me?

FARFAN. O what confusion!

PEDRO. What is this?

10 SANCHO. I have killed my brother. I am a Cain in Seville, since in cruel vengeance I killed an innocent Abel. You see him; kill me here, for since he dies through me I seek to die through him.

Enter ARIAS.

ARIAS. What's this?

SANCHO. A cruel violence, for such is the effect in man of promises fulfilled, and purest loyalty. Tell the king my master that Sevillians keep their promises by acts, as you see here; and for them they offend the stars, and know no brother.

PEDRO. Has he killed Bustos Tabera?

25 ARIAS. O what a rash deed!

SANCHO. Seize me, take me prisoner, for it is right that he who kills should die. See what a cruel deed love made me undertake, for it has forced me to kill him, and has forced me to die. Now through him I come to ask the death he owes to me.

PEDRO. Take him a prisoner to Triana, for the city is in confusion.

SANCHO. O Bustos Tabera, my friend!

FARFAN. The man has lost his mind.

SANCHO. Gentlemen, let me bear away the cold form, bathed in its noble blood, for so I shall support him, and will give him for a space the life that I have taken.

PEDRO. He's mad.

SANCHO. If I have violated friendship, I have kept the law, and that, sir, is to be king; and that, sir, is not to be king. Understand me, or understand me not, for I'll be silent. I killed him, there is no denying, but I will not answer why; let another tell the reason, for I confess I killed him.

(*They take him and exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. A room in TABERA'S house.

Enter STELLA and TEODORA.

STELLA. I know not if I dressed me well,

for I did dress in haste. Give me the mirror, Teodora.

TEODORA. You have but to regard within yourself, my lady, for there is no glass that tells such truths, nor shows the image of such beauty.

STELLA. My face is flushed, my color warm.

TEODORA. Your blood, my lady, has mounted to your cheek, 'twixt fear and modesty, to celebrate your joy.

STELLA. It seems to me already that I see my husband come, his face all wreathed in smiles, with soft caress to take my hand; — I seem to hear him utter a thousand tender words, and that my soul on hearing leaps into my eyes, and takes possession of them. O happy day! O my guiding star!

TEODORA. I hear a knock. (*Drops mirror.*) The envious mirror fell. (*She picks it up.*) The glass within the frame of one light made a thousand.

STELLA. Did it break?

TEODORA. Yes, my lady.

STELLA. 'Tis well, for I await the mirror, Teodora, in which my eyes will see another self, and, since I shall have such a mirror, let this one break, for I would not have this serve as mirror when he comes.

Enter CLARINDO in gala dress.

CLARINDO. This dress announces joy and happiness, for my plumes already proclaim the wedding. I gave the paper to my master, and he gave this ring for guerdon.

STELLA. Then I will change this guerdon for you. Give it me, and take this diamond.

CLARINDO. The stone is split in two; it is for melancholy; they say that hyacinths have this complaint, although they lose it. It's split in two.

STELLA. What matter that 'tis broken! The very jewels feel my joy and happiness. O happy day! O my guiding star!

TEODORA. I hear people in the courtyard.

CLARINDO. I think I hear the guests upon the stairs.

STELLA. How can I bear my joy? . . . But what is this?

Enter the two alcaldes with TABERA's body.

PEDRO. Disaster and sorrow are the lot of man; for life is a sea of tears. Don Bustos Tabera is dead.

STELLA. O hostile fate!

PEDRO. One consolation still remains to you, which is that the murderer, Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, is a prisoner, and that he will suffer the penalty to-morrow without fail.

STELLA. Leave me, O cruel men, for in your words you bear the torments of hell. My brother dead, and killed by Sancho Ortiz! Can one pronounce these words, or listen to them, and not die? I must be stone, for I am still alive. O fateful day! O my guiding star! But if you have human pity, kill me.

PEDRO. Her grief dements her, and well may.

STELLA. Unhappy is my star! My brother is dead, and Sancho Ortiz killed him, and broke three hearts in one! Leave me, for I'm lost indeed. (*Starts to go.*)

PEDRO. She's desperate.

FARFAN. Unhappy maid!

PEDRO. Follow her.

CLARINDO. My lady . . .

STELLA. Leave me, wretch, henchman of that murderer! Now, since all is ended, I'll end my life as well. Unhappy day! O my guiding star! (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III

SCENE I. A room in the palace.

Enter the KING, the two alcaldes, DON ARIAS.

PEDRO. He confesses that he killed him, but he will not confess why.

KING. Does he not say what impelled him?

FARFAN. He only answers "I do not know."

ARIAS. Great mystery!

KING. Does he say whether there was provocation?

PEDRO. In no wise, my lord.

ARIAS. What obstinate temerity!

FARFAN. He says he killed him, but he knows not if 'twas right. He only confesses that he killed him, because he swore to kill him.

ARIAS. He must have given provocation.

PEDRO. He says not so.

KING. Go back and speak to him for me, and say that I demand his plea. Tell him I am his friend, but I will be his enemy in rigorous punishment. Let him declare on what provocation he killed Bustos Tabera, and give in summary phrase the reason for the crime, rather than meet death in obstinacy. Let him say who ordered him, or on whose account he killed him, or what incitement moved him to this act; that on this condition I will show him mercy, else he must prepare to die.

PEDRO. 'Tis that he most desires; his grief has made him mad: after a deed so odious, so barbarous and cruel, he is bereft of reason.

KING. Does he complain of any man?

FARFAN. No, Sire. He takes counsel only of his grief.

KING. Pare and noble courage.

FARFAN. He is silent on the crimes of others, and blames himself alone.

KING. Never in the world were two such men; as I perceive their valor, it astounds me more and more. Tell him from me to name who caused the death or urged him to it; and warn him that he should declare it, though 'twere the king. If he do not confess at once, to-morrow on the scaffold he shall serve as warning to Seville.

ARIAS. I go. (*Exeunt alcaldes and ARIAS.*)

Enter DON MANUEL.

MANUEL. Doña Stella begs permission to kiss your hand.

KING. Who prevents her?

MANUEL. The citizens, my lord.

KING. She measures her act with reason. Give me a chair, and let her enter now.

MANUEL. I'll go for her. (*Exit.*)

KING. She will come radiant with beauty, like the star that appears in heaven after a storm.

Enter DON MANUEL, STELLA, and people.

MANUEL. She is here, beautiful as the sun, but a sun whose summer radiance has turned cold as stone.

STELLA. Don Sancho, most Christian and illustrious monarch of Castile, famous for your exploits, celebrated for virtue: an unhappy star, her bright rays veiled in mourning, in dark clouds gathered by weeping, comes to implore justice; not, however, that you administer it, but that you leave my vengeance in my hands. I would not dry my eyes, for, drowned in tears, my grief commands respect. I loved my brother Tabera, whose concerns are now of heaven, where he treads the starry streets of paradise. As a brother he protected me, and I obeyed him as a father, and respected his commands. I lived in happiness with him, and sheltered from the sun, though its beams but rarely assailed my window. Seville envied our mutual affection, and all believed we were twin stars reduced to one. A cruel hunter bends his bow upon my brother, and ends our happiness: I have lost my brother, I have lost my husband, I am left alone. And you do not hasten to your royal duty, from which none has released you! Justice, Sire! Give me the murderer, fulfill the law in this; let me pass judgment on him.

KING. Be comforted, and dry your eyes, else will my palace burst in flame, for stars are tears of the sun, as each of its rays is topaz. Let Aurora gather her riches in them, if the new-born sun gives her the time, and let heaven treasure them, for 'tis not right that they be squandered here. Take this ring, it will open the castle of Triana for you. Let them deliver him to you, and be to him the cruel tigress of Hircanian¹ cliffs: — although the storks in flight urge us to pity and to weak compassion, for it is true, surprising though it be, that birds and beasts confound man's savagery.

STELLA. In this case, Sire, severity's a virtue, for, if in me were silver and gold, I'd tear them from my head, and cover my face with ugliness, though 'twere by burning coals. If one Tabera's dead, another lives, and, if Tabera's shame is in my face, my hands shall tear my flesh till it strike terror to the hardest heart.

(*Exeunt all but the KING.*)

¹ Cliffs along the shore of Hyrcania, on the southern and southeastern borders of the Caspian. This land was noted for its tigers and for the savage nature of its inhabitants.

KING. If they deliver Sancho Ortiz to her, I believe she'll slay him with her own hands. Can God permit such cruelty to be in form so fair and wonderful! See what a deed mad passion doth commit: I did incite Sancho Ortiz, and now I give him up, for love treads under foot the royal purple and promulgates his decrees at his own pleasure. (Exit.)

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter SANCHO, CLARINDO, and musicians.

SANCHO. Have you not made some verses on my fate, Clarindo?

CLARINDO. Who would write verses, my lord, when poetry is so ill paid? At the festival in the market-place, many asked verses from me, and later, seeing me in the streets, would say to me, as if I were a tailor, or repairer, "Is not the compliment finished?" and urged me to morn haster than for a mended doublet. And, had I not been hungry, I'd have excelled Anaxagoras¹ in silence, and would have made a jest of Greek and Latin genius.

Enter the alcaides and ARIAS.

PEDRO. Enter.

CLARINDO. I believe these men have come, my lord, to inform you of your sentence.

SANCHO (to musicians). Then quickly begin a song. Now is death welcome, and I wish by singing to give evidence of my content. Besides, I'd show them my fortitude, and that death itself has no power to move me.

CLARINDO. Admirable courage! What better could a drunken Teuton do, his soul steeped in oldest wine?

MUSICIANS (sing).

Since my unhappy fate
Consists in living,
So long as death delays,
It stays my dying.

CLARINDO. An excellent enigma that they sing!

SANCHO. A timely sentiment.

MUSICIANS.

There's naught in life like death
For one who lives a-dying.

PEDRO. Is this a time for music, sir?

SANCHO. Why, what better entertainment in their misery can prisoners have?

FARFAN. Can one be entertained by music when death threatens him hourly, and when he momentarily awaits the sentence of his harsh judgment?

SANCHO. I am a swan, and sing before I die.

FARFAN. The time has come.

SANCHO. I kiss your hands and feet, for the news you give me. O blessed day of my desire!

PEDRO. Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, do you confess you killed Bustos Tabera?

SANCHO. Yes, I declare it here aloud. Seek barbarous punishments, invent new tortures, that shall make Spain forget Phalaris² and Maxentius.²

FARFAN. Then did you kill him unprovoked?

SANCHO. I killed him; that I do confess. The cause, since I have kept it secret, if there be any man who knows it, let him tell; for I know not why he died, I only know I killed him without knowing.

PEDRO. It seems a treachery to kill him without cause.

SANCHO. He certainly gave cause, since he is dead.

PEDRO. To whom?

SANCHO. To him who brought me where I am, to this extremity.

PEDRO. Who is it?

SANCHO. I cannot tell, because he charged me secrecy. And if I acted like a king, I will keep silence like one, and, to put me to death, you need but know that I have killed him, without demanding why.

ARIAS. Señor Sancho Ortiz, I come to you in the king's name, to ask that you confess, at his request, who caused this mad disorder. If you did it for friends, for women, or for relatives, or for some man in power, some grandee of this realm, and if you have from him some paper, safe-

¹ A celebrated Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C.

² Phalaris, ruler of Agrigentum in Sicily, has obtained a proverbial celebrity as a cruel tyrant; Maxentius, a Roman emperor, is represented by all historians as a monster of rapacity, cruelty and lust.

guard, or agreement, written or signed by his hand, show it at once, and thereby do your duty.

SANCHO. If I do so, my lord, I shall not do my duty. Say to His Majesty, my friend, that I fulfill my promise, and if he is Don Sancho the Bold I bear the same name. Tell him that I may have had a paper, but he insults me when he asks for papers, having seen them torn. I killed Bustos Tabera, and, though I might free myself now, I will not, because I know I break a promise. I keep my promise like a king, and I have done that I did promise, and he should do the same who also promises. Let him now act whose obligation is to speak, for I fulfilled my obligation in action.

ARIAS. If you can justify yourself by a word, 'tis madness to refuse it.

SANCHO. I am who I am, and, being who I am, I avenge myself by my silence, and I defy one who keeps silence. And who is who he is, let him act as who he is, and so we shall both act as befits us.

ARIAS. I'll say that to His Majesty.

PEDRO. Sancho Ortiz, you have done a thing most ill advised, and you have acted rashly.

FARFAN. You have offended the municipality of Seville, and exposed your life to her severity, your neck to her just vengeance.

(Exeunt the alcaides and ARIAS.)

CLARINDO. Is it possible that you accept such insults?

SANCHO. I consent that men should punish me, and Heaven confound me: and already, Clarindo, it begins. Do you not hear a confused clamor? The air's aflame with thunder-bolts and lightning: one sweeps upon me like a serpent, describing swift curves of fire.

CLARINDO. I think that he has lost his wits. I'll follow his humor.

SANCHO. How I burn!

CLARINDO. How I broil!

SANCHO. Did the bolt strike you too?

CLARINDO. Do you not see me in ashes?

SANCHO. God save us!

CLARINDO. Yes, my lord, I am the ashes of a fagot.

SANCHO. We are now in the other world.

CLARINDO. In hell, I think.

SANCHO. In hell, Clarindo? Why say you so?

CLARINDO. Because I see in yonder castle, my lord, a thousand lying tailors.

SANCHO. You rightly say we're there; for Pride is burning upon yon tower formed of the arrogant and haughty; there I see Ambition drinking a river of fire.

CLARINDO. And farther on there is a legion of cabmen.

SANCHO. If coaches pass through here, they'll wreck the place. But if this is hell, why do we see no lawyers?

CLARINDO. They won't receive them, lest they bring lawsuits here.

SANCHO. If there are no lawsuits here, hell's not so bad.

CLARINDO. Aha! There is the tyrant Honor, bearing a crowd of fools, who suffer for honor.

SANCHO. I'll join them. — Honor, an honorable fool comes to be your servant, for not violating your laws. — Friend, you have done badly, for true honor consists to-day in having none. Dost seek me yonder, and for a thousand centuries I've been dead! Seek wealth, my friend, for wealth is honor. What did you do? — I sought to keep a promise. — You make me laugh. Do you keep promises? You seem a simpleton, for not to keep a promise is a noble act these days. — I promised to kill a man, and raging killed him, though he was my friend. — Bad!

CLARINDO. At least not good!

SANCHO. At least not good. Put him in prison, and condemn him for a fool. — Honor, I lost his sister, and now I suffer in that I did fight him. — No matter.

CLARINDO. God help me! If I let him continue further, he will be mad entirely. I will invent a trick. *(He shouts.)*

SANCHO. Who calls? Who calls?

CLARINDO. It is the dog Cerberus who calls, the porter of this palace. Do you not know me?

SANCHO. Methinks I do.

CLARINDO. And who are you?

SANCHO. A man of honor.

CLARINDO. What! In here! Begone.

SANCHO. What say you?

CLARINDO. Go out at once; this place is not for men of honor. Seize him, and take

him bound to the other world, to the prison of Seville, on the wind, but bandage his eyes, that he may fly without fear. — Now his eyes are covered. — Now let the lame devil on his shoulders take him there at a leap. — At a leap? I am content. — Go, and take also his companion by the hand. (*Gives him a whirl, and releases him.*) — Now you are in the world, my friend. God be with you, as with me.

SANCHO. God, said he?

CLARINDO. Yes, my lord, for this devil, before he was one, was a baptized Christian, and is a Gallego of Caldefrancos.

SANCHO. It seems to me that I am waking from a trance. God help me! O Stella! How wretched is my fate without you! But, since I caused your grief, I deserve my punishment.

Enter the Governor of the prison and Stella, veiled.

STELLA. Deliver me the prisoner at once.

GOVERNOR. Here is the prisoner, my lady, and, as the king commands me, I deliver him to your hands. Señor Sancho Ortiz, His Majesty commands us to deliver you to this lady.

STELLA. Sir, come with me.

SANCHO. I welcome your compassion, if it is to kill me, for I desire death.

STELLA. Give me your hand and come.

CLARINDO. Does it not seem enchantment?

STELLA. Let no one follow us. (*Exeunt.*)

CLARINDO. 'Tis well. In faith, we're traveling well, from hell to Seville, and from Seville to hell! Please God this Star reveal herself as Venus!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III. Outside the prison.

Enter STELLA, covered with her cloak, SANCHO.

STELLA. Now I have placed you at liberty. Go with God, Sancho Ortiz, and remember that I have been merciful and compassionate. Go with God! Go. You are free. Why do you linger? Why look you so? Why hesitate? He who delays is wasting time. Go, for a horse awaits you on which you can escape; the servant has money for the journey.

SANCHO. Madame, I kiss your feet.

STELLA. Go, for there is no time to lose.

SANCHO. With heavy heart I go. May I not know who has liberated me, that I may give thanks for such mercy?

STELLA. A woman; I wish you well, for I give you liberty, having it in my discretion. Go with God.

SANCHO. I will not pass from here, except you tell me who you are, or let me see your face.

STELLA. I cannot now.

SANCHO. I wish to repay you for my life, and freedom: I must know to whom I owe such obligation, acknowledging this debt.

STELLA. I am a woman of noble birth, and moreover, the one who loves you best, and whom you love least. Go with God.

SANCHO. I will not go if you do not uncover.

STELLA. That you may go, I am . . . (*Uncovers.*)

SANCHO. Stella, star of my soul!

STELLA. A star I am, that guides you, the omen of your life. Go, for thus does love overcome the force of sternness, for as I love you, so am I to you a favoring Star.

SANCHO. You! resplendent and fair, in presence of your mortal enemy! You! Such pity for me! Treat me more cruelly, for here pity is cruelty, for pity is punishment. Have me put to death, seek not so generously to do me harm with good, when good is to my harm. Give liberty to one who killed your brother! It is not right that I should live, since he met death through me. And it is right that one who thus lost a friend should lose you too. In freedom now I thus deliver myself to death, for, if I were a prisoner, how should I ask for death?

STELLA. My love is finer and stronger, and so I give you life.

SANCHO. Then I will go to death, since 'tis your will to free me, for if you act as who you are, I have to act my part.

STELLA. Why do you die?

SANCHO. To avenge you.

STELLA. For what?

SANCHO. For my treachery.

STELLA. 'Tis cruelty.

SANCHO. 'Tis justice.

STELLA. There is no plaintiff.

SANCHO. Love is plaintiff.

STELLA. 'Tis to offend me.

SANCHO. 'Tis to love you.

STELLA. How do you prove it?

SANCHO. By dying.

STELLA. Nay, you insult me.

SANCHO. By living.

STELLA. Hear me.

SANCHO. There is nothing to be said.

STELLA. Where are you going?

SANCHO. I go to die, since by my life I offend you.

STELLA. Go, and leave me.

SANCHO. It is not well.

STELLA. Live, and take your freedom. 15

SANCHO. It is not right.

STELLA. Why do you die?

SANCHO. It is my pleasure.

STELLA. 'Tis cruelty.

SANCHO. 'Tis honor, too.

STELLA. Who accuses you?

SANCHO. Your disdain.

STELLA. I have none.

SANCHO. I am unmoved.

STELLA. Are you in your senses? 25

SANCHO. I am in my honor, and I offend you by living.

STELLA. Then, madman, go and die, for I will also die. (*Exeunt on opposite sides.*)

SCENE IV. A room in the palace.

Enter the KING and ARIAS.

KING. And so he'll not confess that I commanded him to kill?

ARIAS. I ne'er saw bronze more firm. His whole intent is to deny. He said at last that he has fulfilled his obligation, and that it is right that he to whom he owed the obligation now keep his word.

KING. He hopes to force me by his silence.

ARIAS. Indeed he has constrained you.

KING. He has fulfilled his promise, and I am sore perplexed not to be able to keep 45 the word I gave him in a moment of anger.

ARIAS. You cannot evade a promise given, for, if an ordinary man must keep it, in a king's mouth it becomes law, and all 50 must bow before the law.

KING. 'Tis true, when the law is interpreted by natural right.

ARIAS. It is an obligation. The vassal does not question the law of the king; the vassal can only execute the law, blindly and unquestioning; and it is for the king to take thought. In this instance you did give it in a paper, and, since he executed it without the paper, you are bound to fulfill to him the law you made in ordering him to kill Bustos Tabera; for, had it not been by 10 your command, he had not killed him.

KING. Then must I say that I ordered his death, and used such cruelty to one who never offended me? What will the council of Seville say of me, Arias, when it sees I was the cause? And what will be said in Castille when Don Alonso there already calls me tyrant, and the Roman pontiff attacks me with his censure? Perchance he will take up my nephew's claims, and his 20 support assures them. I fail in my desires likewise, I see, if I let Sancho die, and that is baseness. What shall I do?

ARIAS. Your Highness may with flattery win the alcaldes, and ask them that by exile Sancho Ortiz pay for his crime and grievous fault, suppressing greater rigors; thus do you intercede for him. You may make him general on some frontier, and so you reward him with a laurel crown.

30 KING. You say well; but if Doña Stella, to whom I gave my ring, has already wreaked vengeance on him, what shall we do then?

ARIAS. All shall be put in order. I will 35 go in your name and seize her person alleging your order, and will bring her alone and secretly to the palace. Here you may win her to your design; and to persuade her, you may marry her to some grandee 40 of the court, for her virtue and her rank deserve a noble husband.

KING. How I repent my weakness, Arias! The sage well says that he alone is wise who is upon occasion prudent, as on occasion stern. Go now and take Stella, since by her capture you free me from my perplexity. And to placate her I will marry her to a Duke of Castile, and, could I give my throne, would put her in my place, 50 for such a brother and sister merit immortal glory.

ARIAS. The people of this city dim the glory of Rome. (*Exit Arias.*)

Enter the Governor of the prison.

GOVERNOR. I kiss Your Highness' feet.

KING. Pedro de Caus, what occasion brings you to my feet?

GOVERNOR. Sire, this ring, engraved with your arms, is it not Your Majesty's?

KING. Yes, this is pardon and safeguard for any crime you may have done.

GOVERNOR. O mighty king, there came with it to Triana a woman closely veiled, saying that Your Highness ordered Sancho Ortiz be delivered her. I referred your mandate to the guards, together with the ring, and all were of opinion that he be delivered. I released him, but shortly Sancho Ortiz, like a madman, with loud cries, begs that the castle gate be opened. "I will not do the king's command," he said, "and wish to die, for it is right that he who kills should die." I refused admittance, but he shouted so I was obliged to open. He entered, and in joy he waits for death.

KING. I never saw such noble or such Christian folk as in this city. Bronze, marble, statues, may be silent.

GOVERNOR. The woman says, my lord, she gave him freedom, and he would not accept it, when he knew she was the sister of Bustos Tabera, whom he put to death.

KING. What you say now astounds me all the more; their magnanimity passes nature. She, when she should be most vindictive, forgives, and frees him; and he, to reward her generous soul, returned to die. If their deeds go further, they will be immortalized in records of eternity. Do you, Pedro de Caus, bring me Don Sancho in my carriage to the palace, with strictest secrecy, avoiding noise or guards.

GOVERNOR. I go to do your bidding.

(Exit.)

Enter a servant.

SERVANT. The two chief alcaldes desire to see Your Majesty.

KING. Tell them to enter, with their wands of office. *(Exit servant.)* Now if I can I'll keep my word to Sancho Ortiz, without revealing my deed of cruelty.

Enter the alcaldes.

PEDRO. Sire, the guilt is proved; the case requires sentence.

KING. Pronounce it. I only beg you, since you are the guardians of the state, to consider justice, and clemency oft favors it. Sancho Ortiz is councilor of Seville, and, if he who is dead was also councilor, the one claims mercy, if the other calls for vengeance.

FARFAN. Sire, we are alcaldes of Seville, and her confidence and honor repose on us to-day. These staves represent your imperial authority, and, if they fail to honor your divine right, they offend your person. Held upright, they look to God, and, if they are bent or lowered, they look to man, and, deflecting, they lose their heavenly function.

KING. I ask not that you deflect them, but that equity be done in justice.

PEDRO. Sire, the source of our authority is Your Majesty. On your command depend our hopes. Spare his life; you may pardon him, since kings are accountable to none. God creates kings, and God transfers the crown of sovereignty from Saul to David.

KING. Go in, and weigh the sentence that you give for penalty, and let Sancho Ortiz go to execution as the laws require. *(Aside.)* You, Pedro de Guzman, listen to a word apart.

PEDRO. What is Your Highness' will?

KING. By putting Sancho to death, my dear Don Pedro, you do not restore life to the dead. May we not avoid the extreme penalty, and exile him to Gibraltar, or Granada, where in my service he may find a voluntary death? What say you?

PEDRO. That I am Don Pedro de Guzman, and I am at your feet. Yours is my life, and my possessions and my sword.

KING. Embrace me, Don Pedro de Guzman. I did expect no less from a noble heart. Go with God; send Farfan de Rivera to me. *(Aside.)* Flattery levels mountains.

FARFAN. You see me at your feet.

KING. Farfan de Rivera, it grieved me that Sancho Ortiz should die, but now it is proposed that death be changed to exile,

and it will be longer, since it will be for life. I need your opinion to decide a matter of so great importance.

FARFAN. Your Highness may command Farfan de Rivera without reserve, for my loyalty has no reserve in serving you.

KING. In truth you are Rivera, in whom the flowers of virtue spring, to adorn and attend you. Go with God. (*Exeunt alcaldes.*) Well have I labored. Now, 10 Sancho Ortiz escapes death, and my promise is saved without becoming known. I will have him go as general to some frontier, whereby I exile and reward him.

Reënter alcaldes.

PEDRO. Now the sentence is signed, and it remains only to submit it to Your Majesty.

KING. Such noble lords as you will have 20 made it, I doubt not, as I desired.

FARFAN. Our boast is loyalty.

KING (*reads the sentence*): "Our finding and decision is that he be publicly beheaded." Is this the sentence that you 25 bring me signed? Thus, traitors, do you keep your promise to your king? Zounds!

FARFAN. When this wand is laid aside, the lowest of your subjects, as you see, will keep his promise with his life or arms. But 30 with it in hand, let none commit offense in act or words, for human empire, for earth or heaven.

PEDRO. Give us your orders as subjects, but, as chief alcaldes, ask not unjust things, for then we bear our wands; as vassals we're without them. And the Council of Seville is what it is.

KING. Enough; 'tis well, for all of you put me to shame.

Enter ARIAS and STELLA.

ARIAS. Stella is now here.

KING. Don Arias, what shall I do? What is your counsel in such great con- 45 fusion?

Enter the Governor, SANCHE ORTIZ, and CLARINDO.

GOVERNOR. Sancho Ortiz is before you. 50

SANCHE. Great king, why do you not end my sufferings with death, my misfortunes with your condemnation? I killed

Bustos Tabera, kill me; he who kills must die. Show mercy, Sire, by executing justice.

KING. Wait! Who ordered you to kill 5 him?

SANCHE. A paper.

KING. From whom?

SANCHE. Could the paper speak, 'twould tell; that is clear and evident; but papers torn give but confused reply. I only know I killed the man I most did love, because I promised. But here at your feet Stella awaits my death in atonement, and still is her vengeance incomplete.

15 KING. Stella, I have determined your marriage with a noble of my house, young, gallant, a prince of Castile, and lord of Salva. And in return for this, we ask his pardon, which may not justly be refused.

STELLA. Sire, if I am married, let Sancho Ortiz go free. I renounce my vengeance.

SANCHE. And so you give me pardon, 25 because His Highness marries you?

STELLA. Yes, for that I pardon you.

SANCHE. And are you thus avenged for my offense?

STELLA. And satisfied.

SANCHE. Then that your hopes may be fulfilled, I consent to live, although I wished to die.

KING. Go with God.

FARFAN. Look what you do, my lord, 35 for this is to offend Seville, and he must die.

KING (*to ARIAS*). What shall I do? These people anger and dismay me.

ARIAS. Speak.

40 KING. Men of Seville, put me to death, for I was cause of this murder. I ordered him to kill, and this suffices to discharge him.

SANCHE. My honor awaited only this avowal, for the king ordered me to kill him, and I had not committed an act so cruel, had the king not ordered it.

KING. I declare that this is true.

FARFAN. Then is Seville content, for, since you ordered he be put to death, no doubt he gave you cause.

KING. The nobility of Seville leaves me in wonder.

SANCHO. I will depart to exile, when Your Majesty fulfills another promise that you gave me. at my bed and board would give me too much pain.

KING. I'll keep it.

SANCHO. I said that you should give to me for wife the woman I should ask. 5 justly, loving him like my soul.

KING. So it was.

SANCHO. I ask for Stella.

STELLA. Sancho Ortiz, I am promised.

SANCHO. Promised?

10 KING. Wait.

STELLA. Yes.

SANCHO. Woe is me.

KING. Stella, this was my promise; I am king and must fulfill it. What do you say? 15 it is not just that I should marry her.

STELLA. Your will be done. I am his.

SANCHO. I am hers.

KING. And now, what lacks?

SANCHO. Harmony.

20 PEDRO. Such are the people of Seville.

STELLA. Which we shall never find in life together.

SANCHO. I say the same, and therefore I release you from your word.

STELLA. And I release your word; for 25 the Star of Seville, whose marvelous history is writ on tablets of bronze.

SANCHO. And me too much, to be forever with the sister of him I killed un-

STELLA. Then we are free?

SANCHO. Yes.

STELLA. So then farewell.

SANCHO. Farewell.

STELLA. Sire, I cannot take for husband a man who killed my brother, though I love him and adore him. (Exit.)

SANCHO. And I, Sire, because I love her,

KING. What nobility!

ARIAS. What constancy!

CLARINDO. Madness it seems to me.

KING. I marvel at these people.

KING. I intend to give her a husband, and such as she deserves.

CLARINDO. And now Lope consecrates to you this tragedy, giving eternal fame to the Star of Seville, whose marvelous history is writ on tablets of bronze.

ROMANTIC EPIC

ITALIAN

ARIOSTO

(1474-1533)

Lodovico Ariosto, celebrated Italian epic poet, was born at Reggio, near Modena. He attended the College of Ferrara and then began the study of law, in compliance with the desire of his father. He soon found that the legal profession was little in harmony with his poetic instinct. His early dramas attracted the attention of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, and he was taken into the cardinal's service in 1513. In 1505 he began the composition of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was finally published in 1516. Soon after the publication of the poem, Ariosto unfortunately offended the cardinal by refusing to accompany him on a mission to Hungary. The poet thereafter was obliged to take service with the cardinal's brother, the Duke Alfonso, under whom Ariosto became governor of Garfagnana and undertook the task of subjugating the bandits in that district. He executed his work well and resigned his post in 1524. In 1526 he retired to Ferrara and in 1532 brought out a new and improved edition of the *Orlando Furioso*. He died at Ferrara in 1533. Ariosto was a poet of considerable versatility and composed, in addition to his great epic poem, a number of comedies, elegies, sonnets, canzoni, etc.

In the hands of Italian writers, the epic heroes of France were made over into heroes of romance. Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* deals ostensibly with the madness of Roland, a feature unknown to the French epic poets, and is intended to form a continuation of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato* (*Roland Enamored*). The poem presents, as well, the astounding adventures of Ruggero, Rodomonte, Angelica, Bradamonte, and others. The madness of Orlando does not appear until the twenty-third canto. The narrative is loose and wandering and follows no central plot, but makes frequent excursions into the most entertaining buffoonery, into pastoral passages of great delicacy and charm, and into episodes of the most extravagant fancy. Characters come and go without giving any particular account of themselves, some of them disappearing entirely during the course of the story. Yet the poem is a brilliant performance. It became enormously popular, not only in Italy but throughout western Europe, and it influenced many later poets, notably the English poet Spenser. It was familiar in Shakespeare's England through the translation of Sir John Harington (1591). In spite of its defects, it is a noble poem.

The selection printed in this volume tells the story of Medoro and Cloridano during the Saracens' siege of Paris, and forms an almost independent episode. The translation is Leigh Hunt's, in *Poetical Works*, ed. H. S. Milford, Oxford Press, 1923.

ORLANDO FURIOSO

CANTO XVIII

CLXIV

All night, the Saracens, in their battered stations,
Feeling but ill secure, and sore distressed,
Gave way to tears, and groans, and lamentations,

Only as hushed as might be, and suppressed;

Some for the loss of friends and of relations

5 Left on the field; others for want of rest,

Who had been wounded and were far from home;

But most for dread of what was yet to come.

CLXV

Among the rest two Moorish youths
were there,
Born of a lowly stock in Ptolemais,
Whose story teems with evidence so rare
Of tried affection, it must here find place.
Their names Medoro and Cloridano were,
They had shown Dardinel the same true
face,
Whatever fortune waited on his lance,
And now had crossed the sea with him to
France.

CLXVI

The one, a hunter, used to every sky,
Was of the rougher make, but prompt and
fleet:
Medoro had a cheek of rosy dye,
Fair, and delightful for its youth complete:
Of all that came to that great chivalry,
None had a face more lively or more sweet.
Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair;
He seemed an angel, newly from the air.

CLXVII

These two, with others, where the ram-
parts lay,
Were keeping watch to guard against sur-
prise,
What time the Night, in middle of its way,
Wonders at heaven with its drowsy eyes.
Medoro there, in all he had to say,
Could not but talk, with sadness and with
sighs,
Of Dardinel his lord; nay, feel remorse,
Though guiltless, for his yet unburied corse.

CLXVIII

'O Cloridan,' he said, 'I try in vain
To bear the thought; nor ought I, if I
could.
Think of a man like that, left on the plain
For wolves and crows! he, too, that was
so good
To my poor self! How can he thus remain,
And I stand here, sparing my wretched
blood?
Which, for his sake, might twenty times
o'erflow,

And yet not pay him half the debt I
owe.

CLXIX

5 'I will go forth, — I will, — and seek
him yet,
That he may want not a grave's cover-
ing;
10 And God will grant, perhaps, that I may
get
E'en to the sleeping camp of the French
king.
Do thou remain; for if my name is set
15 For death in heaven, thou mayst relate the
thing;
So that if fate cut short the glorious part,
The world may know 'twas not for want of
heart.'

CLXX

Struck with amaze was Cloridan to see
Such heart, such love, such duty in a
youth;
And laboured (for he loved him tenderly)
To turn a thought so dangerous to them
both;
But no — a sorrow of that high degree
30 Is no such thing to comfort or to soothe.
Medoro was disposed, either to die,
Or give his lord a grave wherein to lie.

CLXXI

Seeing that nothing bent him or could
move,
Cloridan cried, 'My road then shall be
thine: —
40 I too will join in such a work of love;
I too would clasp a death-bed so divine.
Life — pleasure — glory — what would it
behave
Remaining without thee, Medoro mine.
45 Such death with thee would better far
become me,
Than die for grief, shouldst thou be taken
from me.'

CLXXII

Thus both resolved, they put into their
place

The next on guard, and slip from the re-
doubt.

They cross the ditch, and in a little space
Enter our quarters, looking round about.
So little dream we of a Moorish face,
Our camp is hushed, and every fire gone
out.

'Twixt heaps of arms and carriages they
creep,
Up to the very eyes in wine and sleep.

CLXXIII

Cloridan stopped awhile, and said,
'Look here!
Occasions are not things to let go by.
Some of the race who cost our lord so dear,
Surely, Medoro, by this arm must die.
Do thou meanwhile keep watch, all eye
and ear,
Lest any one should come: — I'll push on,
I,

And lead the way, and make through bed
and board

An ample passage for thee with my sword.' 25

CLXXIV

He said; and entered without more ado
The tent where Alpheus lay, a learned 30
Mars,
Who had but lately come to court, and
knew
Physic, and magic, and a world of stars.
This was a cast they had not helped him 35
to;

Indeed their flatteries had been all a farce;
For he had found, that after a long life
He was to die, poor man, beside his wife.

CLXXV

And now the cautious Saracen has put
His sword, as true as lancet, in his weason.¹
Four mouths close by are equally well 45
shut,
Before they can find time to ask the reason.
Their names are not in Turpin *; and I cut
Their lives as short, not to be out of season.

Next Palidon died, a man of snug re-
sources,

Who had made up his bed between two
horses.

5

CLXXVI

They then arrived, where, pillowing his
head

10 Upon a barrel, lay unhappy Grill.
Much vowed had he, and much believed,
indeed,

That he, that blessed night, would sleep his
fill.

15 The reckless Moor beheads him on his bed,
And wastes his blood and wine at the
same spill:

For he held quarts; and in his dreams that
very

20 Moment had filled, but found his glass
miscarry.

CLXXVII

Near Grill, a German and a Greek there
lay,

Andropono and Conrad, who had passed
Much of the night *al fresco*,² in drink and
play;

30 A single stroke a-piece made it their last.
Happy, if they had thought to play away
Till daylight on their board his eye had
cast!

But fate determines all these matters still,
35 Let us arrange them for her as we will.

CLXXVIII

Like as a lion in a fold of sheep,
40 Whom desperate hunger has made gaunt
and spare,

Kills, bleeds, devours, and mangles in a
heap

The feeble flock collected meekly there;
So the fierce Pagan bleeds us in our sleep,
And lays about, and butchers every where:
And now Medoro joins the dreadful sport,
But scorns to strike among the meaner
sort.

¹ Windpipe.

² Archbishop of Reims, ca. 800. He is celebrated in ancient tales of chivalry, and is supposed to have composed a Latin chronicle upon the life of Charlemagne and Roland.

* In the open, in the fresh air.

CLXXIX

Upon a duke he came, La Brett, who
slept
Fast in his lady's arms, embraced and
fixed;
So close they were, so fondly had they
kept,
That not the air itself could get betwixt.
O'er both their necks at once the falchion 10
swept.

O happy death! O cup too sweetly mixed!
For as their bosoms and affections were,
E'en so, I trust, their souls went clasped in
air.

CLXXX

Ardalic and Malindo next are slain,
Princes whose race the Flemish sceptre 20
wield;
They had been just made knights by
Charlemagne,
And had the lilies added to their shield,
Because, the hardest day of the campaign, 25
He saw them both turn blood-red in the
field.
Lands, too, he said, he'd give; and would
have done it,
Had not Medoro put his veto on it.

CLXXXI

The wily sword was reaching now the
ring
Of the pavilions of the peers, — the fence
Of the more high pavilion of the king.
They were his guard by turns. The Sara-
cens
Here make a halt, and think it fit to bring 40
Their slaughter to a close, and get them
hence;
Since it appears impossible to make
So wide a circuit, and find none awake.

CLXXXII

They might have got much booty if they
chose,
But now to get clean off is their great good. 50

Cloridan leads as heretofore, and goes
Picking the safest way out that he could.
At last they come, where, amidst shields
and bows,
5 And swords, and spears, in one great plash
of blood,
Lie poor and rich, the monarch and the
slave,
And men and horses, heaped without a
grave.

CLXXXIII

The horrible mixture of the bodies there
15 (For all the field was reeking round about)
Would have made vain their melancholy
care
Till day-time, which 'twas best to do with-
out,
Had not the Moon, at poor Medoro's
prayer,
Put from a darksome cloud her bright horn
out.
Medoro to the beam devoutly raised
25 His head, and thus petitioned as he
gazed: —

CLXXXIV

30 'O holy queen, who by our ancestors
Justly wert worshipped by a triple name¹;
Who show'st in heav'n, and earth, and hell,
thy powers
And beauteous face, another and the same;
35 And who in forests, thy old favourite
bowers,
Art the great huntress, following the game;
Show me, I pray thee, where my sovereign
lies,
40 Who while he lived found favour in thine
eyes.'

CLXXXV

45 At this, whether 'twas chance or faith,
the moon
Parted the cloud, and issued with a stoop,
Fair, as when first she kissed Endym-
ion,²
50 And to his arms gave herself naked up.

¹ Selene, Artemis, Cynthia.

² As he slept on Mt. Latmus, in Caria, Endymion's surprising beauty warmed the cold heart of Selene (the moon), who came down to him, kissed him, and lay by his side.

The city, at that light, burst forth and
shone,
And both the camps, and all the plain and
slope,
And the two hills that rose on either quar- 5
ter,
Far from the walls, Montlery and Mont-
martre.

CLXXXVI

Most brilliantly of all the lustre
showered
Where lay the son of great Almontes, dead.
Medoro, weeping, went to his dear lord, 15
Whom by his shield he knew, of white and
red.
The bitter tears bathed all his face, and
poured
From either eye, like founts along their 20
bed.

So sweet his ways, so sweet his sorrows
were,
They might have stopt the very winds to
hear.

CLXXXVII

But low he wept, and scarcely audible;
Not that he cared what a surprise might 30
cost,
From any dread of dying; for he still
Felt a contempt for life, and wished it lost;
But from the fear, lest ere he could fulfil
His pious business there, it might be crost. 35
Raised on their shoulders is the crown'd
load;
And, shared between them thus, they take
their road.

CLXXXVIII

With the dear weight they make what
speed they may,
Like an escaping mother to a birth;
And now comes he, the lord of life and day, 45
To take the stars from heav'n, the shade
from earth;
When the young Scottish prince, who
never lay 50
Sleeping, when things were to be done of
worth,
After continuing the pursuit all night

Came to the field with the first morning
light.

CLXXXIX

And with him came, about him and be-
hind,
A troop of knights, whom they could see
from far,
10 All met upon the road, in the same mind
To search the field for precious spoils of
war.
'Brother,' said Cloridan, 'we must needs,
I find,
15 Lay down our load, and try how fleet we
are.
It would be hardly wise to have it said,
We lost two living bodies for a dead.'

CXC

And off he shook his burden, with that
word,
Fancying Medoro would do just the same;
25 But the poor boy, who better loved his
lord,
Took on his shoulders a'l the weight that
came.
The other ran, as if with one accord,
Not guessing what had made his fellow
lame.
Had he, he would have dared, not merely
one,
But heaps of deaths, rather than fled alone.

CXCI

The knights, who were determined that
these two
40 Should either yield them prisoners or die,
Dispersed themselves, and without more
ado
Seized every pass which they might issue by.
The chief himself rode on before, and drew
45 Nearer and nearer with a steadfast eye;
For seeing them betray such marks of fear,
'Twas plain that in those two no friends
were near.

CXCII

There was an old forest there in those
days,

Thick with o'ershadowing trees and under-
wood,

Which, like a labyrinth, ran into a maze
Of narrow paths, and made a solitude.
The fliers reckoned on its friendly ways,
For giving them close covert while pur-
sued: —

But he that loves these chants of mine in
rhyme,

May chuse to hear the rest another time. 10

CANTO XIX

I

None knows the heart in which he may
confide,

As long as he sits high on Fortune's wheel;
For friends of all sorts then are by his side,
Who show him all the self-same face of 20
zeal:

But let the goddess roll him from his pride,
The flattering set are off upon their heel;
And he who loved him in his heart alone
Stands firm, and will, even when life is 25
gone.

II

If eyes could see the heart as well as face, 30
Many a great man at court would trample
others,

And many an humble one in little grace
Would change their destiny for one an-
other's;

This would mount up into the highest
place —

That go and help the scullions and their
mothers.

But turn we to Medoro, good and true, 40
Who loved his lord, whatever fate could
do.

III

The unhappy youth, now in the thickest
way

Of all the wood, would fain have hidden
close;

But the dead weight that on his shoulders 50
lay

Hampers his path, whichever side he goes.
Strange to the country too, he goes astray,

And turns and tramples 'midst the brakes
and boughs.

Meanwhile his friend, less burdened for
the race,

5 Has got in safety to a distant place.

IV

Cloridan came to where he heard no
more

The hue and cry that sent him like a dart;
But when he turned about and missed
Medor,

He seemed to have deserted his own heart.
15 'Great God!' he cried; 'not to see this
before!

How could I be so mad? How could I part
With thee, Medoro, and come driving here,
And never dream I left thee, how or where?'

V

So saying, he returns with bitter sighs
Into the tangled wood, by the same path,
And keeps it narrowly with yearning eyes,
And treads with zeal the track of his own
death.

And all the while, horses he hears, and cries,
And threatening voices that take short his
breath:

And last of all he hears, and now can see,
Medoro, pressed about with cavalry.

VI

35 They are a hundred, and all round him.
He,

While the chief cries to take him prisoner,
Turns like a wheel, and faces valiantly

40 All that would seize him, leaping here and
there,

Now to an elm, an oak, or other tree,
Nor ever parts he with his burden dear,
See! — he has laid it on the ground at last,

45 The better to control and keep it fast.

VII

Like as a bear, whom men in mountains
start

In her old stony den, and dare, and goad,
Stands o'er her children with uncertain
heart,

And roars for rage and sorrow in one mood:
Anger incites her, and her natural part,
To use her nails, and bathe her lips in
blood;
Love melts her, and for all her angry roar,
Holds back her eyes to look on those she
bore.

VIII

Cloridan knows not how to give his aid,
And yet he must, and die too: — that he
knows:
But ere he changes from alive to dead,
He casts about to settle a few foes:
He takes an arrow, — one of his best
made, —
And works so well in secret, that it goes
Into a Scotchman's head, right to the
brains,
And jerks his lifeless fingers from the reins.

IX

The horsemen in confusion turn about,
To see by what strange hand their fellow
died,
When a new shaft's in middle of the rout,
And the man tumbles by his fellow's side.
He was just wondering, and calling out,
And asking questions, fuming as he cried;
The arrow comes, and dashes to his throat,
And cuts him short in middle of his note.

X

Zerbin, the leader of the troop, could
hold
His rage no longer at this new surprise,
But darting on the boy, with eyes that
rolled,
'You shall repent this insolence,' he cries;
Then twisting with his hand those locks of
gold,
He drags him back, to see him as he dies;
But when he sets his eyes on that sweet
face,
He could not do it, 'twas so hard a case.

XI

The youth betook him to his prayers,
and said,

'For God's sake, sir, be not so merciless
As to prevent my burying the dead:
'Tis a king's body that's in this distress:
Think not I ask from any other dread;
5 Life could give me but little happiness.
All the life now which I desire to have
Is just enough to give my lord a grave.

XII

'If you've a Theban heart, and birds of
prey
10 Must have their food before your rage can
cool,
Feast them on me; only do let me lay
His limbs in earth, that has been used to
rule.'
15 So spake the young Medoro, in a way
To turn a rock, it was so beautiful.
As for the prince, so deeply was he moved,
That all at once he pardoned and he loved.

XIII

A ruffian, at this juncture, of the band,
20 Little restrained by what restrained the
rest,
Thrust with his lance across the suppliant's
hand,
And pierced his delicate and faithful breast.
25 The act, — in one too under his com-
mand, —
Displeased the princely chief, and much
distressed;
The more so, as the poor boy dropped his
30 head,
And fell so pale that all believed him dead.

XIV

35 Such was his grief, and such was his dis-
dain,
That crying out, 'The blood be on his
head!'
He turned in wrath, to give the thrust
again;
But the false villain, ere the words were
said,
Put spurs into his horse and fled amain,
Stooping his rascal shoulders, as he fled.
45 Cloridan, when he sees Medoro fall,
Leaps from the wood, and comes defying
all;

XV

And casts away his bow, and, almost
mad,
Goes slashing round among his enemies,
Rather for death, than any hope he had
Of cutting his revenge to its fit size.
His blood soon coloured many a dripping
blade,
And he perceives with pleasure that he
dies;
And so, his strength being fairly at an end,
He lets himself fall down beside his friend.

XVI

The troop then followed where their
chief had gone,
Pursuing his stern chase among the trees,
And leaves the two companions there
alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at
last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

XVII

There came by chance a damsel passing
there,
Cloaked like a peasant, to eschew surprise,
But of a royal presence, and so fair,
As well behaved her keep grave maiden
eyes.
'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.
This, you must know then, was Angelica,
Proud daughter of the Khan of great
Cathay.

XVIII

You know the magic ring, and her dis-
tress?
Well, when she had recovered this same
ring,
It so increased her pride and haughti-
ness,
She seemed too high for any living thing.
She goes alone, desiring nothing less
Than a companion, even though a king:

She even scorns to recollect the flame
Of one Orlando, or his very name.

XIX

But, above all, she hates to recollect
That she had taken to Rinaldo so;
She thinks it the last want of self-respect,
Pure degradation, to have looked so low.
'Such arrogance,' said Cupid, 'must be
checked.'
The little God betook him with his bow,
To where Medoro lay, and, standing by,
Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye,

XX

Now when the princess saw the youth
all pale,
And found him grieving with his bitter
wound,
Not for what one so young might well be-
wail,
But that his king should not be laid in
ground,
She felt a something, strange and gentle,
steal
Into her heart by some new way it found,
Which touched its hardness, and turned
all to grace;
And more so, when he told her all his case.

XXI

And calling to her mind the little arts
Of healing, which she learnt in India
(For 'twas a study valued in those parts,
Even for those who were in sovereign
sway,
And yet so easy, too, that like the heart's,
'Twas more inherited than learnt, they
say),
She cast about, with herbs and balmy
juices,
To save so fair a life for all its uses.

XXII

And thinking of an herb that caught her
eye
As she was coming, in a pleasant plain
(Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
Or some such herb accounted sovereign

For staunching blood quickly and tenderly,
And winning out all spasm and bad pain),
She found it not far off, and, gathering
some,
Returned with it to save Medoro's bloom.

XXIII

In coming back she met upon the way
A shepherd, who was riding through the
wood
To find a heifer that had gone astray,
And been two days about the solitude.
She took him with her where Medoro
lay,
Now feebler than he was, with loss of
blood:
So much he lost, and drew so hard a
breath,
That he was now fast fading to his death.

XXIV

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
And made the shepherd get as fast from
his;
She ground the herbs with stones, and then
expressed
With her white hands the balmy milki-
ness,
Then dropped it in the wound, and bathed
his breast,
His sides, and spine, and all that was
amiss:
And of such virtue was it, that at length
The blood was stopped and he looked
round with strength.

XXV

At last he got upon the shepherd's
horse,
But would not quit the place till he had
seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's
corse;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obeys the will of the fair queen;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Goes and stays with him at the shepherd's
cot.

XXVI

Nor would she leave him, she esteemed
him so,
5 Till she had seen him well with her own
eye;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,
10 She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at
last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and
fast.

XXVII

The shepherd's house was good enough,
and neat,
20 A little shady cottage in a dell:
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births
befel.
There with such knowledge did the lady
treat
25 Her handsome patient, that he soon grew
well;
But not before she felt, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

XXVIII

Much greater was the wound, and
deeper far,
35 The invisible arrow made in her heart-
strings;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair;
'Twas from the naked archer with the
wings.
40 She feels it now; she feels, and yet can
bear

Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself: she thinks alone
How to cure him, by whom she is undone.

XXIX

The more his wound recovers and gets
ease,
50 Her own grows worse, and widens day by
day.
The youth gets well; the lady languishes,
Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.

His beauty heightens like the flowering
trees;

She, miserable creature, melts away
Like the weak snow, which some warm sun
has found
Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

XXX

And must she speak at last, rather than 10
die?

And must she plead without another's aid?
She must, she must; the vital moments
fly —

She lives — she dies, a passion-wasted 15
maid.

At length she burst all ties of modesty;
Her tongue explains her eyes; the words
are said;

And she asks pity underneath that blow, 20
Which he perhaps that gave it did not
know.

XXXI

O Count Orlando! O King Sacripant!¹
That fame of yours, say, what avails it ye?
That lofty honour, those great deeds ye
vaunt,

Say, what's their value with the lovely she? 30
Show me — recall to memory (for I can't),
Show me, I beg, one single courtesy
That ever she vouchsafed ye, far or near,
For all ye've done and have endured for
her.

XXXII

And you, if you could come to life again,
O Agrican,² how hard 'twould seem to you, 40
Whose love was met by nothing but dis-
dain,

And vile repulses, shocking to go through!
O Ferragus! O thousands, who in vain
Did all that loving and great hearts could 45
do,

How would ye feel to see, with all her
charms,

This thankless creature in a stripling's
arms!

XXXIII

The young Medoro had the gathering
Of the first kiss on lips untouched before,
5 For never, since her beauty blushed with
spring,

Had passion's self dared aught except
adore.

To render the fond step an honest thing,
The priest was called to read the service
o'er

(For without marriage what can come but
strife?),

And the bride-mother was the shepherd's
wife.

XXXIV

All was performed, in short, that could
be so

In such a place, to make the nuptials good;
Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
But spent the month and more within the
wood.

25 The lady to the stripling seemed to grow;
His step her step, his eyes her eyes pur-
sued;
Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
Though she was always hanging on his
breast.

XXXV

In doors, and out of doors, by night, by
day, 35

She had the charmer by her side for ever:
Morning and evening they would stroll
away,

Now by some field, or little tufted river;
They chose a cave in middle of the day,
Perhaps not less agreeable or clever
Than Dido and Æneas found to screen
them,

When storm and tempest would have
rushed between them.

XXXVI

And all this while there was not a smooth
tree,

50

¹ King of Circassia (Caucasia) and lover of Angelica.

² A fabulous king of Tartary, in Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, who besieges Angelica in the castle of Albracca and is killed by Orlando.

That drew from stream or fount its gentle
pith,

Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to
be,

But they would find a knife to carve it with. 5
And in a thousand places you might see,
And on the walls about you and beneath,
ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
As many ways as lover's knots could run.

XXXVII

And when they thought they had out-
spent their time,
Angelica the royal took her way,
She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
To crown him king of her fair realm,
Cathay.

PHILOSOPHY AND CRITICISM

DUTCH

ERASMUS

(1467-1536)

It would be hard to name a person to whom the Renaissance and the growth of Humanism owes a greater debt than to Erasmus. His birthplace, Rotterdam, was one of the important cultural centers of Holland. From his father, who was a highly trained student of Latin and Greek, the young Erasmus inherited a profound love of learning, as well as his name, Gerard, which, in a fashion characteristic of his age, he changed to Erasmus, the Greek equivalent, meaning *amiable*. Erasmus was first educated in the cathedral school of Utrecht, and was later instructed by the famous teacher Alexander Hegius. He was so proficient in Latin that, when still a child, he could recite all of Horace and Terence by heart. When he was about thirteen his parents died of the plague, and his subsequent education was entirely in the hands of guardians. At their suggestion, Erasmus entered a monastery, persuaded by the opportunities for study and learned conversation. Later he was taken into the family of the bishop of Cambrai. He left the bishop's household to study in the University of Paris, but an illness forced him to return. After his recovery he returned to the University, but was seriously hampered by poverty. His next venture was his famous visit to England, where he was received with great honor and became acquainted with the English humanists, Sir Thomas More, John Colet, Grocyn, Linacer, and Latimer. Because of this sojourn Erasmus is more important in the written social and literary history of England than many of his English-born contemporaries. Returning to France, he found circumstances still unfavorable to a substantial career, and went on to Italy. He took the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Turin, and, after visiting Bologna and Padua, finally arrived in Rome, where he was welcomed with great enthusiasm. He left almost immediately for England, however, for he had been offered a comfortable position in the church. He seemed to be launched upon a quiet and profitable scholarly life, when he became involved in the political rivalry between Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, and Cardinal Wolsey. Finding it best to give up his position, Erasmus left the country and returned to the continent, where he became counsellor to Charles of Austria, and established himself in Basel. Here he remained, except for a seven-year interval, until his death.

Erasmus carried on a reformation not only in learning but also in the church. He was the keenest critic of society of his times, and utterly unsparing in his condemnation of things that he deemed wrong; yet he had many friends, and his writings were widely read and admired. *The Praise of Folly*, written in 1508, received in the English translation the following subheading: "An oration, of feigned matter, spoken by Folly in her own person." The discourse is written in a light satirical vein which enables the author so "to treat of trifles, as to make them seem nothing less than what their name imports." The part here printed is directed against the pedantic tendency among grammarians. We must remember that Erasmus was a profound student of Latin and Greek, as was Sir Thomas More, to whom the book is dedicated.

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

But hold; I should but expose myself too far, and incur the guilt of being roundly laughed at, if I proceed to enumerate the several kinds of the folly of the vulgar. I shall confine therefore my

following discourse only to such as challenge the repute of wisdom, and seemingly pass for men of the soundest intellectuals. Among whom the Grammarians present themselves in the front, a sort of men who would be the most miserable, the most vulgar, and the most hateful of all persons,

if I did not some way alleviate the pressures and miseries of their professions by blessing them with a bewitching sort of madness: for they are not only liable to those five curses, which they so oft recite from the first five verses of Homer, but to five hundred more of a worse nature; as always damned to thirst and hunger, to be choked with dust in their unswept schools (schools shall I term them, or rather 10 laboratories, nay, bridewells, and houses of correction?) to wear out themselves in fret and drudgery; to be deafened with the noise of gaping boys; and, in short, to be stifled with heat and stench; and yet they 15 cheerfully dispense with all these inconveniences, and, by the help of a fond conceit, think themselves as happy as any then living: taking a great pride and delight in frowning and looking big upon the trembling urchins, in boxing, slashing, striking with the ferula, and in the exercise of all their other methods of tyranny; while thus lording it over a parcel of young, weak chits, they imitate the Cuman ass,¹ 25 and think themselves as stately as a lion, that domineers over all the inferior herd. Elevated with this conceit, they can hold filth and nastiness to be an ornament; can reconcile their nose to the most intolerable smells; and, finally, think their wretched slavery the most arbitrary kingdom, which they would not exchange for the jurisdiction of the most sovereign potentate: and they are yet more happy 35 by a strong persuasion of their own parts and abilities; for thus when their employment is only to rehearse silly stories, and poetical fictions, they will yet think themselves wiser than the best experienced 40 philosopher; nay, they have an art of making ordinary people, such as their school boys' fond parents, to think them as considerable as their own pride has made them. Add hereunto this other sort of ravishing pleasure: when any of them 45 has found out who was the mother of Anchises, or has lighted upon some old unusual word, such as *bubsequa*, *bovinator*,

manticulator, or other like obsolete cramp terms; or can, after a great deal of poring, spell out the inscription of some battered monument, Lord! what joy, what triumph, what congratulating their success, as if they had conquered Africa, or taken Babylon the Great! When they recite some of their frothy, bombast verses, if any happen to admire them, they are presently flushed with the least hint of commendation, and devoutly thank Pythagoras for his grateful hypothesis,² whereby they are now become actuated with a descent of Vergil's poetic soul. Nor 15 is any divertisement more pleasant, than when they meet to flatter and curry one another; yet they are so critical, that if any one hap to be guilty of the least slip, or seeming blunder, another shall presently correct him for it, and then to it they go in a tongue-combat, with all the fervour, spleen, and eagerness imaginable. May Priscian³ himself be my enemy if what I am now going to say be not exactly true. I knew an old Sophister, that was a Grecian, a Latinist, a mathematician, a philosopher, a musician, and all to the utmost perfection, who, after threescore years' experience in the world, had spent the last twenty of them only in drudging to conquer the criticisms of grammar, and made it the chief part of his prayers, that his life might be so long spared till he had learned how rightly to distinguish betwixt the eight parts of speech, which no grammarian, whether Greek or Latin, had yet accurately done. If any chance to have placed that as a conjunction which ought to have been used as an adverb, it is a sufficient alarm to raise a war for the doing justice to the injured word. And since there have been as many several grammars as particular grammarians (nay, more, for Aldus⁴ alone wrote five distinct grammars for his own share), the school-master must be obliged to consult them all, sparing for no time nor trouble, though never so great, lest he should be otherwise posed in any unobserved criticism, and so

¹ The famous ass of the fables who dressed himself in a lion's skin.

² The theory of reincarnation.

³ A Roman grammarian of the early Middle Ages.

⁴ Aldus Manutius, an Italian printer and scholar, 1450-1515.

by an irreparable disgrace lose the reward of all his toil. It is indifferent to me whether you call this folly or madness, since you must needs confess that it is by my influence these school-tyrants, though in never so despicable a condition, are so happy in their own thoughts, that they would not change fortunes with the most illustrious Sophi¹ of Persia.

The Poets, however, somewhat less beholden to me,² own a professed dependance on me, being a sort of lawless blades, that by prescription claim a license to a proverb, while the whole intent of their profession is only to smooth up and tickle the ears of fools, that by mere toys and fabulous shams, with which (however ridiculous) they are so bolstered up in an airy imagination, as to promise themselves an everlasting name, and promise, by their balderdash, at the same time to celebrate the never-dying memory of others. To these rapturous wits self-love and flattery are never-failing attendants; nor do any prove more zealous or constant devotees to folly.

The Rhetoricians likewise, though they are ambitious of being ranked among the Philosophers, yet are apparently of my faction, as appears among other arguments, by this more especially; in that among their several topics, of completing the art of oratory, they all particularly insist upon the knack of jesting, which is one species of folly; as is evident from the books of oratory wrote to Herennius,³ put among Cicero's works, but done by some other unknown author; and in Quintillian,⁴ that great master of eloquence, there is one large chapter spent in prescribing the methods of raising laughter: in short, they may well attribute a great efficacy to folly, since on any argument they can many times by a slight laugh overcome what they could never seriously confute.

Of the same gang are those scribbling

fops, who think to eternize their memory by setting up for authors: among which, though they are all some way indebted to me, yet are those more especially so, who spoil paper in blotting it with mere trifles and impertinences. For as to those graver drudgers to the press, that write learnedly, beyond the reach of an ordinary reader, who durst submit their labours to the review of the most severe critic, these are not so liable to be envied for their honour, as to be pitied for their sweat and slavery. They make additions, alterations, blot out, write anew, amend, interline, turn it upside down, and yet can never please their fickle judgment, but that they shall dislike the next hour what they penn'd the former; and all this to purchase the airy commendations of a few understanding readers, which at most is but a poor reward for all their fastings, watchings, confinements, and brain-breaking tortures of invention. Add to this the impairing of their health, the weakening of their constitution, their contracting sore eyes, or perhaps turning stark blind; their poverty, their envy, their debarment from all pleasures, their hastening on old age, their untimely death, and what other inconveniences of a like or worse nature can be thought upon: and yet the recompence for all this severe penance is at best no more than a mouthful or two of frothy praise. These, as they are more laborious, so are they less happy than those other hackney scribblers which I first mentioned, who never stand much to consider, but write what comes next at a venture, knowing that the more silly their composures are, the more they will be bought up by the greater number of readers, who are fools and blockheads: and, if they hap to be condemned by some few judicious persons, it is an easy matter by clamour to drown their censure, and to silence them by urging the more numerous commendations

¹ One of the sufis (sophis), a sect of Mohammedan mystics who thought the greatest happiness consisted in meditating on the most exalted ideas.

² To Folly who is speaking.

³ C. Herennius, to whom was dedicated the *Rhetorica*, attributed to Q. Cornificius and formerly printed with the works of Cicero.

⁴ A celebrated rhetorician, teacher of Pliny the Younger and Juvenal, author of *De Institutione Oratoria*.

of others. They are yet the wisest who transcribe whole discourses from others, and then reprint them as their own. By doing so they make a cheap and easy seizure to themselves of that reputation, which cost the first author so much time and trouble to procure. If they are at any time pricked a little in conscience for fear of discovery, they feed themselves however with this hope, that if they be at last found plagiarists, yet at least for some time they shall have the credit of passing for the genuine authors. It is pleasant to see how all these several writers are puffed up with the least blast of applause, especially if they come to the honour of being pointed at as they walk along the streets, when their several pieces are laid open upon every bookseller's stall, when their names are embossed in a different character upon the title-page, sometime only with the two first letters, and sometime with fictitious cramp terms, which few shall understand the meaning of; and of those that do, all shall not agree in their verdict of the performance; some censuring, others approving it, men's judgments being as different as their palates; that being toothsome to one which is unsavoury and nauseous to another: though it is a sneaking piece of cowardice for authors to put feigned names to their works, as if, like bastards of their brain, they were afraid to own them. Thus one styles himself Telemachus, another Stelenus, a third Polycrates, another Thrasy-machus, and so on. By the same liberty we may ransack the whole alphabet, and jumble together any letters that come next to hand. It is farther very pleasant when these coxcombs employ their pens in writing congratulatory epistles, poems, and panegyrics, upon each other, wherein one shall be complimented with the title of Alcæus,¹ another shall be charactered for the incomparable Callimachus²; this shall be commended for a completer orator than Tully³ himself; a fourth shall be told by his fellow-fool that the divine Plato comes short of him for a philosophic soul. Sometime again they take up the cudgels, and challenge out an antagonist, and so get a name by a combat at dispute and controversy, while the unwary readers draw sides according to their different judgments: the longer the quarrel holds the more irreconcilable it grows; and, when both parties are weary, they each pretend themselves the conquerors, and both lay claim to the credit of coming off with victory. These fooleries make sport for wise men, as being highly absurd, ridiculous and extravagant. True, but yet these paper-combatants, by my assistance, are so flushed with a conceit of their own greatness, that they prefer the solving of a syllogism before the sacking of Carthage; and upon the defeat of a poor objection carry themselves more triumphant than the most victorious Scipio.

ITALIAN MACHIAVELLI

(1469-1527)

Niccolo Machiavelli was born in Florence of a good family, and lost his father while he was still a boy. His public career began in 1494, with a post as secretary to Marcello Virgilio. In 1500 he was sent on a diplomatic mission to France, and the next year he began his two-year sojourn at the court of the notorious Cæsar Borgia. He was employed in various missions until 1512, when, with the fall of the republic and the restoration of the Medicis, he was deprived of his position and thrown into prison. He was released by Pope Leo X, however, in 1513. The next six years he spent in retirement, studying and composing his famous tract *The Prince*. In 1519 he was asked to prepare a memoir setting forth the best method of governing Florence.

¹ Famous ancient Greek lyric poets.

² Cicero, his full name being Marcus Tullius Cicero.

He prepared the memoir, but it was ignored. He also wrote at this time his famous *History of Florence*. In spite of his secret sympathy with the republic, the fall of the Medicis brought him no benefits; for the republicans had been suspicious of his apparent acquiescence in the rule of the Medicis. He died in 1527 while occupied with the fortification of Rome under the direction of the Pope.

Many views have been expressed regarding the purpose and effect of *The Prince*. It is a tract written by a clear-headed and widely-read political historian explaining how a prince gets and keeps his power. Coming as it did after a long succession of books aimed at the moral instruction of princes, this tract gives a curiously non-moral effect. The fact is, however, that Machiavelli merely described, without exclamations either of admiration or horror, the methods used by princes at various periods of the world's history to get and hold their power. If most actions of princes in the book seem to be lacking in those finer altruistic qualities recommended by Xenophon and Cicero, one can but reflect that they are pretty fairly representative of actual practice. The book is a thorough condemnation of absolute government, and was written by a man who was first and foremost an historian — and a good one. But because of the nature of his disclosures the name of Machiavelli, almost from the first generation after his death, became synonymous with all that is diabolical in statecraft.

The present selection is translated by W. K. Marriott in *The Prince*, E. P. Dutton, London.

THE PRINCE

CONCERNING THOSE WHO HAVE OBTAINED A PRINCIPALITY BY WICKEDNESS

Although a prince may rise from a private station in two ways, neither of which can be entirely attributed to fortune or genius, yet it is manifest to me that I must not be silent on them — although one could be more copiously treated when I discuss republics.

These methods are when, either by some wicked or nefarious ways, one ascends to the principality, or when by the favor of his fellow citizens a private person becomes the prince of his country.

And, speaking of the first method, it will be illustrated by two examples — one ancient, the other modern — and, without entering further into the subject, I consider these two examples will suffice those who may be compelled to follow them.

Agathocles, the Sicilian, became King of Syracuse not only from a private but from a low and abject position. This man, the son of a potter, through all the changes in his fortunes always led an infamous life. Nevertheless, he accompanied his infamies with so much ability of mind and body that, having devoted himself to the military profession, he rose through the ranks to be Prætor of Syracuse. Being established in that position, and having deliberately resolved to make himself prince and to seize by violence, without obligation to

others, that which had been conceded to him by assent, he came to an understanding for this purpose with Amilcar, the Carthaginian, who, with his army, was fighting in Sicily.

One morning he assembled the people and Senate of Syracuse, as if he had to discuss with them things relating to the Republic, and at a given signal the soldiers killed all the senators and the richest of the people; these dead, he seized and held the principedom of that city without any civil commotion. And although he was twice routed by the Carthaginians, and ultimately besieged, yet not only was he able to defend his city, but, leaving part of his men for its defense, with the others he attacked Africa, and in a short time raised the siege of Syracuse. The Carthaginians, reduced to extreme necessity, were compelled to come to terms with Agathocles, and, leaving Sicily to him, had to be content with the possessions of Africa.

Therefore, he who considers the actions and the genius of this man will see nothing, or little, which can be attributed to fortune, inasmuch as he attained pre-eminence, not by the favor of any one, but step by step in the military profession, which steps were gained with a thousand troubles and perils, and were afterwards boldly held by him with many hazards and dangers.

Yet it cannot be called talent to slay fellow citizens, to deceive friends, to be without faith, without mercy, without religion; such methods may gain empires,

but not glory. Still, if the courage of Agathocles in entering into and extricating himself from dangers be considered, together with his greatness of mind in enduring and overcoming hardships, it cannot be seen why he should be esteemed less than the most notable captain.

Nevertheless, his barbarous cruelty and inhumanity with infinite wickednesses do not permit him to be celebrated among the most excellent men. What he achieved cannot be attributed either to fortune or to genius.

In our times, during the rule of Pope Alexander VI, Oliverotto da Fermo, having been left an orphan many years before, was brought up by his maternal uncle, Giovanni Fogliani; and in the early days of his youth was sent to fight under Pagolo Vitelli, that, being trained under his discipline, he might attain some high position in the military profession. After Pagolo died, he fought under his brother Vitellozzo; and, in a very short time, being endowed with wit and a vigorous body and mind, he became the first man in his profession.

But, it appearing to him a paltry thing to serve under others, he resolved, with the aid of some citizens of Fermo, to whom the slavery of their country was dearer than its liberty, and with the help of the Vitelleschi, to seize Fermo. So he wrote to Giovanni Fogliani that, having been away from home for many years, he wished to visit him and his city, and in some measure to look into his patrimony; and although he had not labored to acquire anything except honor, yet, in order that the citizens should see he had not spent his time in vain, he desired to come honorably, so would be accompanied by one hundred horsemen, his friends and retainers; and he entreated Giovanni to arrange that he should be received honorably by the Fermanese, all of which would be not only to his honor, but also to that of Giovanni himself, who had brought him up.

Giovanni, therefore, did not fail in any attention due to his nephew, and he caused him to be honorably received by the Fermanese, and he lodged him in his own house, where, having passed some days,

and having arranged what was necessary for his wicked designs, Oliverotto gave a solemn banquet to which he invited Giovanni Fogliani and the chiefs of Fermo.

When the viands and all the other entertainments that are usual in such banquets were finished, Oliverotto artfully began certain grave discourses, speaking of the greatness of Pope Alexander and his son Cæsare, and of their enterprises, to which discourse Giovanni and others answered; but he rose at once, saying that such matters ought to be discussed in a more private place, and he betook himself to a chamber, whither Giovanni and the rest of the citizens followed.

No sooner were they seated than soldiers issued from secret places and slaughtered Giovanni and the rest.

After these murders Oliverotto, mounted on horseback, rode up and down the town, and besieged the chief magistrate in the palace, so that in fear the people were forced to obey him, and to form a government of which he made himself the prince. He killed all the malcontents who were able to injure him, and strengthened himself with new civil and military ordinances in such a way that, in the year during which he held the principality, not only was he secure in the city of Fermo, but he had become formidable to all his neighbors. And his destruction would have been as difficult as that of Agathocles if he had not allowed himself to be overreached by Cæsare Borgia, who took him with the Orsini and Vitelli at Sinigalia. Thus one year after he had committed this parricide he was strangled, together with Vitellozzo, whom he had made his leader in valor and wickedness.

Some may wonder how it can happen that Agathocles, and his like, after infinite treacheries and cruelties, should live for long secure in his country, and defend himself from external enemies, and never be conspired against by his own citizens; seeing that many others, by means of cruelty, have never been able even in peaceful times to hold the state, still less in the doubtful times of war. I believe that this follows from severities being badly or properly used. Those may

be called properly used, if of evil it is lawful to speak well, that are applied at one blow and are necessary to one's security, and that are not persisted in afterwards unless they can be turned to the advantage of the subjects. The badly employed are those which, notwithstanding they may be few in the commencement, multiply with time rather than decrease. Those who practise the first system are able, by aid of God or man, to mitigate in some degree their rule, as Agathocles did. It is impossible for those who follow the other to maintain themselves.

Hence it is to be remarked that, in seizing a state, the usurper ought to examine closely into all those injuries which it is necessary for him to inflict, and to do them all at one stroke so as not to have to repeat them daily; and thus by not unsettling men he will be able to reassure them, and win them to himself by benefits. He who does otherwise, either from timidity or evil advice, is always compelled to keep the knife in his hand; neither can he rely on his subjects, nor can they attach themselves to him, owing to their continued and repeated wrongs. For injuries ought to be done all at one time, so that, being tasted less, they offend less; benefits ought to be given little by little, so that the flavor of them may last longer.

And above all things, a prince ought to live amongst his people in such a way that no unexpected circumstances, whether of good or evil, shall make him change; because, if the necessity of this comes in troubled times, you are too late for harsh measures; and mild ones will not help you, for they will be considered as forced from you, and no one will be under any obligation to you for them.

CONCERNING THINGS FOR WHICH MEN,
AND ESPECIALLY PRINCES, ARE
PRAISED OR BLAMED

It remains now to see what ought to be the rules of conduct for a prince towards subject and friends. And, as I know that many have written on this point, I expect I shall be considered presumptuous in mentioning it again, especially as in discussing it I shall depart from the methods of other people. But, it being my intention to write a thing which shall be useful to him who apprehends it, it appears to me more appropriate to follow up the real truth of a matter than the imagination of it; for many have pictured republics and principalities which in fact have never been known or seen, because the manner in which one lives is so far distant from the manner in which one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done sooner effects his ruin than his preservation; for a man who wishes to act entirely up to his professions of virtue soon meets with what destroys him among so much that is evil.

Hence it is necessary for a prince wishing to hold his own to know how to do wrong, and to make use of it or not according to necessity. Therefore, putting on one side imaginary things concerning a prince, and discussing those which are real, I say that all men when they are spoken of, and chiefly princes for being more highly placed, are remarkable for some of those qualities which bring them either blame or praise; and thus it is that one is reputed liberal, another miserly, using a Tuscan term (because an avaricious person in our language is still he who desires to possess by robbery, whilst we call one miserly who deprives himself too much of the use of his own); one is reputed generous, one rapacious; one cruel, one compassionate; one faithless, another faithful; one effeminate and cowardly, another bold and brave; one affable, another haughty; one lascivious, another chaste; one sincere, another cunning; one hard, another easy; one grave, another frivolous; one religious, another unbelieving, and the like.

And I know that every one will confess that it would be most praiseworthy in a prince to exhibit all the above qualities that are considered good; but because they can neither be entirely possessed nor observed, for human conditions do not permit it, it is necessary for him to be sufficiently prudent that he may know how to avoid the reproach of those vices which would lose him his state; and also to keep himself, if it be possible, from those which would

not lose him it; but, this not being possible, he may with less hesitation abandon himself to them.

And again, he need not make himself uneasy at incurring a reproach for those vices without which the state can only be saved with difficulty, for, if everything is considered carefully, it will be found that something which looks like virtue, if followed, would be his ruin; whilst something else, which looks like vice, yet followed brings him security and prosperity.

CONCERNING LIBERALITY AND MEANNESS

Commencing then with the first of the above-named characteristics, I say that it would be well to be reputed liberal. Nevertheless, liberality, exercised in a way that does not bring you the reputation for it, injures you; for, if one exercises it honestly and as it should be exercised, it may not become known, and you will not avoid the reproach of its opposite. Therefore, any one wishing to maintain among men the name of liberal is obliged to avoid no attribute of magnificence; so that a prince thus inclined will consume in such acts all his property, and will be compelled in the end, if he wish to maintain the name of liberal, to unduly weigh down his people, and tax them, and do everything he can to get money. This will soon make him odious to his subjects, and becoming poor he will be little valued by any one; thus, with his liberality, having offended many and rewarded few, he is affected by the very first trouble and imperiled by whatever may be the first danger; recognizing this himself, and wishing to draw back from it, he runs at once into the reproach of being miserly.

Therefore a prince, not being able to exercise this virtue of liberty in such a way that it is recognized, except to his cost, if he is wise he ought not to fear the reputation of being mean, for in time he will come to be more considered than if liberal, seeing that with his economy his revenues are enough that he can defend himself against all attacks, and is able to engage in enterprises without burdening his people; thus it comes to pass that he exercises

liberality towards all from whom he does not take, who are numberless, and meanness towards those to whom he does not give, who are few.

We have not seen great things done in our time except by those who have been considered mean; the rest have failed. Pope Julius the Second was assisted in reaching the papacy by a reputation for liberality, yet he did not strive afterward to keep it up, when he made war on the King of France; and he made many wars without imposing any extraordinary tax on his subjects, for he supplied his additional expenses out of his thriftiness. The present King of Spain would not have undertaken or conquered in so many enterprises if he had been reputed liberal. A prince, therefore, provided that he has not to rob his subjects, that he can defend himself, that he does not become poor and abject, that he is not forced to become rapacious, ought to hold of little account a reputation for being mean, for it is one of those vices which will enable him to govern.

And if any one should say: Caesar obtained empire by liberality, and many others have reached the highest positions by having been liberal, and by being considered so, I answer: Either you are a prince in fact, or in a way to become one. In the first case this liberality is dangerous, in the second it is very necessary to be considered liberal; and Caesar was one of those who wished to become pre-eminent in Rome; but if he had survived after becoming so, and had not moderated his expenses, he would have destroyed his government. And if any one should reply: Many have been princes, and have done great things with armies, who have been considered very liberal, I reply: Either a prince spends that which is his own or his subjects' or else that of others. In the first case he ought to be sparing, in the second he ought not to neglect any opportunity for liberality. And to the prince who goes forth with his army, supporting it by pillage, sack, and extortion, handling that which belongs to others, liberality is necessary, otherwise he would not be followed by his soldiers. And of that which is neither

yours nor your subjects' you can be a ready giver, as were Cyrus, Cæsar, and Alexander; because it does not take away your reputation if you squander that of others, but adds to it; it is only squandering your own that injures you.

There is nothing wasted so rapidly as liberality, for even whilst you exercise it you lose the power to do so, and so become either poor or despised, or else, in avoiding poverty, rapacious and hated. And a prince should guard himself, above all things, against being despised and hated; and liberality leads you to both.

Therefore it is better to have a reputation for meanness which brings reproach without hatred, than to be compelled through seeking a reputation for liberality to incur a name for rapacity which begets reproach with hatred.

CONCERNING THE SECRETARIES OF PRINCES

The choice of servants is of no little importance and consideration to a prince, and they are good or not according to the discrimination of the prince. And the first opinion which one forms of a prince, and of his understanding, is by observing the men he has around him; and when they are capable and faithful he may always be considered wise, because he has known how to recognize the capable and to keep them faithful. But when they are otherwise one cannot form a good opinion of him, for the prime error which he has made was in choosing them.

There was none who knew Messer Antonio de Venafo as the servant of Pandolfo Petrucci, Prince of Siena, who would not consider Pandolfo to be a very clever man in having Venafo for his servant. Be-

cause there are three classes of intellects: One which comprehends itself, another which appreciates what others comprehend, and a third which comprehends neither by itself nor by the showing of others; the first is the most excellent, the second is good, the third is useless. Therefore, it follows necessarily that, if Pandolfo was not in the first rank, he was in the second, for whenever one has judgment to know good or bad when it is said and done, although he himself may not have the initiative, yet he can recognize the good and the bad in his servant, and the one he can praise and the other correct; thus the servant cannot hope to deceive him, and is kept honest.

But to enable a prince to form an opinion of his servant there is one test which never fails; when you see the servant thinking more of his own interests than of yours, and seeking inwardly his own profit in everything, such a man will never make a good servant, nor will you ever be able to trust him; because he who has the state of another in his hands ought never to think of himself, but always of his prince, and never pay any attention to matters in which the prince is not concerned.

On the other hand, to keep his servant honest the prince ought to study him, honoring him, enriching him, doing him kindnesses, sharing with him the honors and cares; and at the same time let him see that he cannot stand alone, so that many honors may not make him desire more, many riches make him wish for more, and that many cares may make him dread changes. When, therefore, servants, and princes towards servants, are thus disposed, they can trust each other, but, when it is otherwise, the end will always be disastrous for either one or the other.

SATIRE

FRENCH

RABELAIS

(1495-1553)

François Rabelais, one of the most vigorous and striking figures of the French Renaissance, was a physician and a churchman. He was one of the outstanding men of learning of his time, a leader in the medical profession (he is credited with being the first in France to make a dissection), a remarkable master of language, and a political and social satirist. He received his early training from the Franciscans and the Benedictines; but he never learned to reconcile himself to the restrictions of monastic life. In fact, he shows throughout his writings a strong anti-clerical bias.

His main work consists of two books, now usually thought of as one, *Pantagruel* and *Gargantua*. These were translated into English by Sir Thomas Urquhart (1611-1660) and Peter Anthony Motteux (1660-1718). The complete work consists of the education and adventures of Gargantua the father (one book) and the adventures of Pantagruel the son (four books). The literary form is unlike any other in the whole history of literature and defies classification. Starting with a background of popular tales, Rabelais builds up a grotesque satire of gigantic proportions, which reflects, as in a concave mirror, the follies of the world. A gross materialism of expression cloaks an essentially intellectual purpose; and the whole is a fantastic combination of satire, dialectic, and reflection.

Rabelais's style is breath-taking. An inexhaustible supply of epithets, an abundance of quotations from the most austere masters of antiquity and a knowledge of minute anatomical detail combine with telling humorous effect, as, half-seriously and half-jestingly, he administers resounding blows to the manners and ideas of the Middle Ages and describes with apparent gusto the new humanistic trends in education and government.

Although Rabelais occupies a unique position in the literary world, he is not without literary kindred. Something of a similar vein is to be found in Cervantes's *Don Quixote*; the description of the country of the Thelemites has in it something of the spirit which animated Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*; and it is thought that Swift, in his *Gulliver's Travels*, owes to Rabelais a direct debt.

The passages here printed are selected from the *Gargantua*, which Rabelais completed in 1534. The first selection is especially interesting as an exaggerated but basically true account of the ideal humanistic education. The translation is that of Urquhart and Motteux, London, Lawrence and Bullen, 1892.

GARGANTUA

HOW GARGANTUA WAS INSTRUCTED BY
PONOCRATES, AND IN SUCH SORT
DISCIPLINATED, THAT HE LOST
NOT ONE HOUR OF THE DAY

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a 10 bore,¹ by which medicine he cleansed all

while he bore with him, considering that nature cannot endure a sudden change, without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua into a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian helle-

¹ Hellebore was a drastic purgative and grew in Anticyra.

the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient perceptors, as Timotheus¹ did to his disciples, who had been instructed under other musicians. To do this the better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which were there, in whose imitation he had a great desire and affectation to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a road and way of studying that he lost not any one hour of the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awakened, then, about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplication to that good God, whose word did show his majesty and marvelous judgment. Then went he into the secret places. . . . There his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. In returning, they considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the lecture, either unto a field near the university called the Brack, or unto the meadows where they played at the ball, the long-tennis, and at the piletrigone, . . .

most gallantly exercising their bodies, as formerly they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and, walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy and nature of all that was served in at the table; of bread, of wine, of salt, of fleshs, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof he learned in a little time all the passages competent for this that were to be found in Pliny, Athanasius, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodore, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning, and, ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic toothpickers, washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine cantiques, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it

¹ Timotheus (ca. 390 B.C.) was a Greek poet and musician whose introduction of the lyre with eleven strings was publicly condemned by the Spartans.

as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunstall¹ the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison with him he had no skill at all. And not only in that, but in the other mathematic sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music, &c. For in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practice the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Almain flute² with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut.³ This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, . . . he then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures, as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, a Dutch roussin, a Spanish jennet, a barded or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go to the high saults, bounding in the air, free a ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pale, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore, with a sharp, stiff, strong and well-steeled lance, would he usually force up a door, pierce a

harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirasser saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes, and smacking popisms, for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The voltigier⁴ of Ferrara was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skillful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battleaxe, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all feats practiceable by it, that he passed knights of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the backsword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, called the hops, nor at cloche-pied, called the hare's leap, nor yet at the Almain's; for, said Gymnast, these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use; but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window the full length of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine, without wetting it and

¹ Tunstall (1475-1559) was a learned English prelate and statesman, author of several theological and scientific works.

² German flute.

⁴ Tumbler.

³ A mediæval brass wind instrument.

dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up at trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo¹; then with two sharp and well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, he would run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly came down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practice the javelin, the boarspear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bending against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed and planted the cannon, shot at butt-marks, at the paggay from below upwards, or to a height, from above downwards, or to a descent; then before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then upon the same tract came down so sturdily and firm that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a

great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid pole with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs he would shout like all the devils in hell. I heard him once call Eudemon from St. Victor's gate to Montmartre.² Stentor³ never had such a voice at the siege of Troy. Then, for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred quintals,⁴ which they called alteres. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an imitable force. He fought at barriers with the stoutest and most vigorous champions; and, when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet, that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old. In whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and freshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rizotomos had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for herborizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which hath been read, and sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober

¹ A famous athlete of the sixth century B.C. According to legend, Milo, old, but still wishing to prove his power, attempted to rend apart with his hands a tree already split. The two halves of the trunk came together at this moment, imprisoning him.

² From one end of Paris to the other.

³ Stentor, herald of the Greeks in the Trojan War, was noted for his tremendous voice.

⁴ A hundredweight.

and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large; for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of loggerheaded physicians, nuzzled in the brabbling shop of sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good: the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards or dice, or in practising the feats of legerdemain, with cups and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the both fixed stars and planets.

HOW THERE WAS A GREAT STRIFE
AND DEBATE RAISED BETWIXT THE
CAKE-BAKERS OF LERNÉ, AND THOSE
OF GARGANTUA'S COUNTRY, WHERE-
UPON WERE WAGED
GREAT WARS

At that time, which was the season of vintage, in the beginning of harvest, when the country shepherds were set to keep the vines, and hinder the starlings from eating up the grapes, as some cake-bakers of Lerné happened to pass along in the broad highway, driving into the city ten or twelve horses loaded with cakes, the said shepherds courteously entreated them to give them some for their money, as the price then ruled in the market. . . . The bunsellers or cake-makers were in nothing inclinable to their request; but (which was worse) did injure them most outrageously, calling them prattling gabblers, lickorous gluttons, freckled bittors, mangy rascals, drunken roysters, sly knaves, drowsy loiterers, slapsauce fellows, slabberdegullion druggels, lubbardly louts, cozening foxes, ruffian rogues, paltry customers, sycophant-varlets, drawlatch hoydons, flouting milksops, jeering companions, staring clowns, forlorn snakes, ninny lob-cocks, scurvy sneaksbies, idle lusks, fondling fops, base loons, saucy coxcombs, scoffing braggards, noddie meacocks, blockish grutnols, doddipol joltheads, jobbernot goosecaps, foolish loggerheads, flutch calf-lollies, grouthead gnat-snappers, lob-dotterels, gaping changelings, codshead loobies, woodcock slangams, ninnie-hammer flycatchers, noddypeak simpletons, and other such like defamatory epithets; saying further that it was not for them to eat of these dainty cakes, but might very well content themselves with the coarse unranged bread, or to eat of the great brown household loaf. To which provoking words, one amongst them, called For-gier, an honest fellow of his person, and a notable springal,¹ made answer very calmly thus: How long is it since you have got horns, that you are become so proud? Indeed, formerly you were wont to give us some freely, and will you not now let us have any for our money. This is not the part of good neighbors, neither do we serve you thus, when you come thither to buy our good corn, whereof you make your cakes and buns. Besides that, we would have given you to the bargain some of our grapes, but, by his wounds, you may chance to repent it, and possibly have need of us at another time, when we shall use you after the like manner, and therefore remember it. Then Marquet, a prime man in the confraternity of the cake-bakers, said unto him, Yea, sir, thou art pretty well crest-risen this morning, thou didst eat yesternight too much millet and bolymong. Come hither, sirrah, I will give thee some cakes. Whereupon For-gier, dreading no harm, in all simplicity went towards him, and drew a sixpence out

¹ Stripling.

of his leather satchel, thinking that Marquet would have sold him some of his cakes. But instead of cakes, he gave him with his whip such a rude lash overthwart the legs, that the marks of the whiplash knots were apparent in them, then would have fled away; but Forgier cried out as loud as he could, Oh, murder, murder, help, help, help! and in the meantime threw a great cudgel after him, which he carried under his arm, wherewith he hit him in the coronal joint of his head, upon the crotaphic artery of the right side thereof, so forcibly, that Marquet fell down from his mare, more like a dead than a living man. Meanwhile the farmers and country swains, that were watching their walnuts near to that place, came running with their great poles and long staves, and laid such a load on these cake-bakers, as if they had been to thrash upon green rye. The other shepherds and shepherdesses, hearing the lamentable shout of Forgier, came with their slings and slackies following them, and throwing great stones at them, as thick as if it had been hail. At last they overtook them, and took from them about four or five dozen of their cakes. Nevertheless they paid for them the ordinary price, and gave them over and above one hundred eggs, and three baskets full of mulberries. Then did the cake-bakers help to get up to his mare Marquet, who was most shrewdly wounded, and forthwith returned to Lerné, changing the resolution they had to go to Pareillé, threatening very sharp and boisterously the cowherds, shepherds and farmers of Seville and Sinays. This done, the shepherds and shepherdesses made merry with these cakes and fine grapes, and sported themselves together at the sound of the pretty small pipe, scoffing and laughing at those vainglorious cake-bakers, who had that day met with mischief for want of crossing themselves with a good hand in the morning. Nor did they forget to apply to Forgier's leg some fair great red medicinal grapes, and so handsomely dressed it and bound it up, that he was quickly cured.

HOW A MONK OF SEVILLÉ SAVED THE
CLOSE OF THE ABBEY FROM BEING
RANSACKED BY THE ENEMY

5 So much they did, and so far they went pillaging and stealing, that at last they came to Seville, where they robbed both men and women, and took all they could catch: nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them. Although the plague was there in the most part of all the houses, they nevertheless entered everywhere, then plundered and carried away all that was within, and yet for all this not one of them took any hurt, which is a most wonderful case. For the curates, physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, who went to visit, to dress, to cure, to heal, to preach unto, and admonish those that were sick, were all dead of the infection, and these devilish robbers and murderers caught never any harm at all. Whence comes this to pass, my masters? I beseech you think upon it. The town being thus pillaged, they went 10 unto the abbey with a horrible noise and tumult, but they found it shut and made fast against them. Whereupon the body of the army marched forward towards a pass or ford called the Gué de Véde, except seven companies of foot, and two hundred lancers, who, staying there, broke down the walls of the close, to waste, spoil, and make havoc of all the vines and vintage within that place. The monks (poor devils) knew not in that extremity to which of all their sancts they should vow themselves. Nevertheless, at all adventures, they rang the bells *ad capitulum capitulantes*.¹ There it was decreed, that they should make a fair procession, stuffed with good lectures, prayers, and litanies *contra hostium insidias*,² and jolly responses *pro pace*.

There was then in the abbey a claustral monk, called Friar John of the funnels and gobbets, in French, *des entoumeures* young, gallant, frisk, lusty, nimble, quick, active, bold, adventurous, resolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, a fair despatcher of morning prayers, unbridler of masses, and runner over of vigils; and, to

¹ To call together all who belonged to the chapter.

² Against the snares of the enemy.

conclude summarily in a word, a right monk, if ever there was any, since the monking world monk'd a monkery: for the rest, a clerk even to the teeth in the matter of breviary. This monk, hearing the noise that the enemy made within the inclosure of the vineyard, went out to see what they were doing; and perceiving that they were cutting and gathering the grapes, whereon was grounded the foundation of all their next year's wine, returned unto the choir of the church where the other monks were, all amazed and astonished like so many bell-melters. Whom when he heard sing, im, im, pe, ne, ne, ne, nene, tum, ne, num, num, ini, i mi, co, o, no, o, o, neno, ne, no, no, no, rum, nenum, num: It is well sung, said he. By the virtue of God, why do you not sing, Panniers farewell, vintage is done. The devil snatch me, if they do not already within the middle of our close, and cut so well both vines and grapes that, by cod's body, there will not be found for these four years to come so much as a glean in it. By the belly of Sanct James, what shall we poor devils drink the while? Lord God! *da mihi potum*.¹ Then said the prior of the convent: What should this drunken fellow do here? let him be carried to prison for troubling the divine service. Nay, said the monk, the wine service, let us behave ourselves so that it be not troubled; for you, yourself, my lord prior, love to drink of the best, and so doth every honest man. Never yet did a man of worth dislike good wine, it is a monastical apothegm. But these responses that you chant here, by g—, are not in season. Wherefore is it, that our devotions were instituted to be short in the time of harvest and vintage, and long in the advent and all the winter? The late friar, Massepelosse, of good memory, a true zealous man (or else I give myself to the devil), of our religion, told me, and I remember it well, how the reason was, that in this season we might press and make the wine, and in the winter whiff it up. Hark you, my masters, you that love the wine, Cop's body, follow me; for

Sanct Anthony burn me as freely as a faggot, if they get leave to taste one drop of the liquor, that will not now come and fight for relief of the vine. Hog's belly, the goods of the church! Ha, no no. What the devil, Sanct Thomas of England² was well content to die for them; if I died in the same cause, should not I be a sanct likewise? Yes. Yet shall not I die there for all this, for it is I that must do it to others and send them a-packing.

As he spake thus, he threw off his great monk's habit, and laid hold upon the staff of the cross, which was made of the heart of a sorbapple tree, it being of the length of a lance, round, of a full gripe, and a little powdered with lilies called flower de luce, the workmanship whereof was almost all defaced and worn out. Thus went he out in a fair long-skirted jacket, putting his frock scarfwise athwart his breast, and this equipage, with the staff, shaft, or truncheon of the cross, laid on so lustily, brisk, and fiercely upon his enemies, who without any order, or ensign, or trumpet, or drum, were busied in gathering the grapes out of the vineyard. For the cornets, guidons, and ensign bearers had laid down their standards, banners, and colors by the wallsides: the drummers had knocked out the heads of their drums on one end, to fill them with grapes: the trumpeters were loaded with great bundles of bunches, and huge knots of clusters: in sum, every one of them was out of array, and all in disorder. He hurried, therefore, upon them so rudely, without crying gare or beware, that he overthrew them like hogs, tumbled them over like swine, striking athwart and alongst, and by one means or other laid so about him, after the old fashion of fencing, that to some he beat out their brains, to others he crushed their arms, battered their legs, and bethwacked their sides till their ribs cracked with it. To others again he unjointed the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigured their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chin, and so swung and belammed them, that they

¹ Give me a drink.

² Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered by four barons, servants of King Henry II, for his obstinacy in defending ecclesiastical power.

fell down before him like hay before a mower. To some others he spoiled the frame of their kidneys, marred their backs, broke their thigh-bones, pashed in their noses, poached out their eyes, cleft their mandibles, tore their jaws, dashed in their teeth into their throat, shook asunder their omoplates or shoulder blades, sphacelated their shins, mortified their shanks, inflamed their ankles, heaved-off-of-the-hinges their ishies, their sciatica or hip-gout, dislocated the joints of their knees, squattered into pieces the boughts or pestles of their thighs, and so thumped, mauled, and belabored them everywhere, that never was corn so thick and threefold thrashed upon by plowmen's flails, as were the pitifully disjoined members of their mangled bodies, under the merciless baton of the cross. If any offered to hide himself among the thickest of the vines, he laid him squat as a flounder, bruised the ridge of his back, and dashed his reins like a dog. If any thought by flight to escape, he made his head to fly in pieces by the lambdoidal commissure, which is a seam in the hinder part of the skull. If anyone did scramble up into a tree, thinking there to be safe, he rent up his perinee and impaled him in the fundament. If any of his old acquaintance happened to cry out, Ha, Friar John, my friend Friar John, quarter, quarter, I yield myself to you, to you I render myself! So thou shalt, said he, and must, whether thou wouldst or no, and withal render and yield up thy soul to all the devils in hell; then suddenly gave them dronos — that is, so many knocks, thumps, raps, dints, thwacks, and bangs, as sufficed to warn Pluto of their coming, and despatch them a going. If any was so rash and full of temerity as to resist him to his face, then was it he did show the strength of his muscles, for without more ado he did transpierce him, by running him in at the breast, through the mediastine¹ and the heart. Others, again, he so quashed and bebumped, that, with a sound bounce under the hollow of their short ribs, he overturned their stomachs so that they died immediately. To some, with a smart souse on the epigaster,² he

would make their midriff swag, then, redoubling with the blow, gave them such a home-push on the navel, that he made their puddings to gush out. To others through their ballocks he pierced their bumgut, and left no bowel, tripe, nor entrail in their body, that had not felt the impetuosity, fierceness, and fury of his violence. Believe, that it was the most horrible spectacle that ever one was. Some cried unto Sanct Barbe, others to St. George. O the holy Lady Nytouch, said one, the good Sanctess! O our Lady of Succours, said another, help help! Others cried, Our Lady of Cunaut, of Loretto, of Good Tidings, on the other side of the water St. Mary Over. Some vowed a pilgrimage to St. James, and others to the holy handkerchief at Chamberry, which three months after that burnt so well in the fire, that they could not get one thread of it saved. Others sent up their vows to St. Cadouin, others to St. John d'Angely, and to St. Eutropius of Xaintes. Others again invoked St. Mesmes of Chinon, St. Martin of Candes, St. Clônaud of Sinays, the holy relics of Laurezey, with a thousand other jolly little sancts and santrels. Some died without speaking, others spoke without dying; some died in speaking, others spoke in dying. Others shouted as loud as they could, Confession, Confession! *Confiteor, Miserere, In manus!* So great was the cry of the wounded, that the Prior of the Abbey with all his monks came forth, who, when they saw these poor wretches so slain amongst the vines, and wounded to death, confessed some of them. But whilst the priests were busied in confessing them, the little monkees ran all to the place where Friar John was, and asked him, wherein he would be pleased to require their assistance! To which he answered that they should cut the throats of those he had thrown down upon the ground. They presently, leaving their outer habits, and cowls, upon the rails, began to throttle and make an end of those whom he had already crushed. Can you tell with what instruments they did it? With fair gullies, which are little haulch-backed demi-knives, the iron tool whereof is two

¹ The chest.

The abdomen.

inches long and the wooden handle one inch thick, and three inches in length, where-with the little boys in our country cut ripe walnuts in two, while they are yet in the shell, and pick out the kernel, and they found them very fit for the expediting of that weasand-slitting exploit. In the meantime Friar John, with his formidable baton of the cross, got to the breach which the enemies had made, and there stood to 10 snatch up those who endeavored to escape. Some of the monkitos carried the standards, banners, ensigns, guidons, and colors into their cells and chambers, to make garters of them. But when those that had 15 been shriven would have gone out at the gap of the said breach, the sturdy monk quashed and felled them down with blows, saying, These men have had confession and are penitent souls, they have got their absolution and gained the pardons: they go into paradise as straight as a sickle, or as the way is to Faye¹ (like the Crooked-Lane at Eastcheap). Thus by his prowess and valor were discomfited all those of the army that entered into the close of the abbey unto the number of thirteen thousand, six hundred twenty and two, besides the women and little children, which is always to be understood. Never did Maugis the Hermit² bear himself more valiantly with his bourdon or pilgrim's staff against the Saracens, of whom is written in the Acts of the four sons of Aymon,³ than did this monk against his enemies with the staff of the cross.

¹ Faie-la-vineuse, a little village situated on so steep a slope that there was no way of reaching it except by winding round the hill.

² A character in the Charlemagne romances.

³ A duke of Dordogne, in mediæval romance, who had four sons whose exploits are recounted in the old French romance *The Four Sons of Aymon* (belonging to the Charlemagne cycle).

MEMOIRS

ITALIAN

CELLINI

(1500-1571)

Benvenuto Cellini, celebrated sculptor and artist, was born in Florence. He learned music in obedience to his father's will; but he preferred the arts of the gold-worker, engraver, and sculptor, in which he excelled. Having wounded a man in a quarrel, he fled from Florence to Rome. He fought in defence of that city in 1527, when it was stormed by Constable Bourbon, whom Cellini boasted of having killed on that occasion. Employed by Pope Clement VII as engraver to the mint, he engraved medals with great success, and afterwards worked in Paris for Francis I, and in Florence for Cosimo de' Medici. Among his masterpieces is a bronze group of *Perseus and Medusa*. Cellini's *Autobiography* is a careless, disorganized document, which, because of its extraordinary vitality, continues to be one of the most highly prized and widely read Italian pieces of the sixteenth century. Proceeding from a character of the most curious contradictions, — a delicate taste and a ferocious and boastful disposition, the highest enthusiasm for beauty and the most abysmal ignorance and superstition, a total lack of ethical scruples, and a whole-hearted devotion to art — it delights the reader by its very paradoxes.

The following selections are from the translation of J. Addington Symonds, New York, P. F. Collier and Sons, 1910.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

LII

The Pope had sent me all those precious stones, except the diamond, which was pawned to certain Genoese bankers for some pressing need he had of money. The rest were in my custody, together with a model of the diamond. I had five excellent journeymen, and, in addition to the great piece, I was engaged on several jobs; so that my shop contained property of much value in jewels, gems, and gold and silver. I kept a shaggy dog, very big and handsome, which Duke Alessandro gave me; the beast was capital as a retriever, since he brought me every sort of birds and game I shot, but he also served most admirably for a watchdog.

It chanced one night: for I must say that a thief, under the pretext of being a goldsmith, had spied on me, and cast his eyes upon the precious stones, and made a

plan to steal them. Well, then, this fellow broke into the shop, where he found a quantity of little things in gold and silver. He was engaged in bursting open certain boxes to get at the jewels he had noticed, when my dog jumped upon him, and put him to much trouble to defend himself with his sword. The dog, unable to grapple with an armed man, ran several times through the house, and rushed into the rooms of the journeymen, which had been left open because of the great heat. When he found they paid no heed to his loud barking, he dragged their bed-clothes off; and when they still heard nothing, he pulled first one and then another by the arm till he roused them, and, barking furiously, ran before to show them where he wanted them to go. At last it became clear that they refused to follow; for the traitors, cross at being disturbed, threw stones and sticks at him; and this they could well do, for I had ordered them to keep all night a lamp alight there; and in

the end they shut their rooms tight; so the dog, abandoning all hope of aid from such rascals, set out alone again on his adventure. He ran down, and not finding the thief in the shop, flew after him. When he got at him, he tore the cape off his back. It would have gone hard with the fellow had he not called for help to certain tailors, praying them for God's sake to save him from a mad dog; and they, believing what he said, jumped out and drove the dog off with much trouble.

After sunrise my workmen went into the shop, and saw that it had been broken open and all the boxes smashed. They began to scream at the top of their voices: "Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!" The clamour woke me, and I rushed out in a panic. Appearing thus before them, they cried out: "Alas to us! for we have been robbed by some one, who has broken and borne everything away!" These words wrought so forcibly upon my mind that I dared not go to my big chest and look if it still held the jewels of the Pope. So intense was the anxiety, that I seemed to lose my eyesight, and told them they themselves must unlock the chest, and see how many of the Pope's gems were missing. The fellows were all of them in their shirts; and when, on opening the chest, they saw the precious stones and my work with them, they took heart of joy and shouted: "There is no harm done; your piece and all the stones are here; but the thief has left us naked to the shirt, because last night, by reason of the burning heat, we took our clothes off in the shop and left them here." Recovering my senses, I thanked God, and said: "Go and get yourselves new suits of clothes; I will pay when I hear at leisure how the whole thing happened." What caused me the most pain, and made me lose my senses, and take fright — so contrary to my real nature — was the dread lest peradventure folk should fancy I had trumped a story of the robber up to steal the jewels. It had already been said to Pope Clement by one of his most trusted servants, and by others, that is, by Francesco del Nero, Zana de' Biliotti his accountant, the Bishop of Vasona, and several such men: "Why, most blessed

Father, do you confide gems of that vast value to a young fellow, who is all fire, more passionate for arms than for his art, and not yet thirty years of age?" The Pope asked in answer if any one of them knew that I had done ought to justify such suspicions. Whereto Francesco del Nero, his treasurer, replied: "No, most blessed Father, because he has not as yet had an opportunity." Whereto the Pope rejoined: "I regard him as a thoroughly honest man; and, if I saw with my own eyes some crime he had committed, I should not believe it." This was the man who caused me the greatest torment, and who suddenly came up before my mind.

After telling the young men to provide themselves with fresh clothes, I took my piece, together with the gems, setting them as well as I could in their proper places, and went off at once with them to the Pope. Francesco del Nero had already told him something of the trouble in my shop, and had put suspicions in his head. So then, taking the thing rather ill than otherwise, he shot a furious glance upon me, and cried haughtily: "What have you come to do here? What is up?" "Here are all your precious stones, and not one of them is missing." At this the Pope's face cleared, and he said: "So then, you're welcome." I showed him the piece, and, while he was inspecting it, I related to him the whole story of the thief and of my agony, and what had been my greatest trouble in the matter. During this speech, he oftentimes turned round to look me sharply in the eyes; and Francesco del Nero being also in the presence, this seemed to make him half sorry that he had not guessed the truth. At last, breaking into laughter at the long tale I was telling, he sent me off with these words: "Go, and take heed to be an honest man, as indeed I know that you are."

LIII

I went on working assiduously at the button, and at the same time laboured for the Mint, when certain pieces of false money got abroad in Rome, stamped with my own dies. They were brought at once to the Pope, who, hearing things against

me, said to Giacompo Balducci, the Master of the Mint, "Take every means in your power to find the criminal; for we are sure that Benvenuto is an honest fellow." That traitor of a master, being in fact my enemy, replied: "Would God, most blessed Father, that it may turn out as you say; for we have some proofs against him." Upon this the Pope turned to the Governor of Rome, and bade him see he found the malefactor. During those days the Pope sent for me, and, leading cautiously in conversation to the topic of the coins, asked me at the fitting moment: "Benvenuto, should you have the heart to coin false money?" To this I replied that I thought I could do so better than all the rascals who gave their minds to such vile work; for fellows who practise lewd trades of that sort are not capable of earning money, nor are they men of much ability. I, on the contrary, with my poor wits could gain enough to keep me comfortably; for when I set dies for the Mint, each morning before dinner I put at least three crowns into my pocket; this was the customary payment for the dies, and the Master of the Mint bore me a grudge, because he would have liked to have them cheaper; so then, what I earned, with God's grace and the world's, sufficed me, and by coining false money I should not have made so much. The Pope very well perceived my drift; and, whereas he had formerly given orders that they should see I did not fly from Rome, he now told them to look well about and have no heed of me, seeing he was ill-disposed to anger me, and in this way run the risk of losing me. The officials who received these orders were certain clerks of the Camera, who made the proper search, as was their duty, and soon found the rogue. He was a stamper in the service of the Mint, named Cesare Macherone, and a Roman citizen. Together with this man they detected a metal-founder of the Mint.

LIV

On that very day, as I was passing through the Piazza Navona, and had my fine retriever with me, just when we came opposite the gate of the Bargello, my dog

flew barking loudly inside the door upon a youth, who had been arrested at the suit of a man called Donnino (a goldsmith from Parma, and a former pupil of Caradosso), on the charge of having robbed him. The dog strove so violently to tear the fellow to pieces, that the constables were moved to pity. It so happened that he was pleading his own cause with boldness, and Donnino had not evidence enough to support the accusation; and what was more, one of the corporals of the guard, a Genoese, was a friend of the young man's father. The upshot was that, what with the dog and with those other circumstances, they were on the point of releasing their prisoner. When I came up, the dog had lost all fear of sword or staves, and was flying once more at the young man; so they told me if I did not call the brute off they would kill him. I held him back as well as I was able; but just then the fellow, in the act of readjusting his cape, let fall some paper packets from the hood, which Donnino recognised as his property. I too recognised a little ring; whereupon I called out: "This is the thief who broke into my shop and robbed it; and therefore my dog knows him"; then I loosed the dog, who flew again upon the robber. On this the fellow craved for mercy, promising to give back whatever he possessed of mine. When I had secured the dog, he proceeded to restore the gold and silver and the rings which he had stolen from me, and twenty-five crowns in addition. Then he cried once more to me for pity. I told him to make his peace with God, for I should do him neither good nor evil. So I returned to my business; and a few days afterwards, Cesare Macherone, the false coiner, was hanged in the Banchi opposite the Mint; his accomplice was sent to the galleys; the Genoese thief was hanged in the Campo di Fiore, while I remained in better repute as an honest man than I had enjoyed before.

LV

When I had nearly finished my piece, there happened that terrible inundation which flooded the whole of Rome. I

waited to see what would happen; the day was well-nigh spent, for the clocks struck twenty-two and the water went on rising formidably. Now the front of my house and shop faced the Banchi, but the back was several yards higher, because it turned toward Monte Giordano; accordingly, bethinking me first of my own safety and in the next place of my honour, I filled my pockets with the jewels, and gave the gold-piece into the custody of my workmen, and then descended barefoot from the back-windows, and waded as well as I could until I reached Monte Cavallo. There I sought out Messer Giovanni Gaddi, clerk of the Camera, and Bastiano Veneziano, the painter. To the former I confided the precious stones, to keep in safety: he had the same regard for me as though I had been his brother. A few days later, when the rage of the river was spent, I returned to my workshop, and finished the piece with such good fortune, through God's grace and my own great industry, that it was held to be the finest masterpiece which had been ever seen in Rome.

When then I took it to the Pope, he was insatiable in praising me, and said: "Were I but a wealthy emperor, I would give my Benvenuto as much land as his eyes could survey; yet being nowadays but needy bankrupt potentates, we will at any rate give him bread enough to satisfy his modest wishes." I let the Pope run on to the end of his rhodomontade, and then asked him for a mace-bearer's place which happened to be vacant. He replied that he would grant me something of far greater consequence. I begged his Holiness to bestow this little thing on me meanwhile by way of earnest. He began to laugh, and said he was willing, but that he did not wish me to serve, and that I must make some arrangement with the other mace-bearers to be exempted. He would allow them through me a certain favour, for which they had already petitioned, namely, the right of recovering their fees at law. This was accordingly done; and that mace-bearer's office brought me in little less than 200 crowns a year.

LVI

I continued to work for the Pope, executing now one trifle and now another, when he commissioned me to design a chalice of exceeding richness. So I made both drawing and model for the piece. The latter was constructed of wood and wax. Instead of the usual top, I fashioned three figures of a fair size in the round; they represented Faith, Hope, and Charity. Corresponding to these, at the base of the cup, were three circular histories in bas-relief. One was the Nativity of Christ, the second the Resurrection, and the third S. Peter crucified head downwards; for thus I had received commission. While I had this work in hand, the Pope was often pleased to look at it; wherefore, observing that his Holiness had never thought again of giving me anything, and knowing that a post in the Piombo was vacant, I asked for this one evening. The good Pope, quite oblivious of his extravagances at the termination of the last piece, said to me: "That post in the Piombo is worth more than 800 crowns a year, so that, if I gave it you, you would spend your time in scratching your paunch, and your magnificent handicraft would be lost, and I should bear the blame." I replied at once as thus: "Cats of a good breed mouse better when they are fat than starving; and likewise honest men who possess some talent exercise it to far nobler purport when they have the wherewithal to live abundantly; wherefore princes who provide such folk with competences, let your Holiness take notice, are watering the roots of genius; for genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and scabby; and your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the place with the hope of getting it. Only too happy I to have that miserable post of mace-bearer. On the other I built but castles in the air. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not care to give it me, to bestow it on a man of talent who deserves it, and not upon some fat ignoramus who will spend his time scratching his paunch, if I may quote your Holiness's own words. Follow the example of Pope Guilio's illus-

trious memory, who conferred an office of the same kind upon Bramante, that most admirable architect."

Immediately on finishing this speech, I made my bow, and went off in a fury. Then Bastiano Veneziano the painter approached, and said: "Most blessed Father, may your Holiness be willing to grant it to one who works assiduously in the exercise of some talent; and, as your Holiness knows that I am diligent in my art, I beg that I may be thought worthy of it." The Pope replied: "That devil Benvenuto will not brook rebuke. I was inclined to give it him, but it is not right to be so haughty with a Pope. Therefore I do not well know what I am to do." The Bishop of Vasona then came up, and put in a word for Bastiano, saying: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto is but young; and a sword becomes him better than a friar's frock. Let your Holiness give the place to this ingenious person Bastiano. Some time or other you will be able to bestow on Benvenuto a good thing, perhaps more suitable to him than this would be." Then the Pope, turning to Messer Bartolommeo Valori, told him: "When next you meet Benvenuto, let him know from me that it was he who got that office in the Piombo for Bastiano the painter, and add that he may reckon on obtaining the next considerable place that falls; meanwhile let him look to his behaviour, and finish my commissions."

The following evening, two hours after sundown, I met Messer Bartolommeo Valori at the corner of the Mint; he was preceded by two torches, and was going in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him. On my taking off my hat, he stopped and called me, and reported in the most friendly manner all the messages the Pope had sent me. I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than any I had yet attempted, but without the least hope of having any reward whatever from the Pope. Messer Bartolommeo reproved me, saying that this was not the way in which one ought to reply to the advances of a Pope. I answered that I should be mad to reply otherwise — mad if I based my hopes on

such promises, being certain to get nothing. So I departed, and went off to my business.

Messer Bartolommeo must have reported my audacious speeches to the Pope, and more perhaps than I had really said; for his Holiness waited above two months before he sent to me, and during that while nothing would have induced me to go uncalled for to the palace. Yet he was dying with impatience to see the chalice, and commissioned Messer Ruberto Pucci to give heed to what I was about. That right worthy fellow came daily to visit me, and always gave me some kindly word, which I returned. The time was drawing nigh now for the Pope to travel toward Bologna; so at last, perceiving that I did not mean to come to him, he made Messer Ruberto bid me bring my work, that he might see how I was getting on. Accordingly, I took it; and having shown, as the piece itself proved, that the most important part was finished, I begged him to advance me five hundred crowns, partly on account, and partly because I wanted gold to complete the chalice. The Pope said: "Go on, go on at work till it is finished." I answered, as I took my leave, that I would finish it if he paid me the money. And so I went away.

LVII

When the Pope took his journey to Bologna, he left Cardinal Salviati as Legate of Rome, and gave him commission to push the work that I was doing forward, adding: "Benvenuto is a fellow who esteems his own great talents but slightly, and us less; look to it then that you keep him always going, so that I may find the chalice finished on my return."

That beast of a Cardinal sent for me after eight days, bidding me bring the piece up. On this I went to him without the piece. No sooner had I shown my face, than he called out: "Where is that onion-stew of yours? Have you got it ready?" I answered: "O most reverend Monsignor, I have not got my onion-stew ready, nor shall I make it ready, unless you give me onions to concoct it with." At these words, the Cardinal, who looked

more like a donkey than a man, turned uglier by half than he was naturally; and, wanting at once to cut the matter short, cried out: "I'll send you to a galley, and then perhaps you'll have the grace to go on with your labour." The bestial manners of the man made me a beast too; and I retorted: "Monsignor, send me to the galleys when I've done deeds worthy of them; but, for my present laches, I snap my fingers at your galleys: and, what is more, I tell you that, just because of you, I will not set hand further to my piece. Don't send for me again, for I won't appear, no, not if you summon me by the police."

After this, the good Cardinal tried several times to let me know that I ought to go on working, and to bring him what I was doing to look at. I only told his messengers: "Say to Monsignor that he must send me onions, if he wants me to get my stew ready." Nor gave I ever any other answer; so that he threw up the commission in despair.

LVIII

The Pope came back from Bologna, and sent at once for me, because the Cardinal had written the worst he could of my affairs in his despatches. He was in the hottest rage imaginable, and bade me come upon the instant with my piece. I obeyed. Now, while the Pope was staying at Bologna, I had suffered from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, so painful that I scarce could go on living for the torment; and this was the chief reason why I had not carried out my work. The trouble was so serious that I expected for certain to be left without my eyesight; and I had reckoned up the sum on which I could subsist, if I were blind for life. Upon the way to the Pope, I turned over in my mind what I should put forward to excuse myself for not having been able to advance his work. I thought that, while he was inspecting the chalice, I might tell him of my personal embarrassments. However, I was unable to do so; for, when I arrived in the presence, he broke out coarsely at me: "Come here with your work; is it finished?" I displayed it; and, his temper rising, he exclaimed: "In God's truth I tell thee, thou that makest it thy business to hold no man in regard, that, were it not for decency and order, I would have thee chucked together with thy work there out of windows." Accordingly, when I perceived that the Pope had become no better than a vicious beast, my chief anxiety was how I could manage to withdraw from his presence. So, while he went on bullying, I tucked the piece beneath my cape, and muttered under my breath: "The whole world could not compel a blind man to execute such things as these." Raising his voice still higher, the Pope shouted: "Come here; what say'st thou?" I stayed in two minds, whether or not to dash at full speed down the staircase; then I took my decision and threw myself upon my knees, shouting as loudly as I could, for he too had not ceased from shouting: "If an infirmity has blinded me, am I bound to go on working?" He retorted: "You saw well enough to make your way hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say." I answered, for I noticed he had dropped his voice a little: "Let your Holiness inquire of your physician, and you will find the truth out." He said: "So ho! softly; at leisure we shall hear if what you say is so." Then, perceiving that he was willing to give me hearing, I added: "I am convinced that the only cause of this great trouble which has happened to me is Cardinal Salviati; for he sent to me immediately after your Holiness's departure, and, when I presented myself, he called my work a stew of onions, and told me he would send me to complete it in a galley; and such was the effect upon me of his knavish words, that in my passion I felt my face in flame, and so intolerable a heat attacked my eyes that I could not find my own way home. Two days afterwards, cataracts fell on both my eyes; I quite lost my sight, and after your Holiness's departure I have been unable to work at all."

Rising from my knees, I left the presence without further license. It was afterwards reported to me that the Pope

had said: "One can give commissions, but not the prudence to perform them. I did not tell the Cardinal to go so brutally about this business. If it is true that he is suffering from his eyes, of which I shall get information through my doctor, one ought to make allowance for him." A great gentleman, intimate with the Pope, and a man of very distinguished parts, happened to be present. He asked who I was, using terms like these: "Most blessed Father, pardon if I put a question. I have seen you yield at one and the same time to the hottest anger I ever observed, and then to the warmest compassion; so I beg your Holiness to tell me who the man is; for, if he is a person worthy to be helped, I can teach him a secret which may cure him of that infirmity." The Pope replied: "He is the greatest artist who was ever born in his own craft; one day, when we are together, I will show you some of his marvellous works, and the man himself to boot; and I shall be pleased if we can see our way toward doing something to assist him." Three days after this, the Pope sent for me after dinner-time, and I found that great noble in the presence. On my arrival, the Pope had my cope-button brought, and I in the meantime drew forth my chalice. The nobleman said, on looking at it, that he had never seen a more stupendous piece of work. When the button came, he was still more struck with wonder: and, looking me straight in the face, he added: "The man is young, I trow, to be so able in his art, and still apt enough to learn much." He then asked me what my name was. I answered: "My name is Benvenuto." He replied: "And Benvenuto shall I be this day to you. Take flower-de-luces, stalk, blossom, root, together; then decoct them over a slack fire; and with the liquid bathe your eyes several times a day; you will most certainly be cured of that weakness; but see that you purge first, and then go forward with the lotion." The Pope gave me some kind words, and so I went away half satisfied.

ESSAYS

FRENCH

MONTAIGNE

(1533-1592)

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne was born at the castle of Montaigne in Perigord. His father took an unusual interest in his education. He was taught Latin as a small child, and at an early age made the acquaintance of the chief classical authors known in his time. He attended the University of Guyenne, where he was a pupil of the famous Scottish humanist, George Buchanan. In 1546 he entered the study of law. After completing his course he held various administrative offices in Bordeaux until 1548, when, as a memorial for the death of his father in that year, he began a translation of Raymond Sebond's *Natural Theology*. After finishing this work in 1569, Montaigne resigned his public offices and retired to his estate to devote himself to study and meditation. At the end of ten years he produced the first and second volumes of the *Essays*, and departed upon a journey through the principal countries of Europe. Upon his return he occupied the office of Mayor of Bordeaux for four years, at the end of which time he was forced to flee the city to avoid the pestilence. Returning to his estate, he gave himself up to study once more, and in 1588 brought out another edition of the *Essays* augmented by a third volume. He died in 1592.

Although Montaigne could hardly be said to have invented the name of the essay, he deserves the honor of having created its form, which, in the *Essays*, we may actually see taking shape. Montaigne had no system of philosophy to propound. His purpose was to set forth the individual feelings and opinions which had come to him from a long period of wide reading and deliberate meditation. The *Essays* represent isolated personal reflections, through which runs a vein of skepticism, a feeling that the struggles of life are futile, and that one had best prepare his mind to view life dispassionately from a comfortable vantage point. Montaigne's style, free of rhetorical devices, is direct and familiar. In England, the *Essays*, especially after the English translation by Florio (1603), were hardly less popular than Amyot's translation of Plutarch. Shakespeare and Jonson both reveal familiarity with Montaigne, and Bacon, in his *Essays*, followed his example.

The present selections are from the translation of Charles Cotton, New York, A. L. Burt.

ESSAYS

THAT WE TASTE NOTHING PURE

The imbecility of our condition is such that things cannot, in their natural simplicity and purity, fall into our use; the elements that we enjoy are changed, and so 'tis with metals; and gold must be de-

based with some other matter to fit it for our service. Neither has virtue, so simple as that which Aristo,¹ Pyrrho,¹ and also the Stoics, made the end of life; nor the Cyrenaic and Aristippic pleasure, been without mixture useful to it. Of the pleasure and goods that we enjoy, there is not one exempt from some mixture of ill and inconvenience:

¹ Aristo and Pyrrho were philosophers of the Cynic and the Skeptic schools, respectively. Aristippus, founder of the Cyrenaean philosophy, was a Hedonist. Cynicism, Skepticism, Stoicism and Hedonism can easily be distinguished one from another by their various interpretations and conceptions of virtue and pleasure.

"Medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus
angat." ¹

Our extremest pleasure has some air
of groaning and complaining in it; would 5
you not say that it is dying of pain? Nay
when we frame the image of it in its full
excellence, we stuff it with sickly and pain-
ful epithets and qualities, languor, softness,
feebleness, faintness, *morbidezza*: a great 10
testimony of their consanguinity and con-
substantiality. The most profound joy
has more of severity than gayety in it.
The highest and fullest contentment offers
more of the grave than of the merry; 15
"*Ipsa felicitas, se nisi temperat, premit.*" ²
Pleasure chews and grinds us; according
to the old Greek verse, which says that
the gods sell us all the goods they give us;
that is to say, that they give us nothing 20
pure and perfect, and that we do not
purchase but at the price of some evil.

Labor and pleasure, very unlike in na-
ture, associate, nevertheless, by I know
not what natural conjunction. Socrates 25
says that some god tried to mix in one
mass and to confound pain and pleasure,
but, not being able to do it, he bethought
him at least, to couple them by the tail.
Metrodorus ³ said that in sorrow there is 30
some mixture of pleasure. I know not
whether or no he intended anything else
by that saying; but for my part, I am of
opinion that there is design, consent, and
complacency in giving a man's self up to 35
melancholy. I say, that beside ambition,
which may also have a stroke in the busi-
ness, there is some shadow of delight and
delicacy which smiles upon and flatters
us even in the very lap of melancholy. 40
Are there not some constitutions that feed
upon it?

"Est quædam flere voluptas." ⁴

and one Attalus in Seneca says, that the 45

memory of our lost friends is as grateful
to us, as bitterness in wine, when too old,
is to the palate —

"Minister vetuli, puer, Falerni
Inger' mi calices amaroires" ⁵ —

and as apples that have a sweet tartness.
Nature discovers this confusion to us;
painters hold that the same motions and
screwings of the face that serve for weep-
ing serve for laughter too; and indeed, 10
before the one or the other be finished, do
but observe the painter's manner of
handling, and you will be in doubt to
which of the two the design tends; and
the extreme of laughter does at last bring
tears. "*Nullum sine auctoramento malum*
est." ⁶

When I imagine man abounding with
all the conveniences that are to be desired
(let us put the case that all his members
were always seized with a pleasure like
that of generation, in its most excessive
height) I feel him melting under the weight
of his delight, and see him utterly unable
to support so pure, so continual, and so
universal a pleasure. Indeed, he is run-
ning away while he is there, and naturally
makes haste to escape as from a place
where he cannot stand firm, and where 30
he is afraid of sinking.

When I religiously confess myself to
myself, I find that the best virtue I have
has in it some tincture of vice; and I am
afraid that Plato, in his purest virtue (I,
who am as sincere and loyal a lover of
virtue of that stamp, as any other what-
ever) if he had listened and laid his ear
close to himself, and he did so no doubt,
would have heard some jarring sound of
human mixture, but faint and only per-
ceptible to himself. Man is wholly and
throughout but patch and motley. Even
the laws of justice themselves cannot sub-
sist without mixture of injustice; inso-
much that Plato says, they undertake to

¹ "In the very source of our pleasure, there is something that is bitter, and that vexes even the flowers." Lucretius, iv, 1130.

² "Even felicity, unless it moderate itself, oppresses." Seneca, *Ep.* 74.

³ An Epicurean philosopher, and the most distinguished of the disciples of Epicurus. He died 277 B.C.

⁴ "'Tis a certain kind of pleasure to weep." Ovid, *Trist.*, iv, 3, 27.

⁵ "Boy, when you pour out old Falernian wine, the bitterest put into my bowl." Catullus, xxvii, 1.

⁶ "No evil is without its compensation." Seneca, *Ep.* 69.

cut off the hydra's head, who pretend to clear the law of all inconveniences. "*Omne magnum exemplum habet aliquid ex iniquo, quod contra singulos utilitate publica rependitur*,"¹ says Tacitus.

It is likewise true that, for the use of life and the service of public commerce, there may be some excesses in the purity and perspicacity of our minds; that penetrating light has in it too much of subtlety and curiosity: we must a little stupefy and blunt them to render them more obedient to example and practice, and a little veil and obscure them, the better to proportion them to this dark and earthy life. And therefore common and less speculative souls are found to be more proper for and more successful in the management of affairs; and the elevated and exquisite opinions of philosophy unfit for business. This sharp vivacity of soul, and the supple and restless volubility attending it, disturb our negotiations. We are to manage human enterprises more superficially and roughly, and leave a great part to fortune; it is not necessary to examine affairs with so much subtlety and so deep: a man loses himself in the consideration of so many contrary lusters, and so many various forms; "*Voluntibus res inter se pugnant obtorpuerant . . . animi*."²

'Tis what the ancients say of Simonides, that by reason his imagination suggested to him, upon the question³ King Hiero⁴ had put to him (to answer which he had had many days to meditate in), several sharp and subtle considerations, while he doubted which was the most likely, he totally despaired of the truth.

He who dives into and in his inquisition comprehends all circumstances and consequences hinders his elections: a little engine well handled is sufficient for executions, whether of less or greater weight. The best managers are those who can worst give account how they are so; while the greatest talkers, for the most part, do nothing to purpose; I know one of this

sort of men, and a most excellent discourser upon all sorts of good husbandry, who has miserably let a hundred thousand livres yearly revenue slip through his hands; I know another who talks, who better advises than any man of his counsel, and there is not in the world a fairer show of soul and understanding than he has; nevertheless, when he comes to the test, his servants find him quite another thing; not to make any mention of his misfortunes.

OF ILL MEANS EMPLOYED TO A GOOD END

There is wonderful relation and correspondence in this universal government of the works of nature, which very well makes it appear that it is neither accidental nor carried on by divers masters. The diseases and conditions of our bodies are, in like manner, manifest in states and governments; kingdoms and republics are founded, flourish, and decay with age as we do. We are subject to a repletion of humors, useless and dangerous: whether of those that are good (for even those the physicians are afraid of; and seeing we have nothing in us that is stable, they say that a too brisk and vigorous perfection of health must be abated by art, lest our nature, unable to rest in any certain condition and not having whither to rise to mend itself, make too sudden and too disorderly a retreat: and therefore prescribe wrestlers to purge and bleed, to qualify that superabundant health), or else a repletion of evil humors, which is the ordinary cause of sickness. States are very often sick of the like repletion, and various sorts of purgations have commonly been applied. Sometimes a great multitude of families are turned out to clear the country, who seek out new abodes elsewhere and encroach upon others. After this manner our ancient Franks came from the remotest part of Germany to

¹ "Every great example has in it some mixture of injustice, which recompenses the wrong done to particular men by the public utility." Tacitus, *Annals*, xiv, 44.

² "While they considered of things so different in themselves, they were astonished, and knew not what to do." Livy, xxxii, 20.

³ According to tradition the question was, What is God?

⁴ Ruler of Syracuse and friend to the poet Simonides.

seize upon Gaul, and to drive thence the first inhabitants; so was that infinite deluge of men made up who came into Italy under the conduct of Brennus and others; so the Goths and Vandals, and also the people who now possess Greece, left their native country to go settle elsewhere, where they might have more room; and there are scarce two or three little corners in the world that have not felt the effect of such removals. The Romans by this means erected their colonies; for, perceiving their city to grow immeasurably populous, they eased it of the most unnecessary people, and sent them to inhabit and cultivate the lands conquered by them; sometimes also they purposely maintained wars with some of their enemies, not only to keep their own men in action, for fear lest idleness, the mother of corruption, should bring upon them some worse inconvenience,

"Et patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior
armis
Luxuria incumbit"¹:

but also to serve for a blood-letting to their republic, and a little to evaporate the too vehement heat of their youth, to prune and clear the branches from the stock too luxuriant in wood; and to this end it was that they maintained so long a war with Carthage.

In the treaty of Bretigny, Edward III, king of England, would not, in the general peace he then made with our king, comprehend the controversy about the duchy of Brittany, that he might have a place wherein to discharge himself of his soldiers, and that the vast number of English he had brought over to serve him in his expedition here might not return back into England. And this also was one reason why our King Philip consented to send his son John upon a foreign expedition, that he might take along with him a great number of hot young men who were then in his pay.

¹ "We suffer the ills of a long peace; for luxury is more pernicious than war." Juvenal, vi, 291.

² "O Nemesis, let me never so strongly desire to receive anything to the wrong of the lawful owner." Catullus, lxxviii, 77.

³ The famous lawgiver of the Spartans.

⁴ "What other end of the impious art of the gladiators, the slaughter of young men, the delight in the effusion of blood." Prudentius, *Contra Symmachum*, ii, 643.

There are many in our times who talk at this rate, wishing that this hot emotion that is now among us might discharge itself in some neighboring war, for fear lest all the peccant humors that now reign in this politic body of ours may diffuse themselves farther, keep the fever still in the height, and at last cause our total ruin; and, in truth, a foreign is much more supportable than a civil war; but I do not believe that God will favor so unjust a design as to offend and quarrel with others for our own advantage.

"Nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia
virgo,
Quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris."²

And yet the weakness of our condition often pushes us upon the necessity of making use of ill means to a good end. Lycurgus,³ the most virtuous and perfect legislator that ever was, invented this very unjust practice of making the Helots, who were their slaves, drunk by force, to the end that the Spartans, seeing them so lost and buried in wine, might abhor the excess of this vice. And yet those were still more to blame, who of old gave leave that criminals, to what sort of death soever condemned, should be cut up alive by the physicians, that they might make a true discovery of our inward parts, and build their art upon greater certainty; for, if we must run into excesses, it is more excusable to do it for the health of the soul, than that of the body; as the Romans trained up the people to valor, and the contempt of dangers and death, by those furious spectacles of gladiators and fencers, who, having to fight it out to the last, cut, mangled, and killed one another in their presence:

"Quid vesani aliud sibi vult ars impia ludi,
Quid mortes juvenum quid sanguine
pasta voluptas?"⁴

and this custom continued till the Emperor Theodosius' time.

"Arripe dilatam tua, dux, in tempora faman,
 Quodque patris superest, successor laudis habeto
 Nullus in urbe cadat, cujus sit poena voluptas . . .
 Jam solis contenta feris, infamis arena
 Nulla cruentatis homicidia ludat in armis."¹

It was, in truth, a wonderful example, and 10
 of great advantage for the training up of
 people, to see every day before their eyes
 a hundred, two hundred, nay, a thousand
 couples of men armed against one another
 cut one another to pieces² with so great 15
 a constancy of courage, that they were
 never heard to utter so much as one syllable
 of weakness or commiseration; never
 seen to turn their backs, nor so much as
 to make one cowardly step to evade a 20
 blow, but rather exposed their necks to
 the adversary's sword and presented themselves
 to receive the stroke; and many of
 them, when wounded to death, have sent
 to ask the spectators if they were satisfied 25
 with their behavior, before they lay down
 to die upon the place. It was not enough
 for them to fight and to die bravely, but
 cheerfully too; insomuch that they were
 hissed and cursed if they made any hesitation
 about receiving their death. The 30
 very girls themselves set them on:

"Consurgit ad ictus,
 Et, quoties victor ferrum jugulo inserit, 35
 illa
 Delicias ait esse suas, pectusque jacentis
 Virgo modesta jubet converso pollice
 rumpi."³

The first Romans only condemned criminals to this example: but they afterward employed innocent slaves in the work, and even freemen too, who sold themselves to this purpose, nay, moreover, senators and knights of Rome, and also women:

"Nunc caput in mortem vendunt, et funus arenæ,
 Atque hostem sibi quisque parat, cum bella quiescunt."⁴

"Hos inter fremitus novosque lustus . . .
 Stat sexus rudis insciusque ferri,
 Et pugnas capit improbus viriles"⁵;

which I should think strange and incredible, if we were not accustomed, every day, to see in our own wars many thousands of men of other nations, for money to stake their blood and their lives in quarrels wherein they have no manner of concern.

COWARDICE THE MOTHER OF CRUELTY

I have often heard it said, that cowardice is the mother of cruelty: and I have found by experience, that malicious and inhuman animosity and fierceness are usually accompanied with feminine weakness. I have seen the most cruel people, and upon frivolous occasions, apt to cry. Alexander, the tyrant of Phœræ, durst not be a spectator of tragedies in the theater, for fear lest his citizens should see him weep at the misfortunes of Hecuba⁶ and Andromache,⁶ who himself without pity caused so many people every day to be murdered. Is it not meanness of spirit that renders them so pliable to all ex-

¹ "Prince, take the honors delayed for thy reign, and be successor to thy fathers; henceforth let none at Rome be slain for sport. Let beast's blood stain the infamous arena, and no more homicides there acted." *Ibid.*

² A serious riot having broken out at Thessalonica, in which the imperial officer and several of his troops were murdered, Theodosius, to wreak vengeance upon the whole city, invited all the inhabitants to the games in the Circus. As soon as the place was full, the soldiers were employed for three hours in slaughtering them.

³ "The modest virgin is so delighted with the sport, that she applauds the blow, and when the victor bathes his sword in his fellow's throat, she is delighted, and, with turned thumb, orders him to rip up the bosom of the prostrate victim." Prudentius, *op. cit.*, 617.

⁴ "They sell themselves to death, and, since the wars are ceased, each for himself a foe prepares." Manilius, *Astron.*, iv, 225.

⁵ "Amidst these tumults and new sports, the tender sex, unskilled in arms, immodestly engages in manly fights." Statius, *Sylv.*, i, 6, 51.

⁶ Mother and wife of Hector, chief Trojan hero in the war with Greece.

tremities? Valor, whose effect is only to be exercised against resistance —

"Nec nisi bellantis gaudet cervice juveneci" ¹

stops when it sees the enemy at its mercy; but pusillanimity, to say that it was also in the game, not having dared to meddle in the first act of danger, takes as its part, the second of blood and massacre. The murders in victories are commonly performed by the rascality and hangers-on of an army, and that which causes so many unheard-of cruelties in domestic wars is, that the dregs of the people are fleshed in being up to the elbows in blood, and ripping up bodies that lie prostrate at their feet, having no sense of any other valor:

"Et lupus, et turpes instant morientibus ursi,
Et quæcunque minor nobilitate fera est" ²:

like cowardly curs, that in the house worry and tear the skins of wild beasts, they dare not come in the field. What is it in these times of ours that makes our quarrels mortal; and that, whereas our fathers had some degrees of revenge, we now begin with the last in ours, and at the first meeting nothing is to be said but, kill? What is this but cowardice?

Every one is sensible that there is more bravery and disdain in subduing an enemy, than in cutting his throat; and in making him yield, than in putting him to the sword: besides that the appetite of revenge is better satisfied and pleased because its only aim is to make itself felt. And this is the reason why we do not fall upon a beast or a stone when they hurt us, because they are not capable of being sensible of our revenge; and to kill a man is to save him from the injury and offense we intend him. And as Bias cried out to a wicked fellow, "I know that sooner or later thou wilt have thy reward, but I am afraid I shall not see it"; and pitied the Orchomenians that the penitence of Lycis- cus for the treason committed against

them came at a season when there was no one remaining alive of those who had been interested in the offense, and whom the pleasure of this penitence should affect:

so revenge is to be pitied, when the person on whom it is executed is deprived of means of suffering under it: for as the avenger will look on to enjoy the pleasure of his revenge, so the person on whom he takes revenge should be a spectator too, to be afflicted and to repent. "He will repent it," we say and, because we have given him a pistol-shot through the head, do we imagine he will repent? On the contrary, if we but observe, we shall find, that he makes mouths at us in falling, and is so far from penitency, that he does not so much as repine at us; and we do him the kindest office of life, which is to make him die insensibly, and soon: we are afterward to hide ourselves, and to shift and fly from the officers of justice, who pursue us, while he is at rest. Killing is good to frustrate an offense to come, not to revenge one that is already past; and more an act of fear than of bravery; of precaution than of courage; of defense than of enterprise. It is manifest that by it we lose both the true end of revenge and the care of our reputation; we are afraid, if he lives he will do us another injury as great as the first; 'tis not out of animosity to him, but care of thyself, that thou gettest rid of him.

In the kingdom of Narsingua this expedient would be useless to us, where not only soldiers, but tradesmen also, end their differences by the sword. The king never denies the field to any who wish to fight; and, when they are persons of quality, he looks on, rewarding the victor with a chain of gold, for which any one who pleases may fight with him again, so that, by having come off from one combat, he has engaged himself in many.

If we thought by virtue to be always masters of our enemies, and to triumph over them at pleasure, we should be sorry they should escape from us as they do, by dying: but we have a mind to conquer, more with safety than honor, and, in our

¹ "Nor delights in killing a bull unless he resists."

² "Wolves and the filthy bears, and all the baser beasts, fall upon the dying." Ovid, *Trist.*, iii, 5, 35.

quarrel, more pursue the end than the glory.

Asinius Pollio who, as being a worthy man, was the less to be excused, committed a like error, when, having written a libel against Plancus, he forbore to publish it till he was dead; which is to bite one's thumb at a blind man, to rail at one who is deaf, to wound a man who has no feeling, rather than to run the hazard of his resentment. And it was also said of him, that it was only for hobgoblins to wrestle with the dead.

He who stays to see the author die, whose writings he intends to question, what does he say but that he is weak in his aggressiveness? It was told to Aristotle that some one had spoken ill of him: "Let him do more," said he, "let him whip me too, provided I am not there."

Our fathers contented themselves with revenging an insult with the lie, the lie with a box of the ear, and so forward; they were valiant enough not to fear their adversaries, living and provoked: we tremble for fear, so long as we see them on foot. And that this is so, does not our noble practice of these days, equally to prosecute to death both him that has offended us and him we have offended, make it out? 'Tis also a kind of cowardice that has introduced the custom of having seconds, thirds, and fourths in our duels; they were formerly duels; they are now skirmishes, rencontres, and battles. Solitude was, doubtless, terrible to those who were the first inventors of this practice, "*Quum in se cuique minimum fiducia esset*,"¹ for naturally, any company whatever is consolatory in danger. Third persons were formerly called in to prevent disorder and foul play only, and to be witness of the fortune of the combat; but now they have brought it to this pass that the witnesses themselves engage; whoever is invited cannot handsomely stand by as an idle spectator, for fear of being suspected either of want of affection or of courage. Besides the injustice and unworthiness of such an action, of engaging other strength and valor in the protection of your honor than your own,

I conceive it a disadvantage to a brave man, and who wholly relies upon himself, to shuffle his fortune with that of a second; every one runs hazard enough himself without hazarding for another, and has enough to do to assure himself in his own valor for the defense of his life, without intrusting a thing so dear in a third man's hand. For, if it be not expressly agreed upon before, to the contrary, 'tis a combined party of all four, and if your second be killed, you have two to deal withal, with good reason; and to say that it is foul play, it is so indeed, as it is, well armed, to attack a man who has but the hilt of a broken sword in his hand, or, clear and untouched, a man who is desperately wounded: but, if these be advantages you have got by fighting, you may make use of them without reproach. The disparity and inequality are only weighed and considered from the condition of the combatants when they began; as to the rest, you must take your chance; and though you had, alone, three enemies upon you at once, your two companions being killed, you have no more wrong done you, than I should do in a battle, by running a man through whom I should see engaged with one of our own men, with the like advantage. The nature of society will have it so that where there is troop against troop, as where our duke of Orleans challenged Henry, king of England, a hundred against a hundred; three hundred against as many, as the Argians against the Lacedæmonians; three to three, as the Horatii against the Curiatii, the multitude on either side is considered but as one single man; the hazard, wherever there is company, being confused and mixed.

I have a domestic interest in this discourse; for my brother, the Sieur de Matecoulom, was at Rome asked by a gentleman with whom he had no great acquaintance and who was a defendant challenged by another, to be his second; in this duel, he found himself matched with a gentleman much better known to him. (I would fain have an explanation of these rules of honor, which so often shock and confound those of reason.)

¹ "Since they had little confidence in themselves."

After having despatched his man, seeing the two principals still on foot and sound, he ran in to disengage his friend. What could he do less? should he have stood still, and, if chance would have ordered it so, have seen him he was come thither to defend killed before his face? what he had hitherto done helped not the business; the quarrel was yet undecided. The courtesy that you can, and certainly ought to show to your enemy, when you have reduced him to an ill condition and have a great advantage over him, I do not see how you can do it, where the interest of another is concerned, where you are only called in as an assistant, and the quarrel is none of yours; he could neither be just nor courteous, at the hazard of him he was there to serve. And he was therefore enlarged from the prisons of Italy at the speedy and solemn request of our king. Indiscreet nation! we are not content to make our vices and follies known to the world by report only, but we must go into foreign countries, there to show them what fools we are. Put three Frenchmen into the deserts of Libya, they will not live a month together without fighting; so that you would say this peregrination were a thing purposely designed to give foreigners the pleasure of our tragedies, and, for the most part, to such as rejoice and laugh at our miseries. We go into Italy to learn to fence, and fall to practice at the expense of our lives before we have learned it; and yet, by the rule of discipline, we should put the theory before the practice. We discover ourselves to be but learners:

"Primitiæ juvenum miseræ, bellique futuri
Dura rudimenta."¹

I know that fencing is an art very useful to its end (in a duel between two princes, cousin-germans, in Spain, the elder, says Livy,² by his skill and dexterity in arms, easily overcoming the greater and more awkward strength of the younger), and of which the knowledge, as I experimentally know, has inspired some with courage above their natural measure; but this is not properly valor, because it supports itself upon address and is founded upon something besides itself. The honor of combat consists in the jealousy of courage and not of skill; and therefore I have known a friend of mine, famed as a great master in this exercise, in his quarrels make choice of such arms as might deprive him of this advantage and that wholly depended upon fortune and assurance, that they might not attribute his victory rather to his skill in fencing than his valor. When I was young, gentlemen avoided the reputation of good fencers as injurious to them, and learned to fence with all imaginable privacy as a trade of subtlety, derogating from true and natural valor.

"Non schivar, non parar, non ritirarsi,
Vogliono costor, nè qui destrezza ha parte;
Non danno i colpi or finti, or pieni, or
scarsi!
Toglie l'ira e il furor l'uso dell' arte.
Odi le spade orribilmente utarsi
A mezzo il ferro; il piè d'orma non parte,
Sempre è il piè fermo, e la man sempre in
moto;
Nè scende taglio in van, nè punta à
voto."³

Butts, tilting and barriers, the images of warlike fights, were the exercises of our forefathers: this other exercise is so much the less noble, as it only respects a private

¹ "Fatal to the youth their first essays; hard the rudiments of future war." Vergil, *Æneid*, xi, 156.

² A Roman historian of the first century B.C.

³ "They neither shrank, nor vantage sought of ground,
They traversed not, nor skipped from part to part,
Their blows were neither false, nor feigned found:
In fight their rage would let them use no art.
Their swords together clash with dreadful sound,
Their feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start,
They move their hands, steadfast their feet remain.
Nor blow nor foin they struck or thrust in vain."

— Tasso, *Jer. Del.*, xii, 55.

end; that teaches us to destroy one another against law and justice and that every way always produces very ill effects. It is much more worthy and more becoming to exercise ourselves in things that strengthen than that weaken our government and that tend to the public safety and common glory. Publius Rutilius, Consul, was the first who taught the soldiers to handle their arms with skill, and joined art with valor, not for the use of private quarrel, but for war and the quarrels of the people of Rome; a popular and civil defense. And besides the example of Cæsar, who commanded his men to shoot chiefly at the face of Pompey's soldiers in the battle of Pharsalia, a thousand other commanders have also bethought them to invent new forms of weapons and new ways of striking and defending, according as occasion should require.

But as Philopœmen¹ condemned wrestling, wherein he excelled, because the preparatives that were therein employed were differing from those that appertain to military discipline, to which alone he conceived men of honor ought wholly to apply themselves; so it seems to me that this address to which we form our limbs, those writhings and motions young men are taught in this new school, are not only of no use, but rather contrary and hurtful to the practice of fight in battle; and also our people commonly make use of particular weapons and peculiarly designed for duel; and I have known when it has been disapproved, that a gentleman challenged to fight with rapier and poniard appeared in the array of a man-at-arms; and that another should take his cloak instead of his poniard. It is worthy of consideration that Laches in Plato, speaking of a learning to fence after our manner, says that he never knew any great soldier come out of that school, especially the masters of it; and, indeed, as to them, our experience tells as much. As to the rest, we may at least conclude that they are

qualities of no relation or correspondence; and in the education of the children of his government, Plato interdicts the art of boxing, introduced by Amycus and Epeius, and that of wrestling by Antæus and Cercyo, because they have another end than to render youth fit for the service of war and contribute nothing to it. But I see that I have somewhat strayed from my theme.

The Emperor Maurice,² being advertised by dreams and several prognostics, that one Phocas, an obscure soldier, should kill him, questioned his son-in-law Philip who this Phocas was, and what were his nature, qualities, and manners; and so soon as Philip, among other things, had told him that he was cowardly and timorous, the emperor immediately concluded then that he was a murderer and cruel. What is it that makes tyrants so sanguinary? 'Tis only the solicitude for their own safety, and that their faint hearts can furnish them with no other means of securing themselves than in exterminating those who may hurt them, even so much as women, for fear of a scratch:

"Cuncta ferit, dum cuncta timet."³

The first cruelties are exercised for themselves: thence springs the fear of a just revenge, which afterward produces a series of new cruelties, to obliterate one another. Philip, king of Macedon, who had so much to do with the people of Rome, agitated with the horror of so many murders committed by his order, and doubting of being able to keep himself secure from so many families, at divers times mortally injured and offended by him, resolved to seize all the children of those he had caused to be slain, to despatch them daily one after another, and so to establish his own repose.

Fine matter is never impertinent, however placed; and therefore I, who more consider the weight and utility of what I

¹ One of the few great men that Greece produced in the decline of her political independence. The great object of his life was to infuse into the Achæans a military spirit and thereby to establish their independence on a firm and lasting basis.

² Greek emperor, assassinated in 602.

³ "He strikes at all, who fears all." Claudius, *Eutrop.*, i, 182.

deliver than its order and connection, need not fear in this place to bring in an excellent story, though it be a little by-the-by; for when they are rich in their own native beauty, and are able to justify themselves, the least end of a hair will serve to draw them into my discourse.

Among others condemned by Philip, Herodicus, prince of Thessaly, had been one; he had moreover after him caused 10 his two sons-in-law to be put to death, each leaving a son very young behind him. Theoxena and Archo were their two widows. Theoxena, though highly courted to it, could not be persuaded to marry again: Archo married Poris, the greatest man among the Ænians, and by him had a great many children, whom she dying left at a very tender age. Theoxena, moved with a maternal charity toward her 20 nephews, that she might have them under her own eyes and in her own protection, married Poris: when presently comes a proclamation of the king's edict. This brave spirited mother, suspecting the 25 cruelty of Philip, and afraid of the insolence of the soldiers toward these charming and tender children, was so bold as to declare that she would rather kill them with her own hands than deliver them. 30 Poris, startled at this protestation, promised her to steal them away, and to transport them to Athens, and there commit them to the custody of some faithful friends of his. They took, therefore, the 35 opportunity of an annual feast which was celebrated at Ænia¹ in honor of Æneas, and thither they went. Having appeared by day at the public ceremonies and banquet, they stole the night following into a 40 vessel laid ready for the purpose, to escape away by sea. The wind proved contrary, and finding themselves in the morning within sight of the land whence they had launched over night, and being pursued 45 by the guards of the port, Poris, perceiving this, labored all he could to make the mariners do their utmost to escape from the pursuers. But Theoxena, frantic with affection and revenge, in pursuance of her 50 former resolution, prepared both weapons and poison, and exposing them before

them; "Go to, my children," said she, "death is now the only means of your defense and liberty, and shall administer occasion to the gods to exercise their sacred 5 justice: these sharp swords, and these full cups, will open you the way into it: courage, fear nothing! And thou, my son, who art the eldest, take this steel into thy hand, that thou mayest the more bravely 10 die." The children having on one side so powerful a counselor, and the enemy at their throats on the other, ran all of them eagerly upon what was next to hand; and, half dead, were thrown into the sea. 15 Theoxena, proud of having so gloriously provided for the safety of her children, clasping her arms with great affection about her husband's neck, "Let us, my friend, follow these boys, and enjoy the same sepulcher they do"; and so, having embraced, they threw themselves headlong into the sea; so that the ship was carried back without the owners into the harbor.

Tyrants, at once both to kill and to 20 make their anger felt, have pumped their wit to invent the most lingering deaths. They will have their enemies despatched, but not so fast that they may not have leisure to taste their vengeance. And, 25 therein, they are mightily perplexed; for, if the torments they inflict are violent, they are short; if long, they are not then so painful as they desire; and thus plague themselves in choice of the greatest 30 cruelty. Of this we have a thousand examples in antiquity, and I know not whether we, unawares, do not retain some traces of this barbarity.

All that exceeds a simple death appears 35 to me absolute cruelty. Our justice cannot expect that he, whom the fear of dying by being beheaded or hanged will not restrain, should be any more awed by the imagination of a languishing fire, pincers, 40 or the wheel. And I know not, in the meantime, whether we do not throw them into despair; for in what condition can be the soul of a man, expecting four and twenty hours together to be broken upon 45 a wheel, or, after the old way, nailed to a cross. Josephus² relates that, in the time of the war the Romans made in Ju-

¹ A city in Macedonia.

² A Jewish historian.

dæa, happening to pass by where they had three days before crucified certain Jews, he among them knew three of his own friends, and obtained the favor of having them taken down, of whom two, he says, died, the third lived a great while after.

Chalcondylas, a writer of good credit, in the records he has left behind him of things that happened in his time, and near him, tells us, as of the most excessive torment, of that the Emperor¹ Mohammed very often practiced, of cutting off men in the middle by the diaphragm with one blow of a scimitar, whence it followed that they died as it were two deaths at once; and both the one part, says he, and the other were seen to stir and strive a great while after in very great torment. I do not think there was any great suffering in this motion: the torments that are the most dreadful to look on are not always the greatest to endure; and I find those that other historians relate to have been practiced by him upon the Epiriot² lords are more horrid and cruel, where they were condemned to be flayed alive piece-meal, after so malicious a manner that they continued fifteen days in that misery.

As also these other two following: Crœsus,³ having caused a gentleman, the favorite of his brother Pantaleon, to be seized, carried him into a fuller's shop, where he caused him to be scratched and carded with the cards and combs belonging to that trade till he died. George Sechel, chief commander of the peasants of Poland, who committed so many mischiefs under the title of the Crusade, being defeated in battle and taken by the Vayvod of Transylvania, was three days bound naked upon the rack, exposed to all sorts of torments that any one could contrive against him; during which time many other prisoners were kept fasting; in the end, he living and looking on, they made his beloved brother Lucat, for whom alone he entreated, taking upon himself the blame of all their evil actions, drink his blood, and caused twenty of his most favored captains to feed upon him, tearing his flesh in pieces with their teeth, and swallowing the morsels. The remainder of his body and his bowels, so soon as he was dead, were boiled, and others of his followers compelled to eat them.

¹ Of India.

² Of ancient Epirus, in northwestern Greece.

³ The last king of Lydia, who reigned 560-546 B.C.

PROSE NARRATIVE

ITALIAN

MATTEO BANDELLO

(1480-1561)

Among the various Italian story-tellers who contributed to the literary life of the Renaissance in general and to the development of the novel in particular, Bandello is probably, after Boccaccio, the best known to English readers. He was a Dominican from Lombardy who held several high offices in the church, and yet found time to write about ninety novelettes (*novelle*). Although the distinctly local color in his language apparently repelled such of his countrymen as resided outside his district, his tales seem to have been highly prized by both French and English.

The story of Romeo and Julietta printed in this volume is a translation of Bandello's Italian version and was published by William Painter in his famous collection entitled the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-67). A poem on the same tragic theme was published in English by Arthur Brooke in 1562. Other versions which preceded and help to explain Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* are an Italian account by Luigi da Porto (about 1530) and a French translation of Bandello published by Boisteau in 1559. Bandello's story is included here as an example of the Italian *novella*, a type of literature that sprang into great prominence in Italy during the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries and invaded England in great numbers. The *novella* has in it many of the characteristics that came later to distinguish the novel as a separate form; and, although many *novelle* are fully worth reading for their own sake, they are perhaps most interesting because of their use by Shakespeare and others in the composition of some of the world's greatest literary masterpieces. The *novella*, as a rule, lacks the interest in the problems of humanity necessary to really great literature. The interest of the writer is primarily in plot, or perhaps in direct and rather obvious edification. He appeals to the reader by setting forth events of sensational cruelty or licentiousness or of appealing novelty.

The selection is taken from *An Elizabethan Story-Book*, London, Longmans, Green and Co., 1928.

ROMEO AND JULIETTA

The goodly history of the true and constant love between Romeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poison, and the other of sorrow and heaviness: wherein be comprised many adventures of love, and other devices touching the same.

I am sure that they which measure the greatness of God's works according to the capacity of their rude and simple understanding will not lightly adhibit credit unto this history, so well for the variety of strange accidents which be therein described, as for the novelty of so rare and perfect amity. But they that have read

Pliny, Valerius Maximus, Plutarch and divers other writers, do find that in old time a great number of men and women have died, some of excessive joy, some of overmuch sorrow, and some of other passions: and amongst the same, love is not the least, which when it seizeth upon any kind and gentle subject, and findeth no resistance to serve for a rampart to stay the violence of his course, by little and little undermineth, melteth and consumeth the virtues of natural powers in such wise as the spirit yielding to the burden abandoneth the place of life: which is verified by the pitiful and unfortunate death of two lovers that surrendered their last

breath in one tomb at Verona, a city of Italy, wherein repose yet to this day (with great marvel) the bones and remnants of their late loving bodies: an history no less wonderful than true. If then particular affection, which of good right every man ought to bear to the place where he was born, do not deceive those that travel, I think they will confess with me, that few cities in Italy can surpass the said city of Verona, as well for the navigable river called Adissa, which passeth almost through the midst of the same, and thereby a great traffic into Almaine,¹ as also for the prospect towards the fertile mountains and pleasant valleys which do environ the same, with a great number of very clear and lively fountains, that serve for the ease and commodity of the place. Omitting (besides many other singularities) four bridges, and an infinite number of other honourable antiquities daily apparent unto those that be curious to view and look upon them. Which places I have somewhat touched, because this most true history, which I purpose hereafter to recite, dependeth thereupon, the memory whereof to this day is so well known at Verona, as unneths² their blubbered eyes be yet dry, that saw and beheld that lamentable sight. When the Senior Escala was Lord of Verona, there were two families in the city, of far greater fame than the rest, as well for riches as nobility: the one called the Montesches, and the other the Capellets: but like as most commonly there is discord amongst them which be of semblable degree in honour, even so there happened a certain enmity between them: and for so much as the beginning thereof was unlawful and of ill foundation, so likewise in process of time it kindled to such flame as, by divers and sundry devices practised on both sides, many lost their lives. The Lord Bartholomew of Escala (of whom we have already spoken), being Lord of Verona, and seeing such disorder in his commonweal, assayed divers and sundry ways to reconcile those two houses, but all in vain: for their hatred had taken such root, as the same could not be moderated by any wise counsel or good advice: between whom no other thing could be accorded, but giving over armour and weapon for the time, attending some other season more convenient, and with better leisure to appease the rest. In the time that these things were a-doing, one of the family of Montesches called Romeo, of the age of twenty or twenty-one years, the comeliest and best conditioned gentleman that was amongst the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young gentlewoman of Verona, and in few days was attached with her beauty and good behaviour, as he abandoned all other affairs and business, to serve and honour her: and after many letters, ambassades and presents, he determined in the end to speak unto her, and to disclose his passions, which he did without any other practice. But she which was virtuously brought up knew how to make him so good answer to cut off his amorous affections, as he had no lust after that time to return any more, and showed herself so austere and sharp of speech, as she vouchsafed not with one look to behold him. But how much the young gentleman saw her whist³ and silent, the more he was inflamed: and, after he had continued certain months in that service without remedy of his grief, he determined in the end to depart Verona, for proof if by change of the place he might alter his affection, saying to himself: "What do I mean to love one that is so unkind, and thus doth disdain me: I am all her own and yet she flieth from me: I can no longer live except her presence I do enjoy: and she hath no contented mind, but when she is furthest from me: I will then from henceforth estrange myself from her, for it may so come to pass by not beholding her, that this fire in me which taketh increase and nourishment by her fair eyes by little and little may die and quench." But minding to put in proof what he thought, at one instant he was reduced to the contrary, who, not knowing whereupon to resolve, passed days and nights in marvellous complaints and lamentations: for love vexed him so near, and had so well fixed the gentlewoman's beauty within the bowels

¹ Germany.² Scarcely.³ Still.

of his heart and mind as, not able to resist, he fainted with the charge, and consumed by little and little as the snow against the sun: whereof his parents and kindred did marvel greatly, bewailing his misfortune, but, above all other, one of his companions of riper age and counsel than he began sharply to rebuke him: for the love that he bare him was so great as he felt his martyrdom and was partaker of his passion: which caused him by oft viewing his friend's disquietness in amorous pangs to say thus unto him: "Romeo, I marvel much that thou spendest the best time of thine age in pursuit of a thing from which thou seest thyself despised and banished, without respect either to thy prodigal dispense, to thine honour, to thy tears, or to thy miserable life, which be able to move the most constant to pity: wherefore I pray thee for the love of our ancient amity and for thine health's sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine own man, and not to alienate thy liberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so far as I conjecture by things that are passed between you, either she is in love with some other, or else, determineth never to love any. Thou art young, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beauty than any gentleman in this city: thou art well learned, and the only son of the house whereof thou comest: what grief would it be to thy poor old father and other thy parents, to see thee so drowned in this dungeon of vice, specially at that age wherein thou oughtest rather to put them in some hope of thy virtue? Begin then from henceforth to acknowledge thine error wherein thou hast hitherto lived, do away that amorous veil or coverture which blindeth thine eyes and letteth¹ thee from following the right path, wherein thine ancestors have walked: or else, if thou do feel thyself so subject to thine own will, yield thy heart to some other place, and choose some mistress according to thy worthiness, and henceforth do not sow thy pains in a soil so barren whereof thou reapest no fruit: the time approacheth when all the dames of the city shall assemble, where thou mayst behold such one as shall make thee forget thy former griefs." This young gentleman, attentively hearing all the persuading reasons of his friend, began somewhat to moderate that heat, and to acknowledge all the exhortations which he had made to be directed to good purpose: and then determined to put them in proof, and to be present indifferently at all the feasts and assemblies of the city, without bearing affection more to one woman than to another: and continued in this manner of life two or three months, thinking by that means to quench the sparks of ancient flames. It chanced then within few days after, about the feast of Christmas, when feasts and banquets most commonly be used, and masques according to the custom frequented, that Anthony Capellet, being the chief of that family and one of the principal lords of the city too, made a banquet, and, for the better solemnization thereof, invited all the noble men and dames, to which feast resorted the most part of the youth of Verona. The family of the Capellets (as we have declared in the beginning of this history) was at variance with the Montescches, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that banquet, but only the young gentleman Romeo, who came in a masque after supper with certain other young gentlemen: and after they had remained a certain space with their visards on, at length they did put off the same, and Romeo very shamefast withdrew himself into a corner of the hall: but, by reason of the light of the torches which burned very bright, he was by and by known and looked upon of the whole company, but specially of the ladies, for, besides his native beauty wherewith nature had adorned him, they marvelled at his audacity how he durst presume to enter so secretly into the house of that family which had little cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the Capellets dissembling their malice, either for the honour of the company or else for respect of his age, did not misuse him either in word or deed: by means whereof with free liberty he beheld and viewed the ladies at his pleasure, which he did so well and with grace

¹ Prevents.

so good, as there was none but did very well like the presence of his person: and, after he had particularly given judgment upon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, he saw one gentlewoman amongst the rest of surpassing beauty who (although he had never seen her heretofore) pleased him above the rest, and attributed unto her in heart the chiefest place for all perfection in beauty: and feasting her incessantly with piteous looks, the love which he bare to his first gentlewoman was overcome with this new fire, that took such nourishment and vigour in his heart, as he was not able never to quench the same but by death only: as you may understand by one of the strangest discourses that ever any mortal man devised. The young Romeo, then feeling himself thus tossed with this new tempest, could not tell what countenance to use, but was so surprised and changed with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himself, in such wise as he had not audacity to enquire what she was, and wholly bent himself to feed his eyes with her sight, wherewith he moistened the sweet amorous venom which did so empoison him as he ended his days with a kind of most cruel death. The gentlewoman that did put Romeo to such pain was called Julietta, and was the daughter of Capellet, the master of the house where that assembly was, who, as her eyes did roll and wander to and fro, by chance espied Romeo, which unto her seemed to be the goodliest personage that ever she saw: and love (which lay in wait never until that time), assailing the tender heart of that young gentlewoman, touched her so at the quick, as for any resistance she could make, was not able to defend his forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in her heart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some sight or look of Romeo. And after they had contented each other's troubled heart with millions of amorous looks which oftentimes interchangeably encountered and met together, the burning beams gave sufficient testimony of love's privy onsets. Love having made the heart's breach of those two lovers, as they two sought means to speak together, fortune offered them a very meet and apt occasion. A certain lord of that troop and company took Julietta by the hand to dance, wherein she behaved herself so well and with so excellent grace, as she won that day the prize of honour from all the damsels of Verona. Romeo, having foreseen the place whereunto she minded to retire, approached the same, and so discreetly used the matter, as he found the means at her return to sit beside her: Julietta, when the dance was finished, returned to the very place where she was set before, and was placed between Romeo and another gentleman called Mercutio, which was a court-like gentleman, very well beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behaviour was in every company well entertained. Mercutio that was of audacity among maidens, as a lion is among lambs, seized incontinently upon the hand of Julietta whose hands wontedly were so cold both in winter and summer as the mountain ice, although the fire's heat did warm the same. Romeo which sat upon the left side of Julietta, seeing that Mercutio held her by the right hand, took her by the other that he might not be deceived of his purpose, and straining the same a little, he felt himself so pressed with that new favour, as he remained mute, not able to answer: but she perceiving by his change of colour, that the fault proceeded of the vehemence of love desiring to speak unto him, turned herself towards him, and with trembling voice joined with virginal shamefastness, intermeddled with a certain bashfulness, said to him: "Blessed be the hour of your near approach": but minding to proceed in further talk, love had so closed up her mouth, as she was not able to end her tale. Whereunto the young gentleman all ravished with joy and contentation, sighing, asked her what was the cause of that right fortunate blessing: Julietta, somewhat more emboldened, with pitiful look and smiling countenance, said unto him: "Sir, do not marvel if I do bless your coming hither, because Sir Mercutio a good time with frosty hand hath wholly frozen mine, and you of your

courtesy have warmed the same again." Whereunto immediately Romeo replied: "Madam, if the heavens have been so favourable to employ me to do you some agreeable service, being repaired hither by chance amongst other gentlemen, I esteem the same well bestowed, craving no greater benefit for satisfaction of all my contentations received in this world, than to serve, obey and honour you so long as my life doth last, as experience shall yield more ample proof when it shall please you to give further assay: moreover, if you have received any heat by touch of my hand, you may be well assured that those flames be dead in respect of the lively sparks and violent fire which sorteth from your fair eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most sensible parts of my body as, if I be not succoured by the favour of your good graces, I do attend the time to be consumed to dust." Scarce had he made an end of those last words but the dance of the torch was at an end: whereby Julietta, which wholly burnt in love, straitly clasping her hand with his, had no leisure to make other answer, but softly thus to say: "My dear friend, I know not what other assured witness you desire of love, but that I let you understand that you be no more your own, than I am yours, being ready and disposed to obey you so far as honour shall permit, beseeching you for the present time to content yourself with this answer, until some other season meeter to communicate more secretly of our affairs." Romeo, seeing himself pressed to part of the company, and for that he knew not by what means he might see her again that was his life and death, demanded of one of his friends what she was, who made answer that she was the daughter of Capellet, the lord of the house, and master of that day's feast (who, wroth beyond measure that Fortune had sent him to so dangerous a place, thought it impossible to bring to end his enterprise begun). Julietta, covetous on the other side, to know what young gentleman he was which had so courteously entertained her that night, and of whom she felt the new wound in her heart, called an old gentlewoman of honour which had nursed her and brought her up, unto whom she said leaning upon her shoulder: "Mother, what two young gentlemen be they which first go forth with the two torches before them?" Unto whom the old gentlewoman told the name of the houses whereof they came. Then she asked her again, what young gentleman that was which holdeth the visard in his hand, with the damask cloak about him. "It is," quoth she, "Romeo Montesche, the son of your father's capital enemy and deadly foe to all your kin." But the maiden at the only name of Montesche was altogether amazed, despairing for ever to attain to husband her great affectioned friend Romeo, for the ancient hatreds between those two families. Nevertheless she knew so well how to dissemble her grief and discontented mind, as the old gentlewoman perceived nothing, who then began to persuade her to retire into her chamber: whom she obeyed, and being in bed, thinking to take her wonted rest, a great tempest of divers thoughts began to environ and trouble her mind, in such wise as she was not able to close her eyes, but, turning here and there, fantasied divers things in her thought, sometimes purposed to cut off the whole attempt of that amorous practice, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poor pucelle¹ vexed with two contraries, the one comforted her to pursue her intent, the other proposed the imminent peril whereunto indiscreetly she headlong threw herself: and, after she had wandered of long time in this amorous labyrinth, she knew not whereupon to resolve, but wept incessantly, and accused herself, saying: "Ah, caitiff and miserable creature, from whence do rise these unaccustomed travails which I feel in mind, provoking me to lose my rest: but unfortunate wretch, what do I know if that young gentleman do love me as he saith? It may be under the veil of sugared words he goeth about to steal away mine honour, to be revenged of my parents which have offended his, and by that means to my everlasting reproach to make me the fable of the Verona people." Afterwards sud-

¹ Maiden.

denly as she condemned that which she suspected in the beginning, said: "Is it possible that, under such beauty and rare comeliness, disloyalty and treason may have their siege and lodging? If it be true that the face is the faithful messenger of the mind's conceit, I may be assured that he doth love me: for I marked so many changed colours in his face in time of his talk with me, and saw him so transported and beside himself, as I cannot wish any other more certain luck of love, wherein I will persist immutable to the last gasp of life, to the intent I may have him to be my husband: for it may so come to pass, as this new alliance shall engender a perpetual peace and amity between his house and mine." Arresting then upon this determination still, as she saw Romeo passing before her father's gate, she showed herself with merry countenance, and followed him so with look of eye, until she had lost sight. And continuing this manner of life for certain days, Romeo, not able to content himself with looks, daily did behold and mark the situation of the house, and one day amongst others he espied Julietta at her chamber window, bounding upon a narrow lane, right over against which chamber he had a garden which was the cause that Romeo, fearing discovery of their love, began the day time to pass no more before the gate, but so soon as the night with his brown mantle had covered the earth, he walked alone up and down that little street: and after he had been there many times, missing the chiefest cause of his coming, Julietta, impatient of her evil, one night repaired to her window, and perceived through the brightness of the moon her friend Romeo under her window, no less attended for, than he himself was waiting. Then she, secretly with tears in her eyes and with voice interrupted by sighs, said: "Signor Romeo, methinks that you hazard your person too much, and commit the same into great danger at this time of the night, to protrude yourself to the mercy of them which mean you little good. Who if they had taken would have cut you in pieces, and mine honour (which I esteem dearer than my life) hindered and suspected for

ever." "Madam," answered Romeo, "my life is in the hand of God, who only can dispose the same: howbeit if any man had sought means to bereave me of my life, I should (in the presence of you) have made him known what mine ability had been to defend the same. Notwithstanding life is not so dear, and of such estimation with me, but that I could vouchsafe to sacrifice the same for your sake: and although my mishap had been so great, as to be dispatched in that place, yet had I no cause to be sorry therefore, except it had been by losing the means and way how to make you understand the good will and duty which I bear you, desiring not to conserve the same for any commodity that I hope to have thereby, nor for any other respect, but only to love, serve, and honour you, so long as breath shall remain in me." So soon as he had made an end of his talk, love and pity had begun to seize upon the heart of Julietta, and leaning her head upon her hand, having her face all besprent with tears, she said unto Romeo: "Sir Romeo, I pray you not to renew that grief again: for the only memory of such inconvenience maketh me to counterpoise between death and life, my heart being so united with yours, as you cannot receive the least injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a partaker as yourself: beseeching you for conclusion, that if you desire your own health and mine, to declare unto me in few words what your determination is to attain: for if you covet any other secret thing at my hands, more than mine honour can well allow, you are marvellously deceived: but if your desire be godly, and that the friendship which you protest to bear me be founded upon virtue, and to be concluded by marriage, receiving me for your wife and lawful spouse, you shall have such part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reverence that I owe to my parents, or to the ancient enmity of our families, I will make you the only lord and master over me, and of all the things that I possess, being prest and ready in all points to follow your commandment: but if your intent be otherwise, and think to reap the fruit of my virginity, under pretence of

wanton amity, you be greatly deceived, and do pray you to avoid and suffer me from henceforth to live and rest amongst mine equals." Romeo which looked for none other thing, holding up his hands to the heavens, with incredible joy and contentation, answered: "Madam, forasmuch as it hath pleased you to do me that honour to accept me for such a one, I accord and consent to your request, and do offer unto you the best part of my heart, which shall remain with you for gage and sure testimony of my saying, until such time as God shall give me leave to make you the entire owner and possessor of the same. And to the intent I may begin mine enterprise, tomorrow I will to the Friar Lawrence for counsel in the same, who besides that he is my ghostly¹ father is accustomed to give me instruction in all my other secret affairs, and fail not (if you please) to meet me again in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may give you to understand the device between him and me." Which she liked very well, and ended their talk for that time, Romeo receiving none other favour at her hands for that night, but only words. This Friar Lawrence, of whom hereafter we shall make more ample mention, was an ancient Doctor of Divinity, of the order of the Friars Minors,² who, besides the happy profession which he had made in study of holy writ, was very skilful in philosophy, and a great searcher of nature's secrets, and exceeding famous in magic knowledge, and other hidden and secret sciences, which nothing diminished his reputation, because he did not abuse the same. And this friar, through his virtue and piety, had so well won the citizens' hearts of Verona, as he was almost the confessor to them all, and of all men generally revered and beloved: and many times for his great prudence was called by the lords of the city to the hearing of their weighty causes. And amongst other he was greatly favoured by the Lord of Escala, that time the principal governor of Verona, and of all the family of Monteches, and of the Capellets and of many other. The young Romeo (as we have al-

ready declared), from his tender age, bare a certain particular amity to Friar Lawrence, and departed to him his secrets, by means whereof, so soon as he was gone from Julietta, went straight to the Friars Franciscans, where from point to point he discoursed the success of his love to that good father, and the conclusion of marriage between him and Julietta, adding, upon the end of talk, that he would rather choose shameful death, than to fail her of his promise. To whom the good friar after he had debated divers matters, and proposed all the inconveniences of that secret marriage, exhorted him to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstanding, all the alleged persuasions were not able to revoke his promise. Wherefore the friar, vanquished with his stubbornness and also forecasting in his mind that the marriage might be some means of reconciliation of those two houses, in the end agreed to his request, entreating him that he might have one day's respite for leisure to excogitate what was best to be done. But if Romeo was careful for his part to provide for his affairs, Julietta likewise did her endeavour. For seeing that she had none about her to whom she might discover her passions, she devised to impart the whole to her nurse which lay in her chamber, appointed to wait upon her, to whom she committed the entire secrets of the love between Romeo and her. And although the old woman in the beginning resisted Julietta her intent, yet in the end she knew so well how to persuade and win her, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her commandment. And then she sent her with all diligence to speak to Romeo, and to know of him by what means they might be married, and that he would do her to understand the determination between Friar Lawrence and him. Whom Romeo answered, how the first day wherein he had informed Friar Lawrence of the matter, the said Friar deferred answer until the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one hour sithence he returned with final resolution, and that Friar Lawrence and he had devised, that she the Saturday

¹ Spiritual.² Franciscans.

following should crave leave of her mother to go to confession, and to repair to the Church of St. Francis, where in a certain chapel secretly they should be married, praying her in any wise not to fail to be there. Which thing she brought to pass with such discretion, as her mother agreed to her request: and accompanied only with her governess and a young maiden, she repaired thither at the determined day and time. And so soon as she was entered the church, she called for the good Doctor Friar Lawrence, unto whom answer was made that he was in the shriving chapel, and forthwith advertisement was given him of her coming. So soon as Friar Lawrence was certified of Julietta, he went into the body of the church, and willed the old woman and young maiden to go hear service, and that, when he had heard the confession of Julietta, he would send for them again. Julietta being entered a little cell with Friar Lawrence, he shut fast the door as he was wont to do, where Romeo and he had been together shut fast in, the space of one whole hour before. Then Friar Lawrence, after that he had shrived them, said to Julietta: "Daughter, as Romeo here present has certified me, you be agreed and contented to take him to husband, and he likewise you for his espouse and wife. Do you now still persist and continue in that mind?" The lovers answered that they desired none other thing. The friar seeing their conformed and agreeable wills, after he had discoursed somewhat upon the commendation of marriage dignity, pronounced the usual words of the Church, and, she having received the ring from Romeo, they rose up before the friar, who said unto them: "If you have any other thing to confer together, do the same with speed: for I purpose that Romeo shall go from hence so secretly as he can." Romeo sorry to go from Julietta said secretly unto her, that she should send unto him after dinner the old woman, and that he would cause to be made a corded ladder the same evening, thereby to climb up to her chamber window, where at more leisure they would devise of their affairs. Things determined between them, either of them retired to their house with incredible contentation, attending the happy hour for consummation of their marriage. When Romeo was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed between him and Julietta unto a servant of his called Pietro, whose fidelity he had so greatly tried, as he durst have trusted him with his life, and commanded him with expedition to provide a ladder of cords with two strong hooks of iron fastened to both ends, which he easily did, because they were much used in Italy. Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clock to send the old woman to Romeo, who, having prepared all things necessary, caused the ladder to be delivered unto her, and prayed her to require Julietta the same evening not to fail to be at the accustomed place. But if this journey seemed long to these two passionate lovers, let others judge, that have at other times assayed the like: for every minute of an hour seemed to them a thousand years, so that if they had power to command the heavens (as Joshua did the sun) the earth had incontinently been shadowed with darkest clouds. The appointed hour come, Romeo put on the most sumptuous apparel he had, and conducted by good fortune near to the place where his heart took life, was so fully determined of his purpose, as easily he climbed up the garden wall. Being arrived hard to the window, he perceived Julietta, who had already so well fastened the ladder to draw him up, as without any danger at all he entered her chamber, which was so clear as the day, by reason of the tapers of virgin wax, which Julietta had caused to be lighted, that she might the better behold her Romeo. Julietta for her part was but in her night kerchief: who so soon as she perceived him colled him about the neck, and after she had kissed and rekindled him a million of times began to embrace him between her arms, having no power to speak unto him but by sighs only, holding her mouth close against his, and being in this trance beheld him with pitiful eye, which made him to live and die together. And afterwards, somewhat come to herself, she said with sighs deeply fetched from the bottom of her heart: "Ah,

Romeo, the exemplar of all virtue and gentleness, most heartily welcome to this place, wherein for your lack, and absence, and for fear of your person, I have gushed forth so many tears as the spring is almost dry: but now that I hold you between my arms, let death and fortune do what they list. For I count myself more than satisfied of all my sorrows past, by the favour alone of your presence." Whom 10 Romeo with weeping eye, giving over silence, answered: "Madam, forasmuch as I never received so much of fortune's grace, as to make you feel by lively experience what power you had over me, and the torment every minute of the day sustained for your occasion, I do assure you the least grief that vexeth me for your absence is a thousand times more painful than death, which long time ere 20 this had cut off the thread of my life, if the hope of this happy journey had not been, which, paying me now the just tribute of my weepings past, maketh me better content, and more glad, than if the whole 25 world were at my commandment, beseeching you (without further memory of ancient grief) to take advice in time to come how we may content our passionate hearts, and to sort our affairs with such 30 wisdom and discretion, as our enemies without advantage may let us continue the remnant of our days in rest and quiet." And as Julietta was about to make answer, the old woman came in the meantime, 35 and said unto them: "He that wasteth time in talk recovereth the same too late. But forasmuch as either of you hath endured such mutual pains, behold (quoth she) a camp which I have made ready": 40 (showing them the field bed which she had prepared and furnished), whereunto they easily agreed. Their marriage thus consummated, Romeo, perceiving the morning making hasty approach, took 45 his leave, making promise that he would not fail within a day or two to resort again to the place by like means and at the same time, until Fortune had provided sure occasion unfearfully to manifest their 50 marriage to the whole world. And thus, a month or twain, they continued their joyful minds to their incredible satisfaction, until Lady Fortune, envious of their prosperity, turned her wheel to tumble them into such a bottomless pit, as they paid her usury for their pleasures past, by a certain most cruel and pitiful death, as 5 you shall understand hereafter by the discourse that followeth. Now as we have before declared, the Capellets and the Montesches were not so well reconciled by the Lord of Verona, but that there rested in them such sparks of ancient displeasures, as either parties waited but for some light occasion to draw together, which they did in the Easter holy days (as 15 bloody men commonly be most willingly disposed after a good time to commit some nefarious deed). Beside the Gate of Boursarie leading to the old castle of Verona, a troop of Capellets rencountered with certain of the Montesches, and without other words began to set upon them. And the Capellets had for chief of their glorious enterprise one called Thibault, 20 cousin-german to Julietta, a young man strongly made and of good experience of arms, who exhorted his companions with stout stomachs to repress the boldness of the Montesches, that there might from that time forth no memory of them be 25 left at all. The rumour of this fray was dispersed throughout all the corners of Verona, that succour might come from all parts of the city to depart the same. Whereof Romeo advertised, who walked 35 along the city with certain of his companions, hasted him speedily to the place where the slaughter of his parents and allies were committed: and after he had well advised and beholden many wounded and hurt on both sides, he said to his 40 companions: "My friends, let us part them, for they be so fleshed one upon another, as will all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And saying so, he thrust himself amidst the troop, and did no more but part the blows on either side, crying upon them aloud: "My 45 friends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarrel cease. For besides the provocation of God's just wrath, our two families be slanderous to the whole world, and are the cause that this commonwealth 50 doth grow unto disorder." But they were

so eager and furious one against the other, as they gave no heed to Romeo's counsel, and bent themselves to kill, dismember, and tear each other in pieces. And the fight was so cruel and outrageous between them, as they which looked on were amazed to see them endure those blows, for the ground was all covered with arms, legs, thighs and blood, wherein no sign of cowardness appeared, and maintained 10 their fight so long, that none was able to judge who had the better, until that Thibault, cousin to Julietta, inflamed with ire and rage, turned towards Romeo thinking with a prick to run him through. But he was so well armed and defended with a privy coat which he wore ordinarily for the doubt he had of the Capellets, as the prick rebounded: unto whom Romeo made answer: "Thibault, thou mayest 20 know by the patience which I have had until this present time, that I came not hither to fight with thee or thine, but to seek peace and atonement between us, and if thou thinkest that for lack of courage I have failed mine endeavour, thou doest great wrong to my reputation. And impute this my sufferance to some other particular respect, rather than to want of stomach. Wherefore abuse me not, 30 but be content with this great effusion of blood and murders already committed. And provoke me not, I beseech thee, to pass the bounds of my good will and mind." "Ah, traitor," said Thibault, 35 "thou thinkest to save thyself by the plot of thy pleasant tongue, but see that thou defend thyself, else presently I will make thee feel that thy tongue shall not guard thy corpse, nor yet be the buckler to defend the same from present death." And saying so, he gave him a blow with such fury, as had not other warded the same, he had cut off his head from his shoulders, and the one was no readier to lend, but the 45 other incontinently was able to pay again, for he being not only wroth with the blow that he had received, but offended with the injury which the other had done, began to pursue his enemy with such courage 50 and vivacity, as at the third blow with his sword he caused him to fall backward stark dead upon the ground with a prick vehemently thrust into his throat, which he followed till his sword appeared through the hinder part of the same, by reason whereof the conflict ceased. For besides 5 that Thibault was the chief of his company he was also born of one of the noblest houses within the city, which caused the potestate to assemble his soldiers with diligence for the apprehension and imprisonment of Romeo, who, seeing ill fortune at hand, in secretwise conveyed himself to Friar Lawrence at the Friars Franciscans. And the friar, understanding of his fact, kept him in a certain secret 15 place of his convent until fortune did otherwise provide for his safe going abroad. The bruit spread throughout the city, of this chance done upon the Lord Thibault, the Capellets in mourning weeds caused the dead body to be carried before the seignior of Verona, so well to move them to pity as to demand justice for the murder: before whom came also the Monteschies declaring the innocency of Romeo 25 and the wilful assault of the other. The council assembled and witnesses heard on both parts, a strait commandment was given by the lord of the city to give over their weapons, and touching the offence of Romeo, because he had killed the other in his own defence, he was banished Verona for ever. This common misfortune published throughout the city was generally sorrowed and lamented. Some complaineth the death of the Lord Thibault, 35 so well for his dexterity in arms as for the hope of his great good service in time to come, if he had not been prevented by such cruel death. Others bewailed (especially the ladies and gentlewomen) the overthrow of young Romeo, who, besides his beauty and good grace wherewith he was enriched, had a certain natural allurement, by virtue whereof he drew unto him 45 the hearts of each man, like as the stony adamant doth the cankered iron, in such wise as the whole nation and people of Verona lamented his mischance: but above all unfortunate Julietta, who advertised both of the death of her cousin Thibault, and of the banishment of her husband, made the air sound with infinite number of mournful complaints and miserable

lamentations. Then feeling herself too much outraged with extreme passion, she went into her chamber, and overcome with sorrow threw herself upon her bed, where she began to reinforce her dolour after so strange fashion, as the most constant would have been moved to pity. Then, like one out of her wits, she gazed here and there and, by fortune beholding the window whereat Romeo was wont to enter into her chamber, cried out: "Oh, unhappy window, oh, entry most unlucky, wherein were woven the bitter toil of my former mishaps, if by thy means I have received at other times some light pleasure or transitory contentation, thou now makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and painful, as my tender body not able any longer to support the same shall henceforth open the gate to that life, where the ghost discharged from this mortal burden shall seek in some place else more assured rest. Ah, Romeo, Romeo, when acquaintance first began between us, and reclined mine ears unto thy suborned promises, confirmed with so many oaths, I would never have believed that in place of our continued amity, and in appeasing of the hatred of our houses, thou wouldest have sought occasion to break the same by an act so shameful, whereby thy fame shall be spotted for ever, and I, miserable wretch, desolate of spouse and companion. But if thou hadst been so greedy after the Capellets' blood, wherefore didst thou spare the dear blood of mine own heart, when so many times and in such secret place the same was at the mercy of thy cruel hands? The victory which thou shouldest have gotten over me, had it not been glorious enough for thine ambitious mind, but for more triumphant solemnity to be crowned with the blood of my dearest kinsman? Now get thee hence therefore into some other place to deceive some other, so unhappy as myself. Never come again in place where I am, for no excuse shall hereafter take hold to assuage mine offended mind: in the meantime I shall lament the rest of my heavy life, with such store of tears, as my body dried up from all humidity shall shortly search relief in earth." And having made an

end of those her words, her heart was so grievously strained as she could neither weep nor speak, and stood so immovable as if she had been in a trance. Then being somewhat come again unto herself, with feeble voice she said: "Ah, murderous tongue of other men's honour, how darest thou so infamously to speak of him whom his very enemies do commend and praise? How presumest thou to impute the blame upon Romeo, whose unguiltiness and innocent deed every man alloweth? Where from henceforth shall be his refuge, sith she which ought to be the only bulwark and assured rampire of his distress doth pursue and defame him? Receive, receive then Romeo the satisfaction of mine ingratitude by the sacrifice which I shall make of my proper life, and so the fault which I have committed against thy loyalty shall be made open to the world, thou being revenged and myself punished." And thinking to use some further talk, all the powers of her body failed her with signs of present death. But the good old woman, which could not imagine the cause of Julietta her long absence, doubted very much that she suffered some passion, and sought her up and down in every place within her father's palace until at length she found her lying along upon her bed, all the outward parts of her body so cold as marble. But the good old woman which thought her to be dead began to cry like one out of her wits, saying: "Ah, dear daughter and nurse-child, how much doth thy death now grieve me at the very heart!" And, as she was feeling all the parts of her body, she perceived some spark of life to be yet within the same, which caused her to call her many times by her name, till at length she brought her out of her swoon, then said unto her: "Why, Julietta, mine own dear darling, what mean you by this turmoiling of yourself? I cannot tell from whence this your behaviour and that immoderate heaviness do proceed, but well I wot that within this hour I thought to have accompanied you to the grave." "Alas, good mother," (answered woeful Julietta), "do you not most plainly perceive and see what just cause I have to sorrow and

complain, losing at one instant two persons of the world which were unto me most dear?" "Methinks," answered the good woman, "that it is not seemly for a gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremity: for in time of tribulation wisdom should most prevail. And if the Lord Thibault be dead do you think to get him again by tears? What is he that doth not accuse his overmuch presumption? Would you that Romeo had done that wrong to him and his house, to suffer himself outraged and assailed by one to whom in manhood and prowess he is not inferior? Sufficeth you that Romeo is alive, and his affairs in such estate who in time may be called home again from banishment, for he is a great lord, and, as you know, well allied and favoured of all men, wherefore arm yourself from henceforth with patience: for albeit Fortune doth estrange him from you for a time, yet sure I am that hereafter she will restore him unto you again with greater joy and contentation than before. And to the end that we be better assured in what state he is, if you will promise me to give over your heaviness, I will to-day know of Friar Lawrence whither he is gone." To which request Julietta agreed, and then the good woman repaired to St. Francis', where she found Friar Lawrence who told her that the same night Romeo would not fail at his accustomed hour to visit Julietta, and there to do her to understand what he purposed to do in time to come. This journey then fared like the voyages of mariners, who after they had been tossed by great and troublous tempests, seeing some sunbeam pierce the heavens to lighten the land, assure themselves again, and thinking to have avoided shipwreck, and suddenly the seas begin to swell, the waves do roar with such vehemence and noise, as if they were fallen again into greater danger than before. The assigned hour come, Romeo failed not according to his promise to be in his garden, where he found his furniture prest¹ to mount the chamber of Julietta, who with displayed arms began so straitly to embrace him, as it seemed that the soul would have abandoned her body. And they two more than a large quarter of an hour were in such agony as they were not able to pronounce one word, and wetting each other's faces fast closed together, the tears trickled down in such abundance as they seemed to be thoroughly bathed therein, which Romeo perceiving, thinking to stay those immoderate tears, said unto her: "Mine own dearest friend Julietta, I am not now determined to recite the particulars of the strange haps of frail and inconstant Fortune, who in a moment hoisteth a man up to the highest degree of her wheel, and by and by, in less space than the twinkling of an eye, she throweth him down again so low, as more misery is prepared for him in one day, than favour in one hundred years: which I now prove and have experience in myself, which have been nourished delicately amongst my friends, and maintained in such prosperous state, as you do little know, hoping for the full perfection of my felicity by means of our marriage to have reconciled our parents and friends, and to conduct the residue of my life according to the scope and lot determined by Almighty God: and nevertheless all mine enterprises be put back, and my purposes turned clean contrary, in such wise that from henceforth I must wander like a vagabond through divers provinces, and sequestrate myself from my friends, without assured place of mine abode, which I desire to let you weet, to the intent you may be exhorted in time to come, patiently to bear so well mine absence, as that which it shall please God to appoint." But Julietta, all affrighted with tears and mortal agonies, would not suffer him to pass any further, but interrupting his purpose said unto him: "Romeo, how canst thou be so hard-hearted and void of all pity to leave me here alone, besieged with so many deadly miseries? There is neither hour nor minute wherein death doth not appear a thousand times before me, and yet my mishap is such as I cannot die, and therefore do manifestly perceive that the same death preserveth my life, of purpose to delight in my griefs and triumph over my evils. And thou,

¹ Ready.

like the minister and tyrant of her cruelty, dost make no conscience (for aught that I can see) having achieved the sum of thy desires and pleasures on me, to abandon and forsake me: whereby I well perceive that all the laws of amity are dead and utterly extinguished, forasmuch as he in whom I had greatest hope and confidence, and for whose sake I am become an enemy to myself, doth disdain and contemn me. No, no, Romeo, thou must fully resolve thyself upon one of these two points, either to see me incontinently thrown down headlong from this high window after thee: or else to suffer me to accompany thee into that country or place whither fortune shall guide thee: for my heart is so much transformed into thine, that so soon as I hear of thy departure, presently my life will depart this woeful body: the continuance whereof I do not desire for any other purpose, but only to delight myself in thy presence, to be partaker of thy misfortunes: and therefore, if ever there lodged any pity in the heart of gentleman, I beseech thee Romeo with all humility, that it may now find place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchsafe to receive me for thy servant and the faithful companion of thy mishaps: and if thou think that thou canst not conveniently receive me in the estate and habit of a wife, who shall let me to change mine apparel? Shall I be the first that have used like shifts to escape the tyranny of parents? Dost thou doubt that my service will not be so good unto thee as that of Pietro thy servant? Will my loyalty and fidelity be less than his? My beauty which at other times thou hast so greatly commended, it is not esteemed of thee? My tears, my love and the ancient pleasures and delights that you have taken in me shall they be in oblivion?" Romeo, seeing her in these alterations, fearing that worse inconvenience would chance, took her again between his arms, and kissing her amorously, said: "Julietta, the only mistress of my heart, I pray thee in the name of God, and for the fervent love which thou bearest me, to do away those vain cogitations, except thou mean to seek and hazard the destruction of us both: for if thou persevere in

this purpose, there is no remedy but we must both perish: for so soon as thine absence shall be known, thy father will make such earnest pursuit after us, that we cannot choose but be descried and taken, and in the end cruelly punished, I as a thief and stealer of thee, and thou as a disobedient daughter to thy father: and so instead of pleasant and quiet life our days shall be abridged by most shameful death. But if thou wilt recline thyself to reason (the right rule of human life), and for the time abandon our mutual delights, I will take such order in the time of my banishment, as within three or four months without any delay I shall be revoked home again: but if it fall out otherwise (as I trust not) howsoever it happen, I will come again unto thee, and with the help of my friends will fetch thee from Verona by strong hand, not in counterfeit apparel as a stranger, but like my spouse and perpetual companion: in the meantime quiet yourself and be sure that nothing else but death shall divide and put us asunder." The reasons of Romeo so much prevailed with Julietta, as she made him this answer: "My dear friend, I will do nothing contrary to your will and pleasure: and to what place so ever you repair, my heart shall be your own, in like sort as you have given yours to be mine: in the meanwhile I pray you not to fail oftentimes to advertise me by Friar Lawrence, in what state your affairs be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two poor lovers passed the night together, until the day began to appear which did divide them, to their extreme sorrow and grief. Romeo, having taken leave of Julietta, went to St. Francis', and after he had advertised Friar Lawrence of his affairs departed from Verona in the habit of a merchant stranger, and used such expedition as without hurt he arrived at Mantuona (accompanied only with Pietro his servant, whom he hastily sent back again to Verona to serve his father) where he took a house: and living in honourable company, assayed certain months to put away the grief which so tormented him. But during the time of his absence, miserable Julietta could not

so cloak her sorrow, but that through the evil colour of her face her inward passion was descried: by reason whereof her mother, who heard her oftentimes sighing and incessantly complaining, could not forbear to say unto her: "Daughter, if you continue long after this sort, you will hasten the death of your good father and me, who love you so dearly as our own lives: wherefore henceforth moderate your heaviness, and endeavour yourself to be merry: think no more upon the death of your cousin Thibault, whom (sith it pleased God to call away) do you think to revoke with tears, and so withstand His almighty will?" But the poor gentlewoman not able to dissemble her grief said unto her: "Madam, long time it is sithence the last tears for Thibault were poured forth, and I believe that the fountain is so well sucked and dried up, as no more will spring in that place." The mother, which could not tell to what effect those words were spoken, held her peace, for fear she should trouble her daughter: and certain days after, seeing her to continue heaviness and continual griefs, assayed by all means possible to know, as well of her, as of other the household servants, the occasion of their sorrow, but all in vain: wherewith the poor mother, vexed beyond measure, purposed to let the Lord Antonio her husband to understand the case of her daughter: and upon a day seeing him at convenient leisure she said unto him: "My lord, if you have marked the countenance of our daughter, and her kind of behaviour sithence the death of the Lord Thibault her cousin, you shall perceive so strange mutation in her, as it will make you to marvel, for she is not only contented to forgo meat, drink and sleep, but she spendeth her time in nothing else than in weeping and lamentation, delighting to keep herself solitary within her chamber, where she tormenteth herself so outrageously as, if we take not heed, her life is to be doubted, and not able to know the origin of her pain, the more difficult shall be the remedy: for albeit that I have sought means by all extremity, yet cannot I learn the cause of her sickness: and where I thought in the beginning that it proceeded upon the death of her cousin, now I do manifestly perceive the contrary, specially when she herself did assure me that she had already wept and shed the last tears for him that she was minded to do: and uncertain whereupon to resolve, I do think verily that she mourneth for some despite, to see the most part of her companions married, and she yet unprovided, persuading with herself (it may be) that we her parents do not care for her: wherefore dear husband, I heartily beseech you for our rest and her quiet, that hereafter ye be careful to provide for her some marriage worthy of our state." Whereunto the Lord Antonio willingly agreed, saying unto her: "Wife, I have many times thought upon that whereof you speak, notwithstanding sith as yet she is not attained to the age of eighteen years, I thought to provide a husband at leisure: nevertheless things being come to these terms, and knowing the virgin's chastity is a dangerous treasure, I will be mindful of the same to your contentation, and she matched in such wise, as she shall think the time hitherto well delayed. In the meanwhile mark diligently whether she be in love with any, to the end that we have not so great regard to goods or the nobility of the house wherein we mean to bestow her, as to the life and health of our daughter, who is to me so dear as I had rather die a beggar without lands or goods, than to bestow her upon one which shall use and treat her ill." Certain days after that the Lord Antonio had bruited the marriage of his daughter, many gentlemen were suitors, so well for the excellency of her beauty, as for her great riches and revenue. But above all others, the alliance of a young earl named Paris, the Count of Lodronne, liked the Lord Antonio: unto whom liberally he gave his consent, and told his wife the party upon whom he did mean to bestow his daughter. The mother, very joyful that they had found so honest a gentleman for their daughter, caused her secretly to be called before her, doing her to understand what things had passed between her father and the Count Paris, discoursing unto her the beauty and good

grace of the young count, the virtues for which he was commended of all men, joining thereunto for conclusion the great riches and favour which he had in the goods of fortune, by means whereof she and her friends should live in eternal honour: but Julietta, which had rather to have been torn in pieces than to agree to that marriage, answered her mother with a more than accustomed stoutness: 10 "Madam, I much marvel, and therewithal am astonied that you, being a lady discreet and honourable, will be so liberal over your daughter as to commit her to the pleasure and will of another, before you do know how her mind is bent: you may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do well assure you, that if you bring it to pass, it shall be against my will: and touching the regard and estimation of Count Paris, 20 I shall first lose my life before he shall have power to touch any part of my body: which being done, it is you that shall be counted the murderer by delivering me into the hands of him, whom I neither can, 25 will, or know which way to love: wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth thus to live, without taking any further care of me, for as much as my cruel fortune hath otherwise disposed of me." The dolorous 30 mother which knew not what judgment to fix upon her daughter's answer, like a woman confused and besides herself, went to seek the Lord Antonio, unto whom without concealing any part of her daughter's answer, she did him understand the whole. The good old man, offended beyond measure, commanded her incontinently by force to be brought before him, if of her own good will she would not 40 come: so soon as she came before her father, her eyes full of tears, fell down at his feet, which she bathed with the lukewarm drops that distilled from her eyes in great abundance, and thinking to open 45 her mouth to cry him mercy, the sobs and sighs many times stopped her speech, that she remained dumb, not able to frame a word. But the old man, nothing moved with his daughter's tears, said unto her in 50 great rage: "Come hither, thou unkind and disobedient daughter, hast thou forgotten how many times thou hast heard spoken at the table, of the puissance and authority our ancient Roman fathers had over their children? unto whom it was not only lawful to sell, gage and otherwise 5 dispose them (in their necessity) at their pleasure, but also, which is more, they had absolute power over their death and life? With what irons, with what torments, with what racks would those good fathers chasten and correct thee if they were alive again, to see that ingratitude, misbehaviour and disobedience which thou usest towards thy father, who with many prayers and requests hath provided one 15 of the greatest lords of this province to be thy husband, a gentleman of best renown, and endued with all kind of virtues, of whom thou and I be unworthy, both for the notable mass of goods and substance wherewith he is enriched, as also for the honour and generosity of the house whereof he is descended, and yet thou playest the part of an obstinate and rebellious child against thy father's will. I take the omnipotency of that Almighty God to witness, which hath vouchsafed to bring thee forth into this world, that if upon Tuesday next thou failest to prepare thyself to be at my Castle of Villafranco, where the Count Paris purposeth to meet us, and there give thy consent to that which thy mother and I have agreed upon, I will not only deprive thee of my worldly goods, but also will make thee espouse and marry a prison so strait and sharp, as a thousand times thou shalt curse the day and time wherein thou wast born: wherefore from henceforth take advisement what thou doest for except the promise be 40 kept which I have made to the Count Paris, I will make thee feel how great the just choler of an offended father is against a child unkind." And without staying for other answer of his daughter, the old man departed the chamber, and left her upon her knees. Julietta, knowing the fury of her father, fearing to incur his indignation or to provoke his further wrath retired for the day into her chamber, and contrived that whole night more in weeping than sleeping. And the next morning, feigning to go hear service, she went forth with the woman of her chamber to the

Friar's, where she caused Father Lawrence to be called unto her, and prayed him to hear her confession: and when she was upon her knees before him, she began her confession with tears, telling him the great mischief that was prepared for her, by the marriage accorded between her father and the Count Paris: and for conclusion said unto him: "Sir, forasmuch as you know I cannot by God's law be married twice, and that I have but one God, one husband and one faith, I am determined when I am from hence, with these two hands which you see joined before you, this day to end my sorrowful life, that my soul may bear witness in the heavens, and my blood upon the earth of my faith and loyalty preserved." Then, having ended her talk, she looked about her, and seemed by her wild countenance as though she had devised some sinister purpose: wherefore Friar Lawrence, astonished beyond measure, fearing lest she would have executed that which she was determined, said unto her: "Mistress Julietta, I pray you in the name of God by little and little to moderate your conceived grief, and to content yourself whilst you be here, until I have provided what is best for you to do, for before you part from hence, I will give you such consolation and remedy for your afflictions, as you shall remain satisfied and contented." And, resolved upon this good mind, he speedily went out of the church unto his chamber, where he began to consider of many things, his conscience being moved to hinder the marriage between the Count Paris and her, knowing by his means she had espoused another, and calling to remembrance what a dangerous enterprise he had begun by committing himself to the mercy of a simple damsel, and that, if she failed to be wise and secret, all their doings should be descried, he defamed, and Romeo her spouse punished. He then, after he had well debated upon infinite number of devices, was in the end overcome with pity, and determined rather to hazard his honour, than to suffer the adultery of the Count Paris with Julietta: and being determined hereupon, opened his closet and taking a vial in his hand, re-

turned again to Julietta, whom he found like one that was in a trance, waiting for news either of life or death: of whom the good old father demanded upon what day her marriage was appointed. "The first day of that appointment (quoth she) is upon Wednesday, which is the day ordained for my consent of marriage accorded between my father and Count Paris, but the nuptial solemnity is not before the tenth day of September." "Well then" (quoth the religious father) "be of good cheer, daughter, for our Lord God hath opened a way unto me both to deliver you and Romeo from the prepared thralldom. I have known your husband from his cradle, and he hath daily committed unto me the greatest secrets of his conscience, and I have so dearly loved him in turn, as if he had been my own son: wherefore my heart cannot abide that any man should do him wrong in that specially wherein my counsel may stand him in stead. And forasmuch as you are his wife, I ought likewise to love you, and seek means to deliver you from the martyrdom and anguish wherewith I see your heart besieged: understand then, good daughter, of a secret which I purpose to manifest unto you, and take heed above all things that you declare it to no living creature, for therein consisteth your life and death. Ye be not ignorant by the common report of the citizens of this city, and by the same published of me, that I have travelled through all the provinces of the habitable earth, whereby during the continual time of twenty years I have sought no rest for my wearied body, but rather have many times protruded the same to the mercy of brute beasts in the wilderness, and many times also to the merciless waves of the seas, and to the pity of common pirates together with a thousand other dangers and shipwrecks upon sea and land. So it is, good daughter, that all my wandering voyages have not been altogether unprofitable. For besides the incredible contentation received ordinarily in mind, I have gathered some particular fruit, whereof by the grace of God you shall shortly feel some experience. I have proved the secret properties of stones, of

plants, metals, and other things hidden within the bowels of the earth, wherewith I am able to help myself against the common law of men, when necessity doth serve: specially in things wherein I know mine eternal God to be least offended. For as thou knowest, I being approached as it were, even to the brim of my grave, and that the time draweth near for yielding of mine account before the Auditor of all Auditors, I ought therefore to have some deep knowledge and apprehension of God's judgment more than I had when the heat of inconsiderate youth did boil within my lusty body. Know you, therefore, good daughter, that with those graces and favours which the heavens prodigally have bestowed upon me, I have learned and proved of long time the composition of a certain paste, which I make of divers soporiferous simples, which beaten afterwards to powder and drunk with a quantity of water, within a quarter of an hour after, bringeth the receiver into such a sleep, and burieth so deeply the senses and other spirits of life, that the cunningest physician will judge the party dead: and besides that, it hath a more marvellous effect, for the person which useth the same feelth no kind of grief, and according to the quantity of the dough, the patient remaineth in a sweet sleep, but when the operation is wrought and done, he returneth into his first estate. Now then, Julietta, receive mine instruction, put off all feminine affection by taking upon you a manly stomach by the only courage of your mind consisteth the hap or mishap of your affairs. Behold, here I give you a vial which you shall keep as your own proper heart, and the night before your marriage, or in the morning before day, you shall fill the same up with water, and drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feel a certain kind of pleasant sleep which, encroaching by little and little all the parts of your body, will constrain them in such wise, as immovable they shall remain: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall lose their natural feelings, and you abide in such ecstasy the space of forty hours at the least, without any beating of pulse or other perceptible

motion, which shall so astonie them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custom of our city, you shall be carried to the churchyard hard by our church, where you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets, your ancestors, and in the meantime we will send word to Lord Romeo by a special messenger of the effect of our device, who now abideth at Mantua. And the night following I am sure he will not fail to be here, then he and I together will open the grave, and lift up your body, and after the operation of the powder is past, he shall convey you secretly to Mantua, unknown to all your parents and friends. Afterwards (it may be), Time, the mother of Truth, shall cause concord between the offended city of Verona and Romeo. At which time your common cause may be made open to the general contentation of all your friends." The words of the good father ended, new joy surprised the heart of Julietta, who was so attentive to his talk as she forgot no one point of her lesson. Then she said unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall fail in performance of your commandment: for were it the strongest poison or most pestiferous venom, rather would I thrust it into my body than to consent to fall in the hands of him whom I utterly mislike: with a right strong reason then may I fortify myself, and offer my body to any kind of mortal danger to approach and draw near to him, upon whom wholly dependeth my life and all the solace I have in this world." "Go your ways then, my daughter" (quoth the Friar) "the mighty hand of God keep you, and His surpassing power defend you and confirm that will and good mind of yours, for the accomplishment of this work." Julietta departed from Friar Lawrence and returned home to her father's palace about two of the clock, where she found her mother at the gate attending for her, and in good devotion demanded if she continued still in those former follies. But Julietta with more gladsome cheer than she was wont to use, not suffering her mother to ask again, said unto her: "Madam, I come from St. Fran-

cis' Church, where I have tarried longer peradventure than my duty requireth: howbeit not without fruit and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly father Friar Lawrence, unto whom I have made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly have communicated unto him in confession, that which hath passed between my lord my father and you, upon the marriage of Count Paris and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words and commendable exhortations, that where I had mind never to marry, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commandment. Wherefore, madam, I beseech you, to recover the favour and good will of my father, ask pardon in my behalf, and say unto him (if it please you) that by obeying his fatherly request, I am ready to meet the Count Paris at Villafranco, and there in your presence to accept him for my lord and husband: in assurance whereof, by your patience, I mean to repair into my closet, to make choice of my most precious jewels, that I, being richly adorned and decked, may appear before him more agreeable to his mind and pleasure." The good mother rapt with exceeding much joy was not able to answer a word, but rather made speed to seek out her husband the Lord Antonio, unto whom she reported the good will of her daughter, and how by means of Friar Lawrence her mind was changed. Whereof the good old man marvellous joyful praised God in heart, saying: "Wife, this is not the first good turn which we have received of that holy man, unto whom every citizen of this commonwealth is dearly bound. I would to God that I had redeemed twenty of his years with the third part of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme old age." The self same hour the Lord Antonio went to seek the Count Paris, whom he thought to persuade to go to Villafranco. But the Count told him again that the charge would be too great, and that better it were to reserve that cost to the marriage day, for the better celebration of the same. Notwithstanding, if it were his pleasure, he would himself go visit Julietta: and so they went together.

The mother, advertised of his coming, caused her daughter to make herself ready, and to spare no costly jewels for adorning of her beauty against the Count's coming, which she bestowed so well for garnishing of her personage, that before the Count parted from the house, she had so stolen away his heart, as he lived not from that time forth but upon meditation of her beauty, and slacked no time for acceleration of the marriage day, ceasing not to be importunate upon father and mother, for the end and consummation thereof. And thus with joy enough passed forth this day and many others until the day before the marriage, against which time the mother of Julietta did so well provide that there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobility of their house. Villafranco whereof we have made mention was a place of pleasure, where the Lord Antonio was wont many times to recreate himself a mile or two from Verona, there the dinner was prepared, forasmuch as the ordinary solemnity of necessity must be done at Verona. Julietta perceiving her time to approach dissembled the matter so well as she could: and when time forced her to retire to her chamber, her woman would have waited upon her, and have lain in her chamber, as her custom was: but Julietta said unto her: "Good and faithful mother, you know that tomorrow is my marriage day, and for that I would spend the most part of the night in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and tomorrow in the morning about six of the clock come to me again to help make me ready." The good old woman, willing to follow her mind, suffered her alone, and doubted nothing of that which she did mean to do. Julietta being within her chamber, having an ewer full of water standing upon the table, filled the vial which the friar gave her: and after she had made the mixture, she set it by her bedside, and went to bed. And being laid, new thoughts began to assail her, with a conceit of grievous death, which brought her into such case as she could not tell what to do, but plaining incessantly said: "Am not I the most unhappy and desperate creature that ever

was born of woman? For me there is nothing left in this wretched world but mishap, misery and mortal woe, my distress hath brought me to such extremity as, to save mine honour and conscience, I am forced to devour the drink whereof I know not the virtue: but what know I (said she) whether the operation of this powder will be too soon or too late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that, my fault being discovered, I shall remain a fable to the people? What know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling worms which commonly frequent the graves and pits of the earth will hurt me, thinking that I am dead? But how shall I endure the stench of so many carrions and bones of my ancestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and Friar Lawrence do come to help me?" And as she was thus plunged in the deep contemplation of things, she thought that she saw a certain vision or fancy of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she saw him wounded and imbrued with blood, and musing how that she must be buried quick amongst so many dead carcasses and deadly naked bones, her tender and delicate body began to shake and tremble, and her yellow locks to stare for fear, in such wise as frightened with terror a cold sweat began to pierce her heart and bedew the rest of all her members, in such wise as she thought an hundred thousand deaths did stand about her, haling her about on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feeling that her forces diminished by little and little, fearing that through too great debility she was not able to do her enterprise, like a furious and insensate woman, without further care gulped up the water within the vial, then crossing her arms upon her stomach, she lost at that instant all the powers of her body, resting in a trance. And when the morning light began to thrust his head out of his orient, her chamber woman which had locked her in with the key did open the door, and thinking to awake her called her many times, and said unto her: "Mistress, you sleep too long, the Count Paris will come to raise you." The poor old woman spake unto the wall and sang a song unto the deaf. For if all the horrible and tempestuous sounds of the world had been cannoned forth out of the greatest bombardards and sounded through her delicate ears, her spirits of life were so fast bound and stopped as she by no means could awake, wherewith the poor old woman amazed began to shake her by the arms and hands, which she found so cold as marble stone. Then putting hand unto her mouth, suddenly perceived that she was dead, for she perceived no breath in her. Wherefore like a woman out of her wits, she ran to tell her mother, who, so mad as a tiger bereft of her fawns, hied herself into her daughter's chamber, and in that pitiful state beholding her daughter, thinking her to be dead, cried out: "Ah, cruel death, which hast ended all my joy and bliss, use the last scourge of thy wrathful ire against me, lest, by suffering me to live the rest of my woeful days, my torment do increase." Then she began to fetch such straining sighs, as her heart did seem to cleave in pieces. And as her cries began to increase, behold the father, the Count Paris, and a great troop of gentlemen and ladies which were come to honour the feast, hearing no sooner tell of that which chanced, were struck into such sorrowful dumps, as he which had beheld their faces would easily have judged that the same had been a day of ire and pity, specially the Lord Antonio's, whose heart was frapped¹ with such surpassing woe as neither tear nor word could issue forth, and, knowing not what to do, straightway sent to seek the most expert physicians of the town, who, after they had enquired of the life passed of Julietta, deemed by common report that melancholy was the cause of that sudden death, and then their sorrows began to renew afresh. And if ever day was lamentable, piteous, unhappy and fatal, truly it was that wherein Julietta her death was published in Verona: for she was so bewailed of great and small, that by the common plaints the commonwealth seemed to be in danger, and not without cause: for

¹ Struck.

besides her natural beauty (accompanied with many virtues wherewith nature had enriched her) she was else so humble, wise and debonair, as for that humility and courtesy she had stolen away the hearts of every wight, and there was none but did lament her misfortune. And whilst these things were in this lamented state, Friar Lawrence with diligence dispatched a friar of his convent, named Friar Anselm, whom he trusted as himself, and delivered him a letter written with his own hand, commanding him expressly not to give the same to any other but to Romeo, wherein was contained the chance which had passed between him and Julietta, specially the virtue of the powder, and commanded him the next ensuing night to speed himself to Verona, for that the operation of the powder that time would take end, and that he should carry with him back again to Mantua his beloved Julietta in dissembled apparel, until Fortune had otherwise provided for them. The friar made such haste as too late he arrived at Mantua, within a while after. And because the manner of Italy is, that the friar travelling abroad ought to take a companion of his convent to do his affairs within the city, the friar went into his convent, and for that he was within, it was not lawful for him to come out again that day, because that certain days before, one religious of that convent as it was said did die of the plague: wherefore the magistrates appointed for the health and visitation of the sick commanded the warden of the house that no friars should wander abroad the city, or talk with any citizen, until they were licensed by the officers in that behalf appointed, which was the cause of the great mishap which you shall hear hereafter. The friar being in this perplexity, not able to go forth and not knowing what was contained in the letter, deferred his journey for that day. Whilst things were in this plight, preparation was made at Verona to do the obsequies of Julietta. There is a custom also (which is common in Italy) to lay all the best of one lineage and family in one tomb, whereupon Julietta was entombed in the ordinary grave of the Capellets, in a churchyard hard by the church of the friars, where also the Lord Thibault was interred, whose obsequies honourably done, every man returned: whereunto Pietro, the servant of Romeo, gave his assistance: for, as we have before declared, his master sent him back again from Mantua to Verona, to do his father service, and to advertise him of that which should happen in his absence there: who seeing the body of Julietta enclosed in tomb, thinking with the rest that she had been dead indeed, incontinently took post-horse, and with diligence rode to Mantua, where he found his master in his wonted house, to whom he said with his eyes full of tears: "Sir, there is chanced unto you so strange a matter, as if so be you do not arm yourself with constancy, I am afraid that I shall be the cruel minister of your death: be it known unto you, sir, that yesterday morning my mistress Julietta left her life in this world to seek rest in another: and with these eyes I saw her buried in the churchyard of St. Francis." At the sound of which heavy message, Romeo began woefully to lament, as though his spirits, grieved with the torment of his passion, at that instant would have abandoned his body. But strong love, which would not permit him to faint until the extremity, framed a thought in his fantasy, that if it were possible for him to die beside her, his death should be more glorious, and she (as he thought) better contented: by reason whereof, after he had washed his face for fear to discover his sorrow, he went out of his chamber, and commanded his man to tarry behind him, that he might walk throughout all the corners of the city, to find proper remedy (if it were possible) for his grief. And amongst others, beholding an apothecary's shop of little furniture and less store of boxes and other things requisite for that science, thought that the very poverty of the master apothecary would make him willingly yield to that which he pretended to demand: and after he had taken him aside, secretly said unto him: "Sir, if you be the master of the house, as I think you be, behold here fifty ducats, which I give you to the intent you deliver me some strong

and violent poison, that within a quarter of an hour is able to procure death unto him that shall use it." The covetous apothecary enticed by gain agreed to his request, and feigning to give him some other medicine before the people's face, he speedily made ready a strong and cruel poison: afterwards he said unto him softly: "Sir, I give you more than is needful, for the one half is able to destroy the strongest man of the world": who, after he had received the poison, returned home, where he commanded his man to depart with diligence to Verona, and that he should make provision of candles, a tinder box and other instruments meet for the opening of the grave of Julietta, and that above all things, he should not fail to await his coming besides the churchyard of St. Francis', and upon pain of life to keep his intent in silence. Which Pietro obeyed in order as his master had required, and made therein such expedition as he arrived in good time to Verona, taking order for all things that were commanded of him. Romeo in the meanwhile being solicited with mortal thoughts caused ink and paper to be brought unto him, and in few words put in writing all the discourse of his love, the marriage of him and Julietta, the mean observed for consummation of the same, the help that he had of Friar Lawrence, the buying of his poison, and last of all his death. Afterwards, having finished his heavy tragedy, he closed the letters and sealed the same with his seal, and directed the superscription thereof to his father: and putting the letters into his purse, he mounted on horseback, and used such diligence as he arrived upon dark night at the city of Verona, before the gates were shut, where he found his servant tarrying for him with a lantern and instruments, as is before said, meet for the opening of the grave, unto whom he said: "Pietro, help me to open this tomb, and so soon as it is open, I command thee upon pain of thy life not to come near me, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to do. Behold, there is a letter which thou shalt present tomorrow in the morning to my father at his uprising, which peradventure shall please him better

than thou thinkest." Pietro, not able to imagine what was his master's intent, stood somewhat aloof to behold his master's gestures and countenance. And when they had opened the vault, Romeo descended down two steps, holding the candle in his hand, and began to behold with pitiful eye the body of her, which was the organ of his eyes, and kissed it tenderly, holding it hard between his arms, and not able to satisfy himself with her sight, put his fearful hands upon the cold stomach of Julietta. And after he had touched her in many places, and not able to feel any certain judgment of life, he drew the poison out of his box and, swallowing down a great quantity of the same, cried out: "O Julietta, of whom the world was unworthy, what death is it possible my heart could choose out more agreeable than that which it suffereth hard by thee? What grave more glorious than to be buried in thy tomb? What more worthy or excellent epitaph can be vowed for memory than the mutual and pitiful sacrifice of our lives?" And thinking to renew his sorrow, his heart began to fret through the violence of the poison, which by little and little assailed the same, and looking about him, espied the body of the Lord Thibault lying next unto Julietta, which as yet was not altogether putrified, and speaking to the body as though it had been alive, said: "In what place so ever thou art, O cousin Thibault, I most heartily do cry thee mercy for the offence which I have done by depriving of thy life: and if thy ghost do wish and cry out for vengeance upon me, what greater or more cruel satisfaction canst thou desire to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see him which murdered thee to be empoisoned with his own hands and buried by thy side?" Then ending his talk, feeling by little and little that his life began to fail, falling prostrate upon his knees, with feeble voice he softly said: "O my Lord God, which to redeem me didst descend from the bosom of Thy Father, and tookest human flesh in the womb of the Virgin, I acknowledge and confess that this body of mine is nothing else but earth and dust." Then, seized upon with desperate sorrow, he fell down

upon the body of Julietta with such vehemence as the heart, faint and attenuated with too great torments, not able to bear so hard a violence, was abandoned of all his sense and natural powers, in such sort as the siege of his soul failed him at that instant, and his members stretched forth remained stiff and cold. Friar Lawrence, which knew the certain time of the powder's operation, marvelled that he had no answer of the letter which he sent to Romeo by his fellow Friar Anselm, departed from St. Francis' and with instruments for the purpose determined to open the grave to let in air to Julietta which was ready to wake: and, approaching the place, he espied a light within, which made him afraid until that Pietro which was hard by had certified him that Romeo was within, and had not ceased there to lament and complain the space of half an hour: and when they two were entered into the grave and finding Romeo without life made such sorrow as they can well conceive which love their dear friend with like perfection. And as they were making their complaints, Julietta rising out of her trance and beholding light within the tomb, uncertain whether it were a dream or fantasy that appeared before her eyes, coming again to herself, knew Friar Lawrence, unto whom she said: "Father, I pray thee in the name of God to perform thy promise, for I am almost dead." And then Friar Lawrence, concealing nothing from her (because he feared to be taken through his too long abode in that place), faithfully rehearsed unto her how he had sent Friar Anselm to Romeo at Mantua. from whom as yet he had received no answer. Notwithstanding, he found Romeo dead in the grave, whose body he pointed unto, lying hard by her, praying her sith it was so patiently to bear that sudden misfortune, and that, if it pleased her, he would convey her into some monastery of women where she might in time moderate her sorrow and give rest unto her mind. Julietta had no sooner cast eye upon the dead corpse of Romeo, but began to break the fountain pipes of gushing tears, which ran forth in such abundance, as, not able to support the furor of her

grief, she breathed without ceasing upon his mouth, and then, throwing herself upon his body and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of sighs and sobs she would have revived and brought him again to life, and after she had kissed and rekindled him a million of times, she cried out: "Ah, sweet rest of my cares and the only port of all my pleasures and pastimes, hadst thou so sure a heart to choose thy churchyard in this place between the arms of thy perfect lover, and to end the course of thy life for my sake in the flower of thy youth when life to thee should have been most dear and delectable? How had this tender body power to resist the furious combat of death, very death itself here present? How could thy tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldst approach into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of worms unworthy of thee? Alas, alas, by what means shall I now renew my complaints, which time and long patience ought to have buried and clearly quenched? Ah, I, miserable and caitiff wretch, thinking to find remedy for my griefs, have sharpened the knife that hath given me this cruel blow, whereof I receive the cause of mortal wound. Ah, happy and fortunate grave which shalt serve in world to come for witness of the most perfect alliance that ever was between two most unfortunate lovers, receive now the last sobbing sighs and entertainment of the most cruel of all the cruel subjects of ire and death." And as she thought to continue her complaints, Pietro advertised Friar Lawrence that he heard a noise beside the citadel, wherewith being afraid they speedily departed, fearing to be taken: and then Julietta, seeing herself alone and in full liberty, took again Romeo between her arms, kissing him with such affection as she seemed to be more attainted with love than death, and drawing out the dagger which Romeo wore by his side, she pricked herself with many blows against the heart, saying with feeble and pitiful voice: "Ah death, the end of sorrow and beginning of felicity, thou art most heartily welcome: fear not at this time to sharpen thy dart:

give no longer delay of life, for fear that my spirit travail not to find Romeo's ghost amongst such number of carrion corpses: and thou, my dear lord and loyal husband Romeo, if there rest in thee any knowledge, receive her whom thou hast so faithfully loved, the only cause of thy violent death, which frankly offereth up her soul that none but thou shalt joy the love whereof thou hast made so lawful conquest, and that our souls, passing from this light, may eternally live together in the place of everlasting joy." And when she had ended those words she yielded up her ghost. While these things thus were done, the guard and watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that there were some necromancers which had opened the tomb to abuse the dead bodies for aid of their art: and desirous to know what it meant, went down into the vault where they found Romeo and Julietta, with their arms embracing each other's neck, as though there had been some token of life. And, after they had well viewed them at leisure, they perceived in what case they were: and then all amazed they sought for the thieves which (as they thought) had done the murder, and in the end found the good father Friar Lawrence, and Pietro the servant of dead Romeo (which had hid themselves under a stall) whom they carried to prison, and advertised the Lord of Escala and the magistrates of Verona of the horrible murder, which by and by was published throughout the city. Then flocked together all the citizens, women and children, leaving their houses to look upon that pitiful sight, and to the end that in presence of the whole city the murder should be known, the magistrates ordained that the two dead bodies should be erected upon a stage to the view and sight of the whole world, in such sort and manner as they were found within the grave, and that Pietro and Friar Lawrence should publicly be examined, that afterwards there might be no murmur or other pretended cause of ignorance. And this good old friar, being upon the scaffold, having a white beard all wet and bathed with tears, the judges commanded him to

declare unto them who were the authors of that murder, sith at an untimely hour he was apprehended with certain irons beside the grave. Friar Lawrence, a sound and frank man of talk, nothing moved with that accusation, answered them with stout and bold voice: "My masters, there is none of you all (if you have respect unto my forepassed life and to my aged years, and therewithal have consideration of this heavy spectacle, whereunto unhappy fortune hath presently brought me) but doth greatly marvel of so sudden mutation and change unlooked for so much as these three score and ten or twelve years sithence I came into this world and began to prove the vanities thereof, I was never suspected, touched or found guilty of any crime which was able to make me blush, or hide my face, although (before God) I do confess myself to be the greatest and most abominable sinner of all the redeemed flock of Christ. So it is notwithstanding, that sith I am prest and ready to render mine account, and that death, the grave and worms do daily summon this wretched corpse of mine to appear before the justice seat of God, still waiting and attending to be carried to my hoped grave, this is the hour I say, as you likewise may think wherein I am fallen to the greatest damage and prejudice of my life and honest port, and that which hath engendered this sinister opinion of me may peradventure be these great tears which in abundance trickle down my face, as though the Holy Scriptures do not witness that Jesus Christ moved with human pity and compassion did weep and pour forth tears, and that many times tears be the faithful messengers of a man's innocence. Or else the most likely evidence and presumption is the suspected hour which (as the magistrate doth say) doth make me culpable of the murder, as though all hours were not indifferently made equal by God their Creator, who in his own person declareth unto us that there be twelve hours in the day, showing thereby that there is no exception of hours nor of minutes, but that one may do either good or ill at all times indifferently, as the party is guided or

forsaken by the spirit of God: touching the irons which were found about me, needful it is not now to let you understand for what use iron was first made, and that of itself it is not able to increase in man either good or evil, if not by the mischievous mind of him which doth abuse it. Thus much I have thought good to tell you, to the intent that neither tears nor iron, ne yet suspected hour are able to make me guilty of the murder or make me otherwise than I am, but only the witness of mine own conscience, which alone if I were guilty should be the accuser, the witness and the hangman, which, by reason of mine age and the reputation I have had amongst you, and the little time that I have to live in this world should more torment me within, than all the mortal pains that could be devised: but (thanks be to mine eternal God) I feel no worm that gnaweth nor any remorse, that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed: and to set your hearts at rest, and to remove the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I swear unto you by all the heavenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitiful tragedy, which peradventure shall drive you into no less wonder and amaze, than those two poor passionate lovers were strong and patient to expone themselves to the mercy of death for the fervent and indissoluble love between them." Then the fatherly Friar began to repeat the beginning of the love between Julietta and Romeo which, by certain space of time confirmed, was prosecuted by words at the first, then by mutual promise of marriage, unknown to the world. And as within few days after, the two lovers feeling themselves sharpened and incited with stronger onset, repaired unto him under colour of confession, protesting by oath that they were both married, and that, if he would not solemnise that marriage in the face of the Church, they should be constrained to offend God to live in disordered lust: in consideration whereof, and specially seeing their alliance to be good and comfortable in dignity, riches, and nobility on both sides, hoping by that means perchance to reconcile the Montesches and Capellets, and that by doing such an acceptable work to God, he gave them the Church's blessing in a certain chapel of the Friar's Church whereof the night following they did consummate the marriage fruits in the palace of the Capellets. For testimony of which copulation, the woman of Julietta's chamber was able to depose: adding moreover the murder of Thibault which was cousin to Julietta: by reason whereof the banishment of Romeo did follow, and how in the absence of the said Romeo, the marriage being kept secret between them, a new matrimony was entreated with the Count Paris, which misliked by Julietta, she fell prostrate at his feet in a chapel of St. Francis' Church, with full determination to have killed herself with her own hands, if he gave her not counsel how she should avoid the marriage agreed between her father and the Count Paris. For conclusion he said that although he was resolved by reason of his age and nearness of death to abhor all secret sciences wherein in his younger years he had delight, notwithstanding, pressed with importunity and moved with pity, fearing lest Julietta should do some cruelty against herself, he strained his conscience and chose rather with some little fault to grieve his mind, than to suffer the young gentlewoman to destroy her body and hazard the danger of her soul: and therefore he opened some part of his ancient cunning and gave her a certain powder to make her sleep, by means whereof she was thought to be dead. Then he told them how he had sent Friar Anselm to carry letters to Romeo of their enterprise, whereof hitherto he had no answer. Then briefly he concluded how he found Romeo dead within the grave who as it is most likely did empoison himself, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorrow by finding Julietta in that state, thinking she had been dead. Then he told them how Julietta did kill herself with the dagger of Romeo to bear him company after his death, and how it was impossible for them to save her for the noise of the watch which forced them to flee from thence.

And for more ample approbation of his saying he humbly besought the Lord of Verona and the magistrates to send to Mantua for Friar Anselm to know the cause of his slack return, that the content of the letter sent to Romeo might be seen: to examine the woman of the chamber of Julietta, and Pietro the servant of Romeo, who, not attending for a further request, said unto them: "My lords, when Romeo entered the grave, he gave me this packet written as I suppose with his own hand, who gave me express commandment to deliver it to his father." The packet opened, they found the whole effect of this story, specially the apothecary's name which sold him the poison, the price, and the cause wherefore he used it, and all appeared to be so clear and evident, as there rested nothing for the further verification of the same, but their presence at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so well declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true: and then the Lord Bartholomew of Escala, after he had debated with the magistrates of these events, decreed that the woman of Julietta her chamber should be banished, because she did conceal that privy marriage from the father of Romeo, which, if it had been known in time, had bred to the whole city an universal benefit. Pietro, because he obeyed his master's commandment, and kept close his lawful secrets according to the well-conditioned nature of a trusty servant, was set at liberty. The apothecary taken, racked, and found guilty, was hanged. The good old man Friar Lawrence, as well for respect of his ancient service which he had done to the commonwealth of Verona, as also for his virtuous life (for the which he was specially recommended) was let go in peace without any note of infamy. Notwithstanding, by reason of his age he voluntarily gave over the world and closed himself in an hermitage two miles from Verona, where he lived five or six years, and spent his time in continual prayer until he was called out of this transitory world into the blissful state of everlasting joy. And for the compassion of so strange a misfortune, the Montesches and the Capellets poured forth such abundance of tears, as with the same they did evacuate their ancient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled: and they which could not be brought to atonement by any wisdom or human counsel were in the end vanquished and made friends by pity: and to immortalise the memory of so entire and perfect amity, the Lord of Verona ordained that the two bodies of those miraculous lovers should be fast entombed in the grave where they ended their lives, in which place was erected a high marble pillar honoured with an infinite number of excellent epitaphs which to this day be apparent, with such noble memory, as, amongst all the rare excellencies wherewith that city is furnished, there is none more famous than the monument of Romeo and Julietta.

SPANISH

CERVANTES

(1547-1616)

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born at Alcalá de Henares in a family of the lesser gentry. He served in Italy in the wars against the Saracens and was wounded severely in the famous battle of Lepanto, but continued service under the banner of Don John of Austria until 1575. At this time, in spite of his distinction, his bravery, and his brilliant service, he returned to Spain a common soldier. The same year, he and his brother were captured by the Moors and made slaves. Repeated attempts to effect his ransom were made in vain, but finally in 1580 he was released and returned to Spain. In 1584 he married the lady in whose honor it is supposed that he wrote the romance *Galatea*. In spite of the wounds and hardships suffered for

the sake of his country, Cervantes was continually subjected to persecution and harassed by poverty. At last the publication of *Don Quixote* (1605) brought him fame and recognition, not only at home but abroad, particularly in France. From this time until his death in 1616 he wrote prolifically.

In the pastoral romance *Galathea* Cervantes simply followed the literary vogue of his own time. (See the introduction to Theocritus.) He represented under pastoral names actual acquaintances, just as Boccaccio had done in his *Amelo* and Vergil in his *Bucolics*. Although Cervantes composed about thirty plays of moderate quality, he is best known for his novels, particularly *Novelas Ejemplares*, *The Voyage to Parnassus* (written in verse), *Persiles and Sigismunda* (which Cervantes mistakenly considered his best work), and the immortal *Don Quixote*.

Don Quixote was published in two parts, the first in 1605 and the second in 1615. This book not only represents a serious and powerful reaction against the false grandeur and exaggerated heroism of the romances that were invading Europe, but reveals also a desire to rescue the language from a disintegration which had been imposed upon it by the conventional rhetorical devices of romance. Cervantes's two main characters are drawn with the fine vigor and vision and the penetrating pathos of a large and rare humanity; they may be said to represent the two sides of man's nature. Don Quixote he shows us as serious, profound, generous, exalted, idealistic, and Sancho Panza as simple, naive, vulgar, sensual, and practical. The kindly vein of satire and burlesque is no more an attack upon heroism than is Molière's *Misanthrope* an attack upon honor and virtue. Cervantes himself exists in the actions of Don Quixote just as Molière exists in the character of Alceste. Perhaps there is, in the impassioned oratorical outbursts of the simple hidalgo, a little sad and gentle burlesque on the illusions of the young Cervantes before he became acquainted with the ingratitude of princes.

At the beginning of *Don Quixote*, Don Quixada or "Quisada," a kind and worthy country gentleman a little past middle age, is found to be living comfortably in the village of La Mancha with his niece, who acted as housekeeper. The gentle don was a great lover and prodigious reader of chivalric romances, and at length became so obsessed by these glowing accounts of bravery and enchantment that he conceived a desire to go out to live a life of knight-errantry, punishing the wicked and succoring the distressed. Dressing himself in an ancient suit of family armor, the deficiencies of which he eked out with string and kitchenware, enshrining as his lady, in his imagination, a peasant girl of his neighborhood, he mounted his lean and scraggy horse, which bore the high-sounding name of Rozinante, grasped a stout lance and a rickety shield and set out in search of adventure. Because of his romantically fevered imagination, he blundered continually; for he thought to recognize in everyone he met characters or types familiar to him in his reading, and his behavior toward these strangers was in strict accordance with the dictates of the old chivalric code. His reception in the world was not sympathetic; and a neighbor, finding him half beaten to death, took him home. Upon recognizing his sorry mental plight, his friends the curate and the barber decided to burn the offending books. The selection in this volume begins with their discussion as they go through his library. This discussion describes the kind of books that drove the good man insane; and it contains, incidentally, a fair amount of indirect literary criticism.

DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER VI

Of the pleasant and curious scrutiny which the curate and the barber made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

The knight was yet asleep, when the curate came, attended by the barber, and desired his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the authors of his woes; she readily consented; and so in they went, and the housekeeper with them. There they found

above a hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones. As soon as the housekeeper had spied them out, she ran out of the study, and returned immediately with a holy-water pot and a sprinkler.

"Here, doctor," cried she, "pray sprinkle every cranny and corner in the room, lest there should lurk in it some one of the many sorcerers these books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear them, in going about to send them out of the world."

The curate could not forbear smiling at

the good woman's simplicity; and desired the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruse the title-pages, for perhaps he might find some among them that might not deserve this fate.

"Oh, by no means," cried the niece; "spare none of them; they all help, somehow or other, to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had best throw them all out at the window in the yard, and lay them together in a heap, and then set them on fire, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a pile of them, and burn them, and so the smoke will offend nobody."

The housekeeper joined with her, so eagerly bent were both upon the destruction of those poor innocents; but the curate would not condescend to those irregular proceedings, and resolved first to read at least the title-page of every book.

The first that Mr. Nicholas put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four volumes.

"There seems to be some mystery in this book's being the first taken down," cried the curate, as soon as he had looked upon it; "for I have heard it is the first book of knight-errantry that was ever printed in Spain, and the model of all the rest; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the first teacher and author of so pernicious a sect, it ought to be condemned to the fire without mercy."

"I beg a reprieve for him," cried the barber; "for I have been told 'tis the best book that has been written in that kind; and therefore, as the only good thing of that sort, it may deserve a pardon."

"Well, then," replied the curate, "for this time let him have it. Let's see that other, which lies next to him."

"These," said the barber, "are the exploits of Esplandian, the son of *Amadis de Gaul*."

"Verily," said the curate, "the father's goodness shall not excuse the want of it in the son. Here, good mistress housekeeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it serve as a foundation to that pile we are to set a-blazing presently."

She was not slack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Esplandian was sent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of punishment.

5 "To the next," cried the curate.

"This," said the barber, "is *Amadis of Greece*; and I'm of opinion that all those that stand on this side are of the same family."

10 "Then let them all be sent packing into the yard," replied the curate.

They were delivered to the housekeeper accordingly, and many they were; and to save herself the labour of carrying them downstairs, she fairly sent them flying out at the window.

"What overgrown piece of lumber have we here?" cried the curate.

"*Olivante de Laura*," returned the barber.

"The same author wrote the *Garden of Flowers*; and, to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot tell which of the two books has most truth in it, or, to speak more properly, less lies: but this I know for certain, that he shall march into the back-yard, like a nonsensical arrogant blockhead as he is."

"The next," cried the barber, "is *Florismart of Hyrcania*."

"How! my Lord *Florismart*, is he here?" replied the curate; "nay, then truly, he shall e'en follow the rest to the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid style deserves no better usage. Come, toss him into the yard, and this other too, good mistress."

"Here's the noble Don *Platir*," cried the barber.

"'Tis an old book," replied the curate, "and I can think of nothing in him that deserves a grain of pity; away with him, without any more words"; and down he went accordingly.

Another book was opened, and it proved to be the *Knight of the Cross*.

"The holy title," cried the curate, "might in some measure atone for the badness of the book; but then, as the saying is, *The devil lurks behind the cross!* To the flames with him."

Then opening another volume, he found

it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England.

"Ha, have I found you!" cried the curate. "Here, take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scattered in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relic of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius,¹ which he devoted to enclose Homer's works: for I must tell you, neighbour, that book deserves particular respect for two things; first, for its own excellences; and secondly, for the sake of its author, who is said to have been a learned King of Portugal: then all the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda are well and artfully managed, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Master Nicholas," continued he, "with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemned, without any further inquiry or examination."

"By no means, I beseech you," returned the barber, "for this which I have in my hands is the famous Don Bellianis."

"Truly," cried the curate, "he, with his second, third, and fourth parts, had need of a dose of rhubarb to purge his excessive choler: besides, his Castle of Fame should be demolished, and a heap of other rubbish removed; in order to which I give my vote to grant them the benefit of a reprieve; and as they show signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be used towards them: in the meantime, neighbour, take them into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them."

"Content," cried the barber; and, to save himself the labour of looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the house-keeper take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest

web: so that, laying hold of no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made them leap towards the place of execution.

"But what shall we do with all these smaller books that are left?" said the barber.

"Certainly," replied the curate, "these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you will find they are only poets."

And so opening one, it happened to be the Diana of Montemayor; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that stamp), "These do not deserve to be punished like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do, that mischief which those stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do nobody any prejudice."

"Oh! good sir," cried the niece, "burn them with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cured of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander through the woods and fields; nay, and what would be worse yet, turn poet, which they say is a catching and incurable disease."

"The gentlewoman is in the right," said the curate; "and it will not be amiss to remove that stumbling-block out of our friend's way; and since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems; and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first of that kind."

"Here," quoth the barber, "I have a book called the Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love, by Anthony de Loiraco, a Sardinian poet."

"Now we have got a prize," cried the curate. "I do not think since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, there ever was a more humorous, more whimsical book! Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was published; and

¹ Last King of Persia, 336-331 B.C. He was overcome by Alexander in 331. The Alexandrine critical study of Homer is one of the first real acknowledgments of that great poet's genius.

he that never read it may safely think he never in his life read anything that was pleasant."

With that he laid it aside with extraordinary satisfaction; and the barber went on: "The next," said he, "is the Shepherd of Filida."

"He's no shepherd," replied the curate, "but a very discreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel."

"Here's a bigger," cried the barber, "called the Treasure of divers Poems."

"Had there been less of it," said the curate, "it would have been more esteemed. 'Tis fit the book should be pruned and cleared of some inferior things that encumber and deform it: keep it, however, because the author is my friend, and for the sake of his other more heroic and lofty productions. What's the next book?"

"The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes," replied the barber.

"That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years," said the curate; "and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book, indeed, has I don't know what, that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promised us; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the present; till that time keep him close prisoner at your house."

"I will," quoth the barber: "but see, I have here three more for you, the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla; the Austirada of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of Cordova; and the Monserrato of Christopher de Virves, a Valentian poet."

"These," cried the curate, "are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy! Reserve them as the most valuable performances which Spain has to boast of in poetry."

At last the curate grew so tired with prying into so many volumes, that he ordered all the rest to be burnt at a venture. But the barber showed him one which he had opened by chance ere the dreadful sentence was passed.

"Truly," said the curate, who saw by the title it was the Tears of Angelica, "I should have wept myself, had I caused such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success."

CHAPTER VII

Don Quixote's second sally in quest of adventures.

At the instant of the last decision, Don Quixote was heard calling out aloud, "This way! this way! valorous knights! here it is you must exert the force of your invincible arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament!"

This outcry, to which the whole party ran, put a stop to all further scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left: and perhaps, had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence.

When they entered the chamber, they found Don Quixote continuing his ravings, and with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. Closing in with him, they laid him upon his bed by main force; when, after being a little composed, he turned himself to the priest, and said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory, without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days."

"Say no more, my worthy friend," said the priest; "it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; for the present, mind your health; for you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded."

"Wounded! no," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered I most certainly am; for Don Roldan, with the trunk of an oak, has pounded me to a mummy, and all out of sheer envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But may I never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dearly for it, in spite of his enchantments: and now bring me some breakfast, for I feel as if nothing would do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge my wrongs."

They did so; and having taken refreshment, he fell fast asleep again, leaving them more astonished than before at his madness.

The night was no sooner set in, than the housekeeper kindled a fire, and burned all the books that were either in the yard, or the house; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineers, would not permit it: and in them was fulfilled the saying "that a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner."

Another remedy, which the priest and barber prescribed for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the closet in which the books had been kept, in the hope that upon his getting up, and not finding them, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and it was agreed they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which things were done accordingly within the two days that Don Quixote was confined to his bed. When he rose, the first thing he did was to visit, as had been supposed, his study; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: coming to the place where the door used to be, he felt with his hands, and stared about in every direction, without speaking a word; at last he asked the housekeeper where the room stood, in which his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him —

"What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor

books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away."

"It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night, after your departure hence, upon a cloud, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered into the room. I know not what he did there, but after a short time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we could find neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a gruff voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief, which would soon be manifest. He told us also, that he was the sage Munniaton."

"Freston, he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote.

"I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in ton."

"It doth so," replied Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by the mystery of his art he knows that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it: and for this reason he endeavours to do me all the discourtesy he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven."

"Who doubts that?" said the niece. "But, dear uncle, what have you to do with these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, not considering, that many go for wool and return shorn themselves."

"My dear niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou know of the matter? Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who shall dare think of touching a single hair of my moustache." Neither of the women would make further reply; for they saw his choler beginning to kindle.

He stayed after this fifteen days at home, very composed, without discovering any symptom of relapse, or inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed many very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossiping friends, the priest and the barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry; and the priest sometimes contradicting him, and at other times acquiescing, for without this artifice there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime, Don Quixote tampered with a neighbouring labourer, an honest man, but of a very shallow brain; to whom he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go with him, and be his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote failed not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend; and, having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he also might furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but, above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause

awhile; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it; however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with linen, and as many other necessities as he could conveniently carry, according to the innkeeper's advice. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he was riding like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and leathern bottle; having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I daresay I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am resolved to outdo my predecessors; for whereas sometimes other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old and worn out with services, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that, before we have passed six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange acci-

dents and revolutions so sudden and so unforeseen attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made a king by some such miracle as your worship says, then Mary Gutierrez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worship."

"Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote.

"I doubt of it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I cannot help believing, that, though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierrez's head; for, I must needs tell you, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countess would be better for her; and that, too, will be as much as she can handsomely manage."

"Recommend the matter to providence," returned Don Quixote; "'twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee."

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and incredible adventure of the windmills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, in the plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we could have wished; look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and, having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested

race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are not giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse, without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus,¹ you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir.

"Did not I give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could

¹ A hundred-handed giant who assisted the Olympians against the Titans.

think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"So let it be," replied Sancho.

And heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, who was half disjoined with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented.

Sancho desired him now to consider that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him, that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do so. Sancho, having obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and, taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best-pampered vintner in Malaga dry to have seen him.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with entertaining thoughts of their absent ladies. The next day they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it:

"Here it is, brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that we may, as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know that, though thou shouldst see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou mayest assist thy master; but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight till thou art one thyself."

"Never fear," quoth Sancho; "I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you; for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels."

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had the Don perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent so great an injury."

"I fear me this will prove a worse job than the windmills," quoth Sancho. "These are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some traveller. Take warning, sir, and do not be led away a second time."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures: what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently."

This said, he spurred on his horse, and posted himself just in the midst of the road where the monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, he immediately cried out in a loud and haughty tone, "Release those high-born princesses whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your deeds."

The monks stopped, no less astonished at the figure than at the expressions of the speaker. "Sir Knight," cried they, "we are no such persons as you are pleased to term us, but religious men of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs, and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach."

"I am not to be deceived," replied Don Quixote; "I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs"; and immediately, without waiting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and ran so furiously, with his lance couched, against the first monk that, if he had not prudently flung himself to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead, or grievously wounded. The other observing this clapped his heels to his mule's flanks, and scoured over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho no sooner saw the monk fall, but he leapt off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately; but the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and asked why he offered to strip him. Sancho told them that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on him, and there left him lying without breath or motion. In the meanwhile the monk, scared out of his wits and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who stayed for him at a distance, expecting

the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote was all this while engaged with the lady in the coach.

"Lady," cried he, "your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this arm: and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompense for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourself to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayner, who, finding he would not let it go on, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan, after this manner:

"Get thee gone, cavalier; I swear if thou dost not quit the coach thou shalt forfeit thy life, as I am a Biscayner."

Our knight, who understood him very well, with great calmness answered, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave."

To which the Biscayner replied, "I no gentleman! I swear thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: Biscayner by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then if thou hast anything else to say."

"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler set upon

the Biscayner, with a determined resolution to put him to death. The Biscayner, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being but a sorry hack, was not to be depended upon, but had only time to draw: it, however, fortunately happened that he was close to the coach, out of which he snatched a cushion, to serve him for a shield; and immediately they began to fight, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would fain have made peace between them, but could not succeed; for the Biscayner swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and everybody that offered to oppose it. The lady, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the way, and she sat at a distance, beholding the conflict; in the progress of which, the Biscayner bestowed on one of the shoulders of Don Quixote, and above his buckler, so mighty a stroke that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he would have been cleft to the very girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this terrific blow, ejaculated in a loud and pious tone, "O Dulcinea, lady of my soul, flower of all beauty, now aid thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy great goodness, exposes himself to this great peril."

The ejaculation, the drawing the sword, the covering himself with his buckler, and attacking the Biscayner, were the business of a moment, for he resolved to venture all on the fortune of a single effort. The Biscayner, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his

resolution, resolved to imitate his example, and accordingly waited for him, shielding himself with his cushion; but he was not able to turn his mule either to the right or the left, for she was already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the wary Biscayner, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayner expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders trembled, and were in breathless suspense, at what might be the event of the prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady in the coach, and her waiting-women, put up a thousand prayers to heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and place of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that in this very critical minute, the author of the history leaves the battle unfinished, excusing himself, that he could find no further account of these exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work would not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers relating to this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; in which, Heaven favouring his search, he at last succeeded, as shall faithfully be recounted.

THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries European literature passed from the poetry and independence of the Renaissance, through the prose and uniformity of the age of Classicism, to the beginnings of another great emancipation of the human spirit in the Romantic Movement.

The interpretation of the relation of the individual Christian to the Church and to God, which characterized the Reformation, continued into the seventeenth century and resulted in a stricter code of living and a greater simplicity of Church organization, exemplified on the Continent by the teachings of John Calvin (1509-1564) and in England by Puritanism. The Puritans and their brethren on the Continent were filled with a passion for liberty and righteousness such as the world had never known. The friction between the Protestants and the Catholics of Germany and Austria resulted in the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), which involved not only these countries but also Spain, France, and other powers, and caused an enormous loss of life and property. The religious controversies of the time are reflected in the writings of the Frenchman Pascal (p. 743) and many other seventeenth-century authors.

Along with the struggles for religious emancipation went a gradually increasing desire for greater personal liberty and the beginnings of democracy in the modern sense of the term. During the seventeenth century men began to question such ancient doctrines as that of the divine right of kings, and the lower classes became more and more conscious of their rights as citizens and as human beings. In England the people rebelled against the injustice of Charles I (1625-1649), tried the king for his life, executed him, and established a commonwealth modeled, as they believed, on the brotherhood of the saints in glory. In France the oppression and wasteful extravagance of the upper classes, headed by Louis XIV (1643-1715), kindled the fires of unrest and discontent that were destined to burst forth a century later in the red flames of the French Revolution. The new creed of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" as the fundamental principle of true democracy was reflected in the writings of many authors of the eighteenth century. The two most famous French writers of the century were the social theorist and novelist Rousseau (p. 746) and the brilliant, skeptical, satirical Voltaire (p. 758).

The growth of democratic ideas was accompanied by increased education and a demand for literature better suited to the tastes of the lower and middle classes. The desire of the average reader for narratives dealing with people more like himself than the heroes of medieval romance led to the creation of the modern novel, a new literary form which came into being during the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. The beginnings of the modern novel are best illustrated by the writings of Daniel Defoe and Henry Fielding in England and, in France, by the work of Lesage, whose *Gil Blas* (p. 786), following in the wake of the immortal Cervantes (p. 608), is one of the greatest works of fiction ever produced. There is perceptible in the literature of the period a development of characterization, that was assisted by numerous collections of character sketches, among which the *Characters* of the Frenchman La Bruyère (p. 777) were especially popular and widely imitated, notably by Addison and other English writers.

The chief literary movement of the seventeenth century was the development of Classicism. The Classicists illustrated in their own works, and sought to impress upon others, the importance of moderation and conformity to set rules both in literature and in life. Their watchwords were "Reason" and "Common Sense." They admired the cultured man of London and Paris society rather than the simple, unlearned peasant, and preferred the carefully trimmed paths and hedges of an Italian garden to the natural, uncultivated beauty of the countryside. In literary composition they distrusted emotion and originality, and taught that literature should be composed according to the principles supposedly illustrated in the great masterpieces of Greece and Rome, — hence the name Classicists. Under the influence of Classicism lyric poetry naturally declined, while prose and the drama developed greatly. Letter writing as a

fine art flourished (p. 780). The Classical Age has sometimes been called the Age of Prose or the Age of Reason. Though Classicism often made for artificiality, its demand for careful workmanship gave to literature precision, elegance, and clarity. In France the literary doctrines of the Classicists were best illustrated by the critical writings of Boileau (p. 762); in England by Pope's well-known *Essay on Criticism*.

In French literature the seventeenth century is known as *le grand siècle*, "the great century." Under Louis XIV France became the most powerful state in Europe, and Paris the center of art and culture for the civilized world. French literature, especially the drama, reached a height of excellence it never attained before or since. As writers of tragedy Corneille and Racine, though following in general the rules of the Classicists, treated their themes with a dignity and exaltation that elevated their plays far above the common run of French dramas. Racine is particularly noteworthy for his portrayal of female characters. Corneille's plays, especially *The Cid* (p. 621), give the author a right to be called "the greatest tragic dramatist of France on the Classical model." Though the influence of Classicism was strong in England, no English dramatist ever produced a Classical tragedy comparable to those of seventeenth-century France.

Much closer to real life than French Classical tragedy is the work of the comic dramatist Molière, who ranks with Shakespeare as one of the most gifted portrayers of human character in the history of literature. Molière combined a keen feeling for the comic with a profound wisdom regarding human life. He elevated the lighter side of French drama from farce and burlesque to true comedy, making his art an effective vehicle for social satire and reform. Molière's dramas have exercised a widespread influence upon the modern stage. Holberg and Goldoni (p. 675) have been called respectively the Danish and the Italian Molière.

Among the non-dramatic poets of seventeenth-century France, La Fontaine (p. 779) deserves especial mention as the author of one of the most famous of the many collections of animal fables. The innocuous-looking animal fable becomes, in his hands, a powerful weapon of social and political satire.

During the eighteenth century in France, as in England, the doctrines and practice of the Classicists gradually gave place to a freer and less artificial conception of literature and life which led ultimately to the Romantic Movement. In English literature the transition from Classicism to Romanticism was especially marked. After the middle of the eighteenth century a simpler and more sentimental view of literature, religion, and life, coupled with an increased admiration for the Middle Ages, the popular ballads, and other forms of folk literature gradually displaced the cut and dried doctrines of the Classicists and finally led to the great outburst of lyric poetry which marked the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Italy, which during the Renaissance had been the intellectual leader of Europe, began during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to follow the lead of other European countries, especially of England and France. The most important literary work of the period is to be found in the drama.

In Spanish literary history the seventeenth century has been called "The Golden Age." Here belong not only the closing years of Cervantes's life but also the long list of plays produced by the two great dramatists Lope de Vega (p. 514) and Calderón. The eighteenth century in Spain was a period of literary decline.

In German literature the seventeenth century was a rather barren period, but with the coming of the next century German literary men began to feel the influence of Classicism, and later a new enthusiasm for simplicity, for the Middle Ages, and for folk literature, chiefly stimulated by English influences, led to the work of the Grimm brothers, Goethe, Schiller, and other writers of the Romantic period. Among German writers of the eighteenth century Lessing deserves especially to be known because of his literary criticism (p. 768) and his notable contributions to the national drama (p. 701).

DRAMA

FRENCH

CORNEILLE

(1606-1684)

The long life of Pierre Corneille comprehends the most important period of French dramatic history. Corneille saw the development of tragi-comedy out of the Senecan tragedy under the hand of Alexander Hardy; he was in the thick of the furious struggle over the false Aristotelian unities; he knew Molière and even responded somewhat to his inspiration; and he lived to see his own popularity eclipsed by that of Racine. He was born in Rouen, the eldest son of a barrister, who held a government position. Corneille, like his father, was prepared for the profession of law; he was admitted to the bar in 1624. Four years later he was made attorney-general in the department of waters and forests. But, as he never made any attempt to practice law seriously, his professional life took little of his attention. He began his dramatic work with a series of comedies, the first of which was *Mélite* (1629). Finally attracting the attention of Richelieu, he was invited in 1633 to assist in a pretentious dramatic festival, *la Comédie des Tuileries*. His first important tragedy was *Médée* (1634-35), a play based on tragedies of the same name by Seneca and Euripides. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the Spanish dramatists and found in them the heroic and romantic qualities toward which he was temperamentally inclined. He wrote a number of pieces in the Spanish manner, the most famous of which was *The Cid* (1636). This play, first presented in 1637, met with such astonishing popularity as to arouse the jealousy of Corneille's rivals. The play was attacked from all sides, dramatists, critics, and even Richelieu himself, condemning it on the score that it violated the sacred rules of dramatic construction, that it made too much of Spanish customs, that the plot was not original, and that it approved the illegal custom of duelling. Although the public continued to attend the performances of the play in great numbers, Corneille seems to have taken the criticism seriously; for his next play, *Horace*, appearing three years later, contained none of the elements that had been found distasteful in *The Cid*. This piece was almost as successful as *The Cid* in spite of the fact that it was not so good a play. Corneille wrote three more plays before 1645, *Polyeucte*, *Pompée*, and *Rodogune*; and it is on these three, along with *Horace* and *The Cid*, that his fame chiefly rests. A number of attractive comedies followed, the most notable of which is *Le Menteur* (1643), and a lyric opera, *Andromède* (1650). The later plays, however, never achieved the success of those written before 1645. The last ten years of his life Corneille spent in retirement, working on the final revision of his works, the first edition of which had been published in 1660.

The Cid is based upon a play by the Spanish dramatist Guillen de Castro, entitled *Las Mocedades del Cid*. Corneille's obligation to his source, nevertheless, is no more specific than Shakespeare's debt to Lodge in *A Winter's Tale*. He remodeled the whole plot to bring it into accord with his dramatic purpose, which was to represent the struggle between duty and passion in the mind of his hero. Here, as in many of his other plays, Corneille shows his preoccupation with the dramatic idea of the hero who opposes his will to the forces of his environment and wins. Although his characters are types rather than familiar and human personalities, it would be a mistake to assume that they cannot engage our interest. A type character in the hands of a great poet like Corneille can be used with powerful literary and moral effect.

The translation used in this volume is that of Florence K. Cooper in *Chief European Dramatists*, Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE CID

CHARACTERS

FERNAND, *first King of Castile*
 URRAGUE, *Infanta of Castile*
 DIÈGUE, *father of Roderick*
 GOMEZ, *Count of Gormaz, father of Chimène*
 RODERICK, *lover of Chimène*
 SANCHE, *enamored of Chimène*
 ARIAS, } *Castilian gentlemen*
 ALONSO, }
 CHIMÈNE, *daughter of the Count of Gormaz*
 LEONORA, *governess of the Infanta*
 ELVIRE, *governess of Chimène*
A Page of the Infanta

ACT I

*Enter CHIMÈNE and ELVIRE.*¹

CHIMÈNE. Tell me, Elvire, is this a true report?
 In naught dost thou disguise my father's words?

ELVIRE. My heart thrills with delight when I recall them.
 Your love for Roderick vies with his esteem;

Unless I read amiss his inmost soul,
 He will command that you return his love.

CHIMÈNE. Repeat, I pray, a second time the cause

Why thou dost think that he approves my choice;

What hope he gives me, let me learn anew;
 Such welcome news I could forever hear.
 Thou canst not with too sure a promise pledge

The sunlight of his sanction to our love.
 What utterance gave he on the secret plot

That Roderick and Sancho made with thee?

Hast thou not made too clear the differences

Which draw me to my chosen Roderick's side?

ELVIRE. No, an indifferent heart I pictured yours,
 That kindles not, nor blights, the hope of either,

And, not too stern, nor yet too soft, but waits

Your father's wish in choosing you a husband.

5 This filial spirit charmed him, as his lips
 And every feature quick assurance gave.
 And since your heart demands his very words

Repeated o'er and o'er — why, here they are:

10 "Wisely she waits my choice; they both are worthy,

Of noble blood, of faithful, valiant soul.

Their youthful faces speak the unbroken line

15 Of shining virtues handed proudly down.
 In Roderick's glance no slightest trace I see

Of aught but courage high and stainless honor.

20 Cradled amid war's trophies was this son,
 So many warriors has his house produced.
 A marvelous tale of valor and emprise,
 His father's glorious acts have long been told;

And the seamed brow that tells the flight of years
 Speaks clearer still his mighty deeds in arms.

30 The son will prove fully worthy of the sire;
 'Twould please me should he win my daughter's love."

Then to the council-chamber did he haste,
 Whose pressing hour an interruption made;

But from his hurried words I think 'tis clear

He leans not strongly to the suit of either.
 The king must choose a tutor for his son,

40 And this high service to your father gives;
 The choice is certain, and his valor rare
 Admits no fear of question or dispute;
 His unmatched gifts ne'er meet a rival claim,

45 Whether in royal court or honor's field.
 And since your Roderick has his father's word

To press the marriage, at the council's close,

¹ The dramatists of Corneille's day worried themselves very little about their expository material. Whatever the audience needed to know in order to follow the progress of the action or understand the relation between characters was frankly introduced into the opening scenes in the form of dialogues between leading characters and their confidential friends.

Your heart¹ may well assure you of his plea,
And in a tender hope will rest content.

CHIMÈNE. My troubled heart in hope
finds little ease,

But, burdened with sad doubt, asks certainty:

Fate in a moment can reverse her will;
Even this happiness may mean a sorrow.

ELVIRE. Nay, happily that fear shall be
dispelled.

CHIMÈNE. Away! — to wait the issue,
what it be.

(*Exeunt CHIMÈNE and ELVIRE.*)

Enter the INFANTA,¹ LEONORA, and Page.

INFANTA. Page, quickly tell Chimène
she stays too long

Before her promised coming; my affection

Complains that she neglects the heart that
loves her.

(*Exit Page.*)

LEONORA. Madam, some longing burns
within your soul,

For at each meeting anxiously you seek
The daily progress of her lover's suit.

INFANTA. Have I not reason? Her
young heart is pierced

By darts myself did level at her breast.

Her lover Roderick was my lover first,

And 'tis to me she owes his passion deep;
Thus having forged these lovers' lasting
chains,

I yearn to see the end of all their pains.

LEONORA. Madam, their dear delight in
mutual love

Finds, as I read your heart, no echo there,
But sorrow weighs your spirit at their
hopes.

Can your great soul feel grief at others' joy?

Why should your love for them react in
pain,

And cause you suffering in their hour of
rapture?

But, pardon, madam, I am overbold.

INFANTA. Concealment deepens sorrow,
therefore hear

What struggles my too-loving heart has
borne;

Listen what fierce assault my courage
braves.

The tyrant Love spares neither high nor
low;

5 This cavalier whose heart I've given away
I love!

LEONORA. You love him!

INFANTA. Feel my bounding pulse!

Mark what its conqueror's name alone can
do;

10 It knows its master.

LEONORA. Madam, pardon me,

I would not fail in gentle courtesy,
And rudely censure you for this affection.

15 But for a royal princess so to stoop

As to admit a simple cavalier

Within her heart — what would your
father say?

20 What all Castile? Yours is the blood of
kings!

Have you remembered that?

INFANTA. So well, alas!

That I would ope these veins ere I would
prove

25 False to the sacred trust of rank and name.

In noble souls, 'tis true, worth, worth
alone

Should kindle love's bright fires; and did
I choose

30 To justify my passion, many a one

As high-born as myself could give me
cause.

But honor heeds not Love's excuses fond,²

And sense, surprised, makes not my courage
less.

The daughter of a king must mate with
kings;

No other hand than kingly sues for mine.

40 To save my heart from well-nigh fatal
stroke,

With mine own hand I turned the steel
away.

I drew the bond that binds him to Chimène,

45 And tuned their notes to love to still my
own.

No longer wonder that my harassed soul,

50 With restless haste, will urge their nuptials
on.

¹ Whether or not the Infanta is an artistic or even a necessary addition to the play has been the subject of much literary comment and discussion.

² This is the first expression of the keynote of the play.

Love lives on hope, and dies when hope is dead —

A flame that needs perpetual renewal.
My heart has suffered much; but if this tie

Be consummated with no long delay,
My hope is dead, my wounded spirit healed.

But till that hour I'm rent with varying pangs;

I will to lose, yet suffer in my loss;
The love I would resign I still would keep;
And thus the court that to Chimène he pays

Excites the secret pain I cannot hide.
Love moves my sighs for one whose rank I scorn.

My mind divided feels a double pang;
My will is strong; my heart is all aflame.
I dare not hope from their united lives
More than a mingled sense of joy and pain.
Honor and Love war on this fatal field;
Neither can wholly conquer, neither yield.

LEONORA. Madam, I blame not, but I pity you,

And have no word to utter, save that I Sigh with your sighs and suffer in your grief.

But since your royal heart, unstained and strong,

Can front an ill so tempting and so sharp,
And bear it down, your noble spirit soon Will know again its sweet serenity.

Time is the friend of Virtue; with its aid You will forget; and Heaven, whose God is just,

Will not forsake you in this trying hour.

INFANTA. My surest hope is hope's own swift defeat.

Enter Page.

PAGE. Chimène awaits Your Highness at your wish.

INFANTA (to Leonora). Go, entertain her in the gallery.

LEONORA. Here, brooding o'er your sorrow, will you stay?

INFANTA. No, I but wish to hide my grief from her,

And to assume a joy I scarce can feel;
I follow soon.

INFANTA (alone). Just Heaven, whence I must hope alone for aid,

Put to this bitter suffering an end;
Grant me repose; in honor's path be guide;
In others' bliss my own I fain would seek.
Three hearts are waiting for this marriage bond;

Oh, hasten it, or strengthen my weak soul!
The tie that makes these happy lovers one Will break my fetters and my anguish end.
But I am lingering; I will seek Chimène;
Her gentle presence will assuage my pain.

(Exit INFANTA.)

Enter the COUNT and DIÈGUE.

COUNT. At last you win the prize; the royal hand
Uplifts you to a place where I should stand.
You are to train the young prince of Castile.

DIÈGUE. His justice and his gratitude the king

Has blended in this honor to my house.

COUNT. Kings, howsoever great they be, are men,

And, like us all, they oftentimes strangely err;

All courtiers may, in this, a warning see
That present service meets but poor reward.

DIÈGUE. No longer let us speak upon a theme

So chafing to your spirit; kindness may Have turned the balance quite as much as merit.

But to a king whose power is absolute 'Tis due to take, nor question, what he wills.

An added honor I would ask of you —
The union of our houses and our names.
You have a daughter, I an only son;

Their marriage would forever make us one
In more than friendship's bonds; this favor grant.

COUNT. To such alliance does this youth presume?

Will the new splendor of your office serve
To puff his mind with swelling vanity?

Use your new dignity, direct the prince,
Instruct him how a province should be ruled

So all his subjects tremble 'neath his laws,
And love and terror make his throne secure;

To civic duties add a soldier's life —

To laugh at hardship, ply the trade of
Mars

Undaunted and unequalled; pass long days
And nights on horseback; to sleep fully
armed;

To force a stronghold, and, the battle won,
To owe the glory to himself alone.

Instruct him by example; his young eyes
Must in yourself his perfect pattern see.

DIÈGUE. Your envious soul speaks in 10
your sneering words;

But, for example, he need only turn
The pages of my life; therein he'll read,
Through a long story of heroic acts,
How to subdue the nations, storm a fort, 15
Command an army, and to make a name
Whose wide renown shall rest on mighty
deeds.

COUNT. Living examples are the only
guides; 20

Not from a book a prince his lesson learns.
Your boasted years a single day of mine
Equals not only, but surpasses oft.
Valiant you have been; I am valiant now!
On my strong arm this kingdom rests se- 25
cure;

When my sword flashes, Aragon retreats,
Granada trembles; by my name of might
Castile is girdled round as by a wall.
Without me you would pass 'neath other 30
laws,

And soon you'd have your enemies your
kings.

Each day, each flying hour, exalts my
fame, 35
Adds victory unto victory, praise to
praise.

Under the guarding shadow of my arm
The prince should prove his mettle on the
field, 40
Should learn by seeing conquest how to
conquer.

In his young princehood he should early
win

The loftiest heights of courage; he should 45
see —

DIÈGUE. I know! you serve the king,
your master, well;

'Neath my command I've often watched
you fight; 50

And since the stiffening currents of old age

Have chilled my powers, your prowess
nobly shows —

No more; what I have been, you are to-
day.

5 'Tis true, however, that, when choice is
due,

Our monarch sees a difference 'twixt us
still.

COUNT. Nay! you have stolen what
was mine by right! ¹

DIÈGUE. To win an honor is the proof
of merit.

COUNT. He is most worthy who can
use it best.

DIÈGUE. To be refused it is poor proof
of worth.

COUNT. You've used a courtier's wiles,
and won by trick!

DIÈGUE. My fame has been my only
partisan.

COUNT. Admit the king but honors
your old age.

DIÈGUE. My years the king but meas-
ures by my deeds.

COUNT. If deeds are years, I'm elder
far than you!

DIÈGUE. Who not obtained this honor
not deserved it.

COUNT. I not deserved it? I?

DIÈGUE. Yes, you!

COUNT. Old man,
Thine insolence shall have its due reward.
(*Gives him a blow.*)

DIÈGUE (*drawing his sword*). Quick,
run me through! — the first of all
my race

To wear a flush of shame upon my brow.

COUNT. What dost thou hope thine im-
potence can do?

DIÈGUE. O God! my worn-out strength
at need forsakes me.

COUNT. Thy sword is mine, but thou
wouldst be too vain

If I should take this trophy of thy fall.

Adieu! Go read the prince, in spite of
sneers,

For his instruction, thy life's history.

This chastisement of insolent discourse

Will prove, methinks, no slight embellish-
ment.

(*Exit COUNT.*)

¹ The lines that follow immediately after this, with their rapid interchange consisting of one line to the speech, constitute a typically Senecan touch.

DIÈGUE. Rage and despair! age, my worst enemy!
 Must my great life end with a foul disgrace?
 Shall laurels gained with slowly whitening locks,
 In years of warlike toils, fade in a day?
 And does the arm all Spain has wondered at,
 Whose might has often saved the king his throne,
 And kept the rod of empire in his grasp,
 Betray me now, and leave me unavenged?
 O sad remembrance of my vanished glory!
 O years of life undone in one short hour!
 This new-won height is fatal to my fortune,
 A precipice from which my honor falls.
 Must the Count's triumph add the final pang
 To death dishonorable, to life disgraced?
 The office, Count, is thine; thine the high place
 Of tutor to my prince, for thine own hand,
 With envious insult, the king's choice reversed,
 And leaves me here with hope and honor gone.
 And thou, brave instrument of my exploits,
 But useless ornament of feeble age,
 Once terror of my enemies, but now
 A bauble, not a man's defense at need —
 My sword! — go, quit thy now dishonored master;
 Pass, to avenge me, into worthier hands!

Enter RODERICK.

DIÈGUE. Hast thou a brave heart, Roderick?
RODERICK. Any man
 Except my father soon would prove it so.
DIÈGUE. O pleasing choler! wrath that soothes my hurt!
 My own blood speaks in this resentment swift,
 And in thy heat my youth comes back to me.
 My son, my scion, come, repair my wrong;
 Avenge me instantly!
RODERICK. For what? for what?
DIÈGUE. For an affront so cruel, so unjust,
 'Tis fatal to the honor of our house.
 A blow! across my cheek! his life had paid,

Save that my nerveless arm betrayed my will.
 This sword, which I again can never wield,
 I pass to thee for vengeance to the death.
 Against this arrogance thy courage set;
 Only in blood such stains are cleansed, and thou
 Must kill or die. This man, mine enemy,
 Whom thou must meet, is worthy of thy steel;
 Begrimed with blood and dust, I've seen him hold
 An army terror-stricken at his will,
 And break a hundred squadrons by his charge;
 And, to say all, more than a leader brave,
 More than a warrior great, he is — he is —
RODERICK. In mercy speak!
DIÈGUE. The father of Chimène!
RODERICK. Chimène!
DIÈGUE. Nay, answer not; I know thy love;
 But who can live disgraced deserves not life.
 Is the offender dear, worse the offense.
 Thou know'st my wrong; its quittance lies with thee;
 I say no more; avenge thyself and me!
 Remember who thy father is — and was!
 Weighed down with Fate's misfortunes heaped on me,
 I go to mourn them. Do thou fly to vengeance!

(Exit DIÈGUE.)

RODERICK. My heart's o'erwhelmed with woe.
 A mortal stroke that mocks my tender trust
 Makes me avenger of a quarrel just,
 And wretched victim of an unjust blow.
 Though crushed in spirit, still my pride must cope
 With that which slays my hope.
 So near to love's fruition to be told —
 O God, the strange, strange pain! —
 My father has received an insult bold,
 The offender is the father of Chémene.
 'Mid conflicts wild I stand.
 I lift my arm to strike my father's foe,
 But Love with mighty impulse urges
 "No!"

Pride fires my heart, affection stays my hand;
 I must be deaf to Passion's calls, or face
 A life of deep disgrace.
 Whate'er I do, fierce anguish follows me —
 O God, the strange, strange pain!
 Can an affront so base unpunished be?
 But can I fight the father of Chimène?

To which allegiance give? —
 To tender tyranny or noble bond? —
 A tarnished name or loss of pleasures fond?
 Unworthy or unhappy must I live.
 (To his sword.) Thou dear, stern hope of
 souls high-born and bold 15
 And fired with love untold,
 But enemy of my new dreams of bliss,
 Sword, cause of all my pain,
 Was't given me to use for this, for this? —
 To save my honor, but to lose Chimène? 20

(Exit RODERICK.)

ACT II

Enter ARIAS and the COUNT.

I must seek death's dread bourne.
 To weigh my duty and my love is vain.
 If I avenge his death, her hate I gain,
 If I no vengeance take, I win her scorn; 25
 Unfaithful must I prove to hope most
 sweet,
 Or for that hope unmeet.
 What heals my honor's wounds augments
 my grief,
 And causes keener pain;
 Be strong, my soul! Since death's my sole
 relief,
 I'll die, nor lose the love of my Chimène.

COUNT. I grant you that my somewhat
 hasty blood
 Took fire too soon, and carried me too far;
 But — what is done, is done: the blow was
 struck.

ARIAS. To the king's will let your proud
 spirit yield.
 This moves him deeply, and his anger
 roused

Will make you suffer penalty extreme.
 No just defense can you before him plead;
 The deed was gross, the aged victim great;
 30 No common rule that serves 'twixt man
 and man

Will meet the high demand exacted here.
 COUNT. The king can use my life to
 suit his will.

ARIAS. You add the fault of anger to
 your deed.
 The king still loves you well; appease his
 wrath;
 You know his wish; you will not disobey?

COUNT. To disobey — a little — were
 no crime,
 Should it preserve the fame I most do prize.
 But were it such, forsooth, my valiant
 service

45 More than suffices for o'erlooking it.
 ARIAS. For deeds howe'er illustrious
 and high,
 A king can ne'er become a subject's debtor.
 Better than any other you should know
 50 Who serves his king well does his simple
 duty;

This haughty confidence will cost you
 dear.

What, die without redress?
 Seek death — so fatal to my future fame?
 Endure that Spain shall heap on me the
 shame
 Of one who failed in honor's sorest 40
 stress?

All for a love whose hope my frenzied heart
 Already sees depart?
 I'll list no longer to the subtle plea
 Which but renews my pain;
 Come, arm of mine, my choice turns now
 to thee,
 Since naught, alas! can give me back
 Chimène.

Yes, love my will misled.
 My father — life and name to him I owe —
 Whether of grief or from a mortal blow

- COUNT. I will believe you when I pay the price.
- ARIAS. You should respect your monarch's sovereign will.
- COUNT. I can outlive a single day's displeasure.
- Let the whole state be armed to hurl me down —
- If I be made to suffer, Spain will fall!
- ARIAS. What! you, forsooth, defy the power supreme!
- COUNT. Why should I fear a sceptered hand whose grasp
- Is weaker than my own? He knows my use;
- My head, in falling, will shake off his crown.
- ARIAS. Let reason rule your action; be advised.
- COUNT. I wish no further counsel: all is said.
- ARIAS. What message to your king shall I report?
- COUNT. That I shall ne'er consent to my disgrace.
- ARIAS. Remember that you brave a tyrant's power.
- COUNT. The die is cast and longer speech is vain.
- ARIAS. Adieu, then, since I cannot change your will.
- E'en on your laureled head the bolt may strike!
- COUNT. I wait it without fear.
- ARIAS. 'Twill cast you down.
- COUNT. Then old Diègue will be well satisfied.
- (Exit ARIAS.)
- Who fears not death need surely not fear threats.
- My proud resolve yields not to weak disgrace;
- Though I be stripped of fortune, rank, and name,
- Myself alone can rob me of my honor.
- Enter RODERICK.
- RODERICK. Grant me a word, Count.
- COUNT. Speak.
- RODERICK. Dost know Diègue?
- COUNT. Yes.
- RODERICK. Listen, then, and let us softly speak.
- Dost also know that his now feeble arm Was once Spain's chiefest honor, valor, glory?
- COUNT. Perhaps!
- RODERICK. This fire enkindled in my eyes
- Marks the same blood as his; dost thou know that?
- COUNT. What matters that to me?
- RODERICK. I'll teach you, Count, At some four paces hence, what matters it.
- COUNT. Presumptuous youth!
- RODERICK. Speak quietly, I pray.
- My years are few, but, Count, in high-born souls,
- Valor and youth full oft united are.
- COUNT. And thou wouldst stand 'gainst me! thou vain, untried,
- Impudent upstart? Cease thy boyish brag!
- RODERICK. The temper of my steel will not demand
- A second proof; the first will be enough.
- COUNT. Know'st thou to whom thou speakest?
- RODERICK. I know well!
- Another than I am would hear with dread
- The mention of thy name: thy crowns of palm
- Must mean to me, 'twould seem, the stroke of doom.
- But bold I meet thine all-victorious arm;
- Where courage leads, there force will aye be found.
- A father's honor is a triple shield;
- Invincible thou art not, though unconquered.
- COUNT. Thy fearless words a fearless heart reveal.
- I've watched thy growing powers from day to day;
- In thee the future glory of Castile
- I have believed to see, and proud of heart,
- Was laying in thine own my daughter's hand.
- I know thy love, and charmed am I to learn
- That duty is a dearer mistress still,
- Nor soft emotions weaken warlike zeal.
- Thy manly worth responds to my esteem;
- And, wishing for my son a noble knight,
- I did not err when I made choice of thee.
- But pity stirs within me at thy words;

Such boldness ill befits thy youthful form;
 Let not thy maiden effort be thy last;
 I cannot fight a combat so unequal;
 A victory won without a peril braved
 Is but inglorious triumph, and for me
 Such contest is not fitting. None would
 dream
 Thou couldst withstand an instant, and
 regret
 At thy young, foolish death would e'er be
 mine.

RODERICK. Thy pity more insults me
 than thy scorn;
 Thou fear'st my arm, but dar'st attack my
 honor.

COUNT. Withdraw from here!

RODERICK. Let us to deeds, not words!

COUNT. Art tired of life?

RODERICK. Dost thou, then, fear to
 die?

COUNT. Come on! Thou'rt right. I'll
 help thee do thy duty!

'Tis a base son survives a father's fame!
 (*Exeunt COUNT and RODERICK.*)

*Enter the INFANTA, CHIMÈNE,
 and LEONORA.*

INFANTA. Nay, do not weep! allay thy
 grief, Chimène!

This sorrow should disclose thy spirit's
 strength.

After this transient storm a calm will fall,
 And happiness, deferred and clouded now,
 Will brighter seem in contrast. Do not
 weep!

CHIMÈNE. My heart, worn out with
 trouble, has no hope.

A storm so sudden and so terrible

To my poor bark brings direful threat of
 wreck.

Ere I set sail upon my smiling sea,
 I perish in the harbor. I was loved
 By him I fondly loved; our sires approved;
 But even while I told my charming story
 At that same moment was the quarrel on,
 Whose sad recital changed my tale to woe.
 O cursed ambition! wrath's insanity!
 Pride, to my dearest wishes pitiless,
 Whose tyranny the noblest nature rules!
 In sighs and tears a heavy price I pay.

INFANTA. Thy fears o'ercome thee;
 'tis a hasty word;

The quarrel of a moment dies as soon.

The king already seeks to make a peace;
 And I, as well thou knowest, to dry thy
 tears

And heal thy grief would try the impos-
 sible.

CHIMÈNE. No reconciliation can avail.
 Such wounds are mortal and defy all art
 Of king or princess, of command or plead-
 ing.

And though an outward show of peace be
 gained,

The fires of hate, compressed within the
 heart,

Burn fiercer, and will break at last in
 flame.

INFANTA. When Love has bound Chi-
 mène and Roderick

In sacred marriage, hatred will depart;
 Their fathers will forget, and happiness
 Will silence discord in sweet harmony.

CHIMÈNE. I wish for such an end, but
 dare not hope.

'Tis a matched combat between two proud
 souls;

Neither will yield; I know them; I must
 weep!

The past I mourn, the future frightens me.

INFANTA. What fearest thou? an old
 man's feebleness?

CHIMÈNE. Brave sires make braver
 sons; Roderick is bold.

INFANTA. He is too young.

CHIMÈNE. Such men are born high-
 hearted!

INFANTA. Thou shouldst not fear his
 boldness overmuch;

He cannot wound thee, whom he loves so
 well;

A word from thy sweet lips will check his
 wrath.

CHIMÈNE. How shall I speak it? If he
 do not yield,

'Tis but an added burden to my heart;
 And if he do, what will men say of him —
 His father's son, to see his father's fall,
 Nor lift an arm of vengeance? In this
 strait

I stand confused, nor know what I would
 choose —

His too weak love, or his too stern refusal.

INFANTA. In thy high soul, Chimène,
 no thought can live

Unworthy of thee; love but more exalts.

But if, until this trouble be o'erpast,
I make a prisoner of this gallant youth,
Preventing thus the dread results you fear,
Would it offend thy proud and loving
heart?

CHIMÈNE. Ah! madam, then my cares
are quieted.

Enter the Page.

INFANTA. Page, summon Roderick
hither; I would see him.

PAGE. He and the Count de Gormaz —

CHIMÈNE. Heaven, oh, help me!

INFANTA. What? Speak!

PAGE. Together they have left the palace.

CHIMÈNE. Alone?

PAGE. Yes, and they muttered angrily.

CHIMÈNE. They've come to blows! All
words are useless now;

Madam, forgive this haste — my heart
will break!

(Exeunt CHIMÈNE and Page.)

INFANTA. Alas! that such inquietude is
mine;

I weep her griefs, but Roderick still en-
thrals;

My peace is gone; my dying flame revives.
The fate that parts Chimène from him she
loves

Renews alike my sorrow and my hope.

Their separation, cruel though it be,

Excites a secret ecstasy in me.

LEONORA. Surely, the noble virtue of
your soul

Yields not so soon to passion's baser thrall.

INFANTA. Nay, do not name it thus,
since in my heart,

Strong and triumphant, it controls my
will.

Respect my love, for it is dear to me;

My nobler pride forbids it — yet I hope.

Ill-guarded 'gainst a madness so be-
wild'ring,

My heart flies to a love Chimène has lost.

LEONORA. And thus your high resolve
all-powerless fails?

And Reason lays her wonted scepter down?

INFANTA. Ah! Reason has a harsh and
rude effect,

When such sweet poison has inflamed the
heart;

The patient loves his painful malady,

Nor willingly accepts a healing draught.

LEONORA. Be not beguiled by Love's
seductions soft;

That Roderick is beneath you, all well
know.

INFANTA. Too well myself must know
it, but my heart

Hears subtle words which Love, the flat-
terer, speaks.

If from this combat Roderick victor comes,
And this great warrior falls beneath his
blow,

What other plea need Love, the pleader,
use?

Who could withstand that conqueror's con-
queror!

My fancy sets no bounds to his exploits;
Whole kingdoms soon would fall beneath
his laws;

I see him on Granada's ancient throne;
The subject Moors with trembling do his
will;

Proud Aragon acknowledges him king,
And Portugal receives him, while the seas
Bear his high destiny to other lands.

In Afric's blood his laurels shall be dyed,
And all that e'er was said of greatest chief,
I hear of Roderick, this victory won;
Then in his love my highest glory lies.

LEONORA. Nay, madam, 'tis your
fancy makes you dream

Of conquests whose beginning may not
chance.

INFANTA. The count has done the deed
— Roderick enraged —

They have gone forth to combat — needs
there more?

LEONORA. E'en should they fight —
since you will have it so —

Will Roderick prove the knight you pic-
ture him?

INFANTA. Nay, I am weak; my foolish
mind runs wild;

Love spreads its snares for victims such
as I.

Come to my chamber; there console my
grief,

Nor leave me till this troubled hour is o'er.

(Exeunt INFANTA and LEONORA.)

Enter the KING, ARIAS, and SANCHE.

KING. Pray, is this haughty count be-
reft of sense?

Dares he believe his crime can be o'er-looked?

ARIAS. To him I have conveyed your strong desire;
Nothing I gained from long and earnest pleas.

KING. Just Heaven! A subject have I in my realm

So rash that he will disregard my wish?
My oldest, foremost courtier he affronts, 10
Then aims his boundless insolence at me!
The law, in my own court, he would decree:
Leader and warrior, great howe'er he be,
I'll school his haughty soul with lesson hard.

Were he the god of battles, valor's self,
Obedience to his sovereign he shall pay.
Although his act like chastisement de- served,

It was my will to show him leniency.
Since he abuses mercy, from this hour
He is a prisoner, all resistance vain.

SANCHO. Pray, sire, a brief delay may calm his mind.

Fresh from the quarrel he was first ap- 25
proached.

Boiling with passion. Sire, a soul like his,
So hasty and so bold, belies itself
In its first impulse; soon he'll know his fault,

But cannot yet admit he was the offender.

KING. Be silent, Sancho, and be warned henceforth.

He who defends the guilty shares the guilt.

SANCHO. Yea, sire, I will obey, but 35
grant me grace

To say one further word in his defense.

KING. What can you say for such a reckless man?

SANCHO. Concessions do not suit a lofty 40
soul

Accustomed to great deeds; it can con- ceive

Of no submission without loss of honor.

He cannot bend his pride to make amends; 45
Too humble is the part you'd have him play;

He would obey you were he less a man.

Command his arm, nourished 'mid war's alarms,

To right this wrong upon the field of honor.

The boldest champion who his steel will face

He will accept and make atonement swift.

KING. You fail in due respect, but youth is rash,

And in your ardor I your fault excuse.

5 A king, whom prudence ever should in- form,

Is guardian of his subjects' life and death.
O'er mine I watch with care, and jealously,
Like a great head, I guard my members well.

Your reason, then, no reason is for me;
You speak, a soldier; I must act, a king.
Moreover, let the count think what he will,
Obedience to his king ennobles him.

15 He has affronted me; he rudely stained
The honor of my son's appointed guide.
To strike a blow at him — 'tis nothing less
Than to attack with blows the power su- preme.

20 I'll hear no more. Listen! — there have been seen

Ten hostile vessels, with their colors up;
They've dared approach clear to the river's mouth.

ARIAS. The Moors have learned, per- force, to know you well;
Conquered so oft, what courage can they feel

To risk themselves against their con- queror? 30

KING. They'll never see, without a jeal- ous rage,

My scepter rule o'er Andalusia.

That lovely land, by them too long pos- sessed,

Always with envious eye they closely watch.

That was the only cause why Castile's throne

In old Seville I placed, now years ago;

I would be near, and ready at demand,

To overthrow uprising or attack.

ARIAS. They know, at cost of many a mighty chief,

That triumph, sire, your presence only needs.

Naught can you have to fear.

KING. Nor to neglect;

For confidence is danger's sure ally.

50 Well do you know with what an easy sweep

A rising tide may float them to our walls.
'Tis but a rumor; let no panic rise,

Nor causeless fears be spread by false alarms.

Stir not the city in the hours of night;
But doubly fortify the walls and harbor.

Enough, till more is known.

Enter ALONSO.

ALONSO. The count is dead!

Diègue has taken vengeance by his son! 10

KING. Soon as the affront I learned, I feared revenge.

Would that I might have turned that fatal wrath!

ALONSO. Chimène approaches, bathed 15
in bitter tears,
And at your feet would she for justice plead.

KING. Compassion moves my soul at her mishaps;

But the count's deed, methinks, has well deserved

This chastisement of his audacity.

And yet, however just may be his doom,
I lose with pain a warrior strong and true, 25
After long service rendered to our state,
His blood poured out for us a thousand times.

His pride excites my anger, but my throne
His loss enfeebles while his death be- 30
reaves.

Enter DIÈGUE and CHIMÈNE.

CHIMÈNE. Justice, sire, justice!

DIÈGUE. Ah, sire, let me speak!

CHIMÈNE. Behold me, at your feet!

DIÈGUE. I clasp your knees!

CHIMÈNE. 'Tis justice I demand!

DIÈGUE. Hear my defense!

CHIMÈNE. Punish the insolence of this 40
bold youth!

He has struck down your kingdom's chief support!

My father he has slain!

DIÈGUE. To avenge his own! 45

CHIMÈNE. A subject's blood demands his monarch's justice!

DIÈGUE. A vengeance just demands no punishment.

KING. Rise, and in calmness let us hear 50
of this.

Chimène, my deepest sympathy is stirred;
A grief not less than yours affects my heart.

(*To DIÈGUE.*) You will speak after, nor disturb her plaint.

CHIMÈNE. My father, sire, is dead;
mine eyes have seen

5 Great drops of blood roll from his noble side;

That blood that oft your walls has fortified;
That blood that many times your fights has won;

10 That blood which, shed, still holds an angry heat

To be outpoured for other lives than yours.
What in war's deadliest carnage ne'er was spilled,

15 The hand of Roderick sheds upon your soil.
Breathless and pale, I reached the fatal spot;

I found him lifeless, sire — forgive my tears;

20 In this sad tale words mock my trembling lips;

My sighs will utter what I cannot speak.

KING. Take courage, child; thy king henceforth shall be

25 Thy father, in the place of him that's lost.

CHIMÈNE. Such honor, sire, I ask not in my woe;

I said I found him lifeless: open wound
And blood outpoured, and mixed with hor-
rid dust,

Showed me my duty, drove me here in haste;

That dreadful gaping mouth speaks with my voice,

35 And must be heard by the most just of kings.

O sire, let not such license reign unchecked
Beneath your sovereign sway, before your eyes;

So the most noble may, without restraint,
Suffer the blows of beardless insolence,
And a young braggart triumph o'er their glory,

Bathe in their blood and mock their mem-
ory.

This valiant warrior, slain, if unavenged,
Will surely cool the ardor of your knights.

O sire, grant vengeance for my father's death!

50 Your throne demands it more than my poor heart.

His rank was high, his death will cost you dear;

Pay death with death, and blood with
blood avenge.

A victim, not for me, but for your crown,
Your person, and Your Majesty, I beg —
A victim that will show to all the state
The madness of a deed so arrogant.

KING. What say'st, Diègue?

DiÈGUE. Worthy of envy he
Who, losing life's best gift, can part with
life!

For age's weakness brings to noble souls
A mournful fate before its closing scene.
I, whose proud 'scutcheon is graved o'er
with deeds,

I, whom a victor laurels oft have crowned, 15
To-day, because too long with life I've
stayed,

Affronted, prostrate lie and powerless.
What neither siege nor fight nor ambus-
cade,

Nor all your foes, nor all my envious
friends,

Nor Aragon could do, nor proud Granada,
The count, your subject, jealous of your
choice, 25

Bold in the power which youth has over
age,

Has done within your court, beneath your
eye.

Thus, sire, these locks, 'neath war's rough 30
harness blanched,

This blood, so gladly lavished in your
cause,

This arm, the lifelong terror of your foes,
To a dishonored grave would have de- 35
scended,

Had not my son proved worthy of his sire,
An honor to his country and his king.

He took his father's sword, he slew the
count, 40

He gave me back my honor cleansed from
stain.

If to show courage and resentment deep,
If to avenge a blow, claim punishment,

On me alone should fall your anger's 45
stroke.

When the arm errs, the head must bear
the blame.

Whether this be a crime of which we speak,
His was the hand, but mine, sire, was the 50
will.

Chimène names him her father's mur-
derer;

The deed was mine; I longed to take his
place.

Spare for your throne the arm of youth
and might,

5 But slay the chief whom Time o'ermasters
soon.

If an old soldier's blood will expiate
And satisfy Chimène, 'tis hers to shed;
Far from repining at such stern decree,
10 I'll glory in an honorable death.

KING. Of deep and serious import is
this deed,

And in full council must be gravely met.
Lead the count's daughter home; and you,
Diègue,

Shall be held prisoner by your word of
honor.

Let Roderick be brought; I must do jus-
tice.

20 CHIMÈNE. 'Tis justice, sire, a murderer
should die.

KING. Allay your grief, my child, and
take repose.

CHIMÈNE. When silence urges thought,
then anguish grows.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

ACT III

Enter RODERICK and ELVIRE.

ELVIRE. Roderick, what hast thou
done? why com'st thou here?

RODERICK. I follow my sad fate's un-
happy course.

ELVIRE. Whence hast thou this au-
dacity, to come

To places filled with mourning by thy
deed?

Com'st here to brave the dead count's
very shade? 40

Hast thou not killed him?

RODERICK. To my shame he lived;
My father's house demanded that he die.

ELVIRE. But why seek shelter 'neath
thy victim's roof?

What murderer ever sought retreat so
strange?

RODERICK. I come to yield myself up to
my judge.

No more look on me with astonished eye;
I seek my death in penance for a death.

My love's my judge, my judge Chimène
alone.

Sharper than death the knowledge of her hate;

That I deserve, and I have come to ask
The sentence of her lips, her hand's death blow.

ELVIRE. Nay, rather flee her sight, her passion's force,
Remove thy presence from her fresh despair.

Flee! shun the promptings of her anguish 10
new
Which will but rouse to fury every feeling.

RODERICK. This dearest object of my heart's desire
Cannot too sorely chide me in her wrath;
That is a punishment I well deserve.
In seeking for a death from hand of hers
I shun a hundred others worse to face.

ELVIRE. Chimène is at the palace, 20
drowned in tears,
And will return escorted from the king.
Flee, Roderick, flee! pray add not to my cares.

What would be said if here thou shouldst 25
be seen!

Wouldst thou that slander, adding to her woe,
Charge that she hide her father's murderer?

She'll soon return! Hark! hark! she comes,
she's here!

Hide thyself, then, for her sake; Roderick,
hide!

(Exit RODERICK.) 35

Enter SANCHE and CHIMÈNE.

SANCHE. True, madam, blood alone
pays debts like this;
Your wrath is righteous, and your tears 40
are just.

I would not try with weak and foolish words

To calm your anger or console your grief.
But if to serve you I am capable,
My sword is at your service to command;
My love is yours to avenge your father's death;

If you I serve, my arm will outmatch his.

CHIMÈNE. O wretched that I am!

SANCHE. Accept my sword!

CHIMÈNE. It would offend the king,
who pledges justice.

SANCHE. The march of Justice often is
so slow

That crime escapes the tardy loiterer.
Her oft uncertain course costs tears and
5 pain!

Suffer a knight to avenge you with his sword;

The way is sure, the punishment is swift.

CHIMÈNE. It is the last resort. If come
it must,

And still my sorrows move your soul to pity,

You shall be free to avenge my injury.

SANCHE. To that one happiness my soul
aspires, 15

And hoping this, I leave you, well content.
(Exit SANCHE.)

CHIMÈNE. At last, in freedom from a
forced restraint,

I can pour out to thee my poignant woe,
Can give an utterance to my mournful
sighs,

And let my soul tell all its many griefs.

My father's dead, Elvire; the maiden
thrust

Of Roderick's sword has cut his life-thread
short.

Weep, weep, my eyes, dissolve yourselves
in tears;

30 One half my heart the other half entombs;
And for this mortal stroke, my heart that
loves

Must vengeance take for that which is no
more.

ELVIRE. Rest, madam, rest.

CHIMÈNE. Nay, mock me not with
words!

In misery like mine to speak of rest!

Whence-ever shall my agony be soothed

Unless I hate the hand that caused my
grief?

What respite can I hope from torment aye,
When love and hate both seek the criminal?

45 ELVIRE. You still can love the one who
killed your father?

CHIMÈNE. Love is a word too weak for
what I feel;

I do adore him, spite of my resentment;

50 My lover and my enemy are one.

Still, notwithstanding all my hatred fierce,

Against my father Roderick contends;

My filial love resists his sweet assault,

And struggles, feeble now, and now triumphant.

In this rude war of anger and of love;
My heart is rent, but stronger grows my soul;

I feel Love's power, but duty's deeper claims

Forbid that I should change or hesitate;
I balance not, nor swerve, when honor leads.

To me is Roderick dear; I weep his fate;
My heart pleads in his favor, yet, alas!
I am my father's daughter; he is dead.

ELVIRE. Shall you pursue it further?

CHIMÈNE. Cruel thought!

And cruel path which I am forced to tread!
I seek his life, yet fear my end to gain;
My death will follow his, yet he must die.

ELVIRE. Nay, madam, quit so terrible a task,

Nor on yourself impose a law so stern.

CHIMÈNE. My father dead — nay,
snatched from my embrace!

Shall his dear blood unheard for vengeance cry?

Shall my weak heart, snared by seducing spells,

With woman's tears alone pay honor's debt?

Shall guileful love betray my filial duty,
And in a shameful silence still its voice?

ELVIRE. Believe me, madam, there is much excuse

For cooler counsels toward a loving heart,
Against a lover dear. You've made appeal

Unto the king himself; press not too far
Persistence in this purpose strange and sad.

CHIMÈNE. My word is pledged to vengeance; it must fall.

Love would beguile us with sweet subtleties;

To noble souls excuses shameful seem.

ELVIRE. If you love Roderick, he can not offend you.

CHIMÈNE. 'Tis true!

ELVIRE. Then, after all, what will you do?

CHIMÈNE. I will avenge my father, end my woe;

I'll follow him, destroy him, then I'll — die!

Enter RODERICK.

RODERICK. Nay, madam, you shall find an easier way;

5 My life is in your hand; your honor's sure.

CHIMÈNE. Elvire, where are we? Who is this I see?

Is Roderick in my house? — before my eyes?

10 RODERICK. I offer you my life; taste, when you will,

The sweetness of my death and your revenge.

CHIMÈNE. Oh, woe!

15 RODERICK. Pray, hear me!

CHIMÈNE. Nay, I die!

RODERICK. A moment!

CHIMÈNE. Go; let me die!

RODERICK. I would but speak a word.

20 You shall reply with sword-thrust at my heart.

CHIMÈNE. What! with a blade stained with my father's blood?

RODERICK. Chimène!

25 CHIMÈNE. Remove that object from mine eyes!

Its sight recalls thy crime and sues for death!

RODERICK. Nay, gaze upon it; 'twill excite still more

Thy hatred and thy wrath; 'twill haste my doom.

CHIMÈNE. 'Tis tinged with my own blood.

RODERICK. Plunge it in mine!

Wash in my veins what it has brought from thine.

CHIMÈNE. Oh, cruel steel, which in one awful day

A father's and a daughter's life can take. I cannot live and see it! Take it hence!

Thou did'st me hear, and yet thou strik'st me dead!

RODERICK. I do thy will, but cherish still the wish

Of ending by thy hand my wretched life. Not even love of thee works in my soul

Craven repentance for a righteous deed.

The fatal end of wrath too swift and hot Brought shame upon my father's honored head.

The insult of a blow what heart can bear?

The affront was mine, I sought its author
swift,

And swift avenged the honor of my sire.
Were it again to do, again 'twere done!

But even 'gainst the inevitable deed,
My love long struggled for supremacy.

Judge how it ruled my heart, when I could
pause,

In such an hour of rage, and hesitate
Between my house, my father, and — my love,
Compelled to wound thy heart or stand
disgraced.

Myself I did accuse of haste undue,
Of passions too alive to feel affront.

Thy beauty might have turned the balance
still,

But for the thought that pressed itself at
last —

A man disgraced had naught to offer thee,
And vainly would thy heart's voice plead
for me,

If nobleness were sunk in infamy.
To yield to love, to hearken to its cry,

Proved me unworthy of thy tenderness.
With sighs I tell thee o'er and o'er again,
And with my latest breath I still would
say,

With cruel hand I've hurt thee, but naught
else
Could blot my shame and leave me worthy
thee.

Now, honor and my father satisfied,
To thee I come, to pay my final debt;
To offer thee my life, I seek thee here.

That duty done, this only rests to do.
Thou need'st not tell me that thy father
slain

Arms thee against me — see, thy victim
here!

Shrink not from offering up the blood of
him
Who shed thy father's nor can mourn the
deed.

CHIMÈNE. Ah! Roderick, strangely
does my changeful heart

Defend thee who hast saved thy father's
fame.

If my distracted mind has cruel seemed,
'Tis not with blame for thee, but in de-

spair.
The ardor of a high, unbroken spirit
That cannot brook an insult, well I know.

It was thy duty taught thee, but, alas!
In doing thine, thou teachest me mine
own.

The very terror of thy deed compels;
For, as thy father's name thou hast re-
stored,

Mine also calls upon his child for venge-
ance.
But, oh! my love for thee drives me to
madness!

My father's loss by other hand had left
The solace of thy presence and thy love,
A consolation sweet in misery.

I still had felt in grief thy sympathy,
And loved the hand that wiped my tears
away.

But now, in losing him thee too I lose;
This victory o'er my love his fame de-
mands,

And duty, with the face of an assassin,
Drives me to work thy ruin and mine own.
For in my heart no more than in thine
own

Must courage yield to luring dreams of
love.
My strength must equal thine. In thine
offense

Thou hast but proved thy worth. By
thine own death

Alone can I be worthy of thy love.

RODERICK. Defer no longer what thy
cause demands.

It claims my head; I offer it to thee;
Make me the victim of thy just revenge.

I welcome the decree; I hail the stroke;
The tedious course of Justice to await
Retards thy glory, as my punishment.

'Tis welcome fate to die by thy dear hand.
CHIMÈNE. No, not thine executioner
am I;

'Tis not for me to take thine offered life;
'Tis thine to make defense 'gainst my at-
tack.

Some other hand than mine must work my
will;
Challenge I must, but punish never, never!

RODERICK. However love constrains
thee for my sake,
Thy spirit must be equal to mine own,
Thyself hast said; then wouldst thou bor-
row arms

To avenge a father's death? Nay, my
Chimène,

The soul of vengeance fails. No hand but mine
 Could slay thy father; thine must punish me.

CHIMÈNE. O cruelty, to stand upon this point!
 Thou didst not need my aid, I need not thine!

I follow thine example, and my spirit
 Will never share with thee my glory's task. 10
 My father's fame and I shall nothing owe
 To love of thine, or to thy late despair.

RODERICK. 'Tis thou that standest on a point of honor.
 Shall I ne'er win this mercy at thy hand? 15
 In thy dead father's name, for our love's sake,

In vengeance or in pity, slay me here!
 Thy wretched lover keener pain will know
 To live and feel thy hate than meet thy 20
 blow.

CHIMÈNE. Leave me, I hate thee not.

RODERICK. 'Tis my desert.

CHIMÈNE. I cannot.

RODERICK. When my deed is fully 25
 known,
 And men can say that still thy passion
 burns,

Dost thou not fear the cruel, stinging words 30
 Of censure and of malice? Silence them;
 Save thine own fame by sending me to death.

CHIMÈNE. My fame will shine the
 brighter for thy life,
 The voice of blackest slander will lift up
 My honor to the heavens, and mourn my
 griefs,

Knowing I love thee and yet seek thy life.
 Go, vex no longer my poor, troubled soul 40
 By sight of what I love and what I lose.
 Hide thy departure in the shade of night;
 For calumny may touch me, art thou
 seen;

The sole occasion for a slanderous word 45
 Is, that I suffer thee within my house.
 See that thou guard my virtue, and with-
 draw.

RODERICK. Oh, let me die!

CHIMÈNE. Depart.

RODERICK. What wilt thou do?

CHIMÈNE. The fires of wrath burn with
 the flames of love.

My father's death demands my utmost
 zeal;

'Tis duty drives me with its cruel goad,
 And my dear wish is — nothing to achieve.

RODERICK. O miracle of love!

CHIMÈNE. O weight of woe!

RODERICK. We pay our filial debt in
 suffering!

CHIMÈNE. Roderick, who would have
 thought —

RODERICK. Or could have dreamed —

CHIMÈNE. That joy so near so soon our
 grasp would miss?

RODERICK. Or storm so swift, already
 close to port,
 Should shatter the dear bark of all our
 hope?

CHIMÈNE. Oh, mortal griefs!

RODERICK. Regrets that count for
 naught!

CHIMÈNE. Pray, leave me now; I
 cannot longer hear.

RODERICK. Adieu! I go to drag a dying
 life,

Till it is ended at thine own command.

CHIMÈNE. If my dire fate e'er bring
 that hour to me,
 Thy breath and mine together will depart.
 Adieu! and let no eye have sight of thee.

(Exit RODERICK.)

ELVIRE. Madam, whatever ills kind
 Heaven may send —

CHIMÈNE. Trouble me not; pray, leave
 me with my grief.

35 I long for night's dark silence, and for
 tears.

(Exeunt ELVIRE and CHIMÈNE.)

Enter DIÈGUE.

DIÈGUE. Never a perfect happiness is
 ours;

Our best achievements have their bitter
 drop;

In each event, whate'er its promise be,
 45 Care troubles still the currents of our
 peace.

In my rejoicing o'er my honor saved,
 An anxious fear now seizes on my soul.
 The count whose hand affronted me is
 50 dead,

But now I seek in vain my avenger's face.
 Hither and yon I strive, with labor vain,
 To roam the city, broken as I am;

The remnant of my strength which age has left

Consumes itself in fruitless hours of search.
Each moment, in each place, I hear his voice,

I see his form — a shadow of the night.
I would embrace him — lo, he is not there! —

Till love, deceived, suspicious grows and fearful.

No marks of hasty flight do I discern,
And that strong troop of friends who served the count

Affrights me and suggests a thousand ills.
If Roderick lives, he breathes a dungeon's 15 air. —

Just Heaven! do I deceive myself again?
Or do I see at last my hope, my son?

'Tis he! I doubt no more; my vows are heard,

My fears dispelled, my anxious longings o'er.

Enter RODERICK.

DIÈGUE. At last, my Roderick, Heaven 25 restores thee mine.

RODERICK. Alas!

DIÈGUE. Mar not my new delight with sighs.

Let me find words to praise thee as I 30 would;

My valor sees in thee no cause to blush,
But marks a kindred spirit; live, O thee
The heroes of thy race, bold and renowned.

Thine ancestors are they, my son thou art. 35
Thine earliest sword-thrust equals all of mine;

Thine untaught youth, inspired by ardor great,

By this one effort touches my renown. 40
Prop of my age, and crown of all my fortune,

On these white hairs lay thy redeeming hand;

Come, kiss this cheek where still thou canst 45 behold

The mark of that affront thou hast avenged.

RODERICK. The honor is your due; I could no less,

Your blood in mine, your care my school of arms.

Most happy am I that my maiden blow

Did not disgrace the author of my life.

But in your satisfaction do not shun

To grant me, also, what my soul demands.
Your words too long have silenced my de-

5 spair,

Which bursts anew with every painful thought.

No mean regret for serving thee I feel;

But canst thou render back the price it 10 cost?

My arm, for thee, I've raised against my love,

And with the stroke I cast away my all!
No more, no more; I owed you life it- self;

That which I owed I've paid; your cause is won.

DIÈGUE. Nay, glory in the fruit of vic- tory;

20 I gave thee life, life's joy I owe to thee.

By all that honor means to men like me,

Far more than life I owe thee in return.

But spurn this weakness from thy warlike breast;

Love is a pleasure summoned when thou wilt;

Thy soul's one rightful master is thine honor.

RODERICK. What's this you teach me?

DIÈGUE. That which thou shouldst know.

RODERICK. My outraged honor turns upon myself,

And now thou dar'st to counsel teach- ery —

Treason to her I love! Baseness is one,

Whether in craven knight or lover false.

Wrong not with breath of doubt my faith- fulness;

40 To thee, to her, I would be wholly true.

Bonds such as mine cannot be broken thus;

A promise lives, though hope be dead for aye.

50 I cannot leave, nor can I win, Chimène;
In death I find my solace and my pain.

DIÈGUE. This is no time for thee to prate of death.

Thy country and thy prince demand thine arm.

The fleet, whose coming has aroused our fears,

Plots to surprise and pillage all our towns.

The Moors invade, the night's advancing
 tide
 All silently may float them to our walls.
 The court is shaken, and the people trem-
 ble;
 Terror and tears are seen on every side;
 'Tis my good fortune, in this hour of need,
 To find five hundred followers, ready
 armed
 To avenge my quarrel, knowing my af- 10
 front.
 Their zeal thou hast prevented; now their
 hands
 They shall dip deep in blood of Moorish
 chiefs.
 Go, lead their line; assume thy rightful
 place.
 This valiant band calls thee to be their
 head;
 Front the assault of these old enemies; 20
 If die thou wilt, seek there a noble death
 In service of thy king and war's em-
 prise.
 Let the king owe his safety to thy loss.
 Nay, but return, far rather, crowned with 25
 bays,
 Thy fame not narrowed to a vengeful
 deed,
 But broadened to a kingdom's strong de-
 fense.
 Win silence from Chimène, grace from the
 king.
 And if thou still wouldst gain her maiden
 heart,
 Know that to conquering hero it will 35
 yield.
 I waste thy time in words. Come, follow
 me;
 Forth to the fight, and let thy sovereign
 see
 What in the count he's lost he's gained in
 thee.
 (*Exeunt DIÈGUE and RODERICK.*)

ACT IV

Enter CHIMÈNE and ELVIRE.

CHIMÈNE. Is this no false report? —
 art sure, Elvire?

ELVIRE. Should I repeat how all do 50
 sound his praise,
 And bear to heaven the fame of his ex-
 ploits,

And wonder at his youth, you'd scarce be-
 lieve.

The Moors before him met a quick dis-
 grace;

5 The attack was swift, but swifter still the
 flight.

After three hours of combat we had won
 Two captive kings and victory secure;
 Naught could resist the young chief's onset
 fierce.

CHIMÈNE. And Roderick's arm this
 miracle has wrought?

ELVIRE. Of his great prowess are two
 kings the prize,

15 Conquered and captured by his hand alone.

CHIMÈNE. How knowest thou the truth
 of this strange news?

ELVIRE. The people do extol him to the
 skies —

20 Call him their liberator and their angel,
 The author and the guardian of their
 peace.

CHIMÈNE. The king, what thinks he of
 these mighty deeds?

ELVIRE. Not yet has Roderick braved
 the royal eye;

But the two captive kings, in fetters
 bound,

Still wearing crowns, Diègue with joy
 presents, 30

Entreating of the king, as recompense,
 That he will see the conqueror and forgive.

CHIMÈNE. Is Roderick wounded?

ELVIRE. I've heard naught of it.

35 You lose your color! pray take heart again.

CHIMÈNE. I'll take again my weak
 heart's failing wrath!

Must I forget myself in thought of him!
 Shall my lips join in praises of his deeds!

40 While honor's mute, and duty, dull, con-
 sents?

Be still, my love, and let my anger swell!
 What are two conquered kings? My
 father's slain!

45 This mourning garb, which speaks of my
 distress,

Is the first token of his wondrous might!
 Others may call his deeds magnanimous;
 Here, every object testifies his crime.

May all this somber pomp which wraps me
 round —

This sweeping veil, these heavy depths of
 crape —

Add force to my resentment, fail it ever;
Nor let my love my honor overcome.
Should fond, alluring passion e'er prevail,
Recall my duty to my wavering mind,
And bid me fearless meet this hero proud.

ELVIRE. Calm yourself now; the Infanta is approaching.

Enter the INFANTA and LEONORA.

INFANTA. I come not vainly to console
thy grief;

Rather my tears to mingle with thine own.

CHIMÈNE. Ah, madam, thou canst
share the common joy;

'Tis thine to taste this Heaven-sent happiness;

The right to weep is mine, and mine alone.
The peril Roderick's wisdom could avert,
The public safety by his valor won,
Permit to me alone, to-day, a tear.

The city he has saved, the king has
served —

His valorous arm brings woe to me alone.

INFANTA. 'Tis true, Chimène, he has
great marvels wrought.

CHIMÈNE. This grievous news already
reaches me;

On every side I hear him loud proclaimed
Noble in war, unfortunate in love.

INFANTA. Why shouldst thou suffer in
this generous praise?

But now this youthful Mars delighted
thee;

He dwelt within thy heart, he owned thy
sway;

To tell his praises is to sound thine own.

CHIMÈNE. Others may boast his deeds;
'tis not for me;

His praises are but torture to my soul;
My anguish deepens with his rising fame;
My loss is greater as he greater grows.
Ah, cruel torture of a heart that loves!
My passion burns the brighter with his
worth,

While duty, stern defender of my course,
Would follow him to death in love's de-
spite.

INFANTA. But yesterday thy duty's
proud demands

Won from the court an admiration high,
So worthy of thy filial love it seemed;
Thy victory o'er thy passion was sub-
lime;

But now — wilt have a faithful friend's
advice?

CHIMÈNE. Not to hear you would show
me base indeed.

INFANTA. To-day thy duty wears a dif-
ferent face;

The chief support of a whole nation's life,
A people's love and hope, is Roderick now.
On him the Moors with hopeless terror
gaze,

Securely leans on him our loved Castile.

The king himself can never now deny

Thy father's spirit moving in the youth;

Thou seek'st the public ruin in his death.

Thy country was thy father's country
first,

And ne'er canst thou to hostile hands be-
tray it.

Wilt thou pursue thy vengeance though its
blow

Enwrap the kingdom in a fatal woe?

I plead not for thy lover; let thy heart

Cling to its filial ties; send him away,

And think no more of wedlock, but for us,

Thy country and thy king, preserve his
life.

CHIMÈNE. The gift of mercy is not
mine to grant;

I cannot check the duty driving me;

Though in my heart the voice of love may
plead,

Though prince and people praise him and
adore,

Though all heroic souls encircle him —

My cypress-boughs his laurels shall o'er-
spread.

INFANTA. 'Tis noble not to falter, my
Chimène,

Though to avenge a father stabs our heart;
But 'tis a higher nobleness to place

The public good above all private wrong.

Believe me, to exclude him from thy soul

Will be the bitterest pang thou canst be-
stow.

Yield to the act thy country's weal de-
mands,

Nor doubt thy king's most willing leni-
ency.

CHIMÈNE. Whether he hear, I still must
plead for justice.

INFANTA. Consider well what course
you now will take.

Adieu! let solitude thy counsel aid.

CHIMÈNE. My father dead! — what choice remains for me?

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Enter the KING, DIÈGUE, ARIAS, RODERICK, and SANCHE.

KING. Bold heir of an illustrious ancestry,

Ever the hope and glory of Castile,
Son of a race of valor unexcelled,
Whose best exploits thine own already rank,

For due reward my power is all too weak —
What thou hast earned thy king can never pay.

Our land set free from barbarous enemy,
My scepter in my hand, by thine secured.
The Moors despatched before the call to arms

Had fully warned the people of attack —
Deeds such as these a king must ever find
Beyond the hope of suitable reward.

But thy two royal captives, they, in sooth,
In my own presence recognize thy might.
Their CID they name thee, sovereign, lord,

and head.
I well might envy thee this title proud,
The highest in their land; but, no, I call
On all to know that thou the CID shalt be.

The CID henceforth art thou. To that great name

May every foe succumb! — Granada yield.
Toledo tremble, but on hearing it.

To all my subjects ever shall it show
How great the debt to thee we proudly owe.

RODERICK. Nay, sire, your words too highly speak my praise,
And make me flush with shame before a king

Whose generous honor is so undeserved.
The blood within these veins, the air I breathe —

All, all, to this great empire do I owe.
Had these been lost, and death alone been won,

A subject's duty only had I done.

KING. E'en duty done is not the whole of service;

Its glory is a courage quick and high,
Which, reckoning not with danger or defeat,

Pushes its way to triumph and renown.

Suffer thy praises from a grateful sovereign,

And now relate the story of thy deeds.

RODERICK. That in this sudden stress of peril, sire,

A troop of followers of my father's house
Urged me to be their leader, well you know.
My troubled soul was painfully perplexed —

I dared not lead the band without thy word,

But to approach thee was a fatal step.

Pardon the rashness, sire, that dared to act!

I chose to lose my head in serving thee,
Rather than while my followers stood in arms.

KING. The state defended is thy full defense,

And thy too heated vengeance I excuse.

Chimène, hereafter, has a cause forlorn;
I hear her but to comfort her; say on.

RODERICK. I take the lead, and, with defiant front,

The little column slowly makes advance;
Five hundred at the starting, but ere long
Three thousand was our number, strong and bold.

The frightened gathered courage at the sight.

A certain part I hurriedly conceal
In vessels lying at the river's mouth;
The rest whose numbers every hour increased,

Impatient for the fray, with me remain.

Close to the ground they crouched, and, still as death,

They passed the night, nor slept, nor scarcely breathed.

At my command, pretended, sire, from you,

The guard itself conceals, and aids my plot.
Just as the flow of tide comes rolling in,

By starlight pale, lo! thirty Moorish sails,
Mounting the wave, sweep to the harbor's mouth.

They enter; all seems tranquil; not a guard,

No soldiers on the quay, none on the walls.

Our ambush is complete, and fearlessly,
Not doubting their attack a full surprise,
They anchor, and debark; suspecting naught,

They rush into the embraces of their foes.
 We spring from every hiding-place, and
 loud
 A thousand cries of battle rise to heaven.
 Then from the ships pour forth our armed
 men;
 But half have sprung to land when, terror-
 struck,
 They see the fight is lost ere 'tis begun.
 They came for pillage; they encounter 10
 war.
 We press them on the water, on the land;
 Their blood, in rivers, flows upon our soil,
 While dire disorder hinders all resistance.
 But soon their leaders rally them with 15
 shouts,
 Their panic is dispelled, their ranks are
 formed,
 Their terrors are forgotten in their fury.
 To die without a struggle were a shame,
 And bravely with their sabers they oppose.
 On sea, on land, on fleet, within the port,
 All was a field of carnage, death its lord.
 Their blood and ours in horrid mixture
 ran.
 Brave deeds were wrought which never
 will be known;
 The darkness was a veil, 'neath which each
 man
 Fought as it were alone; nor any knew 30
 How victory inclined. I praised my men,
 Placed reinforcements here, changed or-
 ders there,
 Nor knew till dawn which side was con-
 queror.
 But day made clear our gain and their
 defeat.
 Their courage fails them, with the fear of
 death;
 And when they see approach a fresh com- 40
 mand,
 They seek their ships, cut cables, and their
 cries
 Of terror and of anguish fill the air.
 They wait not to discover if their kings 45
 Are dead or wounded: in a tumult wild,
 On the ebb-tide which bore them in at
 flood,
 They take their desperate flight and quit
 our shores.
 The kings and others, left without retreat
 Or hope of succor, make a valiant stand;
 They sell their lives at cost of life in turn,
 And fight till nearly every man is dead.
 I urge surrender, but they listen not,
 Till the last follower falls, when yield they
 must.
 5 Then the two kings demand to see the
 chief;
 I tell them who I am, they seek my grace;
 I send them straightway to Your Majesty.
 So the fight ended, lacking combatants.
 'Twas in this manner, sire, that for your
 cause —
 Enter ALONSO.
 ALONSO. Chimène approaches, sire, to
 sue for justice.
 KING. 'Tis sorry news! a duty most un-
 timely!
 Go, for I would not force thee on her
 sight;
 20 For sign of gratitude, I send thee hence;
 But first receive thy monarch's kind em-
 brace. (*Embraces him.*)
 (*Exit RODERICK.*)
 DIÈGUE. Chimène would save him
 from her own pursuit.
 KING. 'Tis said she loves him still;
 I'll test her heart;
 Assume a mournful air —
 Enter CHIMÈNE and ELVIRE.
 KING. Chimène, your wishes with suc-
 cess are crowned;
 Our foes have fallen beneath Roderick's
 hand.
 35 Give thanks to Heaven, which hath
 avenged you thus.
 (*Aside to DIÈGUE.*) Mark how her color
 changes at my words.
 DIÈGUE. But see, she swoons, a token,
 sire, most sure,
 Of perfect love; this grief the secret tells
 Which rules her soul. No longer can you
 doubt
 Her passion's flame still burns with glow
 unquenched.
 CHIMÈNE. Tell me, is Roderick dead?
 KING. Nay, nay, he lives,
 And still his love unchanged for thee re-
 mains.
 50 Forget the anxious grief that mourns for
 him.
 CHIMÈNE. O sire, one swoons from joy
 as well as grief;

The soul surprised with happiness grows weak;
Too sudden gladness every sense o'erwhelms.

KING. Thou canst not so deceive my watchful eye;
Thy grief, Chimène, too manifest appeared.

CHIMÈNE. Add, then, this deeper pain to my distress;
My swoon but told my disappointment sore;
My righteous wrath has brought me down to this.
His death would snatch him from my just revenge.

From wounds received in battle should he die,
What place remains for my unyielding will!

An end so honorable mocks my aim.
I wish him dead, but not with honor's stroke,
Not in a blaze of glory should he pass,
But on a scaffold, shrouded in disgrace.
Grant him a murderer's, not a patriot's death.

To die for country is a noble fate;
Not that for him, but with a blemished name,
A tarnished 'scutcheon, should his breath depart.

His victory gives me pleasure unalloyed —
The state gains stableness, and I, I gain
A victim worthier still my father's house.
No longer a rash youth, whose violence
Condemns itself; but great, chief among chiefs,

A warrior crowned with laurels, one whose fall
Would vindicate my purpose. But, alas!
My hopes beyond my reason bear me on.
What force is in my tears, which men despise?

The freedom of your empire is his own;
Under your power, he works his wicked will.

He from my feebleness has naught to fear,
O'er me, as o'er his enemies, he triumphs.
To stifle Justice in his victory
Makes a new trophy for this conqueror.
I serve his pomp when, trampling on the law,

He, with his captives, hears me speak his praise,
And from his car of triumph bids me follow.

KING. My child, your words are all too violent;
The scales of justice must not swerve a hair.

Thy father was the aggressor; that thou know'st.

Justice must see that mercy has a claim.
Nay, be not swift to oppose thy monarch's plea;

Consult thy heart; there still thy Roderick lives.

Thy love, though hidden, is a mighty thing,

And will approve this favor from thy king.

CHIMÈNE. Favor to him a cause of thanks from me!

The author of my woes, my bitter foe!
Is anger o'er a father slain, and wrath
For the assassin, such a trifling thing
That I, forsooth, must grateful be to him
Who thinks to aid my cause by mocking it?

Since tears call forth no justice from my king,

Redress by arms I now, sire, will demand.

By arms alone my happiness was wrecked,
By arms alone my vengeance should be wrought.

Of all you cavaliers I ask his head;
To him who brings it, I will give my hand.
Confirm the combat, sire, by your decree;
I wed the man who conquers Roderick.

KING. That ancient custom I would not restore.

The state was oft enfeebled 'neath its rule.
Under the false pretence of righting wrong,
The noblest oft would fall, the base escape.

A life whose import deepens to our state
Shall not be left to Fate's capricious whim;
From that ordeal of arms is Roderick free.
Whatever crime his hasty wrath has wrought

The flying Moors have borne with them afar.

DIÈGUE. What, sire, for him alone reverse the laws

Your court so oft has honored by observance?

What will your people think, or envy say,
 If 'neath your arm, a coward, he retreat,
 Nor make redress upon the field of honor,
 Where men of spirit seek a worthy death?
 Such favors would but tarnish his renown.
 Nay, let him drain unto the sweetest drops
 The draught of triumph. Bravely he
 front
 The bragging count; he will be brave
 again.

KING. Since you demand it, let it be;
 but know

A thousand warriors will replace the slain
 By Roderick conquered; for the offered
 prize

Will make an eager foe of every knight.
 To oppose them all would be a grievous
 wrong;

Once only shall he enter in the lists.

Choose whom thou wilt, Chimène, but
 choose with care;

No more reproaches will thy sovereign
 bear.

DIÈGUE. Let none be overlooked —
 not those who most

Do tremble at the prowess of his arm.
 The deeds of valor wrought by him to-day
 Will fright the boldest. Who would dare
 confront

A warrior so audacious and so keen?

SANCHO. Declare an open field! I enter
 it.

Rash though I be, I dare confront this
 knight.

Madam, this favor grant to my devotion;
 Your word's fulfillment shall I surely
 claim.

KING. Chimène, do you accept this
 champion?

CHIMÈNE. It is a promise, sire.

KING. To-morrow, then.

DIÈGUE. Nay, sire, why should there
 longer be delay?

The brave are ever ready. Now's the
 time.

KING. He scarce has quit his battle
 with the Moors.

DIÈGUE. While in your presence he took
 breathing space.

KING. An hour or two of respite I im-
 pose.

And lest this combat seem to speak my
 will —

To show the deep reluctance that I feel
 In suffering this bloody pass at arms —
 I and my court will straight withdraw us
 hence.

5 (To ARIAS.) You shall be judge between
 these combatants;

See that the laws of honor govern them.

The combat ended, lead to me the victor.

Whoe'er he be, the prize is still the same.

10 With mine own hand Chimène I would
 present,

And for his guerdon she her faith shall
 plight.

CHIMÈNE. What, sire, impose on me a
 law so stern?

15 KING. Thou murmurest, but thy
 changeful, loving heart,

If Roderick wins, will gladly take his part.

Cease to complain of such a mild decree;

20 The victor shall thy husband surely be.
 (Exeunt omnes.)

ACT V

Enter RODERICK, and CHIMÈNE.

CHIMÈNE. What, Roderick! whence
 this boldness — to my face?

Go! — this will cost my honor. Leave me,
 pray.

30 RODERICK. Madam, to death I go, but
 ere I die,

To offer you a last farewell I come.

The love that keeps me vassal to your
 laws

35 Even in death demands my homage still.

CHIMÈNE. And wilt thou die?

RODERICK. I count the moment blest
 That satisfies your hatred with my life.

CHIMÈNE. But wilt thou die? Sancho is
 not the one

To terrify that dauntless soul of thine!

What renders thee so weak, or him so
 strong?

45 Before the combat, Roderick talks of
 death!

He who nor feared my father nor the
 Moors

Is going to fight one Sancho, and de-
 spairs!

Does courage thus desert thee, valorous
 knight?

RODERICK. I haste to punishment, and
 not to combat.

Since you desire my death, what wish have I
 To keep my life? My courage fails me not;
 But my indifferent arm will not preserve
 What thou dost find displeasing. Not a blow
 Could I have struck against the fiery Moors
 For wrong of mine alone; 'twas for my king,
 His people, and his kingdom, that I fought.
 To poorly guard myself were treachery.
 Life is not yet so hateful to my heart
 That basely I can sacrifice its claims.
 The question now is different. I alone
 Am in the balance. You demand my death;
 Your sentence I accept, although the hand
 You let inflict it should have been your own.
 He who shall wield your weapon in your stead
 Shall meet no sword-thrust answering to his steel.
 I cannot strike the man that fights for you;
 I joy to think his blow is from your hand.
 Since 'tis your honor that his arms maintain,
 Unguarded shall I offer every point,
 Seeing in his your hand which slays me thus.
 CHIMÈNE. Let no blind folly lead thee to forget
 That glory ends with life. Though my just wrath
 Impels me to a course which I abhor,
 And forces me to follow thee to death —
 E'en though a sense of honor would demand
 A nerveless arm, an undefended blow —
 Remember, all the splendor of thy deeds
 Will change to shame when death has conquered thee.
 Who will believe thou didst not raise thy hand?
 Though I am dear, honor is dearer still,
 Else I had still my father, and the hope
 That fatal blow has cost thee would remain —
 The hope of calling me thine own Chimène.
 Thou canst not hold so cheap thy high renown
 To weakly, unresisting yield it up.
 What strange inconstancy can valor show!
 Thou shouldst have more or else thou shouldst have less!
 Is it to grieve me only thou art bold,
 And courage fails when courage I demand?
 Wilt thou my father's might so disallow
 That, conquering him, thou'lt to a weaker yield?
 Go, do not will to die, o'ercome my will;
 If life no longer charms thee, honor pleads.
 15 RODERICK. The count is dead, the Moors defeated fly —
 Still other claims to glory need I prove?
 Henceforth, my fame can scorn all self-defense.
 20 None would believe this heart of mine could quail.
 What can I not accomplish? Who will doubt
 That, honor gone, naught dear to me remains?
 No, doubt it if you will, this fatal fight
 Increases not nor lessens my renown.
 None e'er will dare my courage to impugn,
 Nor deem that I did meet my conquerer.
 "He loved Chimène" — 'tis thus the court will say —
 "He would not live and her resentment face.
 35 To the stern hand of Fate that followed him —
 Her vengeful hand — he yielded up his breath.
 She sought his life; to his great soul it seemed
 'Twould be ignoble did he care to live.
 He lost his love to save his father's name;
 He loses life for his dear mistress' sake.
 Whate'er of hope his heart had cherished still,
 Honor for love, and love for life, he chose."
 'Twill not obscure my glory thus to die,
 But brighter will its growing splendor shine.
 50 My willing death this honor high will win,
 No life but mine for thee redress could make.

'Tis a caprice of temper you indulge,
Which of your promised lord makes you
unfit.

The wrath of Heaven will snatch him from
your arms,
And leave you as young Sancho's rightful
bride.

CHIMÈNE. Elvire, the conflicts which
my soul endures
Pray deepen not by prophecy malign.
Would Heaven ordain I might escape them
both;
If not, for Roderick all my vows ascend.
Not that my foolish love inclines me
thus,
But Sancho's prize I cannot, cannot be!
That fear o'ermasters every wish besides.
What is't I see? Undone! — I am un-
done!

Enter SANCHO.

SANCHO. 'Tis mine this sword to offer
at your feet.

CHIMÈNE. What! dripping still with
Roderick's life-blood pure?
Perfidious wretch! how dar'st thou show
thyself

To me, of my dear love by thee bereft?
Burst forth, my love! no longer need'st
thou fear!

My father's death restrains thee never-
more;

By one fell blow my honor is assured,
My love set free, my soul plunged in de-
spair.

SANCHO. With calmer mind —

CHIMÈNE. Thou speak'st to me again!
Assassin of a hero I adore!
Away! thou wast a traitor! Well I know
That valiant knight by thee was never
slain

In open combat. Nothing hope from
me.

My champion thou! — my death thou'lt
surely be!

SANCHO. What strange illusion! Hear
me, I entreat!

CHIMÈNE. Think'st thou I'll listen to
thy bragging tale —

With patience bear thine insolence which
paints

His fall, my crime, and, chiefest still, thy
valor?

Enter the KING, DIÈGUE, ARIAS, and
ALONSO.

CHIMÈNE. Ah, sire, no more need I dis-
simulate

What vainly I have struggled to conceal.
I loved; 'twas known to you; but for my
father

I could devote to death so dear a head.

Love, sire, to duty's desperate cause I gave.
Now Roderick is dead, my heart is changed
From foe relentless to afflicted lover.

To him who gave me life was vengeance
due;

But now my tears can fall for him I love.
Young Sancho in defending me destroys,
And of his murderous arm I am the prize.
In pity, sire, if pity move a king,
Revoke a law so terrible to me!

As recompense for victory, whose end
To me is loss of all on earth I love,
All that I have is his; myself, I pray,
May to a holy cloister now retire,
Where death shall find me weeping life
away.

DIÈGUE. No longer, sire, it seems to her
a shame

To openly avow her heart's desire.

KING. Be undeceived, Chimène: thy
Roderick lives!

The champion has, though vanquished, told
thee false.

SANCHO. 'Twas her too hasty thought
deceived herself.

To tell the issue of the fight I came —
How the brave warrior who her heart en-
chains,

After disarming me, thus nobly spoke:

"Fear naught! I'd leave the combat all
in doubt,

Rather than pierce a heart that loves
Chimène.

My duty summons me at once to court.

Do thou convey to her the final chance,
And lay thy sword, her trophy, at her
feet."

This had I done, but seeing me return,
Bearing my sword, she deemed me con-
queror.

Then love and anger, mingled suddenly,
Betrayed her into transports uncontrolled,
Nor could I gain a hearing for my tale.
Vanquished in combat, still I am content,

And gratefully accept my own defeat;
For though I love and lose my love, 'tis
sweet

This perfect love of theirs to consummate.

KING. My child, no flush of shame
should mount thy cheek.

No longer seek to disavow thy flame.

Thy faithful love unmeasured praise shall
win,

Thy honor's safe, thy filial duty done.

Thy father is avenged; to do thy will

Thy Roderick's life thou hast in peril set.

'Twas Heaven ordained to save him for
thine own;

Thou hast not shunned thy part; take
thy reward;

Be not rebellious toward my wise decree,

Thy lover in thy loving arms enfold.

Enter RODERICK, INFANTA, and LEONORA.

INFANTA. No longer weep, Chimène.
With joy receive

This noble conqueror from thy princess'
hand.

RODERICK. I crave indulgence, sire,
that love's high claim

Impels me, in thy presence, to her feet. —
To ask no promised prize, Chimène, I
come,

But once again my life to offer thee.

My love cannot for thee obey alone

The code of honor or a sovereign's will.

If still your father's death seem unavenged,
But speak your wish; you shall be satis-
fied.

A thousand rivals I will yet o'ercome,
To utmost bounds of earth I'll fight my
way.

Alone I'll force a camp, an army rout,
The fame of demigods I'll cast in shade;
Whate'er the deeds my crime to expiate,
All things will I attempt and all achieve.

But if the voice of honor unappeased
Still clamors for the guilty slayer's death,
Arm not against me warrior such as I.
My head is at your feet: strike now the
blow!

You only can o'ercome the invincible;
No other hand than yours can vengeance
take.

One thing I pray: let death end punish-
ment;

From your dear memory ne'er banish me.

Your honor is exalted in my death;

As recompense let my remembrance live.

Say sometimes, thinking of my love for
you,

5 "He died, because he ne'er could be un-
true."

CHIMÈNE. Nay, Roderick, rise. — Ah,
sire, no more I hide

The feelings which have burst their long
control.

His virtues high compel my heart to love.

A king commands; obedience is his due;

Yet, though my fate is sealed by sentence
stern,

Can you with eye approving give consent?

If duty drive me on to do your will,

Can justice the unnatural act confirm?

For Roderick's service to his monarch's
cause

20 Must I, the guerdon, though reluctant,
be?

A prey forever to remorseful shame

That in paternal blood my hands I've
stained.

KING. Time changes all; a deed to-day
unmeet

May seem hereafter lawful and benign.

Thou has been won by Roderick; thou art
his.

30 This day his valor rightly gained the prize.
But since so freshly from the field he
comes,

And still thy heart unreconciled remains,

I well might seem thy fair fame's enemy,
35 If I so soon reward his victory.

My law decreed no hour for nuptial vows,

Nor does delay show change in royal will.

Let a round year bring solace to thy
heart,

40 And dry the fountain of a daughter's tears.
For thee, brave knight, wait mighty deeds
of arms:

The Moors on our own borders thou hast
slain,

45 Their plots confounded, their assaults
repelled;

Now into their own country push the war,
Command my army, plunder all their
land.

50 Thy name of Cid their terrors will in-
flame;

Themselves have given it — king they'll
choose thee now.

Fidelity is valor's noblest crown;
Return yet worthier of this lovely maid.
Let thy great deeds so loudly plead for
thee,

That pride and love will join to make her 5
thine.

RODERICK. To win Chimène and serve
my glorious king,
My arm is iron and my heart is flame.

Though absence from her eyes I must en-
dure,

I thank you, sire, for hope's unfailing bliss.

KING. Thy valor and my word assure
thy hopes;

Her heart already is confessed thine own.

The filial honor that resists thee now,

To time, thy king, and thy high deeds will
bow.

MOLIÈRE

(1622-1673)

The name by which we know the greatest of French comedy writers is one that he adopted for the stage. His real name was Jean-Baptiste Poquelin. Son of a Paris upholsterer, Molière was early sent to school, where he learned a good deal of grammar and a little science. It was expected that when he had finished he would take up his father's trade. At this time, however, the stage was coming into great prominence with the work of Corneille, Rotrou, Scarron, Cyrano de Bergerac, and others; Molière therefore abandoned his father's trade in 1643 and joined a small troupe of players who called themselves *l'Illustre Théâtre*. This troupe came to a bad end, but, nothing daunted, Molière formed a troupe of his own and travelled about France with them for thirteen years. During this period he studied the public taste and the practical aspect of show producing. The first public performance of one of his own plays took place in Lyons in 1655. By this time Molière's troupe had grown considerably better known, and it was only a short time before they were playing in Paris. In 1659 Molière set the Parisian public talking with his *Les Précieuses ridicules*, and from that time on his work was the subject of general controversy. The fashionable and influential public who attended his plays enjoyed them when the foibles of others were being made the target for Molière's mocking satire; but, since there was hardly a section of society that did not receive its rebuke, it was not long before his comedies had antagonized nearly every important group in the capital. Louis XIV, however, remained his patron and friend practically all through his life. Molière continued to write plays and to act in them to the end of his life. He died in 1673, while playing a part in his famous comedy *The Imaginary Invalid*.

Although perhaps not the best known, nor even the most popular during the author's lifetime, *The Misanthrope* (1666) is generally regarded as the finest product of Molière's genius. The structure has not that exact and definite quality that we find in the comedies directly influenced by Plautus and Terence (as, for example, *Tartuffe*); but for subtlety of humor and the striking juxtaposition of two opposite views of life, it stands far above any of his other comedies.

THE MISANTHROPE

CHARACTERS

ALCESTE, lover of Célimène.

PHILINTE, friend of Alceste.

ORONTE, lover of Célimène.

CÉLIMÈNE, a young widow.

ÉLIANTE, cousin of Célimène.

ARSINOË, friend of Célimène.

ACASTE

CLITRANDRE } marquises.

BASQUE, footman to Célimène.

SOLDIER, of the Marshals' Guard.

DUBOIS, valet to Alceste.

The scene is in Paris at the house of CÉLIMÈNE.

ACT I

SCENE I

10 PHILINTE. What is the matter? What troubles you, Alceste?

ALCESTE (seated). Leave me, I beg of you.

PHILINTE. But still, tell me, what 15 whim —

ALCESTE. Leave me, I say; take yourself out of sight.

PHILINTE. But at least you might listen to a man without being angry.

ALCESTE. I choose to be angry, and I do not choose to listen.

PHILINTE. I cannot understand you when your temper is hot; and though we are friends, I —

ALCESTE. Friends! I your friend? Strike my name off your list. Till now I have professed to be your friend; but, after what I have just seen of you, I tell you bluntly I am no longer. I will hold no place in a corrupted heart.

PHILINTE. Then, am I guilty in your eyes, Alceste?

ALCESTE. You ought to die of shame; such conduct cannot be excused; all men of honor must feel humiliated by it. I see you overwhelming a stranger with attentions; testifying the utmost ardor for him; making protestations, offers of service, vows; and, when I ask you afterward who he is, you can hardly tell me the man's name! Your ardor for him sinks the moment that you leave him, and you inform me he is nothing to you. Good God! it is a shameful thing, base, infamous, thus to degrade your soul by treachery; if I, through some misfortune, had done as much I would go hang myself in sheer remorse.

PHILINTE. I cannot see, for my part, that mine's a hanging case¹; so I make bold to appeal against your sentence and beg you not to hang me, if it please you.

ALCESTE. Jestings is most unseemly.

PHILINTE. Seriously, then, what would you have me do?

ALCESTE. I would have you be sincere, and, as a man of honor, say no word that is not from your heart.

PHILINTE. But when a man comes up to you and salutes you joyfully, surely you must pay him in the self-same coin, make some response to his civilities, return him offer for offer and vow for vow.

ALCESTE. No, — I cannot endure that abject custom which the majority of your worldly friends affect. I hate nothing so much as the bowing and scraping of those great makers of protestations, those affable givers of trumpery kisses, those obliging praters of empty words, who strive to outdo each other with civilities, and treat

an honest man and a scoundrel with the same air and manner. What advantage is it to you if a man courts you, swears friendship, faith, zeal, honor, tenderness, makes you some fulsome compliment, and then turns round to the first rascal whom he meets, and does the same? No, no, a well-conditioned soul wants no esteem so prostituted; the finest hospitalities are valueless when we find ourselves rated with the crowd. Esteem is based on preference; to esteem the whole world alike is to feel no esteem for any one. And because you addict yourself to these vices of the time, *morbleu!* you are not of my kind. I refuse the vast complaisance of a heart that sees no shades of merit; I choose that mine shall be distinguished, and — to cut the matter short — the friend of the whole human race is not to my liking.

PHILINTE. But so long as we live in social life, we must pay the outward civilities that custom demands.

ALCESTE. No, I tell you, no; we ought to chastise, pitilessly, this shameful interchange of make-believe friendship. I want a man to be a man, and let the bottom of his heart be seen in all he says, and in all he does. Let it be himself who speaks, — not masking his real feelings behind false compliments.

PHILINTE. There are many situations in which plain frankness would become ridiculous, and is not permissible; and sometimes — if it please your lofty honor — it may be well to hide what is in our hearts. Would it be fitting, would it be decent to tell all men what we think of them? And if there be any one whom we dislike or think unpleasant ought we to let him know it?

ALCESTE. Yes.

PHILINTE. What! would you tell old Émilie that 'tis unbecoming at her age to play the pretty girl; or that the paint she wears shocks every one?

ALCESTE. Undoubtedly.

PHILINTE. Would you tell Dorilas that he is tiresome; that there is not an ear at court he does not weary with tales of his own bravery and the glory of his race?

ALCESTE. I should.

¹ A case of punishment by hanging.

PHILINTE. You are joking.

ALCESTE. I am not joking. In future I will spare none. My eyes are too offended. Court and society both show me nought but things that stir my bile. When I see men living together as they do a black spleen seizes me, a bitter grief. Everywhere I find base flattery, injustice, self-interest, treachery, deceit. I cannot bear it longer; I am enraged; and my intention is to tell the truth henceforth, to all the human race.

PHILINTE. Your philosophic wrath is somewhat savage; I laugh at that black spleen I see has gripped you. You and I are like the brothers in the "School for Husbands," brought up as one, and yet —

ALCESTE. Good God! give up those dull comparisons.

PHILINTE. Give up yourself this churlish virulence. Your teachings cannot change the world. Since frankness charms you, I will tell you bluntly this disease of yours is laughed at everywhere you go. Such wrath against the ways of the world makes you ridiculous in the eyes of many.

ALCESTE. So much the better; good heavens! so much the better; that is what I want; to me 'tis the best of signs and a great satisfaction. Men have become so odious to me that I'd be grieved indeed to be well thought of by them.

PHILINTE. Then you attribute nought but evil to human nature?

ALCESTE. I do; I hate it with a dreadful hatred.

PHILINTE. All poor mortals, then, without exception, are included in this deep aversion? Surely there may be, in our present age —

ALCESTE. No, it is universal; I hate all men: some because they are wicked and evil-doers; others because they fawn upon the wicked, and dare not show that vigorous hatred which virtuous souls should feel to vice. From such compliance comes immunity for the bare-faced villain whom I now am suing. Behind his mask the knave is seen, wherever he is known, for what he is; the rolling of his eye, his bated voice, impose on none but

those who do not live here. All others know about how the sneaking fellow, fit only to be shunned, has by the foulest actions foisted himself upon society, where his career, by their connivance clothed in splendor, makes merit groan and virtue blush. No cries of "shame" can make his miserable honor hear them. Call him a knave, a scoundrel, a damned villain, all the world agrees, and no man contradicts you; *but* — he is welcomed everywhere; wherever he may worm himself he's greeted; men smile upon him; and if there's a canvass to be made, a place to be intrigued for, you will see him get the better of honest men. Great God! it is to me a mortal wound to see how vice is thus condoned and trafficked with. At times the impulse seizes me to flee to a desert and renounce my kind.

PHILINTE. Good heavens! why take the customs of our time so hard; why be so little merciful to human nature? Examine it less sternly, and see its failures with some gentleness. In social life we need a pliant virtue; severe integrity is often blamable; sound reason shuns extremes, and teaches wisdom with sobriety. The rigid virtue of the olden time jars with our age and with our modern customs. We must yield somewhat to our time, and not reluctantly. It is a folly, second to no other, to meddle with the world and try to mend it. I see, as you do, fifty things a day which might be better, or take other courses. At every step I'm tempted to break forth, like you, but no one sees me do it. I take men gently just for what they are; I've trained my soul to tolerate what they do. At court and in society I think my phlegm, Alceste, is, to the full, as philosophic as your bile.

ALCESTE. But that phlegm, Philinte, which reasons well, is it incapable of indignation? Suppose, perchance, a friend betrayed you, or frauds were planned to steal your property, or wicked rumors spread to injure you, — could you endure all that and not be angry?

PHILINTE. Yes. I regard those evils, that your soul resents, as vices consequent

¹ Life at the court was highly refined and ruled by the strictest etiquette; in the town in general, ruder customs and greater personal freedom prevailed.

to human nature; my soul is not more shocked by seeing men unjust, dishonest, selfish, than by the sight of vultures hungering after carnage, or thieving monkeys or infuriate wolves.¹

ALCESTE. I'll see myself betrayed, hacked into pieces, robbed, before I'll — Good God! why talk? such reasoning is sheer sophistry.

PHILINTE. Faith! I advise you to keep silence; don't rage against your kind so much, and give more care to the lawsuit which you have upon your hands.

ALCESTE. I shall give none; that I'm determined on.

PHILINTE. Then who do you expect will plead your case?

ALCESTE. Plead it? why, reason, my good right, and equity.

PHILINTE. Do you mean you will not go to see a single judge?²

ALCESTE. Not one. My cause is neither doubtful nor unjust.

PHILINTE. Agreed; but underhand intrigues are most disastrous, and —

ALCESTE. No; I'm resolved to take no steps. Either I am wrong, or I am right.

PHILINTE. Don't trust to that.

ALCESTE. I shall not stir a finger.

PHILINTE. Your enemy is strong, and may, by making a cabal, bear off —

ALCESTE. I care nought for that.

PHILINTE. Then you are wrong.

ALCESTE. So be it. I wish to see him win the case.

PHILINTE. But —

ALCESTE. I shall have pleasure if I lose my suit.

PHILINTE. But surely —

ALCESTE. I shall see in court if men will have the effrontery — will be wicked, scoundrelly, perverse enough — to do me injustice openly before the world.

PHILINTE. Oh, what a man!

ALCESTE. I would gladly lose my cause, did it cost me half my fortune, to prove that fact.

PHILINTE. The world would laugh at

you in bitter earnest if it could hear you talk in this way.

ALCESTE. So much the worse for him who laughs.

PHILINTE. But this integrity you ask from every one, this honest and straightforward dealing in which you hug yourself, do you find it here in her you love? It does surprise me that having quarrelled with the human race so bitterly, you have been caught, in spite of much you might indeed think odious, by that which charms the eye. But what surprises me still more is the strange choice to which your heart is pledged. Éliante, sincere and truthful, has a liking for you; Arsinoë, the prude, looks softly at you with a melting eye; and yet your soul rejects their love and makes itself a toy for Célimène, whose coquetry and treacherous wit symbol the morals of the present day. How comes it that, hating as you do our social foibles, you can endure the ways of that fair lady? Does all you hate cease to be evil in so sweet a form? or — do you choose excuse it?

ALCESTE. No; the love I feel for that young widow in no way blinds me to her great defects. I am, in spite of the passion she inspires in me, the first to see them and the first to blame. But with it all, in spite, too, of my will, she has — I own my weakness — the art of pleasing me. In vain I see her faults; in vain I blame her; in spite of all, she makes me love her. Her grace, her charm, are stronger than all else. Doubtless, my love will purge her soul of worldly vices in the course of time.

PHILINTE. If you do that you will have done great things. Then you think she loves you?

ALCESTE. Yes, by heaven! I could not love her did she not love me.

PHILINTE. But if her love for you is so apparent why do you fret yourself about your rivals?

ALCESTE. Because a heart which deeply loves needs that the object of that love be all its own; and I have come here now to

¹ The philosophy which these lines reveal is taught by the experience of life. La Bruyère says: "Don't let us get angry, for men were made thus."

² It is characteristic of the times that judges were understood to be influenced by personal and pecuniary inducements.

tell her, as to that, all that my passion urges me to say.

PHILINTE. For my part, if 'twere granted me to form a wish, her cousin Éliante would have my longings. Éliante's heart, which cares for yours, is steadfast and sincere; had your choice fallen there it would have been in keeping with your needs.

ALCESTE. True; my reason daily tells me so; but 'tis not reason that rules love.

PHILINTE. I greatly fear your passion and your hopes may —

SCENE II

ORONTE, PHILINTE, ALCESTE

ORONTE (*to ALCESTE*). They told me below that Célimène and Éliante had gone out shopping; but as they also said that you were here, I have come up to tell you from an honest heart how great an admiration I've conceived for you, and that I long have had an ardent wish to be among your friends. Yes, my heart revels in doing justice to great merit; and I eagerly desire some bond of friendship to unite us. A warm friend of my quality is not, I think, to be rejected. (*During Oronte's harangue Alceste is dreamy and seems not to notice he is being spoken to. He does not come out of his reverie till Oronte says:*) It is to you, if you please, that my words are addressed.

ALCESTE. To me, monsieur?

ORONTE. To you. Do you find them displeasing?

ALCESTE. Not at all. But my surprise is great, for I did not expect the honor I receive.

ORONTE. You need feel no surprise at the esteem in which I hold you, since that of the whole universe is yours.

ALCESTE. Monsieur —

ORONTE. The State has no reward that is not far beneath the dazzling merit all men see in you.

ALCESTE. Monsieur —

ORONTE. Yes; for my part, I hold you preferable to all I see that is most eminent.

ALCESTE. Monsieur —

ORONTE. May the heavens crush me if my words are false. To prove my feelings,

suffer me to embrace you with an open heart — asking, as I do so, a place in your regard. Give me your hand, if it please you. You promise me, do you not, your friendship?

ALCESTE. Monsieur —

ORONTE. What! you refuse?

ALCESTE. Monsieur, the honor you propose to me is great. But friendship asks more mystery; and it is, assuredly, a profanation of that name to seek to use it upon all occasions. Such union is born of knowledge and of choice; we should know each other better before we bind ourselves; for each might have such dispositions that both would soon repent of our rash bargain.

ORONTE. Ah! there indeed you speak with judgment, and my esteem for you is all the greater. Let us leave time to knot these gentle bonds. Meantime, I place myself at your disposal. If you have any overtures to make at court, command me; for it is known I have some favor with the king; he listens to me; and, upon my word, in every way he treats me most considerately. In short, I am yours, to use as you may wish; and, as your mind is known to be so brilliant, I have come — in order to begin the tie between us — to read to you a sonnet I have lately written, and ask you if 'twere well to offer it to the public.

ALCESTE. Monsieur, I am most unfit to settle such a question. I beg you to excuse me.

ORONTE. Excuse you! why?

ALCESTE. I have the defect of being more sincere than persons wish.

ORONTE. But that is what I want. I should have reason to complain if, trusting to your sincerity to speak without disguise, you should deceive me.

ALCESTE. If that is how you take it, monsieur, I am willing.

ORONTE. *Sonnet* — It is a sonnet, monsieur. *To Hope* — in fact, to a lady who has granted some hope to my passion. *To Hope* — The lines are not grand, pompous poesy, but simple verses, tender, sweet and languishing.

ALCESTE. We shall see, monsieur.

ORONTE. *To Hope* — I know not whether the style will seem to you suffi-

ciently clear and easy, and whether my choice of words will satisfy you.

ALCESTE. We shall see, monsieur.

ORONTE. I ought, perhaps, to tell you that I was only a quarter of an hour in writing them.

ALCESTE. Go on, monsieur; the time has nothing to do with it.

ORONTE (*reading*).

'Tis true that hope doth comfort bring,
And it rocks a time our sorrow;
But, Phillis, 'tis a sadder thing
If we leave not on the morrow.

PHILINTE. I am charmed already with the little poem.

ALCESTE (*low to PHILINTE*). What! have you the face to call that fine?

ORONTE (*reading*).

Your complaisance methinks is lost;
You ought to keep your favors low,
And not yourself put to such cost,
If hope is all you deign bestow.

PHILINTE. Ah! with what gallantry that phrase is turned.

ALCESTE (*low to PHILINTE*). Good heavens! vile flatterer, you are praising nonsense.

ORONTE (*reading*).

If hope eternally delayed
Quenches my ardor thus betrayed,
Death can alone my succor be.

Your smiles can nothing then repair,
Fair Phillis, it is all despair
When we must hope eternally.

PHILINTE. The cadence of that last line is charming, amorous, admirable.

ALCESTE (*aside*). Damn his cadence! The devil! 'tis poisonous; I would the words might choke him.

PHILINTE. I have never heard verses better turned.

ALCESTE (*aside*). Good God!

ORONTE (*to PHILINTE*). You flatter me; perhaps you think —

PHILINTE. I never flatter.

ALCESTE (*aside*). Ah, traitor! what are you doing now?

ORONTE (*to ALCESTE*). But you? Remember the terms of our treaty; speak to me, I entreat you in all sincerity.

ALCESTE. Monsieur, this matter is always delicate. We like to be flattered on our wit and wisdom. I said one day to a man whose name I will not mention, on hearing certain verses he had written, that it behooved a gallant man to restrain the lust of scribbling which seizes on us all, and put a curb upon his passion for notoriety through such amusements; and I also told him that by his eagerness to show his work to others he laid himself open to the jeers of malice.

ORONTE. Do you mean by that to tell me I am wrong in wishing —

ALCESTE. I do not say so. I warned him that cold criticism crushed; that for this weakness men were much decried; that they might have a hundred noble qualities, but the world would judge them only by their foibles.

ORONTE. You think, then, that my sonnet is amiss?

ALCESTE. I do not say so. I showed him, to stop his writing, how, in our day, this lust of scribbling has spoiled most worthy men.

ORONTE. Do I write badly, and resemble them?

ALCESTE. I do not say so. Finally I said: "What pressing need have you to make these rhymes? What devil drives you into print? If the issue of a wretched book is ever pardonable it is when some poor luckless fellow has written it for bread. Believe me, resist your temptations; deprive the public of your labors. Don't sacrifice — no matter who may urge it — the name you bear at court as a most worthy man to take from grasping printers the repute of a ridiculous and miserable author." That is what I endeavored to make him understand.

ORONTE. This is all very well, and I think I understand you. But may I not know what there is in my sonnet —

ALCESTE. Frankly, it is good for nothing but to put in the fire. You have modelled yourself on the worst examples. None of your expressions are natural. "Rocks a time" — what is that? "We leave not on the morrow" — who leave? "And not yourself put to such cost" — what a phrase! And what may this mean:

"Phillis, it is all despair when we must hope eternally?" This figurative style, of which our present writers are so proud, is out of keeping with sincerity and sound writing. 'Tis a mere trick of words, pure affectation. That is not the way in which nature speaks. The shocking taste of the present century alarms me; coarse as our fathers were, their taste was better. As for me, I care far less for the finest things 10 of the day than for this old song I'll now repeat to you: —

"If the king had given to me
His great town, his *belle Paris*,
Would I but leave my sweet, my dear,
My dear I love so well;
I should say to the King Henri,
Take back, take back your *belle Paris*,
I love my love,
O gay!
I love my love too

The rhyme is not rich, and the style is old-fashioned; but do you not see how much better it is than all that affectation at which good sense groans? That's 25 what the heart says when it really loves. (*To PHILINTE, who is laughing.*) Yes, you may scoff; but, in spite of your *beaux esprits*, I think more of that song than of all the flowery pomposity and false brilliancy 30 which they cry up.

ORONTE. For my part, I insist that my verses are good.

ALCESTE. You have your reasons for thinking so, and you must allow me to 35 have my reasons, which decline to submit to yours.

ORONTE. 'Tis sufficient for me to know that others think well of them.

ALCESTE. Others have the art of feign- 40 ing; I have not.

ORONTE. Did nature allot you a monopoly of brains?

ALCESTE. Should I have more if I praised your verses?

ORONTE. I can do very well without your approval.

ALCESTE. You must, if you please, do without it.

ORONTE. I would like to see you com- 50

pose, in your style, a sonnet on that subject.

ALCESTE. I might, by ill luck, make sonnets as bad; but I should take good 5 care that no one ever saw them.

ORONTE. You speak very curtly; and all this assumption —

ALCESTE.¹ Go, seek elsewhere the incense that you want.

ORONTE. Be pleased, my little monsieur, to lower your tone.

ALCESTE. Faith! my grand monsieur, I speak as I choose.

PHILINTE (*placing himself between them*).
15 Messieurs, hey! messieurs; this is going too far. Let the matter drop, I beg of you.

ORONTE. Yes, I am wrong, I own it, and I leave the house. I'am your valet, 20 monsieur, and with all my heart.¹

ALCESTE. And I your humble servant.

ACT II

SCENE I

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE

ALCESTE. Madame, will you allow me to speak frankly? I am not contented with your ways of action; they stir such bitterness within my breast I feel 'twere better we should break apart. Yes, to speak otherwise would be deceiving you. Sooner or later, inevitably, the break must come. Were I to pledge you to the 35 contrary a thousand times, I should be unable to keep my promise.

CÉLIMÈNE. Is it to quarrel with me that you have wished to bring me home?

ALCESTE. Quarrel, no. But your disposition is, madame, to give to each new-comer access to your soul; you allow too many lovers to beset you, and my heart cannot adapt itself to that.

CÉLIMÈNE. Then, do you hold me 45 guilty because men love me? How can I help it if they think me lovable? And when they take such pleasant pains to see me, am I to take a stick and drive them forth?

ALCESTE. No, it is not a stick you need,

¹ The polite phrases exchanged in taking leave must not be accepted as sincere. It was a rule for gentlemen to observe with ostentation, before and during a duel, the usages of good society.

madame, but a heart less facile and less tender to their wishes. I know your charms attend you wheresoe'er you go; but your welcome holds in bonds the admirers whom your eyes attract; its sweetness, offered to all who pay you homage, completes the work your charms began. The smiling hope you grant them fastens their assiduities upon you; but if you made your kindness less inclusive this mob of lovers would be put to flight. Tell me, at least, why Clitandre has the luck to please you? On what foundation of worth or splendid virtue do you base the regard with which you honor him? Is it the inordinate length of his little-finger nail that wins him the esteem you are seen to give him? Have you succumbed, with all the fashionable world, to the dazzling merit of that blond periwig? Are the fine ruffles at his knees the reasons that you like him? those knots of ribbon, have they charmed you? Is it the allure-ment of his mighty breeches which wins your soul to making him your slave? Or his manner of laughing, his falsetto voice, have they discovered the secret power of touching you?

CÉLIMÈNE. How unjustly you take umbrage at Clitandre! You know the reason why I treat him kindly; he has promised to interest all his friends in this lawsuit I have upon my hands.

ALCESTE. Lose your suit bravely, madame, and curry no favor with a rival I dislike.

CÉLIMÈNE. But you are growing jealous of the universe!

ALCESTE. Because you welcome the whole universe too well.

CÉLIMÈNE. That very thing should soothe your nettled soul; my favors, as you see, are shed on all; if one alone received them you would have far more cause to take offence.

ALCESTE. But I whom you reproach for too much jealousy, what favors have I more than they, if I may ask?

CÉLIMÈNE. The happiness of knowing you are loved.

ALCESTE. How can my tortured heart believe it?

CÉLIMÈNE. I think that, having taken

pains to tell you so, such an admission ought to satisfy you.

ALCESTE. But what assurance have I that you are not, even now, saying the same to others?

CÉLIMÈNE. Certainly, for a lover, your gallant speeches are too pretty; you treat me with such graceful courtesy! Well, to remove that anxious question from your mind, I here unsay all that I said; make yourself easy; nothing can now deceive you but yourself.

ALCESTE. Good God! why must I love you? If I could snatch my heart out of your hands I would bless heaven for such rare luck! I do not deny that I have striven with all my strength to tear this terrible attachment from my soul; but every effort fails; it must be for my sins I love you so!

CÉLIMÈNE. Your passion for me is indeed unequalled!

ALCESTE. Yes, in that I can defy the world. My love is not to be conceived of; and no one, madame, has ever loved as I do.

CÉLIMÈNE. Your method of doing so is truly novel; it seems you love a woman that you may quarrel with her; your ardor blazes forth in angry words; and sure no love was ever yet so scolding.

ALCESTE. It rests with you to make that anger pass. For God's sake, madame, let us cut short these bickerings, speak heart to heart and put a stop —

SCENE II

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE, BASQUE

CÉLIMÈNE. What is it?

BASQUE. Acaste is here.

CÉLIMÈNE. Well, show him up.

SCENE III

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE

ALCESTE. What! am I never to have you to myself? Why are you so ready to receive the world? Can you not endure for a single moment of your day to deny yourself to visitors?

CÉLIMÈNE. Do you wish him to quarrel with me?

ALCESTE. You show him a deference that I do not like.

CÉLIMÈNE. He is a man who would never forgive me if he saw that I considered him intrusive.

ALCESTE. Is that a reason for disturbing yourself?

CÉLIMÈNE. Heavens, yes! good-will is of value among our fellows. He belongs to a set who, I scarcely know why, have acquired at court a right to be heard. They manage to obtain an entrance everywhere; and though, 'tis true, they may not serve us, they are able to do us a vast deal of harm. Therefore, no matter what support one has elsewhere, we ought never to quarrel with such babbling persons.

ALCESTE. In short, whatever happens and whoever comes, you find good reasons to see all the world; and these precautions about your lawsuit —

SCENE IV

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, BASQUE

BASQUE. Clitandre is also here, madame.

ALCESTE. Precisely! (*Moves as if to go.*)

CÉLIMÈNE. Where are you going?

ALCESTE. To leave you.

CÉLIMÈNE. Very good, go; leave the house; you may do as you choose.

SCENE V

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, CÉLIMÈNE, BASQUE, ALCESTE

ÉLIANTE (*to CÉLIMÈNE*). The two marquises are coming up. Has anyone announced them?

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes. (*To BASQUE.*) Place chairs for all. (*To ALCESTE.*) What! you did not go?

ALCESTE. No; for I wish, madame, to make you speak your mind, either for them or else for me.

CÉLIMÈNE. Hush, be silent.

ALCESTE. Today you shall explain yourself.

CÉLIMÈNE. You have lost your senses.

ALCESTE. Not at all. You shall declare yourself —

CLITANDRE. Ah! madame, I am just from the Louvre, where Cléonte, at the levee, was supremely absurd. Has he no friend who would with charitable advice enlighten him as to his manners?

CÉLIMÈNE. He is indeed a bungler in society; he makes himself conspicuous wherever he may be; and when one sees him after a slight interval he seems to be 10 more ridiculous than ever.

ACASTE. Talk of ridiculous people! i' faith, I've just been undergoing one of the most tiresome, — Damon, the moralizer, who, if you'll believe me, kept me one whole hour out of my chair, standing in the hot sun.

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes, he's a wonderful talker, who has the art of telling you nothing in a great harangue. There's never any point to what he says; 'tis only noise to which we listen.

ÉLIANTE (*to PHILINTE*). This beginning is cheerful; the conversation is starting at good speed against our neighbors.

CLITANDRE. But there's Timante, madame; he is rather a good fellow.

CÉLIMÈNE. Ah! he's a man of mystery from head to foot; he flings you, as he passes, a haggard glance, because, without a thing to do, he is always busy. His speeches are too full of flourishes; he pesters one to death by dint of mannerism. He always has some secret to whisper in one's ear, breaking up a conversation, — 30 and the secret is invariably nothing. Out of the merest trifle he makes a mystery; and even his good-byes, he whispers them.

ACASTE. And Géralde, madame?

CÉLIMÈNE. Oh! that wearisome chatterer! when will he cease to play the *grand seigneur*? He mingles only with the shining lights, and quotes his dukes, his princes and princesses. The quality infatuates him; and all his talk is now of horses, 35 equipages, dogs. He calls the personages of highest rank by their first names; the plain word "monsieur" is forgotten by him.

CLITANDRE. They say he is on the 50 closest terms with the Bleise.

CÉLIMÈNE. That poor stupid woman! oh, what dry intercourse! I suffer martyrdom when she comes to see me; I

perspire with the effort to find something to say; the obtuseness of her expression kills the words on my lips. In vain I assault her stupid silence with all the commonplaces I can call to my assistance, — fine weather, rain, heat, cold. But those are topics that are soon exhausted, and then her visit, always intolerable, drags its fearful length along. In vain I look to see what time it is; I yawn a score of times; she does not budge more than a log of wood.

ACASTE. What do you think of Adrasté?

CÉLIMÈNE. Ah! what excessive pride! He is a man puffed up with admiration of himself. His sense of his deserts is never satisfied at court, and so he rails against the court, and proceedings daily. There's never an office, post, or privilege given but what he thinks he's treated with injustice.

CLITANDRE. But that young Cléon, at whose house all our best people now are visiting; what do you say of him?

CÉLIMÈNE. Why, that he makes his cook his merit, and that the world visits his dinners and not him.

ÉLIANTE. But he takes care that all the choicest things are served there.

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes; but I wish he would not serve himself; his silly person is a horrid dish which spoils, to my taste, all the feasts he gives.

PHILINTE. The world at any rate thinks highly of his uncle, Damis; what do you say of him, madame?

CÉLIMÈNE. He is a friend of mine.

PHILINTE. I think him an honest man, and he looks a wise one.

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes, but he pretends to too much mind; it irritates me. He is always straining; in what he says you see him in travail to produce *bons mots*. Since he took it into his head to be so clever, nothing pleases his taste, he is too fastidious. He sees defects in everything that's written; he thinks a wit should never praise; he counts it learned to find fault; fools only can admire his laugh. By approving nothing in the works of the day, he fancies he exalts himself above his fellows. Even in conversation he finds something to reprove; the topics are so

low he will not condescend to them. He stands, arms folded, and, from the pinnacle of his mind, looks down in pity upon what we say.

ACASTE. God bless me! that's his veritable portrait.

CLITANDRE (*to CÉLIMÈNE*). For painting people to the life, you are incomparable.

ALCESTE. On, on, set on each other, my good friends at court! Spare none, let each man have his turn. And yet, if one of them appears in sight you haste to meet him, give him your hand, offer him flattering kisses, and swear by all the oaths to be his servant.

CLITANDRE. Why find fault with us? If what was said displeases you, address your reproaches to madame.

ALCESTE. No, by heaven! it is to you I make them; your compliant laughter incites her wit to these ill-natured speeches. Her satire feeds upon the wicked incense of your flattery; and if she did not see herself applauded her heart would be less prone to ridicule. 'Tis thus that flatterers are guilty of the vices which corrupt society.

PHILINTE. But why do you take such interest in the persons thus condemned, since you yourself would blame in them the self-same faults?

CÉLIMÈNE. Is it not monsieur's nature to contradict? Why expect him to agree with the general voice, or to refrain from exhibiting, wherever he may be, the cavilling spirit he received from heaven? The opinion of others is never agreeable to him. He sets up his own, believing he would be thought a common man if it were seen to agree with that of the world. The pleasure of contradicting has such charms for his soul that he sometimes, and not seldom, takes arms against himself, and wages war upon his own real feelings when he hears them uttered by the lips of others.

ALCESTE. The laugh is on your side, madame, and there's nothing to be said. You can wing your shafts of satire on me as you please.

PHILINTE. But is it not true that your mind antagonizes whatever is said, and is unable, from a bitterness you avow your-

self, to endure that others should either blame or praise?

ALCESTE. Yes; for the reason that men are never right. My bitterness is just; I find them, wherever they may be, of-
fensive flatterers or rash censors.

CÉLIMÈNE. But —

ALCESTE. No, madame, no; if I die for it, I must say that you find pleasure in things I cannot bear; and these friends
here do wrong to foster in your soul this great indulgence of defects that injure it.

CLITANDRE. For myself I shall say nothing; but as for madame, I must openly declare that I have hitherto be-
lieved her faultless.

ACASTE. I see the graces and the attractions that heaven has granted her; but her defects have never, I must say, struck my eye.

ALCESTE. They all strike mine; and, far from overlooking them, I take pains, as she well knows, to bring them to her knowledge. The more we love our friends, the less we flatter them; it is by excusing
nothing that pure love shows itself. For my part, I would banish those unworthy lovers who slavishly submit to all my sentiments, and by their weak compli-
ance swing incense to my follies.

CÉLIMÈNE. In short, if hearts should look at things in your way, they must, in order to love truly, renounce all sweetness, and find the crown of perfect love in heap-
ing insults on the object of it.

ÉLIANTE. Love, as a rule, is little ruled by laws. All lovers, as we know, boast of their choice. True passion does not see that which is blamable; the one beloved is always lovable. Defects love thinks
perfections, and gives them pleasant names. The pallid one is comparable to the jas-
mine in her whiteness; the swarthy skin becomes a rich brunette; thinness gives
freedom of motion and a slender waist; the portly dame is full of majesty; she
who neglects her person and takes no pains to charm is called a careless beauty; the
giantess becomes a goddess; the dwarf, an epitome of all heaven's marvels; the
haughty spirit deserves a crown; the tricky mind has wit; the fool is kind; the
chatterer, good-humored; the silent one

maintains her virtuous modesty. 'Tis thus a lover whose passion is supreme loves even the defects of her he worships.

ALCESTE. And I maintain, yes I —

CÉLIMÈNE. Come, let us end this talk, and take a turn or two about the gallery. What! are you going, gentlemen?

CLITANDRE and ACASTE. Oh, no, ma-
dame.

ALCESTE. The fear of their departure weighs on your soul. Gentlemen, leave when you please; but, I warn you, I shall not go till you are gone.

ACASTE. Unless my presence impor-
tunes madame, I can stay here all day, for nothing calls me hence.

CLITANDRE. As for me, provided I re-
turn for the king's *coucher*, I have no other matters to attend to.

CÉLIMÈNE (to ALCESTE). You are joking, I am sure.

ALCESTE. No, not in any sense. We shall see now if it is I of whom you are anxious to be rid.

SCENE VI

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ACASTE,
CLITANDRE, PHILINTE, BASQUE

BASQUE (to ALCESTE). Monsieur, a man is below who wishes to see you, he says, on business which cannot be delayed.

ALCESTE. Tell him I know of no such
urgent business.

BASQUE. He wears a jacket with great
pleated basques, and gold upon it.

CÉLIMÈNE (to ALCESTE). Go, see who it is; or else, have him shown up.

SCENE VII

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ACASTE,
CLITANDRE, PHILINTE, A SOLDIER
OF THE MARSHALS' GUARD

ALCESTE (*advancing to meet him*). Come in, monsieur. What do you want with me?

SOLDIER. Monsieur, I have two words to say to you.

ALCESTE. You can speak out; I am prepared to hear you.

SOLDIER. The Marshals,¹ whom I serve, monsieur, bid you come to them at once.

ALCESTE. Me? bid me, monsieur?

SOLDIER. Yes, you.

ALCESTE. But why?

PHILINTE (to ALCESTE). Because of that ridiculous affair between yourself and Oronte.

CÉLIMÈNE (to PHILINTE). What affair?

PHILINTE. Oronte and he had words about some verses he would not admire; and the Marshals wish to nip the matter in the bud.

ALCESTE. I will not have the base compliance —

PHILINTE. But you must obey the order; come, let us go.

ALCESTE. What sort of terms do they desire to make between us? Will the Marshals order me to think the verses that caused our quarrel good? I shall not unsay what I have said, — I think them bad.

PHILINTE. But a gentler tone —

ALCESTE. I shall not yield one inch; the lines are execrable.

CÉLIMÈNE. Come, come, make haste and go where you are summoned.

ALCESTE. I go, madame; but I shall soon return to settle, in this room, the matter we have been discussing.

ACT III

SCENE I

CLITANDRE, ACASTE

CLITANDRE. I observe, my dear marquis, that your soul is contented; all things make you cheerful, and nothing frets. Now, tell me in good faith, do you really believe, without self-deception, that you have any sound reason for being so happy?

ACASTE. *Parbleu!* I don't see, when I look myself over, any ground whatever for discontent. I have property, I am young, I belong to a house which has certain good reasons to call itself noble; and I think, through the rank to which my blood entitles me, there are very few sta-

tions in life that I cannot fill. As to courage, of which, of course, we ought to think first, I know, without vanity, that I am not lacking there; I have been seen by the world to carry on an affair in a sufficiently vigorous and dashing manner. As for wit, there's no question but what I have that, and with it enough good taste to judge without study, and to talk about everything. At the theatre, of which I am truly an idolator, I can wear a wise face, decide the fortunes of a play, and lead the applause at all the fine speeches which merit hurrahs. I'm sufficiently active; I've a good air and good looks, above all fine teeth, and my figure is slim. As to my style of dressing, I think, without vanity, that any one would be foolish to rival me there. My position in the world is as good as can be; the fair sex adore me; I stand well with the king; and, therefore, my dear marquis, I see, on all sides, every reason to be satisfied with myself.

CLITANDRE. Yes. But finding everywhere so many easy conquests, why do you persist in offering useless homage here?

ACASTE. Useless? *Parbleu!* I'm not of a kind nor of a temper to stand cold treatment from any beauty. 'Tis only common minds and ill-bred persons who burn persistently for frigid dames, or languish at their feet, endure their rigor, seek help from tears and sighs, and strive, by the painstaking of a long-drawn suit, to win the smiles their lack of merit forfeits. Men of my presence, marquis, are not made to love on credit and pay all the costs. However choice may be the lady's favors, I think, thank God, my value equals hers; and to do honor to a heart like mine is sure no reason it should cost her nothing. To put the thing on equitable grounds, she must at least meet my advance half-way.

CLITANDRE. So you think, marquis, you stand well with Célimène?

ACASTE. Marquis, I have some ground to think so.

CLITANDRE. Take my advice; get rid of that idea; it is an error. You flatter yourself, my friend, you blind yourself —

¹ The court of the Marshals of France took cognizance of quarrels and affairs of honor among gentlemen.

ACASTE. Quite true; I flatter and I blind myself.

CLITANDRE. Why call your happiness so perfect, then?

ACASTE. I flatter myself.

CLITANDRE. On what do you found your hopes?

ACASTE. I blind myself.

CLITANDRE. Then you have proofs to give you certainty?

ACASTE. I tell you, I deceive myself.

CLITANDRE. Can it be that Célimène has made you secret promises?

ACASTE. No, she rebuffs me.

CLITANDRE. Oh! cease this jesting, and let me know what hopes you really have.

ACASTE. I am the luckless, you the lucky one. She has so deep an aversion to me that one of these days I'll surely hang myself.

CLITANDRE. *Ah ça!* marquis, are you willing to settle our fates by agreeing that, if either of us can show some certain sign of having won her heart, the other shall make way for the fortunate lover and relieve him of a rival?

ACASTE. *Parbleu!* I like that sort of talk, and will, with all my heart, agree to it. But hush, here she comes.

SCENE II

CÉLIMÈNE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE

CÉLIMÈNE. What! still here?

CLITANDRE. Love stayed our feet.

CÉLIMÈNE. I have just heard a carriage entering the courtyard. Do you know whose it is?

CLITANDRE. No.

SCENE III

CÉLIMÈNE, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, BASQUE

BASQUE. Arsinoë, madame, is coming up to see you.

CÉLIMÈNE. What can that woman want with me?

BASQUE. Éliante is below, and is talking with her.

CÉLIMÈNE. Something is in her mind, or why should she come here?

ACASTE. She is thought to be a most

consummate prude, and in the ardor of her zeal —

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes, yes, pure cant! At heart she's of the world; and all her efforts aim at hooking on to others — in which, however, she has small success. She cannot see without an envious eye a woman followed by a train of suitors; and her sour virtue, overlooked by all, is ever grumbling that the age is blind. She tries to cover with a veil of prudery the frightful solitude in which she lives; and, to save the honor of her scanty charms, she attributes sin to powers that they have not. And yet a lover would be most pleasant to my lady. She even shows some tenderness for Alceste; the attentions that he pays to me offend her; she tries to make it seem that I have stolen them; and her jealous spite, which she can scarce conceal, is felt in underhanded ways on every side. I have never seen anything, I think, so foolish; and with it all she is impertinent to the last degree. Therefore —

SCENE IV

ARSINOË, CÉLIMÈNE, CLITANDRE, ACASTE

CÉLIMÈNE. Ah! what fortunate fate brings me this visit? Madame, in all sincerity, I was beginning to feel most anxious for your welfare.

ARSINOË. I have come, madame, to offer you some advice, which I feel I owe to you.

CÉLIMÈNE. Ah! how good of you, and how glad I am to see you!

(CLITANDRE and ACASTE go out laughing.)

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SCENE V

ARSINOË, CÉLIMÈNE

ARSINOË. The departure of those gentlemen is timely.

CÉLIMÈNE. Shall we sit down?

ARSINOË. It is not necessary. Madame, friendship should, above all, be shown in things that most affect our fellows; and as there are none more vitally important than those of honor and decorum, I have come to prove the friendship my heart feels for you by offering counsel

which concerns your honor. Yesterday I visited some friends, of sterling virtue. There the conversation turned on you; unfortunately, your conduct and its notoriety were not approved. The crowd of men you suffer to approach you, your coquetry, and the rumors it excites, received more censure and far harsher blame than I could wish. You will readily conceive the course I took. I said all that I could in your defence; excused you, firmly, as to your intentions, offering to vouch for your good soul. But — as you know — there are things in life that cannot be excused, however much we wish to do so, and I found myself, at last, constrained to admit that your manner of living does certainly seem wrong, and has — to the world — an injurious appearance; also that mischievous tales are being told of it, and that your conduct might, if you were only willing, give far less ground for condemnation. Not that I think your virtue really injured — God forbid that I should think so! But the world believes in the mere shadow of sin; and it is not enough to satisfy our conscience only. Madame, I think your mind too reasonable to take amiss this useful counsel, or to attribute it to other motives than the hearty zeal which binds me to your interests.

CÉLIMÈNE. Madame, I have many thanks to render you; such counsel can but gratify me; and, far from taking it amiss, I wish to recognize the favor you have done me by instantly returning it with other counsel which concerns your honor. As you have shown yourself so heartily my friend by telling me the rumors people spread about me, I wish to follow, in my turn, so kind an example by telling you what people say of you. The other day, at a house where I was visiting, I met some persons of high character, who, speaking of a soul's true kindness, turned their remarks, madame, on you. Unfortunately, your prudery and your bursts of pious zeal were not regarded by them as a good example. This affection of a grave demeanor; your endless talks of virtue and of honor; your frowns and outcries at the shadow of indecency which one ambiguous word can cast upon your-

self; the pitying glances you bestow on others; your frequent lectures, your sour censure of things that in themselves are pure and innocent, — all this, if I may speak to you quite frankly, madame, was blamed with one consent. What is the good, they said, of all this modesty, this virtuous exterior, if it belies the rest? 'Tis true she says her prayers with rigid punctuality, but then she beats her servants and she does not pay them; in pious places she displays her zeal, but she paints her face in order to seem handsome; and she covers up the nakedness of pictures, but has a liking for realities. As for me, madame, I took up firmly your defence with each and all; assuring them that what they said was slanderous. But their views clashed with mine; and their conclusion was that you would do well to meddle less with others' actions and look more closely to your own. They said we ought to look at home a good long time before we think of judging other people; that an exemplary life alone gives weight to our correction of the lives of others; moreover that in any case 'tis better to remit that duty to those whom heaven has selected for it. Madame, I think you are too reasonable to take amiss this useful counsel, or to attribute it to other motives than the hearty zeal which binds me to your interests.

ARSINOË. I know that in reproving we subject ourselves to much; but I did not expect this sharp retort, madame; and I see plainly, by its very bitterness, that my sincere advice has cut you to the heart.

CÉLIMÈNE. Quite the contrary, madame; and if the world were wise these mutual counsels would be made the custom. Given in good faith, they would dispel the utter blindness each has for himself. It rests with you to carry on this faithful office with your past zeal. Let us take pains to tell ourselves, between ourselves, just what you hear of me, and I of you.

ARSINOË. Ah, madame, I shall hear nought of you; it is of me the most reproving things are said.

CÉLIMÈNE. Madame, I think that all

things may be praised and blamed; and each award is just, according to age or fancy. There is a season for coquettish gallantry; there is another, still more suitable, for prudery. 'Tis wise, from policy, to choose that style when time has deadened the glow of youth; it serves to cover a mortifying downfall. I don't deny that some day I may follow on your traces, for age brings everything. But it is still too early, madame, as everybody knows, to be a prude at twenty.

ARSINOË. You plume yourself on very slight advantages, and ring your age with wonderful effect! But an advantage that you share with many is not so much to boast of, after all. I know not why your temper drives you, madame, thus to provoke me in so strange a way.

CÉLIMÈNE. And I, madame, I really know not why you constantly declaim against me everywhere. Must I be punished for your disappointments? Is it my fault that no one courts you? What can I do if men will love me, and will persist in offering vows your heart may wish to take away from me? The field is open to you. I do not hinder any of your charms from winning lovers.

ARSINOË. Alas! and do you really think the number of your lovers, of which you seem so vain, can trouble others; or that we do not find it easy to appraise the price at which you gain them? Do you think to persuade us — who see how things are going — that your good qualities alone attract your followers; or that they burn for you with honest love, and court you solely for your virtue? The world is not a dupe; it is not blind by such vain pretences. Many a woman fitted to inspire the tenderest sentiments does not have lovers; from that the argument is plain: their hearts cannot be won without great effort, for none may woo us for our beauty only, but all must buy the right of courting us. Therefore you need not swell with pride for such poor sparkles of a trivial victory. Correct the self-conceit of your attractions, and cease to treat us superciliously. If our eyes envied the conquests you obtain, methinks we all could do as you do, — cease to conduct ourselves with

self-respect, and let you see that others can have suitors when they please.

CÉLIMÈNE. Then have them, madame; let me see it done; with this rare secret make the effort to please and —

ARSINOË. Madame, let us end this conference; it irritates too much your soul and mine. I should already have taken leave of you, were I not forced to wait here for my carriage.

CÉLIMÈNE. Pray stay as long as suits you, madame; nothing need hasten your departure. But, not to weary you with my presence, I'll give you better company; and monsieur here, whom chance has brought so opportunely, shall fill my place and entertain you better.

SCENE VI

ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE, ARSINOË

CÉLIMÈNE. Alceste, I have a letter I must write; it cannot be delayed without some blame to me. Stay with madame; she will have the kindness, I am sure, to excuse my incivility.

SCENE VII

ALCESTE, ARSINOË

ARSINOË. You see she wishes me to entertain you until my carriage comes; and her civility could provide me with nothing more truly charming than this interview. Persons of lofty merit draw forth the esteem and love of every one; and yours, undoubtedly, has secret charms which lead my heart to enter all your interests. I wish the court, with more propitious eyes, would do full justice to your claims. You have much cause for indignation. I am angry almost daily to see that nothing has been done for you.

ALCESTE. For me, madame? On what pretensions should I base a claim? What service to the State have I been known to render? What have I done, if you please, so brilliant in itself that I have cause to grumble because the court does nothing in return for it?

ARSINOË. It is not every one on whom our court casts a propitious eye who has done good service to the State. Oppor-

tunity is needed as well as power. The great deserts that all men see in you ought —

ALCESTE. For heaven's sake, madame, say nothing of my deserts. Why do you wish the court to trouble itself about them? Its cares would be too many and its hands too full if it unearthed the merits of everybody.

ARSINOË. A dazzling merit will unearth itself; and yours is thought extreme on every side. I must tell you now that yesterday, in two distinguished houses, you were much praised by persons of great weight.

ALCESTE. Hey! madame, 'tis nowadays the fashion to laud every one. That is the way by which the present century levels everything. All are of equal merit; it is no longer an honor to be praised. Why! praises are stuffed down your throat, flung at your head; and there's my valet's name in the gazette!

ARSINOË. For my part, I have wished you to obtain some place at court in which to show your merit to the world. If only you consented, we would intrigue a little, and, to oblige you, start a few machines. I myself have men in hand whom I could use, and they would make the way quite smooth for you.

ALCESTE. Madame, what would you have me do at court? The disposition that I feel within me requires rather that I keep away from it. Heaven did not make me, when it gave me breath, with a soul congenial to the courtly atmosphere. I am conscious that I do not possess the necessary virtues to succeed there and do my duty. Frankness and sincerity are my chief talents; and he who does not have the gift of hiding what he thinks had better make short stay in courtly regions. Outside the court, of course we cannot have the strong support or the titles of honor it gives nowadays. But, in losing those advantages, we are spared the vexatious trifling of silly persons; we need not suffer merciless rebuffs, nor be compelled to praise the verse of Monsieur Such-a-one, nor shower incense on Madame This-or-that, nor undergo the brains of seedling marquises.

ARSINOË. Then we will drop, since you desire it, this matter of the court; but my heart is forced to pity you in your love; and, if I may disclose my thoughts upon it, I wish with all my soul 'twere better placed. Indeed you have deserved a gentler fate, for she who charms you is unworthy of you.

ALCESTE. In saying that, I beg you to remember, madame, this lady is your friend.

ARSINOË. Yes. But my conscience is too wounded to bear a moment longer the wrong she does you. The state in which I see you grieves my soul too much; I am forced to warn you she betrays your love.

ALCESTE. You show me thus, madame, a tender impulse; such warnings would oblige a lover.

ARSINOË. Yes, though she be my friend, she is, and I dare say it, unworthy to enthrall a good man's heart; hers has for you a counterfeited tenderness.

ALCESTE. It may be so, madame; we cannot see the hearts of others. But your charity might well have paused before you cast this painful thought in mine.

ARSINOË. Oh! if you do not wish to be undeceived, there is no need to tell you anything; that, indeed, is easy.

ALCESTE. No, it can not end so. This is a subject on which, no matter what is learned, doubts are more cruel than the worst of truths. For my part, I would rather nothing were told me unless it could be shown with certainty.

ARSINOË. That is enough. Upon this subject you shall have full light. Yes, I will let you trust your own eyes only. Give me your hand to take me home. There I will show you positive proof of the unfaithful heart of her you love. And, if for other eyes your own could long, it may be you would find some there to comfort you.

ACT IV

SCENE I

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE

PHILINTE. No, a soul so hard to manage was never seen; no reconciliation was

ever yet so troublesome to bring about. In vain they tried in every way to move him; out of his fixed opinion he would not be dragged. Never did a more fantastic quarrel, I am sure, engage the wisdom of the Marshals. "No, gentlemen," he said, "I shall not retract. On every other matter I will agree with him, but not on this. Why is he affronted? Of what does he complain? Is his fame injured because he cannot write poems? What does my opinion, which he takes so ill, signify to him? A man can be a gentleman and make bad verses. Such matters do not touch his honor, and I hold him to be a gallant man in every other way; a man of quality, of courage, deserving of anything you please, but — a bad writer. I will praise, if you wish it, his way of living, of spending money, his skill on horse-back, in fencing, dancing; but as for praising his verses, I beg to be excused! When a man has not the happiness to be able to write better than that, he ought to repress, under pain of death, his desire to make rhymes." Finally, all the grace and concession to which, with great effort, his feelings were brought could only induce him to say — thinking that he softened his style exceedingly: "Monsieur, I am sorry to be so critical, and I heartily wish, out of good-will to you, that I could have thought your sonnet better." After which an embrace was hastily brought about in order to conclude the proceedings as fast as possible.

ÉLIANTE. He certainly is very singular in his manner of acting; but, I must confess, I esteem him highly. The sincerity on which his soul so prides itself has something noble and heroic in it. 'Tis a virtue rare indeed in these days; and I wish I could see it in others as in him.

PHILINTE. As for me, the more I see of him the more amazed I am at this passion to which he yields his heart. With the nature it has pleased God to give him, I cannot see how it is that he loves as he does; and still less do I see why your cousin should be the woman to whom his heart inclines.

ÉLIANTE. It only shows that love is not invariably produced in hearts by harmony

of disposition; and all those theories of gentle sympathy are in this case belied.

PHILINTE. But do you think, from what you see, that he is loved?

ÉLIANTE. That is a point it is not easy to make out. How can we judge how truly she may love him? Her heart is never really sure itself; sometimes she loves and does not know it; at other times she thinks she loves and there is nothing in it.

PHILINTE. I think our friend will find more grief than he imagines with your cousin. To tell the truth, if he possessed my heart, he would have turned his homage elsewhere, and by a wiser choice have shown, madame, that he profits by the kindness you have shown him.

ÉLIANTE. For myself, I stand on no punctilio, for I think that in such matters we should show good faith. I do not oppose his tenderness for Célimène; on the contrary, my heart is interested for her, and if the thing depended upon me I should myself unite him to the one he loves. But if in such a choice (as well may happen) his love should meet some unpropitious fate, and it so chanced another's suit were crowned, I could resolve to accept his homage then; for the refusal suffered by him in such a case would cause me no repugnance.

PHILINTE. Neither do I oppose, madame, the kindness which your charming soul bestows upon him; and he himself can tell you, if he will, what I have taken pains to say to him about it. But if, by the marriage which he now desires, you should be unable to receive his vows, I shall then seek the transcendent favor which your soul with so much generosity now gives to him, — happy when his heart turns elsewhere, if yours, madame, falls back on mine.

ÉLIANTE. You are making merry, Philinte.

PHILINTE. No, madame; I am speaking now of my soul's best; and I await the occasion to offer myself openly; trusting, with all my heart, the moment soon may come.

SCENE II

ALCESTE, ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE

ALCESTE. Ah! avenge me, madame, for an affront which has, at last, conquered my constancy.

ÉLIANTE. What is it? What can have moved you thus?

ALCESTE. That which I can't conceive of without dying. And the upheaval of all the natural world could not unhinge me more than this disaster. 'Tis done, 'tis over! My love — I cannot speak of it!

ÉLIANTE. Try to control your mind.

ALCESTE. Oh, just Heaven! why were such charms joined to the vices of the basest souls?

ÉLIANTE. But still, what have —

ALCESTE. Ah! all is ruined; I am — I am betrayed, I am destroyed. Célimène — who could believe it? — Célimène deceives me; she is unfaithful.

ÉLIANTE. Have you just grounds for that belief?

PHILINTE. Perhaps it is mere suspicion, lightly kindled. Your jealous mind invents, at times, chimeras.

ALCESTE. Ha! *morbleu!* monsieur, mind your own affairs. (*To ÉLIANTE.*) I am, alas! too certain of her treachery; for here, in my pocket, written by her own hand, is a letter to Oronte which proves to my very eyes her shame and my disgrace — Oronte! whose homage I believed she fled; the one of all my rivals whom I feared the least.

PHILINTE. A letter easily misleads at sight, and is often not so guilty as we think it.

ALCESTE. Monsieur, once more, let me alone, I beg; and keep your interest for your own concerns.

ÉLIANTE. You ought to moderate your anger. And this orange —

ALCESTE. Madame, it rests with you to avenge it. It is to you I have recourse to free my heart from poignant anguish. Avenge me on your cousin, your ungrateful and perfidious cousin, who basely has betrayed a faithful love. Avenge me for a wrong which you must hold in horror.

ÉLIANTE. I avenge you! how?

ALCESTE. Accept my heart — accept it, madame, and take the place of that unfaithful woman. In that way only can I have revenge; I wish to punish her by the honest vows, the deep affection, the respectful suit, the assiduous service, and the fervent duty my heart henceforth will offer on your altar.

ÉLIANTE. I pity what you suffer, certainly, and I do not reject the heart you offer me; but the wrong is not, perhaps, so great as you imagine, and you may still give up these thoughts of vengeance. When we are hurt by some one who has a deep attraction we are apt to make rash plans we do not execute. We may see powerful reasons to break our chain, and yet a guilty dear one soon is innocent; and then the revenge we wish to take is easily dispelled, and we see 'tis but a lovers' quarrel after all.

ALCESTE. No, no, madame, I assure you, no. The offence is mortal. I break my bonds, and there is no return. Nothing can change my firm intention, for I should punish myself were I to love her still. Here she is; my anger is redoubled by her presence. I will denounce her treacherous actions to her face, and so confound her. After which, freed once for all from her deceitful charm, I'll bring to you a heart at liberty.

SCENE III

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE

ALCESTE (*aside*). Oh, heaven! can I be master of my emotions?

CÉLIMÈNE (*aside*). Heyday! (*To ALCESTE.*) What troubles you thus? Why these sighs, these gloomy looks? Are they meant for me?

ALCESTE. Of all the wrongs of which the soul is capable, nothing compares with your disloyalty. Fate, devils, and the anger of high Heaven have never yet produced a thing so evil.

CÉLIMÈNE. Here's sweetness truly, and I like it much.

ALCESTE. Do not jest; this is no time to laugh; blush rather, for there is ample reason; I have sure proofs of your betrayal. This was the meaning of my

troubled soul; 'twas not in vain my love became alarmed; those frequent doubts you thought so odious were warnings of the calamity before me. In spite of all your care and cleverness in deception, my star was telling me of that I had to fear. But do not think that I will suffer the sting of such an outrage and not take vengeance. I know we have no power over desire; that love is, everywhere, born independent; no force can thrust it on the heart, and every soul is free to choose its conqueror. Therefore I should have had no reason to complain had your lips spoken truly, and refused my suit when first I pressed it. My heart would then have had no right to quarrel with its fate. But to find my love accepted with false vows — that is betrayal, that is perfidy, which cannot be too sternly punished, and I will give the reins to my resentment. Yes, yes, fear all after such infamy; I am no more myself, I am all anger! Stabbed by the mortal blow your hand has struck, my senses are no longer ruled by reason; I yield to the promptings of a just resentment, and I will not answer for what I now may do.

CÉLIMÈNE. But what has caused, if I may ask, this violent fit of anger? Have you lost your reason?

ALCESTE. Yes, yes, I have lost it! I lost it when from the sight of you I took, for my sorrow, the poison that is killing me, and when I trusted the sincerity of all those traitorous charms which so enthralled me.

CÉLIMÈNE. What is this treachery of which you thus complain?

ALCESTE. Ah! double-heart, that knows so well the art of feigning! But I have the means at hand all ready to confound it. Cast your eyes here, and recognize your writing. This discovered letter suffices to convict you; against this witness there is no reply.

CÉLIMÈNE. Is this the matter that has so disturbed you?

ALCESTE. You do not blush to see that letter?

CÉLIMÈNE. And why, pray, should I blush to see it?

ALCESTE. What! do you add audacity

to treachery? Will you disavow that note because it does not bear your seal?

CÉLIMÈNE. Why should I disavow a letter written by me?

ALCESTE. Can you see it without shame for the crime toward me of which it proves you guilty?

CÉLIMÈNE. You are, upon my word, a most unreasonable man.

ALCESTE. What! do you dare defy that ocular proof, and say that in its tenderness to Oronte there is nothing to outrage me and make you blush?

CÉLIMÈNE. Oronte! who says the letter was to him?

ALCESTE. The persons who placed it in my hands this day. But I'll agree it might be for another — if so, would my heart have less reason to complain of yours? would you be guiltless toward me?

CÉLIMÈNE. But if it be a woman to whom I wrote that letter, why should it wound you? where's the crime of that?

ALCESTE. Ha! the shift is good, the evasion admirable! I did not expect, I must admit, this trick, but it convinces me completely. How dare you have recourse to vulgar subterfuge? Do you think me blind? Go on, and let me see the crooked ways, the shifty air by which you will maintain so clear a falsehood; I'd like to know how you can twist to suit a woman the words of that letter which is full of passion. Explain, to hide your lack of truth, the words I now will read to you —

CÉLIMÈNE. I do not choose it. I think you are ridiculous enough, to use your power as you do, and dare to tell me to my face all this.

ALCESTE. No, no; be not so angry; take some pains to justify these words of yours —

CÉLIMÈNE. No, I refuse to hear them; what it may please you to believe in this affair is of the smallest consequence to me.

ALCESTE. I beg of you, tell me the truth; I will be satisfied — if I can be — that the letter is to a woman.

CÉLIMÈNE. No, the letter is to Oronte; I wish it to be believed. I receive his attentions with great pleasure; I admire what he says, I value what he is. I am

ready to agree to all you say. Now, do as you please, take your own course; but do not wear me out with such scenes any longer.

ALCESTE (*aside*). Heavens! was ever my fate more cruel? Was ever heart so treated? What! when a just displeasure forces me to speak, 'tis I who am complained of, I who make the quarrel! My grief and my suspicions are goaded on, and I am told I may believe the worst — in which she glories! And yet my heart is still so cowardly as not to break the chain that binds me to her, or arm itself with laudable contempt for the ungrateful object it has loved too well. (*To CÉLIMÈNE.*) Ah! you know well, perfidious woman, how to make my weakness serve your ends in spite of myself, and how to use the fatal love, born of your eyes, to carry out your purposes. Defend yourself, at least, from a crime that overwhelms me; cease this affectation of being guilty. Prove to me, if you can, the innocence of that letter; my tenderness consents to come to your assistance — strive to seem faithful, and I, in turn, will strive to think you so.

CÉLIMÈNE. Oh! you are mad with all your jealous transports; you don't deserve the love I feel for you. I should like much to know what could induce me to stoop so low as to deceive you; and why, if my heart leaned another way, I should not say so with sincerity. How is it that the kind assurance I gave you of my feelings was not enough to save me from your suspicions? Has such a pledge no power against them? and is it not insulting me to listen to their voice? Because a woman's heart makes a strong effort when it owns its love; because the honor of our sex — that enemy to ardor — firmly opposes such avowals, should the lover for whose sake we overcome those obstacles, should he be the one to doubt our truth? Is he not guilty in suffering others to say these things — at least without a combat? Go! such foul suspicions deserve my anger; you are not worth the esteem in which I held you. How foolish I have been! I am vexed with my simplicity in keeping any kindness in my heart for you.

I ought to turn my love elsewhere, and give you thus a subject of legitimate complaint.

ALCESTE. Ah! traitress, my weakness is indeed a mystery. Doubtless you are deceiving me with those soft words. What of it? I must follow my destiny; my soul is given over to your worship. I wish to see the end of this, and know what is your heart, — and whether it is black enough to still betray me.

CÉLIMÈNE. No, for you do not love me as I must be loved.

ALCESTE. Ah! my love is far beyond compare; and in its ardor to show itself for what it is to all the world, it even forms desires against you. Yes, I would fain that no one thought you lovable; I would you were reduced to misery; that Heaven denied you everything; that you had nor rank, nor birth, nor wealth, so that my love might make some startling sacrifice to heal the injustice destiny had done you, and that my heart might have the joy and glory of seeing you hold all things through my love.

CÉLIMÈNE. That's a strange fashion of wishing well to me; heaven grant you may not have the chance of it. But here's your valet, seemingly excited.

SCENE IV

CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE, DUBOIS

ALCESTE. What is all this? and why this frightened air?

DUBOIS. Strange things have happened. Matters are going wrong in our affairs —

ALCESTE. How?

DUBOIS. Monsieur, we must get away at once. We must slip off silently.

ALCESTE. But your reason, say? Why do you use such language?

DUBOIS. The reason is we must be packing.

ALCESTE. Ha! I'll break your head assuredly if you don't answer differently.

DUBOIS. Monsieur, a man all black in face and clothes came to the house, and even to the kitchen; where he left a paper, scribbled in such a way that one had need to be worse than any devil to read it. It concerns, no doubt, your lawsuit, but all

the fiends in hell, I think, could never make it out.

ALCESTE. Well, what of it? What has that paper to do, you fool, with the departure that you talked about?

DUBOIS. Monsieur, an hour later a gentleman who visits you came hurrying to see you in much excitement. Not finding you, he charged me, civilly (knowing with what zeal I serve you), to tell you — 10 Stay, I wish I could recall his name.

ALCESTE. No matter for his name; what did he tell you?

DUBOIS. Well, he was one of your friends, that must suffice. He told me 15 you were in danger of arrest, and must get off at once.

ALCESTE. But why? Did he not specify the reason?

DUBOIS. No; he asked for pen and ink 20 and wrote a line by which you can, I think, get to the bottom of this mystery.

ALCESTE. Give it me, then.

CÉLIMÈNE. What can all this mean?

ALCESTE. I do not know; but I will 25 clear it up. Come, you impertinent devil, give me the note.

DUBOIS (*after searching long in his pocket*). Faith! monsieur — I believe — I've left it on your table.

ALCESTE. I don't know what prevents me from —

CÉLIMÈNE. Do not be angry; but go at once and see what all this means.

ALCESTE. It seems that fate, whatever 35 pains I take, has sworn to hinder all our interviews. But to defeat it, promise, my love, madame, that you will let me speak with you again this evening.

ACT V

SCENE I

ALCESTE, PHILINTE

ALCESTE. My resolution is taken, I tell you.

PHILINTE. But, however hard the blow, must it compel you —

ALCESTE. Useless to say a word, useless 50 to reason with me; nothing that you can do will turn me from my purpose. The age in which we live is too perverted; I

desire to withdraw from intercourse with men. Honor, uprightness, decency and the laws were openly arrayed against my adversary; on all sides was the equity of 5 my cause proclaimed; and on the faith of my just rights I rested tranquilly. And now behold, I am defrauded of success; justice is with me, but I lose my case! A traitor, whose scandalous history is well known to all, comes off victorious by the blackest falsehood! Those who were on my side yield to his treachery! He cuts my throat and makes them think it is right. The weight of his canting artifice — 10 all jugglery! — has overthrown the Right and baffled Justice: he wins a verdict which has crowned a crime. And, not content with the great wrong he has already done me, he is spreading everywhere a villainous book, the very reading of which is most condemnable, — a book that merits the rigor of the law; and the lying rascal has the effrontery to say I wrote it! And Oronte mutters low and tries maliciously to circulate the calumny, — he, who holds the rank of an honest man at court; to whom I have been sincere and frank; he, who came to me, with an eager ardor which I did not seek, and asked for my opinion 30 on his verses. And because I treated him with honesty, refusing to be false to him or truth, he helps to crush me with an imaginary crime, and now becomes my greatest enemy! Never will his soul forgive me because, forsooth! I could not say his verse was good. And all men, damn them! have become like that. These are the actions to which glory leads them! Here's the good faith, the virtuous zeal, 40 the justice, and the honor we expect of them! No, no, it is too much to bear such suffering. I will escape this nest of villains, and since with human beings we must live like wolves, traitors! you shall not have 45 my life among you.

PHILINTE. I think you are too hasty in forming that design; the harm is not so great as you would make it. The deal this man has dared impute to you has not obtained enough belief to make the authorities arrest you. That false report is dying of itself; it is an action that will injure only him who did it.

ALCESTE. Injure him, indeed! He does not fear the scandal of such tricks. He has the world's permission to be a scoundrel; and so far from his credit being injured by this deed you'll see him in some honored place tomorrow.

PHILINTE. Nevertheless 'tis certain no one has given much belief to the tale his malice spreads about you. On that score you have nothing at all to fear. As for the verdict on your lawsuit, of which indeed you may complain, justice may yet be won; you can appeal against this judgment —

ALCESTE. No, I shall hold to it. However great the wrong that verdict does me, I will not have it quashed; it shows too plainly how the Right is wronged. I wish it to remain for all posterity, — a signal mark, a noted testimony to the wickedness of this age. 'Twill cost me twenty thousand francs, but with that sum I buy the right to curse the iniquity of human nature and to keep alive my everlasting hatred to it.

PHILINTE. In short —

ALCESTE. In short, your efforts are superfluous. What can you find to say upon this matter, monsieur? Will you have the effrontery to bid me to my face excuse the infamy of what has happened?

PHILINTE. No, I am one with you in what you say. In these days all things go by base intrigue and selfish interests; craft carries all before it. Men ought indeed to be made of other metal; but is their lack of probity a reason to withdraw yourself from social life? All human frailty is a means of exercising our philosophy. That is the finest work of virtue. If every one were clothed with integrity, if every heart were just, frank, kindly, the other virtues would be well-nigh useless, since their chief purpose is to make us bear with patience the injustice of our fellows. And so, a heart of honest virtue —

ALCESTE. I know your words are of the best, monsieur, your excellent arguments are most abundant; but you waste your time in making those fine speeches. Reason demands for my soul's good that I retire. I have not enough control over my tongue; I cannot answer for what I might be led

to say; I should have twenty duels on my hands at once. Leave me, without further argument, to wait for Célimène. She must consent to my design. 'Tis that which brings me here to speak with her. I am about to see whether her heart does truly love me; this coming hour will prove it to me once for all.

PHILINTE. Let us go up to Éliante while awaiting Célimène.

ALCESTE. No, my soul is full of care; do you go up, and leave me in this gloomy corner with my black misery.

PHILINTE. 'Tis cruel company. I will find Éliante and bring her down.

SCENE II

CÉLIMÈNE, ORONTE, ALCESTE

ORONTE. Yes, it is for you to say, madame, whether you will bind me wholly to you by these tender ties. I must have full assurance from your soul to mine; a lover cannot bear these hesitations. If the ardor of my passion has power to move you, you should not feign unwillingness to let me know it. The proof I ask of you is, plainly, no longer to admit Alceste among your suitors; to sacrifice him, madame, to my love; and banish him from your house this very day.

CÉLIMÈNE. But why are you so angry with him now, you whom I have often known to speak of him with favor?

ORONTE. Madame, there is no need of explanations. The question is, What are your sentiments? Choose, if you please, between us; keep one or else the other; my resolution waits upon your will.

ALCESTE (*advancing from his corner*). Yes, monsieur is right. Madame, you must choose. In this his wishes accord with mine; the self-same passion prompts me, the same intention brings me hither. My love must have some certain proof of yours. Things cannot thus drag on another day; this is the moment to reveal your heart.

ORONTE. Monsieur, if your suit succeeds, I do not mean that my importunate love shall trouble it.

ALCESTE. Monsieur, I shall not seek, jealous or not, to share her heart with you.

ORONTE. If she prefers your love to mine —

ALCESTE. If she is capable of any leaning toward you —

ORONTE. I swear I will no longer court her.

ALCESTE. I swear I will no longer see her.

ORONTE. Madame, it is for you to speak without constraint.

ALCESTE. Madame, you can explain yourself without anxiety.

ORONTE. You have but to say on whom your wishes fall.

ALCESTE. You have but to speak the truth and choose between us.

ORONTE. What! at making such a choice you seem to be distressed!

ALCESTE. What! your soul hesitates and seems uncertain!

CÉLIMÈNE. Good heavens! this demand is most ill-timed; how little sense or reason either of you show! I know myself the preference I feel; my heart is not upon the scales, suspended doubtfully between you. Nothing could be more quickly made than the choice you ask for; but I should feel, to tell the truth, too much embarrassment in making this avowal to your face. A choice like this must seem unkind to one; it should not, therefore, openly be made in presence of both. A heart will always show its leanings plainly enough without compelling it to bare itself; some gentler means can sure be found to show a lover that his attentions are unwelcome.

ORONTE. No, no, I do not fear a frank avowal, and I consent for my part —

ALCESTE. And I demand it. It is this very publishing I dare exact. I will not have you shirk the truth in any way. To keep on terms with all the world is what you study. But no more dallying, no more indecision now; you must explain yourself decisively; or else I take refusal for decision, and I shall know, for my part, how to explain your silence; I shall consider said the wrong that I expect of you.

ORONTE. Monsieur, I thank you for your indignation, and I say to madame, here, the same as you.

CÉLIMÈNE. How you annoy me with

your whims! What justice is there in what you ask? Have I not told you the motive that restrains me? Here is Éliante, she shall judge this matter.

SCENE III

ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE, CÉLIMÈNE,
ORONTE, ALCESTE

CÉLIMÈNE. Cousin, I am persecuted by these two men, whose scheme appears to have been concerted. They each demand, with equal heat, that I shall here proclaim, in presence of both, the choice my heart has made; and that, in giving this decision openly, I shall forbid one or the other from paying me attentions. Tell me if things are ever done in that way.

ÉLIANTE. Do not consult me; you may find that you appeal to the wrong person. Frankly, I am for those who speak their thoughts.

ORONTE. Madame, it is in vain that you seek to evade us.

ALCESTE. All your evasions are ill-seconded.

ORONTE. You must, you shall speak out, and end this vacillation.

ALCESTE. It is enough if you persist in silence.

ORONTE. I ask but a single word to end the matter.

ALCESTE. And I shall comprehend you if you say no word.

SCENE IV

ARSINOË, ACASTE, CLITANDRE, CÉLIMÈNE,
ORONTE, ALCESTE, ÉLIANTE,
PHILINTE

ACASTE (*to CÉLIMÈNE*). Madame, we have come, Clitandre and I, to clear up, if you please without offence, a trifling matter.

CLITANDRE (*to ORONTE and ALCESTE*). Your presence, gentlemen, is very timely, for you are both concerned in this affair.

ARSINOË (*to CÉLIMÈNE*). It may surprise you, madame, to see me here, and I must tell you that these gentlemen have caused my coming. They came to see me to complain of something my heart cannot believe. I have too high an esteem for

your real depth of soul to think you capable of so great a wrong. My eyes refused their strongest testimony; and my friendship, overlooking our small jars, has brought me to you in their company that I may see you clear yourself at once of this foul calumny.

ACASTE. Madame, we wish to see, in a kindly spirit, how you will take these facts. Here is a letter written by you to Clitandre.

CLITANDRE. And here is a tender billet written by you to Acaste.

ACASTE (*to ORONTE and ALCESTE*). Gentlemen, this writing is well known to you, of course. I do not doubt that her civilities have frequently enabled you to see it. But the letter itself is worthy of being read. (*Reads.*)

"What a strange man you are to blame me for my gayety, and to declare that I am never so pleased as when you are not with me. Nothing was ever more unjust; and if you do not come at once and beg my pardon for this offence, I will never in my life forgive you for it. Our tall, ungainly viscount —"

He ought to be present, and hear this.

"Our tall, ungainly viscount, the first whom you complain of, is a man who never pleased me; and since I saw him, for an hour together, spit in a pond in order to make bubbles, I have had a poor opinion of him. As for the little marquis —"

That is myself, gentlemen; I say it without vanity.

"As for the little marquis, who held my hand today for a long time, I think him the most finical of little beings; there's nothing of him but his nobility. And as for the man of the green ribbons —"

(*To ALCESTE.*) Your turn now, monsieur.

"As for the man of the green ribbons, he amuses me at times with his bluntness and his surly grumbling; but there are moments when I think him the most irritating mortal upon earth. As for the man of sonnets —"

(*To ORONTE.*) This is to your address, monsieur.

"As for the man of sonnets, who has

flung himself into poesy and wishes to be an author in defiance of everybody, I do not give myself the trouble to listen to him. His prose fatigues me even more than his verses. Therefore, do pray believe that I am not so gay and amused in your absence as you fancy, and that I think of you — more than I could wish — at the parties of pleasure to which I am dragged; it is a wonderful seasoning of all enjoyments to think of those we love."

CLITANDRE. And here am I, in this billet to Acaste. "Your Clitandre, of whom you speak, and who says sweet things to me, is the very last man for whom I could feel regard. He is absurd to imagine he is loved; and you are still more absurd to fancy you are not loved. Exchange opinions; and then you will, both of you, be more nearly right. Come and see me as often as you can, and help me to bear the annoyance of being beset by him." There, madame, is the model of a noble character; you know what it is called. Enough! We shall each exhibit, wherever we go, this glorious picture of your heart.

ACASTE. I might say much to you, for the subject is a fine one; but I do not count you worthy of my anger. I will let you see that little marquises can win, for consolation, hearts that are worth far more than yours. (*Exeunt marquises.*)

SCENE V

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ARSINOË, ALCESTE, ORONTE, PHILINTE

ORONTE. Can it be that you tear me thus to pieces after all that you have written and said to me? Does your heart, adorned with such fine semblances of love, give itself, in turn, to all the human race? Go! — I have been a dupe, but I am one no longer. You have done me, madame, a service in letting me unmask you. I shall profit in the heart I thus regain, and find my vengeance in your loss. (*To ALCESTE.*) Monsieur, I offer no further hindrance to your love; you can conclude your treaty with madame. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ARSINOË,
ALCESTE, PHILINTE

ARSINOË. Truly this is the basest act I have ever known. I cannot keep silence, for I feel so shocked. Was ever any conduct seen like yours? I take no interest in those other men, but as for monsieur 10 (*motioning to ALCESTE*) who rested all his happiness on you, a man like him, of honor and great merit, who cherished you with absolute idolatry, ought he —

ALCESTE. Allow me, madame, if you 15 please, to manage my affairs myself. Pray do not take upon yourself superfluous cares. In vain my heart hears you take up its quarrel; it is not in a state to pay for great zeal. If by another choice I wished 20 to avenge myself it would not be on you that choice would fall.

ARSINOË. Eh! do you imagine, monsieur, that such a thought exists, or any eagerness is felt to win you? I think your 25 mind is far too full of vanity if it can flatter itself with that belief. Madame's rejected leavings are a merchandise one would be foolish indeed to take a fancy to. Pray undeceive yourself; carry your 30 thoughts less high; I'm not the sort of woman you should aspire to. You would do well to keep your sighs for her; I long to see so suitable a match. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII

CÉLIMÈNE, ÉLIANTE, ALCESTE,
PHILINTE

ALCESTE (*to CÉLIMÈNE*). Madame, I 40 have kept silence, in spite of all that I have seen and heard. I have allowed all others to speak before me. Have I controlled myself enough, and may I now —

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes, say all; you have a 45 right to complain, and to reproach me as you will. I have done wrong, — I here confess it; and my discomfited soul will seek no vain excuse to answer you. I have despised the anger of the others, but I admit my crime to you. Your indignation, without a doubt, is reasonable. I know how guilty I must seem to you, — how

all things go to prove I have betrayed you. In short, you have every right to hate me. Do so; I consent.

ALCESTE. Ah! can I, traitress? Can I 5 thus conquer love? However I may long to hate you, have I a heart within me to obey my will? (*To ÉLIANTE and PHILINTE.*) See what this abject tenderness can do! I call you both to witness my great weakness. And yet, this is not all; you are about to see me carry that weakness farther, show what a folly 'tis to call us wise, and prove that in all hearts there's still the man. (*To CÉLIMÈNE.*) Yes, I am 15 willing to forget your guilt; my heart is ready to excuse it and call this wrong a foible to which the vices of the times misled your youth, — *provided* you here consent to clasp hands with the purpose I have formed to separate from men and live apart in country solitudes; to which, without delay you now must follow me. In that way only can you still repair, before the eyes of all men, the wrong that you 25 have done me. Do this, and notwithstanding the notoriety which noble hearts abhor, I still shall find it in my heart to love you.

CÉLIMÈNE. I! renounce the world before I am old, and bury myself with you 30 in country solitudes?

ALCESTE. But if your love responds to mine what matters all the world to you? Will you not be content with me alone?

CÉLIMÈNE. Solitude has terrors for a 35 heart so young. I feel that mine has not the grandeur, nor the strength, to resolve upon a scheme of this kind. If the bestowal of my hand can satisfy your wishes I will consent to tie the knot of marriage —

ALCESTE. No; my soul revolts against you now; this hard refusal moves me more than all the rest. And since you cannot in so sweet a tie find all in me as I found all in you, go! — I reject you. This 45 sore outrage frees me forever from your unworthy bonds. (*Exit CÉLIMÈNE.*)

SCENE VIII

ÉLIANTE, ALCESTE, PHILINTE

ALCESTE (*to ÉLIANTE*). Madame, your beauty is adorned with every virtue; never have I seen aught in you but strict

sincerity. I have long valued you most highly. Let me continue to esteem you thus; and suffer that my heart, in all its divers troubles, should not demand the honor of your bonds. I feel myself unworthy; I begin to know that heaven did not give me life for the ties of marriage. 'Twould be too base a homage to offer you the leavings of a heart not worth your own; therefore —

ÉLIANTE. You can fulfil that thought, Alceste. My hand is not so difficult to bestow, for here's your friend, who, if I asked him, would willingly accept it.

PHILINTE. Ah! that honor, madame, is my sole desire. To gain it, I would sacrifice both blood and life.

ALCESTE. And may you ever taste of true contentment, by keeping, each for each, such sentiments. As for me, betrayed on all sides, crushed by injustice, I leave a pit where vices triumph, to seek somewhere on earth a lonely spot where I am free to be a man of honor.

PHILINTE. Come, madame, come, let us employ all ways to thwart this scheme his heart proposes.

ITALIAN

GOLDONI

(1707-1793)

Carlo Goldoni was brought up in Venice by tender and indulgent parents who in no way discouraged his interest in the theater. As a child he was delighted with marionettes, which his father worked for him, and at the age of eight he composed his first comedy. All through his youth he seized upon every opportunity for stage experience. He was supposed to study medicine, but, unable to overcome his repugnance to it, he turned to the study of law. His law course was seriously interrupted by his dramatic enterprises, but he finally finished and started to practice in Venice. Here clients were not sufficiently numerous to interfere with his great preoccupation, the theater, which kept him wandering about Italy from city to city and composing plays. He settled in Pisa in 1744 and for three years proved an ability to make a success of the practice of law. But the call of the theater and the great demand for plays turned him again to his writing. From 1748 to 1762 he wrote a great number of dramas, some of which suffered somewhat from hasty composition. He encountered much opposition among the literary critics of his own country, and, being a reluctant controversialist, he accepted an invitation in 1762 to write for the stage in Paris. Here he was not successful, for he found that in Paris as in Italy he must compose in the old style. He managed, however, to work out a number of pleasing fantasies in the manner later adopted by Beaumarchais and Sardou. But in general he found Paris slow to take up anything new; and he was about to quit the city when he received a position as teacher of Italian to the royal princesses. He still contributed to the theater, supported during the latter part of his life by a small pension. In 1787 he composed his *Mémoires*, and in 1793 he died, without having returned to his native land.

Goldoni followed the tendencies of his time in his preoccupation with subjects of moral edification; but his method of inculcating morals, based as it was upon the presentation of the good, heavily burdened his art. Forgetting that the ill may be more instructive than the good, he resorted to positive instruction and frequently loaded up his dialogue with preaching. In general, however, he strove for greater realism than had been customary among dramatists of his time, and his pictures of middle-class life are admirable for their simplicity and naturalness. He excelled especially in the comedy of character in its outward manifestations, depicting this outward life with an enthusiasm and a freshness of color and delicacy of touch that make him an inimitable painter of manners. In form he aimed to strip his dramas of the numerous complications of plot that had cluttered up the stage and confused action, and turned all his efforts toward clarity and naturalness. He has been called the "Italian Molière."

The present translation is that of Helen Zimmern in *The Comedies of Goldoni*, London, David Stott, 1892.

A CURIOUS MISHAP

CHARACTERS

PHILIBERT, *a rich Dutch merchant.*

GIANNINA, *his daughter.*

RICCARDO, *a broker.*

COSTANZA, *his daughter.*

DE LA COTTERIE, *a French lieutenant.*

MARIANNA, *Mademoiselle Giannina's servant.*

GASCOIGNE, *De la Cotterie's servant.*

The Scene is at the Hague, in the house of PHILIBERT.

ACT I

SCENE I

GASCOIGNE, *packing his master's trunk. Enter MARIANNA.*

MAR. May I wish good-morning to 20 Monsieur Gascoigne?

GAS. Yes, my sweet Marianna, I thank you for your good-morning, but good-night would be more agreeable to me from your lips.

MAR. From what I see, I should rather wish you a pleasant journey.

GAS. Oh, my precious jewel, such a melancholy departure must be followed by a most doleful journey!

MAR. Then you are sorry to go?

GAS. How can you doubt it? After having enjoyed your delightful society for six months, can I leave you without the deepest sorrow?

MAR. And who forces you to do what is so disagreeable?

GAS. Do you not know? My master.

MAR. Masters are not wanting at the Hague, and you can easily find one who 40 will give you better wages than a poor French officer, a prisoner of war, and a man in every way roughly used by fortune.

GAS. Pardon me, such language does not become so good a girl as you are. I 45 have for many years had the honour of serving my excellent master; his father, I may say, recommended me to him; I have attended him in the war, and have not shunned danger to show my fidelity. 50 He is poor, but never man had a better heart. Were he promoted, I am sure I should share his good fortune. Would you

desire me to abandon him, and let him return to France without me?

MAR. You speak like the worthy fellow you are; but I cannot conceal my affection for you.

GAS. Dear Marianna, I am as much distressed as you are, but I hope to see you again, and then to be able to say, Here I am, I can support you, and, if you wish it, 10 I am yours.

MAR. Heaven grant it! But why is the Lieutenant in such haste to depart? My master is fond of his company, and I think the daughter not less so than the 15 father.

GAS. Too true; and that is his reason for going.

MAR. What! does he dislike people to be fond of him?

GAS. Ah, my Marianna, my poor master is desperately in love with your young mistress; he leads the most wretched life in the world; he knows their love for each other is increasing every day, and, as they 25 can no longer hide it, he fears for himself, and for Mademoiselle Giannina. Your master is rich, and mine is poor. Monsieur Philibert has this only daughter, and will not give her to a younger son, a soldier; one, in short, who would have to 30 live on her means. The Lieutenant, though poor, is a man of honour; he respects the obligations of hospitality, of friendship, of good faith; he fears he may be overcome 35 and seduced by love, and that he in turn may seduce his mistress from her duty. This being the case, he does violence to his feelings, sacrifices love to principle, and is resolved to go.

MAR. I admire his heroic conduct, but could not imitate it.

GAS. We must exert self-control.

MAR. You can do so more easily than I.

GAS. Indeed, a man's resolution is stronger than a woman's.

MAR. Say rather his affections are weaker.

GAS. So far as regards me, you are 50 wrong.

MAR. I look at acts, not words.

GAS. What can I do to convince you of my love?

MAR. Monsieur Gascoigne does not need me for a teacher.

GAS. Do you wish me to marry you before I go?

MAR. That would, indeed, remove all doubt.

GAS. But then I should have to leave you.

MAR. And could you have the heart to abandon me?

GAS. Oh, you might go with me!

MAR. That would be much better.

GAS. To encounter so many hardships?

MAR. In truth, that would not suit me so well.

GAS. Should I remain here with you, would that satisfy you?

MAR. Perfectly.

GAS. For how long?

MAR. A year at least.

GAS. And after a year, would you let me go?

MAR. Yes, a year after our marriage, if you found it easy to do so.

GAS. I daresay you would let me go 25 after a month.

MAR. I know better.

GAS. I am sure of it.

MAR. Let us try.

GAS. My master is coming; another 30 time we will talk it over.

MAR. Ah, Monsieur Gascoigne, this conversation has unnerved me; do what you please, I trust to you. — (*Aside.*) Indeed, I know not what I say. (*Exit.*) 35

GAS. If I had not more sense than she, the folly would have been committed before now.

Enter DE LA COTTERIE.

DE LA COT. (*To himself.*) Oh, Heaven! how wretched I am! how unfortunate!

GAS. The trunk, sir, is packed.

DE LA COT. Ah, Gascoigne! I am in despair.

GAS. Alas! what misfortune has happened?

DE LA COT. The worst that could befall me.

GAS. Our troubles seldom come alone. 50

DE LA COT. Mine is alone, but so great that I cannot support it.

GAS. I suppose you allude to your love?

DE LA COT. Yes; but it has increased to such a degree that I have no longer firmness enough to resist it.

GAS. What if the lady is unconcerned at your departure, and does not love you as you imagine she does?

DE LA COT. On the contrary, she is more affectionate, and more devoted to me than ever. Oh, God! what will my 10 despair drive me to? I saw her weep.

GAS. Well, this is bad enough, but I thought it was something much worse.

DE LA COT. Inhuman! unfeeling! vile plebeian soul! can you imagine anything 15 worse in the world than the tears of a tender-hearted, distressed lady, who accuses me of cruelty, who makes my resolution waver, and puts to a severe trial my honour, my reputation, and my friend- 20 ship?

GAS. I am not conscious of deserving so harsh a reproof; this is a just recompense for ten years' service.

DE LA COT. Ah! put yourself in my place, and then, if you can, condemn my transports. My wounds, my blood, my being a prisoner of war, which prevents my promotion, the narrowness of my fortune, all appear nothing in comparison with the love which inflames my soul. The excellent principles of the young lady prevented her from assuring me that I possessed her heart, and in consequence I resolved to leave her. Ah! at the mo- 35 ment of taking leave, tears and sobs prevented her from speaking, and they proved her love was equal to mine. My wretchedness is extreme; my resolution seems barbarous; and now, frantic with love, reason 40 appears to desert me.

GAS. Take time, sir; remain here. Monsieur Philibert is the best man in the world; in Holland they pride themselves on their hospitality, and our host takes 45 the greatest interest in you, and in your health. You are not perfectly cured, and this is a good reason for not going.

DE LA COT. I will think over what you say; very little would change my determi-

nation.

GAS. With your leave I will at once unpack the trunk. (*Unpacking.*)

DE LA COT. (*Apart.*) What will they

say if I remain after having taken my leave?

GAS. (*Apart.*) Marianna will not be sorry for this.

DE LA COT. (*Apart.*) If I allege I am unwell, my sadness will make it appear so.

GAS. (*Apart.*) Nor indeed am I.

DE LA COT. But the longer I remain, the more my love increases; and what remedy can there be for it? what hope is there for my desperate passion?

GAS. Time accomplishes wonders. (*Still unpacking.*)

DE LA COT. How much better to meet death at once than to live in such torture!

GAS. My master will be obliged to me.

DE LA COT. What shall I do?

GAS. The trunk is unpacked, sir.

DE LA COT. Who told you to unpack it?

GAS. I said I was going to do it, and you did not forbid me.

DE LA COT. Blockhead! put up the clothes. I shall go.

GAS. Well, whatever happens, let them remain now.

DE LA COT. Do not make me angry.

GAS. I will put them up this evening.

DE LA COT. Do it at once, and order the post-horses at twelve o'clock.

GAS. And the tears of Mademoiselle?

DE LA COT. Wretch! have you the heart to torment me?

GAS. My poor master!

DE LA COT. Indeed, I am an object of compassion.

GAS. Let us stay.

DE LA COT. No.

GAS. Shall I pack up the things, then?

DE LA COT. Yes.

GAS. How I pity him! (*Putting the clothes in the trunk.*)

DE LA COT. Can I leave this house without seeing her again?

GAS. While he continues in this state of mind, we shall never be done.

DE LA COT. By leaving her, I fear my love will not leave me.

GAS. Alas, poor master! (*Looking out.*) What do I see?

DE LA COT. What is the matter? Why do you stop?

GAS. I am going on, sir.

DE LA COT. You are confused?

GAS. A little.

DE LA COT. What are you looking at?

GAS. Nothing.

DE LA COT. Oh, Heaven! Mademoiselle Giannina! What an encounter! What do you advise me to do?

GAS. I do not know; any course is dangerous.

DE LA COT. Do not leave me.

GAS. I will not.

DE LA COT. I will go away.

GAS. As you please.

DE LA COT. I cannot.

GAS. I pity you.

DE LA COT. Why does she stop? Why does she not come in?

GAS. She is afraid of disturbing you.

DE LA COT. No; it is because you are here.

GAS. Then I will go. (*Going.*)

DE LA COT. Stay.

GAS. I will remain, then.

DE LA COT. Have you the snuff-box?

GAS. I will go for it. (*Exit.*)

DE LA COT. Hear me! where are you going? Poor me! Gascoigne! (*Calls.*)

Enter GIANNINA.

GIAN. Are you in want of anything?

DE LA COT. Excuse me, I want my servant.

GIAN. If yours is not here, there are

others. Do you want any one?

DE LA COT. No, I thank you; my trunk must be packed up.

GIAN. And are you disturbed in this manner about so trifling an affair? do you fear there will not be time? Perhaps you are already expecting horses? If the air of this country is not favourable to your health, or rather if you are tired of us, I will myself hasten forward your departure.

DE LA COT. Mademoiselle, have compassion on me; do not add to my suffering.

GIAN. If I knew the cause of your suffering, instead of increasing, I would endeavour to diminish it.

DE LA COT. Seek the cause in yourself; there is no need for me to tell you.

GIAN. Then you go away on my account?

DE LA COT. Yes, it is on your account that I am compelled to hasten my departure.

GIAN. Have I become so odious in your sight?

DE LA COT. Oh, Heaven! you never appeared to me so lovely; your eyes never beamed with so much tenderness.

GIAN. Ah, were this true, you would not be so anxious to go.

DE LA COT. If I loved only the beauty of your person, I should yield to the strength of my attachment, which bids me stay with you; but I love you for your virtues; I see your peace of mind is in danger, and, in return for the kindness you have shown me, I mean to sacrifice the dearest hopes of my life.

GIAN. I do not believe you have so little resolution as not to be able to control your passion, and you do me injustice if you think I cannot resist the inclinations of my heart. I own my love for you without a blush: this virtuous love, I feel, will never leave me, and I cannot persuade myself a man is less able than I am to sustain with glory the conflict of his passions. I can love you without danger; it is happiness enough for me to see you. You, on the contrary, by determining to depart, go in quest of more easy enjoyment, and show that your obstinacy prevails over your love. It is said hope always comforts the lover. He who will not use the means proves he cares but little for the end, and, if you go, you will still suffer the tortures of disappointed desire; you will act either with culpable weakness, or unfeeling indifference. Whatever cause hurries you away, go, proud of your resolution, but be at least ashamed of your cruelty.

DE LA COT. Ah, no, Mademoiselle! do not tax me with ingratitude, do not accuse me of cruelty. I thought, by my departure, to do you an act of kindness. If I am wrong, pardon me. If you command it, I will remain.

GIAN. No; my commands shall never control your inclination; follow the dictates of your own heart.

DE LA COT. My heart tells me to remain.

GIAN. Then obey it without fear, and,

if your courage does not fail, rely on my constancy.

DE LA COT. What will your father say to my change of mind?

5 GIAN. He is almost as much grieved at your departure as I am; he is not satisfied about your recovery; and whether it is the consequence of your wound, or of mental affliction, the surgeons do not believe your health is re-established, and my father thinks it too soon for you to undertake the journey. He loves and esteems you, and would be much pleased at your remaining.

15 DE LA COT. Has he any suspicion of my love for you? and that it is mutual?

GIAN. Our conduct has given him no cause for suspicion.

DE LA COT. Can it be possible it has never passed through his mind that I, an open, frank man, and a soldier, might be captivated by the beauty and merit of his daughter?

GIAN. A man like my father is not inclined to suspicion; the cordiality with which he received you as a guest in his family assures him he may rely on the correct conduct of an officer of honour; and his knowledge of my disposition makes him perfectly easy: he does not deceive himself in regard to either of us. A tender passion has arisen in our hearts, but we will neither depart from the laws of virtue, nor violate his confidence.

DE LA COT. Is there no hope his goodness may make him agree to our marriage?

GIAN. My hope is that in time it will; the obstacles do not arise from motives of interest, but from the customs of our nation. Were you a merchant of Holland, poor, with only moderate expectations, you would immediately obtain my hand, and a hundred thousand florins for an establishment; but an officer, who is a younger son, is considered among us as a wretched match, and were my father inclined to give his consent, he would incur the severe censure of his relations, his friends, and indeed of the public.

50 DE LA COT. But I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of being in a better condition.

GIAN. In the course of time circum-

stances may occur that may prove favourable to our union.

DE LA COT. Do you reckon among these the death of your father?

GIAN. Heaven grant that the day may be distant! but then I should be my own mistress.

DE LA COT. And do you wish me to remain in your house as long as he lives?

GIAN. No, Lieutenant; stay here as long as your convenience permits, but do not appear so anxious to go while there are good reasons for your remaining. Our hopes do not depend on the death of my father, but I have reasons to flatter myself our attachment in the end may be rewarded. Our love we must not relinquish, but avail ourselves of every advantage that occasion may offer.

DE LA COT. Adorable Giannina, how much am I indebted to your kindness! Dispose of me as you please; I am entirely yours; I will not go unless you order me to do so. Persuade your father to bear with my presence, and be certain that no place on earth is so agreeable to me as this.

GIAN. I have only one request to make.

DE LA COT. May you not command?

GIAN. Have regard for one defect which is common to lovers; — do not, I entreat you, give me any cause for jealousy.

DE LA COT. Am I capable of doing so?

GIAN. I will tell you. Mademoiselle Costanza, in the last few days, has visited our house more frequently than usual; her eyes look tenderly on you, and she manifests rather too much sympathy for your misfortunes. You are of a gentle disposition, and, to own the truth, I sometimes feel uneasy.

DE LA COT. Henceforth I will use the greatest caution, that she may indulge no hopes, and that you may be at ease.

GIAN. But so conduct yourself, that neither my jealousy nor your love for me shall be remarked.

DE LA COT. Ah, would to Heaven, Mademoiselle, our troubles were at an end!

GIAN. We must bear them, to deserve good fortune.

DE LA COT. Yes, dearest, I bear all with this delightful hope. Permit me

now to inquire for my servant, to get him to countermand the horses.

GIAN. Were they ordered?

DE LA COT. Yes, indeed.

GIAN. Unkind one!

DE LA COT. Pardon me.

GIAN. Let the order be countermanded before my father knows it.

DE LA COT. My hope and my comfort! may Heaven be propitious to our wishes, and reward true love and virtuous constancy. *(Exit.)*

GIAN. I never could have believed it possible for me to be brought to such a step; that I should, of my own accord, use language and contrive means to detain him. But unless I had done so, in a moment he would have been gone, and I should have died immediately afterwards. But here comes my father; I am sorry he finds me in our visitor's room. Thank Heaven, the Lieutenant is gone out! All appearance of sorrow must vanish from my face.

Enter PHILIBERT.

PHIL. My daughter, what are you doing in this room?

GIAN. Curiosity, sir, brought me here.

PHIL. And what excites your curiosity?

GIAN. To see a master who understands nothing of such things, and an awkward servant endeavouring to pack up a trunk.

PHIL. Do you know when he goes away?

GIAN. He intended going this morning, but, in walking across the room, his legs trembled so, that I fear he will not stand the journey.

PHIL. I think his present disease has deeper roots than his wound.

GIAN. Yet only one hurt has been discovered by the surgeons.

PHIL. Oh, there are wounds which they know nothing of.

GIAN. Every wound, however slight, makes its mark.

PHIL. Eh! there are weapons that give an inward wound.

GIAN. Without breaking the skin?

PHIL. Certainly.

GIAN. How do these wounds enter?

PHIL. By the eyes, the ears, the touch.

GIAN. You must mean by the percussion of the air.

PHIL. Air! no, I mean flame.

GIAN. Indeed, sir, I do not comprehend you.

PHIL. You do not choose to comprehend me.

GIAN. Do you think I have any mischievous design in my head?

PHIL. No; I think you a good girl, wise, prudent, who knows what the officer suffers from, and who, from a sense of propriety, appears not to know it.

GIAN. (*Aside.*) Poor me! his manner of talking alarms me.

PHIL. Giannina, you seem to me to blush.

GIAN. What you say, sir, of necessity makes me blush. I now begin to understand something of the mysterious wound of which you speak; but, be it as it may, I know neither his disease nor the remedy.

PHIL. My daughter, let us speak plainly. Monsieur de la Cotterie was perfectly cured a month after he arrived here; he was apparently in health, ate heartily, and began to recover his strength; he had a good complexion, and was the delight of our table and our circle. By degrees he grew sad, lost his appetite, became thin, and his gaiety was changed to sighs. I am something of a philosopher, and suspect his disease is more of the mind than of the body, and, to speak still more plainly, I believe he is in love.

GIAN. It may be as you say; but I think, were he in love, he would not be leaving.

PHIL. Here again my philosophy explains everything. Suppose, by chance, the young lady of whom he is enamoured were rich, dependent on her father, and could not encourage his hopes; would it be strange if despair counselled him to leave her?

GIAN. (*Aside.*) He seems to know all.

PHIL. And this tremor of the limbs, occurring just as he is to set out, must, I should say, viewed philosophically, arise from the conflict of two opposing passions.

GIAN. (*Aside.*) I could imprecate his philosophy!

PHIL. In short, the benevolence of my character, hospitality, to which my heart is much inclined, humanity itself, which causes me to desire the good of my neighbours, all cause me to interest myself in him; but I would not wish my daughter to have any share in this disease.

GIAN. Ah, you make me laugh! Do I look thin and pale? am I melancholy? What says your philosophy to the external signs of my countenance and of my cheerfulness?

PHIL. I am suspended between two opinions: you have either the power of self-control, or are practising deception.

GIAN. Have you ever found me capable of deception?

PHIL. Never, and for that reason I cannot believe it now.

GIAN. You have determined in your own mind that the officer is in love, which is very likely; but I am not the only person he may be suspected of loving.

PHIL. As the Lieutenant leaves our house so seldom, it is fair to infer his disease had its origin here.

GIAN. There are many handsome young ladies who visit us, and one of them may be his choice.

PHIL. Very true; and, as you are with them, and do not want wit and observation, you ought to know exactly how it is, and to relieve me from all suspicion.

GIAN. But if I have promised not to speak of it?

PHIL. A father should be excepted from such a promise.

GIAN. Yes, certainly, especially if silence can cause him any pain.

PHIL. Come, then, my good girl, let us hear. — (*Aside.*) I am sorry I suspected her.

GIAN. (*Aside.*) I find myself obliged to deceive him. — Do you know, sir, that poor Monsieur de la Cotterie loves to madness Mademoiselle Costanza?

PHIL. What! the daughter of Monsieur Riccardo?

GIAN. The same.

PHIL. And does the girl return his affection?

GIAN. With the greatest possible ardour.

PHIL. And what obstacle prevents the accomplishment of their wishes?

GIAN. Why, the father of the girl will hardly consent to give her to an officer who is not in a condition to maintain her respectably.

PHIL. A curious obstacle, truly. And who is this Monsieur Riccardo, that he has such rigorous maxims? He is nothing but a broker, sprung from the mud, grown rich amid the execrations of the people. Does he think to rank himself among the merchants of Holland? A marriage with an officer would be an honour to his daughter, and he could not better dispose of his ill-got wealth.

GIAN. It seems, then, if you were a broker, you would not refuse him your daughter?

PHIL. Assuredly not.

GIAN. But, being a Dutch merchant, the match does not suit you?

PHIL. No, certainly not; not at all — you know it very well.

GIAN. So I thought.

PHIL. I must interest myself in behalf of Monsieur de la Cotterie.

GIAN. In what manner, sir?

PHIL. By persuading Monsieur Riccardo to give him his daughter.

GIAN. I would not advise you to meddle in the affair.

PHIL. Let us hear what the Lieutenant will say.

GIAN. Yes, you should hear him first. — (*Aside.*) I must give him warning beforehand.

PHIL. Do you think he will set out on his journey immediately?

GIAN. I know he has already ordered his horses.

PHIL. I will send directly to see.

GIAN. I will go myself, sir. — (*Aside.*) I must take care not to make matters worse.

PHIL. (*Alone.*) I feel I have done injustice to my daughter in distrusting her; it is a happiness to me to be again certain of her sincerity. There may be some concealed deception in her words, but I will not believe her so artful; she is the daughter of a man who loves truth, and never departs from it, even in jest. Every-

thing she tells me is quite reasonable: the officer may be in love with Mademoiselle Costanza; the absurd pride of the father considers the match as far below what his daughter is entitled to. I will, if possible, bring about the marriage by my mediation. On the one hand, we have nobility reduced in circumstances; on the other, a little accidental wealth; these fairly balance one another, and each party will find the alliance advantageous.

Enter MARIANNA.

MAR. Isn't my mistress here, sir?

PHIL. She is just gone.

MAR. By your leave. (*Going.*)

PHIL. Why are you in such haste?

MAR. I am going to find my mistress.

PHIL. Have you anything of consequence to say to her?

MAR. A lady has asked for her.

PHIL. Who is she?

MAR. Mademoiselle Costanza.

PHIL. Oh! is Mademoiselle Costanza here?

MAR. Yes; and I suspect, by her coming at this unusual hour, that it is something extraordinary that brings her here.

PHIL. I know what this extraordinary something is. (*Smiling.*) Say to Mademoiselle Costanza, that, before going to my daughter's room, I will thank her to let me see her here.

MAR. You shall be obeyed, sir.

PHIL. Is the officer in?

MAR. No, sir, he is gone out.

PHIL. As soon as he returns, ask him to come to me in this room.

MAR. Yes, sir. Do you think he will go away to-day?

PHIL. I am sure he will not.

MAR. Indeed, his health is so bad, that it would be dangerous for him to proceed on his journey.

PHIL. He shall remain with us, and he shall get well.

MAR. My dear master, you alone have the power of restoring him to health.

PHIL. I? How! do you know what is the Lieutenant's disease?

MAR. I know it; but do you, sir?

PHIL. I know everything.

MAR. Who told you?

PHIL. My daughter.

MAR. Indeed! (*With an expression of surprise.*)

PHIL. Why are you surprised? Would not my daughter be wrong to conceal the truth from her father?

MAR. Certainly; she has acted most wisely.

PHIL. Now we can find the remedy.

MAR. In truth, it is an honourable love.

PHIL. Most honourable.

MAR. The Lieutenant is an excellent young man.

PHIL. Most excellent.

MAR. It is his only misfortune that he is not rich.

PHIL. A handsome fortune with his wife would indeed make his situation more comfortable.

MAR. If the father is satisfied, no one has a right to complain.

PHIL. A father with an only child, when he finds an opportunity of marrying her respectably, ought to be pleased to avail himself of it.

MAR. May God bless you! these are sentiments worthy of so good a man. I am delighted both for the officer and the young lady. — (*Aside.*) And not less so for myself, as my beloved Gascoigne may now remain with me. (*Exit.*)

Enter MADemoiselle COSTANZA.

PHIL. (*To himself.*) Good actions deserve praise, and every person of sense will approve of what I am doing.

COST. Here I am, sir, at your commands.

PHIL. Ah, Mademoiselle Costanza! it gives me great pleasure to see you.

COST. You are very kind.

PHIL. I am gratified at your friendship for my daughter.

COST. She deserves it, and I love her with all my heart.

PHIL. Ah, do not say with all your heart!

COST. Why not? are you not convinced I love her sincerely?

PHIL. Sincerely, I believe, but not with all your heart.

COST. Why should you doubt it?

PHIL. Because, if you loved my daughter with all your heart, there would be none of it left for any one else.

COST. You make me laugh; and who should have a part of it?

PHIL. Ah, Mademoiselle, we understand!

COST. Indeed, I do not understand.

PHIL. Now let us dismiss Lady Modesty, and introduce Lady Sincerity.

COST. (*Aside.*) I cannot discover what he is aiming at.

PHIL. Tell me, have you come on purpose to visit my daughter?

COST. Yes, sir.

PHIL. No, Mademoiselle.

COST. For what, then?

PHIL. Know I am an astrologer. I am visited by a certain spirit that tells me everything, and hence I have learnt this: Mademoiselle Costanza has come not to visit those who stay, but those who go away.

COST. (*Aside.*) I suspect there is some truth in what the spirit says.

PHIL. What! are you puzzled how to answer?

COST. I will answer you frankly: if I have come to show civility to your guest, I do not perceive I deserve reproof.

PHIL. Reproof! on the contrary, praise; acts of civility ought not to be omitted — especially when dictated by a more tender feeling.

COST. You seem to be in a humour for jesting this morning.

PHIL. And you seem to be out of spirits; but I lay a wager I can cheer you up.

COST. Indeed?

PHIL. Without fail.

COST. And how?

PHIL. With two words.

COST. And what are those fine words?

PHIL. You shall hear them. Come this way — a little nearer. The Lieutenant is not going away. Does not your heart leap at this unexpected news?

COST. For mercy's sake! Monsieur Philibert, do you believe me in love?

PHIL. Say no, if you can.

COST. No; I can say it.

PHIL. Swear to it.

COST. Oh, I will not swear for such a trifle.

PHIL. You wish to hide the truth from me, as if I had not the power of serving you, or was unwilling to do so, and of serving the poor young man too, who is so unhappy.

COST. Unhappy, for what?

PHIL. On account of you.

COST. On account of me?

PHIL. Yes, you; we are in the dark, so that his love for you is in a manner hidden, and every one does not know that his despair sends him away.

COST. Despair for what?

PHIL. Because your father, from pride and avarice, will not consent to give you to him: this, my girl, is the whole affair.

COST. It appears that you know more of it than I do.

PHIL. You know, and do not choose to know. I make allowance for your modesty; but when a gentleman speaks to you, when a man of my character exerts himself in your behalf, you ought to lay aside modesty and open your heart freely.

COST. You take me so by surprise, I am embarrassed what answer to make.

PHIL. Let us end this conversation. Tell me, like an honest girl as you are, do you not love Monsieur de la Cotterie?

COST. You force me to own it.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Thank Heaven! so my daughter spoke the truth. — And he loves you with an equal affection.

COST. Of that, sir, I know nothing.

PHIL. If you do not know it, I tell you so; he loves you to perdition.

COST. (*Aside.*) Can it be possible? and he has never declared it to me!

PHIL. And I have undertaken to persuade your father.

COST. But does my father know I am in love with the officer?

PHIL. He certainly ought to know.

COST. He has never mentioned it to me.

PHIL. Oh, your father will soon come and talk with you on the subject.

COST. He has never objected to my coming here, where I meet the officer.

PHIL. He knows that you are visiting in an honourable house; no greater liberty

would be allowed you here than is proper for a modest young lady. In a word, are you willing that I should manage the affair?

COST. Entirely willing.

PHIL. Bravo! this is enough; and what would it avail you to deny with your lips what your looks proclaim? the flame that burns in your heart sparkles in your eyes.

COST. You have a most penetrating glance.

PHIL. Ah, here comes the officer.

COST. By your leave, sir.

PHIL. Where are you going?

COST. To Mademoiselle Giannina.

PHIL. Remain here, if you will.

COST. Oh no, sir, excuse me — your servant. — (*Aside.*) I am overjoyed! I know not in what world I am! (*Exit.*)

PHILIBERT, *alone.*

PHIL. How amusing these girls are! Boldness and modesty are mingled in so strange a manner, that it is a pleasure to observe them. Here is an instance of love to devotion, and if it succeeds it will be owing to my daughter's intervention.

Enter DE LA COTTERIE.

DE LA COT. They told me, sir, that you asked for me.

PHIL. Have you seen Mademoiselle Giannina?

DE LA COT. No, sir, I have not seen her.

PHIL. I am sorry that you appear so melancholy.

DE LA COT. One whose health is bad cannot be expected to look cheerful.

PHIL. Do you not know I am a physician, and have the skill to cure you?

DE LA COT. I did not know that you were skilled in the medical art.

PHIL. Well, my friend, capacities often exist where they are not suspected.

DE LA COT. Why, then, have you not prescribed for me before now?

PHIL. Because I did not sooner know the nature of your disease.

DE LA COT. Do you think you know it now?

PHIL. Yes, certainly — indubitably.

DE LA COT. If you are learned in the

medical art, sir, you know much better than I do how fallacious and how little to be relied on are all the symptoms that seem to indicate the causes of disease.

PHIL. The indications of your disease are so infallible, that I am confident there is no mistake, and on condition that you trust to my friendship, you shall soon have reason to be content.

DE LA COT. And by what process do you propose to cure me?

PHIL. My first prescription shall be for you to abandon all intention of going away, and to take the benefit of this air, which will speedily restore you to health.

DE LA COT. On the contrary, I fear this air is most injurious to me.

PHIL. Do you not know that even from hemlock a most salutary medicine is extracted?

DE LA COT. I am not ignorant of the late discoveries, but your allusion covers some mystery.

PHIL. No, my friend; so far as mystery is concerned, each of us is now acting his part; but let us speak without metaphor. Your disease arises from love, and you think to find a remedy by going away, whereas it is an act of mere desperation. You carry the arrow in your heart, and hope to be relieved; but the same hand which placed it there must draw it out.

DE LA COT. Your discourse, sir, is altogether new to me.

PHIL. Why pretend not to understand me! Speak to me as a friend who loves you, and takes the same interest in you as if you were his son. Consider: by dissembling you may destroy your happiness for ever. My attachment to you arises from a knowledge of your merit, and from your having spent several months with me; besides, I should be mortified for you to have contracted in my house an unhappy passion; and therefore I most zealously interfere in your favour, and am anxious to find a remedy for you.

DE LA COT. My dear friend, how have you discovered the origin of my unhappiness?

PHIL. Shall I say the truth? — my daughter revealed it to me.

DE LA COT. Heavens! had she the courage to disclose it?

PHIL. Yes, after a little persuasion she told me everything.

DE LA COT. Oh, by the friendship you possess for me, have pity on my love!

PHIL. I have pity on you; I know what human frailty is at your age, and the violence of passion.

DE LA COT. I confess I ought not to have encouraged my affection, and concealed it from such a friend.

PHIL. This is the only complaint I have to make. You have not treated me with that unreserved confidence which I think I was entitled to.

DE LA COT. I had not the courage.

PHIL. Well, Heaven be praised! There is yet time. I know the girl loves you, for she told me so herself.

DE LA COT. And what do you say to it, sir?

PHIL. I approve of the marriage.

DE LA COT. You overwhelm me with joy.

PHIL. You see I am the good physician who understands the disease and knows the remedy.

DE LA COT. I can hardly feel assured of this great happiness.

PHIL. Why not?

DE LA COT. I thought the narrowness of my fortune an insuperable obstacle.

PHIL. Family and merit on your side are equal to a rich dower on the other.

DE LA COT. Your kindness to me is unequalled.

PHIL. But my kindness has yet done nothing; now it shall be my endeavour to provide for your happiness.

DE LA COT. This will depend entirely on your own good heart.

PHIL. We must exert ourselves to overcome the difficulties.

DE LA COT. And what are the difficulties?

PHIL. The consent of the father of the girl.

DE LA COT. My friend, it seems you are making game of me; from the way you spoke just now, I thought all obstacles were removed.

PHIL. But I have not mentioned it to him yet.

DE LA COT. To whom have you not mentioned it?

PHIL. To the father of the girl.

DE LA COT. Oh, Heavens! and who is the father of the girl?

PHIL. Good! You do not know him? you do not know the father of Mademoiselle Costanza, that horrid savage, Monsieur Riccardo, who has grown rich by usury, and has no idol but his money?

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) I shall go mad! Thus end all my hopes.

PHIL. Riccardo does not visit at my house, you never go out, so it is not surprising you do not know him.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Ah! I am obliged to dissemble, not to disclose my love at a moment so unpropitious.

PHIL. But how did you know the father would not give you his daughter if you did not know him?

DE LA COT. I had reasons for thinking so, and for my despair there is no remedy.

PHIL. Am I not your physician?

DE LA COT. All your attention will be unavailing.

PHIL. Leave it to me; I will go immediately to find Monsieur Riccardo, and I flatter myself —

DE LA COT. No, sir, do not.

PHIL. It seems the prospect of success turns your head; just now you were all joy. Whence arises this sudden change?

DE LA COT. I am certain it will end unfortunately.

PHIL. Such despondency is unworthy of you, and unjust to me.

DE LA COT. Do not add to my unhappiness by your interference.

PHIL. Are you afraid the father will be obstinate? let me try.

DE LA COT. By no means; I am altogether opposed to it.

PHIL. And I am altogether for it, and will speak to him.

DE LA COT. I shall leave the Hague; I shall go in a few minutes.

PHIL. You will not treat me with so much incivility.

Enter GIANNINA.

GIAN. What, sirs, is the cause of this altercation?

PHIL. Monsieur de la Cotterie acts towards me with a degree of ingratitude that is anything but agreeable.

GIAN. Is it possible he can be capable of this?

DE LA COT. Ah, Mademoiselle, I am a most unfortunate man!

PHIL. I may say he does not know his own mind. He confessed his passion, and, when I offered to assist him, fell into transports; and then, when I promised to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle Costanza for him, he got furious, and threatened to go away.

GIAN. I am surprised the Lieutenant should still speak of leaving us.

DE LA COT. Would you have me stay and entertain such hopes? (*Ironically.*)

GIAN. I would have you stay, and entertain a mistress who loves you. With my father's permission, you shall hear what Mademoiselle Costanza has just said of you.

PHIL. May I not hear it?

GIAN. Impossible; my friend directed me to tell it to him alone.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I shall hear all from my daughter when we are by ourselves.

GIAN. (*Apart to DE LA COTTERIE.*) I have contrived to make my father believe you were in love with Mademoiselle Costanza. As you love me, say it is so, and talk no more of going away.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Oh, the strata-gems of love!

PHIL. Will you still persist in your obstinacy?

DE LA COT. Ah, no, sir; I rely on your kindness.

PHIL. Do you desire me to speak to Monsieur Riccardo?

DE LA COT. Do what you please.

PHIL. Are you still anxious to go?

DE LA COT. I promise you to remain

PHIL. (*Aside.*) What magic words have wrought this change? I am curious to hear them.

DE LA COT. Pardon, I pray you, my strange conduct.

PHIL. Willingly; the actions of lovers are often extravagant. Tell me, Giannina, is Mademoiselle Costanza gone?

GIAN. No, sir; she is waiting in my room.

PHIL. Go, Lieutenant, and keep her company for a little while.

DE LA COT. I would rather not, sir.

GIAN. Go, go. — (*Aside to DE LA COTTERIE.*) Listen! Wait for me in the antechamber; I will be there presently.

DE LA COT. I shall obey you, sir. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. (*Aside.*) The power of words! — 15 Well, what did you say to him?

GIAN. I told him to go to his mistress; that she expected him.

PHIL. But the first time you spoke to him?

GIAN. I said that Mademoiselle Costanza had hope she could persuade her father.

PHIL. Why did you not tell him so openly, before me?

GIAN. Things said in private often make the greatest impression.

PHIL. Perhaps so.

GIAN. By your leave. (*Going.*)

PHIL. Where are you going?

GIAN. To encourage this timid gentleman.

PHIL. Yes, by all means; I recommend him to you.

GIAN. Doubt not I shall take good care 35 of him. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. My girl has a good heart, and mine is like hers.

ACT II

SCENE I. *The chamber of MADEMOISELLE GIANNINA.*

MADemoISELLE COSTANZA, *alone, seated.*

COST. Who would ever have thought Monsieur de la Cotterie had such a liking for me? It is true he has always treated me with politeness, and been ready to converse with me; but I cannot say I have 50 observed any great signs of love. Now I have always loved him, but have not had courage enough to show it. I flatter my-

self he too loves me, and for the same reason conceals it; in truth a modest officer is a strange animal, and it is hard to believe in its existence. Monsieur Philibert must have reasons for what he says, and I am well pleased to think him not mistaken, especially as I have no evidence that he is so. Here comes my handsome soldier — but Mademoiselle Giannina is with him; she never permits us to be alone together for a moment. I have some suspicion she is my rival.

Enter MADEMOISELLE GIANNINA and DE LA COTTERIE.

GIAN. Keep your seat, Mademoiselle; excuse me for having left you alone for a little while. I know you will be kind enough to forgive me, and I bring some 20 one with me, who, I am sure, will secure your pardon.

COST. Though surely in your own house and with a real friend such ceremony is needless, your company is always agree- 25 able. I desire you will put yourself to no inconvenience.

GIAN. Do you hear, Lieutenant? You see we Dutch are not without wit.

DE LA COT. This is not the first time 30 I have observed it.

COST. Monsieur de la Cotterie is in a house that does honour to our country, and, if he admires ladies of wit, he need not go out of it.

GIAN. You are too polite, Mademoiselle.

COST. I simply do justice to merit.

GIAN. Let us not dispute about our merits, but rather leave it to the Lieu- 40 tenant to decide.

DE LA COT. If you wish a decision, you must choose a better judge.

GIAN. A partial one, indeed, cannot be a good judge.

COST. And to say nothing of partiality, he feels under obligations to you as the mistress of the house.

GIAN. Oh, in France, the preference is always given to the guest: is it not so, Lieutenant?

DE LA COT. It is no less the custom in Holland, than in my own country.

COST. That is to say, the greater the

merit, the greater the distinction with which they are treated.

GIAN. On that principle you would be treated with the most distinction.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) I shall get into 5 trouble if this conversation continues.

COST. By your leave, Mademoiselle.

GIAN. Why do you leave us so soon?

COST. I am engaged to my aunt; I promised to dine with her to-day, and it is 10 not amiss to go early.

GIAN. Oh, it is too early; your aunt is old, and you will perhaps still find her in bed.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Do not prevent 15 her from going.

GIAN. He begs me to detain you.

COST. I am overpowered by your politeness. (*Curtseying.*) — (*Aside.*) Her amusement is to torment me.

GIAN. (*To COSTANZA.*) What say you, my friend, have I not a good heart?

COST. I must praise your kindness to me.

GIAN. (*To DE LA COTTERIE.*) And do 25 please, you, too, own you are under obligations to me?

DE LA COT. Yes, certainly, I have reason to be grateful to you; you, who know my feelings, must be conscious of the 30 great favour you do me. (*Ironically.*)

GIAN. (*To COSTANZA.*) You hear him? he is delighted.

COST. My dear friend, as you have such a regard for me, and take so much 35 interest in him, allow me to speak freely to you. Your worthy father has told me a piece of news that overwhelms me with joy and surprise. If all he has told me be true, I pray you, Monsieur De la Cotterie, 40 to confirm it.

GIAN. This is just what I anticipated; but as your conversation cannot be brief, and your aunt expects you, had you not better defer it to another opportunity? 45

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Heaven grant I may not be still more involved!

COST. A few words are all I ask.

GIAN. Come, Lieutenant, take courage, and say all in a few words.

DE LA COT. Indeed, I have not the courage.

GIAN. No, my dear, it is impossible to

express in a few words the infinite things he has to say to you.

COST. It will be enough if he says but one word.

GIAN. And what is that?

COST. That he really loves me.

GIAN. Pardon me; the Lieutenant is too polite to speak of love to one young lady in the presence of another; but I can, by going away, give you an opportunity of conversing together, and so remove all obstacles to an explanation. (*Going.*)

DE LA COT. Stay, Mademoiselle!

COST. Yes, and mortify me no more. Be assured I should never have spoken with the boldness I have done, had you not led me to do so. I do not comprehend your meaning; there is an inconsistency in your conduct; but, be it as it may, 20 time will bring the truth to light. And now permit me to take leave.

GIAN. My dear friend, pardon my inattention to you on first coming. You are mistress to go or remain as you

Enter PHILIBERT.

PHIL. What delightful company! But why are you on your feet? why do you not sit down?

GIAN. Costanza is just going.

PHIL. (*To COSTANZA.*) Why so soon?

GIAN. Her aunt expects her.

PHIL. No, my dear young lady, do me the favour to remain; we may want you, and in affairs of this kind moments are often precious. I have sent to your father, to say I desire to have a conversation with him; I am certain he will come. We will have a private interview, and, however little he may be inclined to give his consent, I shall press him so as not to leave him time to repent; if we agree, I will call you both immediately into my room.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Our situation is becoming more critical every moment.

PHIL. (*To DE LA COTTERIE.*) You seem to me to be agitated.

GIAN. It is the excess of joy.

PHIL. (*To COSTANZA.*) And what effect has hope on you?

COST. I have more fear than hope.

PHIL. Rely on me. For the present,

be content to remain here; and, as we do not know exactly when your father will come, stay to dinner with us.

GIAN. She cannot stay, sir.

PHIL. Why not?

GIAN. Because she promised her aunt to dine with her to-day.

COST. (*Aside.*) I see she does not wish me to remain.

PHIL. The aunt who expects you is 10 your father's sister?

COST. Yes, sir.

PHIL. I know her; she is my particular friend. Leave it to me. I will get you released from the engagement, and, as soon 15 as Monsieur Riccardo comes here, I will send word to her where you are, and she will be satisfied.

COST. I am grateful, Monsieur Philibert, for your great kindness; permit me 20 for a moment to see my aunt, who is not well. I will soon return, and avail myself of your politeness.

PHIL. Very well; come back quickly.

COST. Good-morning to you; you will 25 soon see me again.

GIAN. Good-bye. — (*Aside.*) If she does not come back I shall not break my heart.

PHIL. Adieu, my dear. — One moment. 30 Lieutenant, for a man who has been in the wars, you do not seem quite as much at your ease as you should be.

COST. Why do you say so, sir?

PHIL. Because you are letting Made- 35 moiselle go away without taking notice of her — without one word of civility.

COST. Indeed, he has said but few.

DE LA COT. (*To PHILIBERT.*) I ought not to abuse the privilege you have given 40 me.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I understand. — Giannina, a word with you.

GIAN. Yes, sir?

PHIL. (*Aside to GIANNINA.*) It is not 45 right for a young lady to thrust herself between two lovers in this manner; on account of you, they cannot speak two words to each other.

GIAN. (*To PHILIBERT.*) They spoke 50 in whispers together.

PHIL. (*To DE LA COTTERIE.*) Well, if you have anything to say to her —

DE LA COT. There will be time enough, sir.

PHIL. (*To GIANNINA.*) Attend to me.

COST. (*Aside to DE LA COTTERIE.*) At 5 least assure me of your affection.

DE LA COT. (*Aside to COSTANZA.*) Excuse me, Mademoiselle. (*GIANNINA coughs aloud.*) (*Aside.*) I am exceedingly embarrassed.

COST. (*Loud enough for all to hear.*) Is it possible you will not say once that you love me?

GIAN. (*To COSTANZA, with asperity.*) How many times do you want him to tell you so? Did he not say so before me?

PHIL. (*To GIANNINA, with asperity.*) No meddling, I tell you.

COST. Do not disturb yourself, Mademoiselle; to see clearly here is not easy. I wish you all a good-morning. Adieu, Lieutenant. — (*Aside.*) He is worried by this troublesome girl. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. (*To GIANNINA.*) I am not pleased with your ways.

GIAN. My dear father, let me amuse myself a little. I, who am so free from love, like sometimes to vex these lovers. As it was I who discovered their passion for each other, they are under obligations to me for their approaching happiness; hence they may pardon my jokes.

PHIL. You girls are the devil! but the time will come, my daughter, when you will know how trying to lovers are these little teasing ways. You are now old enough, and the first good offer that presents itself, be prepared to accept it. What says Monsieur de la Cotterie! Am I not right?

DE LA COT. Quite right.

GIAN. Monsieur Quite Right, that is for me to decide, not for you.

PHIL. Are you averse to being married?

GIAN. If I could find a husband to my 55 taste —

PHIL. I shall be pleased if he is to your taste — to mine he certainly must be; the fortune I intend for you will make you equal to the best match in Holland.

GIAN. The father of Mademoiselle Costanza says the same.

PHIL. Do you compare Monsieur Riccardo with me? or do you compare your-

self to the daughter of a broker? You vex me when you talk so. I will hear no more.

GIAN. But I do not say —

PHIL. I'll hear no more. (*Exit.*)

DE LA COT. Ah, my Giannina, our affairs are worse than ever. How much better not to have taken such a step!

GIAN. Who could have foreseen my father would involve himself as he has done?

DE LA COT. I see no remedy but my 10 immediate departure.

GIAN. Such weakness I did not expect.

DE LA COT. Then I may be forced to marry Mademoiselle Costanza.

GIAN. Do so, if you have the heart.

DE LA COT. Or shall the whole mystery be explained?

GIAN. It would be a most unhandsome act, to expose me to the shame of having contrived such a deception.

DE LA COT. Then do you suggest some plan.

GIAN. All I can say is this: think no more of going away. As to marrying Mademoiselle Costanza, it is absurd; to 25 discover our plot preposterous. Resolve, then, on some plan to secure at the same time our love, our reputation, and our happiness. (*Exit.*)

DE LA COT. Excellent advice! but 30 among so many things not to be done, where shall we find what is to be done? Alas! nothing remains but absolute despair. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II

Enter MONSIEUR PHILIBERT, alone.

PHIL. I can never believe Monsieur Riccardo refuses to come here; he knows 40 who I am, and that it is to his interest not to offend one who can do him either good or harm. He must remember I lent him ten thousand florins when he commenced business, but there are persons 45 who easily forget benefits, and regard neither friends nor relations, when they can no longer make use of them.

Enter MARIANNA.

MAR. If I do not interrupt you, Monsieur Philibert, I would say something to you.

PHIL. I am now at leisure.

MAR. I would speak to you of an affair of my own.

PHIL. Well, be quick, for I am expecting 5 company.

MAR. I will tell you in two words: with your permission, I would get married.

PHIL. Get married, then! much good may it do you!

MAR. But this is not all, sir. I am a poor girl, and have now lived ten years in your family; with what attention and fidelity I have served you, you know. I ask you, not for the value of the thing, 15 but as a mark of your favour, to make me a small present.

PHIL. Well, I will do something for you as a recompense for your faithful services. Have you found a husband?

MAR. Yes, sir.

PHIL. Bravo! I am glad of it. And you tell me of it after it is all arranged?

MAR. Pardon me, sir; I should not do so now, but accident has led me to an engagement with a young man of small means, which makes me come to you.

PHIL. I will lay a wager it is the servant of the officer with whom you are in love.

MAR. You are right, sir.

PHIL. And are you willing to travel all over the world with him?

MAR. I am in hopes he will live here, if his master marries, as they say —

PHIL. Yes, it is likely he will get married. 35

MAR. No one should know better than you, sir.

PHIL. I am most anxious to see him happy.

MAR. As that is the case, sir, I consider it as though it were already done.

PHIL. There may be difficulties in the way, but I hope to overcome them.

MAR. There are none, I think, on the 45 part of the young lady.

PHIL. No; she is much in love with him.

MAR. That is evident.

PHIL. And when do you propose to be 50 married?

MAR. If it please you, sir, at the same time my young lady is married.

PHIL. What young lady?

MAR. My mistress, your daughter.

PHIL. If you wait till then, you will have time enough.

MAR. Do you think her marriage will be long delayed?

PHIL. Good! Before talking of her marriage, the husband must be found.

MAR. Why, is there not a husband?

PHIL. A husband! not that I know of.

MAR. You do not know?

PHIL. Poor me! I know nothing of it. Tell me what you know, and do not hide the truth.

MAR. You astonish me! Is she not to marry Monsieur de la Cotterie? Did you 15 not tell me so yourself, and that you were pleased at it?

PHIL. Blockhead! Did you suppose I would give my daughter to a soldier — the younger son of a poor family? to one 20 who has not the means of supporting her in the way she has been accustomed to from her birth?

MAR. Did you not say just now that Monsieur de la Cotterie was about to be 25 married, and that you were most anxious for his happiness?

PHIL. To be sure I did.

MAR. And, pray, whom is he to marry, if not Mademoiselle Giannina?

PHIL. Blockhead! Are there no girls at the Hague but her?

MAR. He visits at no other house.

PHIL. And does nobody come here?

MAR. I do not perceive that he pays 35 attention to any one but my young mistress.

PHIL. Blockhead! Don't you know Mademoiselle Costanza?

MAR. A blockhead cannot know every- 40 thing.

PHIL. Has my daughter made you her confidant?

MAR. She always speaks of the officer with the greatest esteem, and expresses 45 much pity for him.

PHIL. And did you believe her pity proceeded from love?

MAR. I did.

PHIL. Blockhead!

MAR. I know, too, he wanted to go away, because he was in despair —

PHIL. Well?

MAR. Fearing her father would not give his consent.

PHIL. Excellent!

MAR. And are you not that father?

5 PHIL. Are there no other fathers?

MAR. You gave me to understand they were to be married.

PHIL. How absurd is your obstinacy!

MAR. I will venture my head I am 10 right.

PHIL. You should understand your mistress better, and respect her more than to think so.

MAR. Indeed, it is an honourable love.

PHIL. Begone directly!

MAR. I see no great harm in it.

PHIL. Here comes some one — Monsieur Riccardo. Go quickly.

MAR. You are too rough, sir.

PHIL. Blockhead!

MAR. We shall see who is the block- head, I or —

PHIL. You or I the blockhead?

MAR. I — or that man passing along the street. (Exit.)

PHIL. Impertinent! whether she gets married or not, she shall stay no longer in my house. To have such an opinion of my daughter! Giannina is not capable of 30 it; no, not capable.

Enter MONSIEUR RICCARDO.

RIC. Your servant, Monsieur Philibert.

PHIL. Good-day to you, Monsieur Riccardo. Excuse me if I have put you to any inconvenience.

RIC. Have you any commands for me?

PHIL. I wish to have some conversation with you. Pray be seated.

RIC. I can spare but a few moments.

PHIL. Are you much engaged just now?

RIC. Yes, indeed; among other things, I am harassed by a number of people about the case of the smugglers who have been arrested.

PHIL. I have heard of it. Are these poor people still in prison?

RIC. Yes; and I wish they may remain there until their house is utterly ruined.

PHIL. And have you the heart to bear the tears of their children?

RIC. Had they not the heart to violate the laws of the customs — to defraud the revenue? I wish I could catch them oftener; do you not know that smugglers on conviction pay all costs?

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Oh! his vile employment.

RIC. Well, what have you to say to me?

PHIL. Monsieur Riccardo, you have a 10 daughter to marry.

RIC. Yes, and a plague to me she is.

PHIL. Does her being in your house put you to any inconvenience?

RIC. No; but the thought of providing 15 for her when she marries does.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) How contemptible! — If she wishes to marry, you must provide for her.

RIC. I shall do so; I shall be obliged 20 to do so; but on one of two conditions: without a fortune, if she marries to please herself, — with one, if to please me.

PHIL. I have a proposal to make to you.

RIC. Let me hear it, but be quick.

PHIL. Do you know a certain French officer who is a guest in my house?

RIC. Do you propose him for my daughter?

PHIL. Say I did, would you have any objection?

RIC. An officer, and a Frenchman! He shall have my daughter neither with nor without a fortune.

PHIL. Are you, then, opposed to the French and the military?

RIC. Yes, to both equally; much more so if they are united in the same person. I hate the French, because they are not 40 friends to commerce and industry, as we are; they care for nothing but suppers, the theatre, and amusement. With soldiers I have no reason to be pleased: I know how much I lose by them. They 45 contend we contractors are obliged to maintain their infantry — their horse; and, when they are in quarters, they waste a whole arsenal full of money.

PHIL. The French officer of whom I 50 speak is an honourable man; he has no vice, and is moreover of a noble family.

RIC. Is he rich?

PHIL. He is a younger son.

RIC. If he is not rich, I value but little his nobility, and still less his profession.

5 PHIL. My dear friend, let us speak confidentially. A man like you, blessed with a large fortune, can never better employ fifty or sixty thousand florins, than by bestowing them on his daughter, when she marries so worthy a man.

RIC. On this occasion, I would not give ten livres.

PHIL. And to whom will you give your daughter?

RIC. If I am to dispose of so large a sum of money, I wish to place it in one of the best houses in Holland.

PHIL. You will never do so.

RIC. I shall never do so?

PHIL. No, never.

RIC. Why not?

PHIL. Because the respectable houses in Holland have no occasion to enrich themselves in this manner.

25 RIC. You esteem this French officer highly?

PHIL. Most highly.

RIC. Why not then give him your own daughter?

30 PHIL. Why not? Because — because I do not choose.

RIC. And I do not choose to give him mine.

PHIL. There is some difference between 35 you and me.

RIC. I do not perceive in what it consists.

PHIL. We know very well how you began.

RIC. But we do not know how you will end.

PHIL. Your language is too arrogant.

RIC. Were we not in your house, it should be stronger.

PHIL. I will let you know who I am.

RIC. I am not afraid of you.

PHIL. Go; we will speak of this again.

RIC. Yes, again. — (*Aside.*) If he ever falls into my hands — if I catch him in the least evasion of the revenue laws — I swear I will destroy him. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. A rascal! a brute without civility! an impertinent fellow!

Enter DE LA COTTERIE.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Their conference, ending in an altercation, makes me hope he has refused his daughter.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I am not I, if I do not let him see —

DE LA COT. Monsieur —

PHIL. An ill-tempered, worthless —

DE LA COT. Are these compliments intended for me, sir?

PHIL. Pardon me; I am carried away by my anger.

DE LA COT. Who has offended you?

PHIL. That insolent fellow, Monsieur 15
Riccardo.

DE LA COT. And has he refused his consent to the marriage?

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I am sorry I must bring this new trouble on the poor Lieu- 20
tenant.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) Heaven be praised! fortune at last aids me.

PHIL. My friend, never give way to resentment — to impatience of temper.

DE LA COT. Tell me the truth; does he refuse his daughter?

PHIL. A man in this world ought to be prepared for any event.

DE LA COT. I am impatient to hear 30
the truth.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Ah! if I tell him, he will drop down dead.

DE LA COT. (*Aside.*) This suspense is intolerable.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Yet he must know.

DE LA COT. By your leave, sir. (*Going.*)

PHIL. Stay a moment. — (*Aside.*) If he goes, there is danger he will destroy himself from despair.

DE LA COT. Why not tell me at once what he said to you?

PHIL. Control yourself. Do not give way to despair, because an avaricious, presumptuous, ignorant father refuses to marry his daughter respectfully. There is a way to manage it in spite of him.

DE LA COT. No, sir; when the father refuses, it is not proper for me to persist.

PHIL. Well, what do you mean to do? 50

DE LA COT. To go far away, and to sacrifice my love to honour, duty, and universal quiet.

PHIL. And have you the heart to abandon a girl who loves you? — to leave her a prey to despair? — soon to receive the sad intelligence of her illness, perhaps of her death!

DE LA COT. Ah, Monsieur Philibert, your words will kill me! if you knew their force, you would be cautious how you used them.

PHIL. My words will conduct you to joy, to peace, to happiness.

DE LA COT. Ah, no! rather to sorrow and destruction.

PHIL. It is strange that a man of spirit like you should be so easily discouraged.

DE LA COT. If you knew my case, you would not talk so.

PHIL. I know it perfectly, but do not consider it desperate. The girl loves you — you love her passionately. This will not be the first marriage between young persons that has taken place without the consent of parents.

DE LA COT. Do you approve of my marrying the daughter without the consent of the father?

PHIL. Yes — in your case — considering the circumstances, I do approve of it. If the father is rich, you are of a noble family. You do him honour by the connection; he provides for your interest by a good dowry.

DE LA COT. But, sir, how can I hope for any dowry when I marry his daughter 35
in this manner? The father, offended, will refuse her the least support.

PHIL. When it is done, it is done. He has but this only child; his anger may last a few days, and then he must do what 40
so many others have done: he will receive you as his son-in-law, and perhaps make you master of his house.

DE LA COT. And may I hope for this?

PHIL. Yes, if you have courage.

DE LA COT. I do not want courage; the difficulty lies in the means.

PHIL. There is no difficulty in the means. Hear my suggestions. Mademoiselle Costanza must now be at her aunt's. Do what I tell you. Give up your dinner to-day, as I shall do mine on your account. Go and find her. If she loves you in earnest, persuade her to show her

love by her actions. If the aunt is favourable to your designs, ask her protection, and then, if the girl consents, marry her.

DE LA COT. And if the injured father should threaten to send me to prison?

PHIL. Carry her with you into France.

DE LA COT. With what means? With what money?

PHIL. Wait a moment. *(Goes and opens a bureau.)*

DE LA COT. *(Aside.)* Oh, Heavens! how unconscious is he that he is encouraging me to an enterprise, of which the injury may fall on his own head!

PHIL. Take this. Here are a hundred guineas in gold, and four hundred more in notes: these five hundred guineas will serve you for some time; accept them from my friendship. I think I can make the father of the girl return them to me.

DE LA COT. Sir, I am full of confusion —

PHIL. What confuses you? I am astonished at you! you want spirit; you want courage. Go quickly, and do not lose a moment. In the meantime, I will observe the movements of Monsieur Riccardo, and, if there is any danger of his surprising you, I will find persons to keep him away. Let me know what happens, either in person or by note. My dear friend, you seem already to have recovered your spirits. I rejoice for your sake. May fortune be propitious to you! — *(Aside.)* I am anxious to see Monsieur Riccardo in a rage — in despair. *(Closes the bureau.)*

DE LA COT. *(Aside.)* He gives me counsel, and money to carry it into effect. What shall I resolve on? what plan shall I follow? Take fortune on the tide; and he can blame no one but himself, who, contriving a stratagem against another, falls into his own snare. *(Exit.)*

MONSIEUR PHILIBERT, alone.

PHIL. In truth, I feel some remorse of conscience for the advice and aid I have given. I remember, too, that I have a daughter, and I would not have such an injury done to me. Nature tells us, and the law commands, not to do to others what we should not wish done to us. But

I am carried along by several reasons; a certain gentleness of disposition inclining me to hospitality, to friendship, makes me love the Lieutenant, and take almost the same interest in him as if he were my son. The marriage appears to me to be a suitable one, the opposition of Monsieur Riccardo unjust, and his severity to his daughter tyranny. Add to all this the uncivil treatment I have received from him, the desire to be revenged, and the pleasure of seeing his pride humbled. Yes, if I lose the five hundred guineas, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing my friend made happy, and Monsieur Riccardo mortified.

Enter MADEMOISELLE COSTANZA.

COST. Here I am, sir.

PHIL. *(Disturbed.)* What brings you here?

COST. Did you not send for me?

PHIL. *(As before.)* Have you seen Monsieur de la Cotterie?

COST. No, sir, I have not seen him.

PHIL. Return at once to your aunt's.

COST. Do you drive me from your house?

PHIL. No, I do not drive you away, but I advise you — I entreat. Go quickly, I tell you.

COST. I wish to know the reason.

PHIL. You shall know it when you are at your aunt's.

COST. Has anything new occurred?

PHIL. Yes, there is something new.

COST. Tell me what it is.

PHIL. Monsieur de la Cotterie will tell you.

COST. Where is he?

PHIL. At your aunt's.

COST. The Lieutenant has not been there.

PHIL. He is this moment gone there.

COST. What for?

PHIL. Return; then you will know it.

COST. Have you spoken to my father?

PHIL. Yes; ask your husband that is to be.

COST. My husband!

PHIL. Yes, your husband.

COST. Monsieur de la Cotterie?

PHIL. Monsieur de la Cotterie.

COST. May I rely on it?

PHIL. Go directly to your aunt's.

COST. Please tell me what has happened.

PHIL. Time is precious; if you lose time, you lose your husband.

COST. Ah me! I will run with all speed; 5 would that I had wings to my feet. (*Exit.*)

Enter MADEMOISELLE GIANNINA.

PHIL. Two words from the Lieutenant are worth more than a thousand from 10 me.

GIAN. Is what Monsieur de la Cotterie has told me true, sir?

PHIL. What has he told you?

GIAN. That you advised him to marry 15 the girl without the consent of her father.

PHIL. Did he tell you this in confidence?

GIAN. Yes, sir.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I am displeased at his indiscretion.

GIAN. And that you gave him five hundred guineas to aid him in the scheme.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) Imprudent! I am almost sorry I did so.

GIAN. Your silence confirms it; it is true, then?

PHIL. Well, what do you say to it?

GIAN. Nothing, sir. It is enough for me to know you did it. Your humble 30 servant, sir.

PHIL. Where are you going?

GIAN. To amuse myself.

PHIL. In what manner?

GIAN. With the marriage of Monsieur 35 de la Cotterie.

PHIL. But it has not taken place yet.

GIAN. I hope it soon will.

PHIL. Be cautious — mention it to no 40 one.

GIAN. Never fear; it will be known as soon as it is over. You will have the credit of contriving it, and I shall be most happy when it is done.

PHIL. (*Alone.*) I hope she will not imitate this bad example; but there is no danger. She is a good girl, and, like me, can distinguish between cases, and understands what is proper; and as I 50 know how she has been brought up, under my own care, I have no apprehensions such a misfortune may befall me.

ACT III

SCENE I

PHILIBERT and MARIANNA.

MAR. Excuse me for interrupting you again.

PHIL. I suppose you have some new piece of nonsense?

MAR. I hope you will not again call me blockhead.

PHIL. Not unless you utter more absurdities.

MAR. I have only to tell you I am just going to be married, and to bespeak your kindness.

PHIL. Then you have determined to marry before your mistress?

20 MAR. No, sir; she is to be married to-day, and I shall be married to-morrow.

PHIL. And you do not wish me to call you blockhead?

MAR. You still persist in concealing it 25 from me?

PHIL. Concealing what?

MAR. The marriage of my young lady.

PHIL. Are you out of your senses?

MAR. Now, to show you I am not so foolish, I will own a fault I have committed, from curiosity. I stood behind the hangings, and heard Monsieur de la Cotterie talking with your daughter, and it is fixed on that they are to be married privately 35 this evening, and you have given five hundred guineas on account of her portion.

PHIL. On account of her portion! (*Laughing.*)

MAR. Yes, I think on account of her portion; I saw the guineas with my own eyes.

PHIL. Yes, you are foolish, more foolish, most foolish.

MAR. (*Aside.*) He vexes me so I hardly know what to do.

PHIL. The Lieutenant, however, has acted very improperly; he ought not to have mentioned it to my daughter, especially when there was danger of being 50 overheard.

MAR. If you hide it from me for fear I shall make it public, you do wrong to my discretion.

PHIL. Your discretion, indeed! you conceal yourself, listen to what people are talking about, misunderstand them, and then report such nonsense.

MAR. I was wrong to listen, I admit; but as to misunderstanding, I am sure I heard right.

PHIL. You will force me to say or do something not very pleasant.

MAR. Well, well! where did Made-
moiselle Giannina go just now?

PHIL. Where did she go?

MAR. Did she not go out with Monsieur de la Cotterie?

PHIL. Where?

MAR. I heard they went to Madame Gertrude's.

PHIL. To my sister's?

MAR. Yes, sir.

PHIL. Giannina may have gone there, but not the Lieutenant.

MAR. I know they went out together, sir.

PHIL. The Lieutenant may have accompanied her; my sister's house is near the place where he was to go; my daughter might choose to be at hand to hear the news. I know all; everything goes on well, and I say again you are a blockhead.

MAR. (*Aside.*) This is too bad; I can scarcely keep my temper.

PHIL. See who is in the hall — I hear some one.

MAR. (*Aside.*) Oh, it will be excellent if a trick has been played on the old gentleman! but it is impossible. (*Exit.*)

PHIL. (*Alone.*) Heaven grant it may end well! The imprudence of the Lieutenant might have ruined the plot, but young persons are subject to these indiscretions. I fortunately had sense enough when I was a young man, and have more now I am old.

Enter GASCOIGNE.

GAS. Your servant, Monsieur Philibert.

PHIL. Good-day, my friend. What news have you?

GAS. My master sends his best compliments.

PHIL. Where is the Lieutenant? What is he doing? How go his affairs?

GAS. I believe this note will give you full information.

PHIL. Let us see. (*Opens it.*)

GAS. (*Aside.*) As he does not send me away, I will remain here.

PHIL. (*To himself.*) There is a paper enclosed, which seems to be written by my daughter. Let us first know what my friend says.

GAS. (*Aside.*) Marianna is listening behind the hangings; she is as curious as I am.

PHIL. (*Reading.*) "Monsieur: Your advice has encouraged me to a step which I should not have had the boldness to venture on, however urged by the violence of my love." Yes, indeed, he wanted courage. "I have carried Mademoiselle to a respectable and secure house, that is to say, to her aunt's."

He must have met Costanza, and they have gone together. I did well to send her quickly; all my own work!

"The tears of the girl softened the good old lady, and she assented to our marriage." Excellent, excellent! it could not be better done.

"Orders were given for a notary to be called in, and the marriage service was performed in the presence of two witnesses."

Admirable — all has gone on well. "I cannot express to you my confusion, not having the courage to ask anything but your kind wishes; the rest will be added in the writing of your daughter, whom you will more readily pardon. I kiss your hand."

What does he want of me that he has not the courage to ask, and gets my daughter to intercede? Let me read the enclosed. He must have gone immediately to my sister's, to let Giannina know when the marriage was over. Well, what says my daughter?

"Dear father." She writes well — a good mercantile hand; she is a fine girl, God bless her. "Permit me, through this letter, to throw myself at your feet, and to ask your pardon." Oh, Heavens! what has she done?

"Informed by yourself of the advice you had given to Monsieur de la Cotterie, and of the money you furnished him with to carry it into execution, I have yielded

to my affection, and married the Lieutenant."

Oh, infamous! Deceiver! traitress! abandoned! They have killed me!

Enter MARIANNA.

MAR. What has happened, sir?

PHIL. Help me! support me! for Heaven's sake do not leave me!

MAR. How can such a blockhead help 10 you?

PHIL. You are right; laugh at me — abuse me — show me no mercy. I deserve it all, and I give you full liberty to do so.

MAR. No; I feel compassion for you.

PHIL. I am not worthy of your compassion.

GAS. Do not, sir, abandon yourself to despair; my master is an honourable 20 gentleman, of a noble family.

PHIL. He has ruined my daughter; he has destroyed my hopes.

MAR. You are able to provide handsomely for him.

PHIL. And shall my estate go in this way?

GAS. Pardon me, sir; the same arguments you urged to convince Monsieur Riccardo may serve to convince your- 30 self.

PHIL. Ah, traitor! do you amuse yourself at my folly?

MAR. Gascoigne speaks to the purpose, and you have no right to complain of him. 35 *(With warmth.)*

PHIL. Yes, insult me, rejoice at my disgrace!

MAR. I have pity on you, blinded as you are by anger.

GAS. Condemn yourself for the fruits of your own bad advice.

PHIL. Why deceive me? why make me believe the love of the officer was for Mademoiselle Costanza?

GAS. Because love is full of stratagems, and teaches lovers to conceal their passion, and to contrive schemes for their own happiness.

PHIL. And if Monsieur Riccardo had 50 agreed to the marriage of his daughter, what a figure I should have made in the affair!

GAS. My master never asked you to interfere for him.

PHIL. No, but he let me do it.

GAS. Say, rather, that you did not 5 understand him.

PHIL. In short, they have betrayed and cheated me; the conduct of my daughter is treacherous, and that of the Lieutenant infamous.

GAS. You should speak more respectfully, sir, of an officer.

MAR. Remember, soldiers wear swords.

PHIL. Yes, that is right; all he has to 15 do now is to kill me.

GAS. My master has no such cruel design; you will soon see him come to ask your pardon.

PHIL. I do not wish to see him at all.

GAS. Your daughter, then, shall come instead of him.

PHIL. Name her not to me.

MAR. Your own flesh and blood, sir!

PHIL. Ungrateful! she was my love — 25 my only joy.

GAS. What is done cannot be undone.

PHIL. I know it, insolent — I know it too well.

GAS. Do not be offended with me, sir.

MAR. Have compassion on him, his anger overpowers him. My poor master! he hoped to marry his daughter to a man of his own choice — to have her always 35 near him — to see his grandchildren around him — to delight in their caresses, and to instruct them himself.

PHIL. All my hopes are gone; no consolation is left for me.

40 GAS. Do you think, sir, your excellent son-in-law, a worthy Frenchman, and a good soldier, cannot provide grandchildren for you?

MAR. Not a year shall pass, but you 45 will see the finest boy in the world gambling around your feet.

PHIL. My hatred for the father will make me hate the child.

MAR. Oh, the sense of consanguinity will cause you to forget every injury.

GAS. You have one only daughter in the world; can you have the heart to abandon her — never to see her more?

PHIL. My anguish of mind will kill me. (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

MAR. Gascoigne!

GAS. What do you say?

MAR. Do you understand me? (*Makes a sign for him to go out.*)

GAS. I understand.

MAR. Now is the time.

GAS. So it may prove.

PHIL. What do you say?

MAR. I am telling Gascoigne to go away, to disturb you no longer, and not to abuse your patience.

PHIL. Yes, let him leave me.

GAS. Your servant, sir. Excuse me, if, after having committed such an offence in your house, you see me no more. My master, as things appear at present, will be forced to leave this, and to carry his wife to France. Have you no message to your poor daughter?

PHIL. Do you think he will go away so soon?

GAS. He told me, if he received no kind answer from you, to order horses immediately.

MAR. It is a great grief to a father never to see his daughter again.

PHIL. Is your master a barbarian? is he so ungrateful? Could I have done more for him? And he has used me with the greatest inhumanity; to seduce the heart of my daughter, and the whole time to conceal it from me.

GAS. He would willingly have brought her to you before now, but for the fear of your resentment.

PHIL. Perfidious! I have to applaud him for his handsome action, — I have to be grateful for his treachery; he shuns the reproaches of an offended father, — he cannot bear to hear himself called traitor.

GAS. I understand; by your leave. (*Going.*)

PHIL. Tell him he must never dare to come in my presence; I do not wish to see him, — I do not desire it.

GAS. (*Aside.*) I understand perfectly; nature never fails. (*Exit.*)

MAR. (*Aside.*) Matters will soon be accommodated.

PHIL. (*To himself.*) My own injury! this is good! — to my own injury!

MAR. To turn your thoughts from this subject, sir, may I now speak to you concerning my own affairs?

PHIL. I need nothing else to torment me but for you to talk of your marriage. I hate the very word, and never wish to hear it again while I live.

MAR. It seems, then, you want the world to come to an end.

PHIL. For me it is ended.

MAR. My poor master! and where will your estate go — your riches?

PHIL. May the devil take them!

MAR. You would die rich, and let your daughter live in want?

PHIL. Poor unhappy girl!

MAR. And would you carry this hatred in your bosom, and feel remorse at your death?

PHIL. Be silent, devil! torture me no more.

Enter MADemoiselle COSTANZA.

COST. Monsieur Philibert, you have made sport of me.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) This was wanting to complete all.

COST. I have been waiting two hours, and no one has appeared.

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I know not what answer to make.

COST. Did you not urge me to return to my aunt's, telling me the Lieutenant would be there?

MAR. My young lady, you shall hear how it was. The Lieutenant had to go to the aunt's, — and to the aunt's he went. There he was to have an understanding with Mademoiselle, — and he had an understanding with Mademoiselle. But the poor gentleman mistook the house: instead of going to Aunt Hortensia's he found himself at Aunt Gertrude's, and, instead of marrying Mademoiselle Costanza, he has married Mademoiselle Giannina.

COST. Can it be possible they have laughed at and deceived me in this manner? Speak, Monsieur Philibert; tell me truly what has been done, and do not suppose me patient enough to submit to such an injury.

PHIL. Oh, if I submit to it, you must submit too.

COST. And what have you to submit to?

PHIL. On your account I have been accessory to the ruin of my daughter.

COST. On my account?

PHIL. Yes; the machine I contrived for you has fallen on my own head.

MAR. Fortunately my master's skull is reasonably thick.

COST. I understand nothing of all this.

PHIL. I will tell you plainly and distinctly the whole affair. Know then —

Enter MONSIEUR RICCARDO.

RIC. *(To COSTANZA.)* What are you doing here?

PHIL. *(To himself.)* Another torment!

COST. Sir, you have never forbidden my coming here.

RIC. Well, now I forbid it. I know what you have come for; I know your love for the foreigner, and your schemes against my authority and your own honour.

PHIL. *(To RICCARDO, with asperity.)* You know nothing. If you knew as much as I do, you would not speak so.

RIC. I speak so in consequence of what you told me this morning, and no light matter it is; enough to make me forbid my daughter's coming to your house.

MAR. Are you afraid they will marry her against your wishes?

RIC. I may well fear it.

MAR. Listen to me: if she does not marry my master, there is nobody else here for her to marry.

RIC. Where is the Frenchman — the officer?

MAR. Shall I tell him, sir?

PHIL. Ah! he will hear it soon enough.

MAR. Know, then, the officer has presumed to marry my young mistress.

RIC. Ah! *(With surprise.)*

PHIL. Oh! *(With vexation.)*

COST. This is the wrong I apprehended. Ah, my father, resent the insult they have offered to me! They have made use of me to accomplish their designs; they have flattered me to expose me to ridicule; and the injury I have received is an insult to our family.

RIC. Yes, I will resent the insult they have offered to me. You I will send to a

convent; and Monsieur Philibert makes amends for his offence by his own shame.

PHIL. *(Aside.)* Quite right — I deserve yet more.

COST. *(Aside.)* Wretched me! to what am I brought by my passion, my wretchedness, and disobedience!

PHIL. My dear friend, excuse my impatient manner. I acknowledge the injustice I have done you, and Heaven punishes me rightly for my improper intentions. Ah, Monsieur Riccardo, I have lost my daughter! — I contrived my own disgrace!

RIC. Lost! she is only married — not entirely lost.

PHIL. I fear I shall never see her again. Who knows but that monster has already carried her away? I gave him five hundred guineas to carry away my heart — my daughter — my only daughter — my love — my only love! Ah, could I embrace her once more! I wish to know if she is gone; I want to see her again. If she is gone, I will kill myself with my own hand. *(Going, meets his daughter.)*

Enter MADEMOISELLE GIANNINA, and, a little after, DE LA COTTERIE.

GIAN. Ah, dearest father!

PHIL. Ah, most ungrateful daughter!

GIAN. For mercy's sake, pardon me! *(Throws herself on her knees.)*

PHIL. Do you deserve pardon?

GIAN. Your anger is most just.

PHIL. *(Aside.)* I shall not survive it; I must die.

RIC. Both are to be pitied.

COST. *(Aside.)* I shall be revenged if her father refuses to forgive her.

PHIL. Rise.

GIAN. I will not rise without your pardon.

PHIL. How could you have the heart to cause me so great an affliction?

GIAN. Ah, sir, your advice —

PHIL. Not a word of it! torture me no more; never mention again my own folly and weakness. Rise; on that condition I pardon you.

GIAN. Oh, dearest father! *(Rises.)*

COST. *(Aside.)* She obtains forgiveness on easy terms.

GIAN. Ah, sir, let your grace extend —

PHIL. Do not speak to me of your husband!

GIAN. Oh, give him a place in your heart, or I shall be forced to leave you.

PHIL. Perfidious! to talk so to your father!

GIAN. Conjugal duty will oblige me to take this step.

PHIL. Oh, hard fate of a father! but it is just — I deserve more.

RIC. My friend, the act is done, there is no remedy. I advise you to be reconciled to him before your curious mishap is known throughout the whole city.

PHIL. (*To COSTANZA.*) I entreat you, Mademoiselle — I entreat you not to make it known, for the sake of my honour and reputation. (*To MARIANNA.*) I tell you not to speak of it. My daughter, 20 mention it to no one.

GIAN. No, for the love of Heaven, let nobody hear of it. Quick! let everything be settled before any one leaves this room. Quick, my dear husband, come here; 25 throw yourself at my father's feet, ask his pardon, kiss his hand; and do you pardon him, receive him for a son-in-law and for a son. Quick! hush! that no one may hear of it. (*She rapidly does everything as she says it.*)

PHIL. (*Aside.*) I am confounded; I know not what to say.

COST. He has not the firmness to resist the sight of his ungrateful daughter. (*Exit.*) 35

DE LA COT. Have I your pardon, sir?

PHIL. Do you think you deserve it?

GIAN. For Heaven's sake, say no more! We must take care that nobody shall know what has happened. My father is 40 anxious to save the honour of his family; and, above all things, I charge you never to urge in your justification that he advised the scheme, and gave you five hundred guineas to carry it into execution.

PHIL. (*To GIANNINA, with asperity.*) I commanded you not to mention it.

GIAN. I was only informing my husband of your commands.

5 RIC. Well, Monsieur Philibert, are you reconciled?

PHIL. What can I do? I am constrained by necessity, by affection, by my own kind disposition, to be reconciled to them. You are husband and wife, you are in my house, remain here, and may Heaven bless you!

GIAN. Oh, perfect happiness!

DE LA COT. I hope, sir, you will never 15 repent of your pardon and kindness to me.

MAR. Hush! quick! that nobody may know it.

PHIL. What now?

MAR. Hush! quick! There is a little affair of mine to be finished. Gascoigne is to be my husband, with the permission of our masters.

GAS. (*To his master.*) By your leave, 25 sir. (*Gives her his hand.*)

MAR. Hush! quick! that nobody may know it.

GIAN. Against your marriage nothing can be said; mine may be condemned. I confess that I have exceeded the limits of duty, that I have been wanting in respect to my father, and have exposed to hazard my own honour and the reputation of my family. Those who now see me happy, 35 and not punished, must be cautious not to follow a bad example; let them rather say it has pleased Heaven to mortify the father, and riot that the daughter is exempt from remorse and regret. Most kind spectators, let the moral of this representation be a warning to families, and may whatever enjoyment you derive from it be consistent with the principles of duty and of virtue.

GERMAN

LESSING

(1729-1781)

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born in Saxony, the son of a Lutheran minister. Brilliant, voracious of knowledge, he went at seventeen to the University of Leipsic to prepare for the pulpit; but at the University he acquired an interest in writing which led him, upon his departure from Leipsic, to take up writing for journals. Even at this period his writing was distinguished by erudition and a forceful style. During the Seven Years' War he served as secretary to the general in command in Silesia. At the close of the war he returned to write *Laokoön* and *Minna von Barnhelm*. *Laokoön* is an important critical essay in which the author upholds the belief that poetry is an essentially different art from painting or sculpture and that it is less limited in scope than either.

Lessing's writings brought him little profit. His ability was recognized everywhere, but his uncompromising and independent spirit made it difficult for him to accept or hold a lucrative position. Even at the zenith of his literary career he lived in discomfort, if not in actual penury. Although he is chiefly notable as a critic, his dramas deserve attention because they illustrate the development of literary taste enunciated in his criticism. Lessing was a classicist in quite another sense than Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, or Pope. Caring little for the sanctity of the classical rules themselves, he believed that a great dramatist like Sophocles got at the important elements of human life, and that modern writers should study him. Hence, his particular brand of classicism constituted a revolt against the set rules and mechanical formulæ of the French neo-classical school, which he disapproved of not because they were French but because he thought them cramped and inflexible. Lessing was extremely desirous that Germany should break away from France and write her own literature; and he advocated a literature devoid of nationalistic bias — a literature of the world. His attitude, best represented by the *Hamburg Dramaturgy*, one of the world's most important pieces of dramatic criticism, seems to form a link between the Age of Classicism and the Age of Romanticism.

In his dramas his classical tendencies and his ambition for universality are both illustrated. *Miss Sara Sampson* (1755) shows English influence, deals with English characters, and is at the same time essentially a modern *Medea*; the scene of *Emilia Galotti* (1772) is laid in Italy, and the story is a modernization of the Roman tale of Virginius; the plot of *Nathan the Wise* (1779) is based on Hebrew literature, and the ethical lesson is intended for all mankind. In the comedy *Minna von Barnhelm* (1763) Lessing's scope is somewhat more restricted than in his tragedies. It is a military play in which Lessing shows his disapproval of mercenary military service, and, by bringing together the Prussian Tellheim and the Saxon Minna, indicates that the enmity between these two parts of the German empire is unnatural and due only to temporary disagreements. It is a neatly constructed comedy and altogether charming. Looking to England, we find somewhat similar technique in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*.

The following translation comes from the *Dramatic Works of G. E. Lessing*, edited by Ernest Bell, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1914.

MINNA VON BARNHELM

The scene alternates between the Parlour of an Inn, and a Room adjoining it.

CHARACTERS

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, *a discharged officer.*
 MINNA VON BARNHELM.
 COUNT VON BRUCHSAL, *her uncle.*
 FRANZISKA, *her lady's maid.*
 JUST, *servant to the MAJOR.*
 PAUL WERNER, *an old Sergeant of the MAJOR'S.*
The LANDLORD of an Inn.
 A LADY.
 AN ORDERLY.
 RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIÈRE.

ACT I

SCENE I

JUST.

JUST (*sitting in a corner, and talking while asleep*). Rogue of a landlord! You treat us so? On, comrade! hit hard! (*He strikes with his fist, and wakes through the*

exertion.) Ha! there he is again! I cannot shut an eye without fighting with him. I wish he got but half the blows. Why, it is morning! I must just look for my poor master at once; if I can help it, he shall not set foot in the cursed house again. I wonder where he has passed the night?

SCENE II

LANDLORD, JUST.

LAND. Good-morning, Herr Just; good-morning! What, up so early! Or shall I say — up so late?

JUST. Say which you please.

LAND. I say only — good-morning! and that deserves, I suppose, that Herr Just should answer "Many thanks."

JUST. Many thanks.

LAND. One is peevish, if one can't have one's proper rest. What will you bet the Major has not returned home, and you have been keeping watch for him?

JUST. How the man can guess everything!

LAND. I surmise, I surmise.

JUST (*turns round to go*). Your servant!

LAND. (*stops him*). Not so, Herr Just!

JUST. Very well, then, not your servant!

LAND. What, Herr Just, I do hope you are not still angry about yesterday's affair! Who would keep his anger over night?

JUST. I; and over a good many nights.

LAND. Is that like a Christian?

JUST. As much so as to turn an honourable man who cannot pay to a day, out of doors, into the street.

LAND. Fie! who would be so wicked?

JUST. A Christian innkeeper. — My master! such a man! such an officer!

LAND. I thrust him from the house into the streets? I have far too much respect for an officer to do that, and far too much pity for a discharged one! I was obliged to have another room prepared for him. Think no more about it, Herr Just. (*Calls.*) — Hullo! I will make it good in another way. (*A lad comes.*) Bring a glass; Herr Just will have a drop; something good.

JUST. Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Landlord. May the drop turn to poison, which . . . But I will not swear; I have not yet breakfasted.

LAND. (*to the lad, who brings a bottle of spirits and a glass*). Give it here; go! Now, Herr Just; something quite excellent; strong, delicious, and wholesome. (*Fills, and holds it out to him.*) That can set an over-taxed stomach to rights again!

JUST. I hardly ought! — And yet why should I let my health suffer on account of his incivility? (*Takes it, and drinks.*)

LAND. May it do you good, Herr Just!

JUST (*giving the glass back*). Not bad! But, Landlord, you are nevertheless an ill-mannered brute!

LAND. Not so, not so! . . . Come, another glass; one cannot stand upon one leg.

JUST (*after drinking*). I must say so much — it is good, very good! Made at home, Landlord?

LAND. At home, indeed! True Dantzig, real double distilled!

JUST. Look ye, Landlord; if I could play the hypocrite, I would do so for such stuff as that; but I cannot, so it must out. — You are an ill-mannered brute all the

same.

LAND. Nobody in my life ever told me that before. . . . But another glass, Herr Just; three is the lucky number!

JUST. With all my heart! — (*Drinks.*) Good stuff indeed, capital! But truth is good also, and indeed, Landlord, you are an ill-mannered brute all the same!

LAND. If I was, do you think I should let you say so?

JUST. Oh! yes; a brute seldom has spirit.

LAND. One more, Herr Just: a four stranded rope is the strongest.

JUST. No, enough is as good as a feast! And what good will it do you, Landlord? I shall stick to my text till the last drop in the bottle. Shame, Landlord, to have such good Dantzig, and such bad manners! To turn out of his room, in his absence — a man like my master, who has lodged at your house above a year; from whom you have had already so many shining thalers¹;

¹ A thaler amounted approximately to what is now the American dollar.

who never owed a heller¹ in his life — because he let payment run for a couple of months, and because he does not spend quite so much as he used.

LAND. But suppose I really wanted the room and saw beforehand that the Major would willingly have given it up if we could only have waited some time for his return! Should I let strange gentlefolk like them drive away again from my door? Should I wilfully send such a prize into the clutches of another innkeeper? Besides, I don't believe they could have got a lodging elsewhere. The inns are all now quite full. Could such a young, beautiful, amiable lady remain in the street? Your master is much too gallant for that. And what does he lose by the change? Have not I given him another room?

JUST. By the pigeon-house, at the back, with a view between a neighbour's chimneys.

LAND. The view was uncommonly fine, before the confounded neighbour obstructed it. The room is otherwise very nice, and is papered —

JUST. Has been!

LAND. No, one side is so still. And the little room adjoining, what is the matter with that? It has a chimney which, perhaps, smokes somewhat in the winter —

JUST. But does very nicely in the summer. I believe, Landlord, you are mocking us into the bargain!

LAND. Come, come; Herr Just, Herr Just —

JUST. Don't make Herr Just's head hot —

LAND. I make his head hot? It is the Dantziger does that.

JUST. An officer, like my master! Or do you think that a discharged officer is not an officer, who may break your neck for you? Why were you all, you Landlords, so civil during the war? Why was every officer an honourable man then, and every soldier a worthy, brave fellow? Does this bit of a peace make you so bumptious?

LAND. What makes you fly out so, Herr Just!

JUST. I will fly out.

SCENE III

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, LANDLORD,
JUST.

MAJ. T. (*entering*). Just!

JUST (*supposing the LANDLORD is still speaking*). Just? Are we so intimate?

MAJ. T. Just!

JUST. I thought I was "Herr Just" with you.

LAND. (*seeing the MAJOR*). Hist! hist! Herr Just, Herr Just, look round; your master —

MAJ. T. Just, I think you are quarrelling! What did I tell you?

LAND. Quarrel, your honour? God forbid! Would your most humble servant dare to quarrel with one who has the honour of being in your service?

JUST. If I could but give him a good whack on that cringing cat's back of his!

LAND. It is true Herr Just speaks up for his master, and rather warmly; but in that he is right. I esteem him so much the more: I like him for it.

JUST. I should like to knock his teeth out for him!

LAND. It is only a pity that he puts himself in a passion for nothing. For I feel quite sure that your honour is not displeased with me in this matter, since — necessity — made it necessary —

MAJ. T. More than enough, sir! I am in your debt; you turn out my room in my absence. You must be paid, I must seek a lodging elsewhere. Very natural.

LAND. Elsewhere? You are going to quit, honoured sir? Oh, unfortunate stricken man that I am. No, never! Sooner shall the lady give up the apartments again. The Major cannot and will not let her have his room. It is his; she must go; I cannot help it. I will go, honoured sir —

MAJ. T. My friend, do not make two foolish strokes instead of one. The lady must retain possession of the room —

LAND. And your honour could suppose that from distrust, from fear of not being paid, I . . . As if I did not know that your honour could pay me as soon as you pleased. The sealed purse . . . five hun-

¹ A small coin.

dred thalers in louis d'ors¹ marked on it — which your honour had in your writing-desk . . . is in good keeping.

MAJ. T. I trust so; as the rest of my property. Just shall take them into his keeping, when he has paid your bill —

LAND. Really, I was quite alarmed when I found the purse. I always considered your honour a methodical and prudent man, who never got quite out of money . . . but still, had I supposed there was ready money in the desk —

MAJ. T. You would have treated me rather more civilly. I understand you. Go, sir; leave me. I wish to speak with my servant.

LAND. But, honoured sir —

MAJ. T. Come, Just; he does not wish to permit me to give my orders to you in his house.

LAND. I am going, honoured sir! My whole house is at your service. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, JUST.

JUST (*stamping with his foot and spitting after the LANDLORD*). Ugh!

MAJ. T. What is the matter?

JUST. I am choking with rage.

MAJ. T. That is as bad as from plethora.

JUST. And for you, sir, I hardly know you any longer. May I die before your eyes, if you do not encourage this malicious, unfeeling wretch. In spite of gallows, axe, and torture I could . . . yes, I could have throttled him with these hands, and torn him to pieces with these teeth!

MAJ. T. You wild beast!

JUST. Better a wild beast than such a man!

MAJ. T. But what is it that you want?

JUST. I want you to perceive how much he insults you.

MAJ. T. And then —

JUST. To take your revenge. . . . No, the fellow is beneath your notice!

MAJ. T. But to commission you to avenge me? That was my intention from the first. He should not have seen me again, but have received the amount of his

bill from your hands. I know that you can throw down a handful of money with a tolerably contemptuous mien.

JUST. Oh! a pretty sort of revenge!

MAJ. T. Which, however, we must defer. I have not one heller of ready money, and I know not where to raise any.

JUST. No money! What is that purse then with five hundred dollars' worth of louis d'ors, which the Landlord found in your desk?

MAJ. T. That is money given into my charge.

JUST. Not the hundred pistoles¹ which your old sergeant brought you four or five weeks back?

MAJ. T. The same. Paul Werner's; right.

JUST. And you have not used them yet? Yet, sir, you may do what you please with them. I will answer for it that

MAJ. T. Indeed!

JUST. Werner heard from me, how they had treated your claims upon the War 25 Office. He heard —

MAJ. T. That I should certainly be a beggar soon, if I was not one already. I am much obliged to you, Just. And the news induced Werner to offer to share his 30 little all with me. I am very glad that I guessed this. Listen, Just; let me have your account, directly too; we must part.

JUST. How! what!

MAJ. T. Not a word. There is someone 35 coming.

SCENE V

LADY *in mourning*, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, JUST.

LADY. I ask your pardon, sir.

MAJ. T. Whom do you seek, Madam?

LADY. The worthy gentleman with whom I have the honour of speaking. You 45 do not know me again. I am the widow of your late captain.

MAJ. T. Good heavens, Madam, how you are changed!

LADY. I have just risen from a sick bed, to which grief on the loss of my husband brought me. I am troubling you at a very early hour, Major von Tellheim, but I am

¹ Louis d'ors and pistoles amount to approximately four dollars apiece in American money.

going into the country, where a kind, but also unfortunate friend, has for the present offered me an asylum.

MAJ. T. (*to JUST*). Leave us.

SCENE VI

LADY, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. Speak freely, Madam! You must not be ashamed of your bad fortune 10 before me. Can I serve you in any way?

LADY. Major —

MAJ. T. I pity you, Madam! How can I serve you? You know your husband was my friend; my friend, I say, 15 and I have always been sparing of this title.

LADY. Who knows better than I do how worthy you were of his friendship — how worthy he was of yours? You would 20 have been in his last thoughts, your name would have been the last sound on his dying lips, had not natural affection, stronger than friendship, demanded this sad prerogative for his unfortunate son, 25 and his unhappy wife.

MAJ. T. Cease, Madam! I could willingly weep with you; but I have no tears to-day. Spare me! You come to me at a time when I might easily be misled to 30 murmur against Providence. Oh! honest Marloff! Quick, Madam, what have you to request? If it is in my power to assist you, if it is in my power —

LADY. I cannot depart without fulfilling his last wishes. He recollected, shortly before his death, that he was dying a debtor to you, and he conjured me to discharge his debt with the first ready money I should have. I have sold his carriage, 40 and come to redeem his note.

MAJ. T. What, Madam! Is that your object in coming?

LADY. It is. Permit me to count out the money to you.

MAJ. T. No, Madam. Marloff a debtor to me! that can hardly be. Let us look, however. (*Takes out a pocketbook, and searches.*) I find nothing of the kind.

LADY. You have doubtless mislaid his note; besides, it is nothing to the purpose. Permit me —

MAJ. T. No, Madam; I am careful not to mislay such documents. If I have not got it, it is a proof that I never had it, or that it has been honoured and already returned by me.

LADY. Major!

MAJ. T. Without doubt, Madam; Marloff does not owe me anything — nor can I remember that he ever did owe me anything. This is so, Madam. He has much rather left me in his debt. I have never been able to do anything to repay a man who shared with me good and ill luck, honour and danger, for six years. I shall 15 not forget that he has left a son. He shall be my son, as soon as I can be a father to him. The embarrassment in which I am at present —

LADY. Generous man! But do not think so meanly of me. Take the money, Major, and then at least I shall be at ease.

MAJ. T. What more do you require to tranquillize you, than my assurance that the money does not belong to me? Or do you wish that I should rob the young orphan of my friend? Rob, Madam; for that it would be in the true meaning of the word. The money belongs to him; invest 30 it for him.

LADY. I understand you; pardon me if I do not yet rightly know how to accept a kindness. Where have you learnt that a mother will do more for her child than for the preservation of her own life? I am going —

MAJ. T. Go, Madam, and may you have a prosperous journey! I do not ask you to let me hear from you. Your news might come to me when it might be of little use to me. There is yet one thing, Madam; I had nearly forgotten that which is of most consequence. Marloff also had claims upon the chest of our old 45 regiment. His claims are as good as mine. If my demands are paid, his must be paid also. I will be answerable for them.

LADY. Oh! Sir . . . but what can I 50 say? Thus to purpose future good deeds is, in the eyes of heaven, to have performed them already. May you receive its reward, as well as my tears. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. Poor, good woman! I must not forget to destroy the bill. (*Takes some papers from his pocketbook and destroys them.*) Who would guarantee that my own wants might not some day tempt me to make use of it?

SCENE VIII

JUST, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. Is that you, Just?

JUST (*wiping his eyes*). Yes.

MAJ. T. You have been crying?

JUST. I have been writing out my account in the kitchen, and the place is full of smoke. Here it is, sir.

MAJ. T. Give it to me.

JUST. Be merciful with me, sir. I know well that they have not been so with you; still —

MAJ. T. What do you want?

JUST. I should sooner have expected my death, than my discharge.

MAJ. T. I cannot keep you any longer: I must learn to manage without servants. (*Opens the paper and reads.*) "What my master, the Major, owes me: — Three months and a half wages, six thalers per month, is 21 thalers. During the first part of this month, laid out in sundries — 1 thaler 7 groschen 9 pfennigs. Total, 22 thalers 7gr. 9pf." Right; and it is just that I also pay your wages, for the whole of the current month.

JUST. Turn over, sir.

MAJ. T. Oh! more? (*Reads.*) "What I owe my master, the Major: — Paid for me to the army-surgeon twenty-five thalers. Attendance and nurse during my cure, paid for me, thirty-nine thalers. Advanced, at my request, to my father — who was burnt out of his house and robbed — without reckoning the two horses of which he made him a present, fifty thalers. Total 114 thalers. Deduct the above 22 thalers, 7gr. 9pf.; I remain in debt to my master, the Major, 91 thalers, 16gr. 3pf." You are mad, my good fellow!

JUST. I willingly grant that I owe you

much more; but it would be wasting ink to write it down. I cannot pay you that: and if you take my livery from me too, which, by the way, I have not yet earned, — I would rather you had let me die in the workhouse.

MAJ. T. For what do you take me? You owe me nothing; and I will recommend you to one of my friends, with whom you will fare better than with me.

JUST. I do not owe you anything, and yet you turn me away!

MAJ. T. Because I do not wish to owe you anything.

JUST. On that account? Only on that account? As certain as I am in your debt, as certain as you can never be in mine, so certainly shall you not turn me away now. Do what you will, Major, I remain in your service; I must remain.

MAJ. T. With your obstinacy, your insolence, your savage boisterous temper towards all who you think have no business to speak to you, your malicious pranks, your love of revenge, —

JUST. Make me as bad as you will, I shall not think worse of myself than of my dog. Last winter I was walking one evening at dusk along the river, when I heard something whine. I stooped down, and reached in the direction whence the sound came, and, when I thought I was saving a child, I pulled a dog out of the water. That is well, thought I. The dog followed me; but I am not fond of dogs, so I drove him away — in vain. I whipped him away — in vain. I shut him out of my room at night; he lay down before the door. If he came too near me, I kicked him; he yelped, looked up at me, and wagged his tail. I have never yet given him a bit of bread with my own hand; and yet I am the only person whom he will obey, or who dare touch him. He jumps about me, and shows off his tricks to me, without my asking for them. He is an ugly dog, but he is a good animal. If he carries it on much longer, I shall at last give over hating him.

MAJ. T. (*aside*). As I do him. No, there is no one perfectly inhuman. Just, we will not part.

JUST. Certainly not! And you wanted

to manage without servants! You forget your wounds, and that you only have the use of one arm. Why, you are not able to dress alone. I am indispensable to you; and I am — without boasting, Major, — I am a servant who, if the worst comes to the worst, can beg and steal for his master.

MAJ. T. Just, we will part.

JUST. All right, Sir!

SCENE IX

SERVANT, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, JUST.

SER. I say, comrade!

JUST. What is the matter?

SER. Can you direct me to the officer who lodged yesterday in that room? (*pointing to the one out of which he is coming*).

JUST. That I could easily do. What have you got for him?

SER. What we always have, when we have nothing — compliments. My mistress hears that he has been turned out on her account. My mistress knows good manners, and I am therefore to beg his pardon.

JUST. Well then, beg his pardon; there he stands.

SER. What is he? What is his name?

MAJ. T. I have already heard your message, my friend. It is unnecessary politeness on the part of your mistress, which I beg to acknowledge duly. Present my compliments to her. What is the name of your mistress?

SER. Her name! We call her my lady.

MAJ. T. The name of her family?

SER. I have not heard that yet, and it is not my business to ask. I manage so that I generally get a new master every six weeks. Hang all their names!

JUST. Bravo, comrade!

SER. I was engaged by my present mistress a few days ago, in Dresden. I believe she has come here to look for her lover.

MAJ. T. Enough, friend. I wished to know the name of your mistress, not her secrets. Go!

SER. Comrade, he would not do for my master.

SCENE X

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, JUST.

MAJ. T. Just! see that we get out of this house directly! The politeness of this strange lady affects me more than the churlishness of the host. Here, take this ring — the only thing of value which I have left — of which I never thought of making such a use. Pawn it! get eighty louis d'ors for it: our host's bill can scarcely amount to thirty. Pay him, and remove my things. . . . Ah, where? Where you will. The cheaper the inn, the better. You will find me in the neighbouring coffee-house. I am going; you will see to it all properly?

JUST. Have no fear, Major!

MAJ. T. (*comes back*). Above all things, do not let my pistols be forgotten, which hang beside the bed.

JUST. I will forget nothing.

MAJ. T. (*comes back again*). Another thing: bring your dog with you too. Do you hear, Just?

SCENE XI

JUST.

JUST. The dog will not stay behind, he will take care of that. Hem! My master still had this valuable ring! and carried it in his pocket instead of on his finger! My good landlord, we are not yet so poor as we look. To him himself, I will pawn you, you beautiful little ring! I know he will be annoyed that you will not all be consumed in his house. Ah! —

SCENE XII

PAUL WERNER, JUST.

JUST. Hullo, Werner! good-day to you, Werner. Welcome to the town.

WER. The accursed village! I can't manage to get at home in it again. Merry, my boys, merry; I have got some more money! Where is the Major?

JUST. He must have met you; he just went down stairs.

WER. I came up the back stairs. How is he? I should have been with you last week, but —

JUST. Well, what prevented you?

WER. Just, did you ever hear of Prince Heraclius?

JUST. Heraclius? Not that I know of.

WER. Don't you know the great hero of the East?

JUST. I know the wise men of the East well enough, who go about with the stars on New Year's Eve.

WER. Brother, I believe you read the 10 newspapers as little as the Bible. You do not know Prince Heraclius. Not know the brave man who seized Persia, and will break into the Ottoman Porte in a few days? Thank God, there is still war somewhere in the world! I have long enough hoped it would break out here again. But there they sit and take care of their skins. No, a soldier I was, and a soldier I must be again! In short (*looking round care- 20 fully, to see if anyone is listening*), between ourselves, Just, I am going to Persia, to have a few campaigns against the Turks, under his Royal Highness Prince Heraclius.

JUST. You?

WER. I myself. Our ancestors fought bravely against the Turks; and so ought we too, if we would be honest men and good Christians. I allow that a campaign against 30 the Turks cannot be half so pleasant as one against the French; but then it must be so much the more beneficial in this world and the next. The swords of the Turks are all set with diamonds.

JUST. I would not walk a mile to have my head split with one of their sabres. You will not be so mad as to leave your comfortable little farm!

WER. Oh! I take that with me. Do 40 you see? The property is sold.

JUST. Sold?

WER. Hist! Here are a hundred ducats,¹ which I received yesterday towards the payment: I am bringing them for 45 the Major.

JUST. What is he to do with them?

WER. What is he to do with them? Spend them; play them, or drink them away, or whatever he pleases. He must 50 have money, and it is bad enough that they have made his own so troublesome to

him. But I know what I would do, were I in his place. I would say — "The deuce take you all here; I will go with Paul Werner to Persia!" Hang it! Prince Heraclius must have heard of Major von Tellheim, if he has not heard of Paul Werner, his late sergeant. Our affair at Katzenhäuser —

JUST. Shall I give you an account of 10 that?

WER. You give me! I know well that a fine battle array is beyond your comprehension. I am not going to throw my pearls before swine. Here, take the hundred ducats; give them to the Major: tell 15 him, he may keep these for me too. I am going to the market now. I have sent in a couple of loads of rye; what I get for them he can also have.

JUST. Werner, you mean it well; but we don't want your money. Keep your ducats; and your hundred pistoles you 20 can also have back safe, as soon as you please.

25 WER. What, has the Major money still?

JUST. No.

WER. Has he borrowed any?

JUST. No.

WER. On what does he live, then?

JUST. We have everything put down in the bill; and when they won't put anything more down, and turn us out of the house, we pledge anything we may happen 30 to have, and go somewhere else. I say, Paul, we must play this landlord here a trick.

WER. If he has annoyed the Major, I am ready.

JUST. What if we watch for him in the evening, when he comes from his club, and give him a good thrashing?

WER. In the dark! Watch for him! Two to one! No, that won't do.

JUST. Or if we burn his house over his 35 head?

WER. Fire and burn! Why, Just, one hears that you have been baggage-boy and not soldier. Shame!

JUST. Or if we ruin his daughter? But 40 she is cursedly ugly.

WER. She has probably been ruined long ago. At any rate you don't want any

¹ Ducats were old coins valued at what would be a little over two dollars in American money.

help there. But what is the matter with you? What has happened?

JUST. Just come with me, and you shall hear something to make you stare.

WER. The devil must be loose here, then?

JUST. Just so; come along.

WER. So much the better! To Persia, then; to Persia.

ACT II

SCENE I — *Minna's Room.*

MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. (*in morning dress, looking at her watch*). Franziska, we have risen very early. The time will hang heavy on our hands.

FRAN. Who can sleep in these abominable large towns? The carriages, the watchmen, the drums, the cats, the soldiers, never cease to rattle, to call, to roll, to mew, and to swear; just as if the last thing the night is intended for was for sleep. 25 Have a cup of tea, my lady!

MIN. I don't care for tea.

FRAN. I will have some chocolate made.

MIN. For yourself, if you like.

FRAN. For myself! I would as soon 30 talk to myself as drink by myself. Then the time will indeed hang heavy. For very weariness we shall have to make our toilets, and try on the dress in which we intend to make the first attack.

MIN. Why do you talk of attacks, when I have only come to require that the capitulation be ratified?

FRAN. But the officer whom we have dislodged, and to whom we have apolo- 40 gized, cannot be the best bred man in the world, or he might at least have begged the honour of being allowed to wait upon you.

MIN. All officers are not Tellheims. 45 To tell you the truth, I only sent him the message in order to have an opportunity of inquiring from him about Tellheim. Franziska, my heart tells me my journey will be a successful one and that I shall 50 find him.

FRAN. The heart, my lady! One must not trust to that too much. The heart

echoes to us the words of our tongues. If the tongue was as much inclined to speak the thoughts of the heart, the fashion of keeping mouths under lock and key would have come in long ago.

MIN. Ha! ha! mouths under lock and key. That fashion would just suit me.

FRAN. Rather not show the most beautiful set of teeth, than let the heart 10 be seen through them every moment.

MIN. What, are you so reserved?

FRAN. No, my lady; but I would willingly be more so. People seldom talk of the virtue they possess, and all the more 15 often of that which they do not possess.

MIN. Franziska, you made a very just remark there.

FRAN. Made! Does one make it, if it occurs to one?

MIN. And do you know why I consider it so good? It applies to my Tellheim.

FRAN. What would not, in your opinion, apply to him?

MIN. Friend and foe say he is the bravest man in the world. But who ever heard him talk of bravery? He has the most upright mind; but uprightness and nobleness of mind are words never on his 30 tongue.

FRAN. Of what virtues does he talk then?

MIN. He talks of none, for he is wanting in none.

FRAN. That is just what I wished to hear.

MIN. Wait, Franziska; I am wrong. He often talks of economy. Between ourselves, I believe he is extravagant.

FRAN. One thing more, my lady. I have often heard him mention truth and constancy towards you. What if he be inconstant?

MIN. Miserable girl! But do you mean that seriously?

FRAN. How long is it since he wrote to you?

MIN. Alas! he has only written to me once since the peace.

FRAN. What — a sigh on account of the peace? Surprising! Peace ought only to make good the ill which war causes; but it seems to disturb the good which the

latter, its opposite, may have occasioned. Peace should not be so capricious! . . . How long have we had peace? The time seems wonderfully long, when there is so little news. It is no use the post going regularly again; nobody writes, for nobody has anything to write about.

MIN. "Peace has been made," he wrote to me, "and I am approaching the fulfilment of my wishes." But since he

only wrote that to me once, only once — FRAN. And since he compels us to run after this fulfilment of his wishes ourselves . . . If we can but find him, he shall pay for this! Suppose, in the meantime, he may have accomplished his wishes, and we should learn here that —

MIN. (*anxiously*). That he is dead?

FRAN. To you, my lady; and married to another.

MIN. You tease, you! Wait, Franziska, I will pay you out for this! But talk to me, or I shall fall asleep. His regiment was disbanded after the peace. Who knows into what a confusion of bills and papers he may thereby have been brought? Who knows into what other regiment, or to what distant station, he may have been sent? Who knows what circumstances — There's a knock at the door.

FRAN. Come in!

SCENE II

LANDLORD, MINNA, FRANZISKA.

LAND. (*putting his head in at the door*). Am I permitted, your ladyship?

FRAN. Our landlord? — Come in!

LAND. (*a pen behind his ear, a sheet of paper and an inkstand in his hand*). I am come, your ladyship, to wish you a most humble good-morning; (*to FRANZISKA*) and the same to you, my pretty maid.

FRAN. A polite man!

MIN. We are obliged to you.

FRAN. And wish you also a good-morning.

LAND. May I venture to ask how your ladyship has passed the first night under my poor roof?

FRAN. The roof is not so bad, sir; but the beds might have been better.

LAND. What do I hear! Not slept

well! Perhaps the over-fatigue of the journey —

MIN. Perhaps.

LAND. Certainly, certainly, for other-wise . . . Yet, should there be anything not perfectly comfortable, my lady, I hope you will not fail to command me.

FRAN. Very well, Mr. Landlord, very well! We are not bashful; and least of all should one be bashful at an inn. We shall not fail to say what we may wish.

LAND. I next come to . . . (*taking the pen from behind his ear*).

FRAN. Well?

LAND. Without doubt, my lady, you are already acquainted with the wise regulations of our police.

MIN. Not in the least, sir.

LAND. We landlords are instructed not to take in any stranger, of whatever rank or sex he may be, for four-and-twenty hours, without delivering, in writing, his name, place of abode, occupation, object of his journey, probable stay, and so on, to the proper authorities.

MIN. Very well.

LAND. Will your ladyship then be so good . . . (*going to the table, and making ready to write*).

MIN. Willingly. My name is —

LAND. One minute! (*He writes.*) "Date, 22nd August, A.D., &c.; arrived at the King of Spain hotel." Now your name, my lady.

MIN. Fräulein von Barnhelm.

LAND. (*writes*). "Von Barnhelm." Coming from . . . where, your ladyship?

MIN. From my estate in Saxony.

LAND. (*writes*). "Estate in Saxony." Saxony! Indeed, indeed! In Saxony, your ladyship? Saxony?

FRAN. Well, why not? I hope it is no sin in this country to come from Saxony!

LAND. A sin? Heaven forbid! That would be quite a new sin! From Saxony then? Yes, yes, from Saxony, a delightful country, Saxony! But if I am right, your ladyship, Saxony is not small, and has several — how shall I call them? — districts, provinces. Our police are very particular, your ladyship.

MIN. I understand. From my estate in Thuringia, then.

LAND. From Thuringia! Yes, that is better, your ladyship; that is more exact. (*Writes and reads.*) "Fräulein von Barnhelm, coming from her estate in Thuringia, together with her lady in waiting and two men servants."

FRAN. Lady in waiting! That means me, I suppose!

LAND. Yes, my pretty maid.

FRAN. Well, Mr. Landlord, instead of 10 "lady in waiting," write "maid in waiting." You say, the police are very exact; it might cause a misunderstanding, which might give me trouble some day when my banns are read out. For I really am still unmarried, and my name is Franziska, with the family name of Willig: Franziska Willig. I also come from Thuringia. My father was a miller, on one of my lady's estates. It is called Little Rammsdorf. 20 My brother has the mill now. I was taken very early to the manor, and educated with my lady. We are of the same age — one-and-twenty next Candlemas. I learnt everything my lady learnt. I should like 25 the police to have a full account of me.

LAND. Quite right, my pretty maid; I will bear that in mind, in case of future inquiries. But now, your ladyship, your business here?

MIN. My business here?

LAND. Have you any business with His Majesty the King?

MIN. Oh! no.

LAND. Or at our courts of justice?

MIN. No.

LAND. Or —

MIN. No, no. I have come here solely on account of my own private affairs.

LAND. Quite right, your ladyship; but 40 what are those private affairs?

MIN. They are . . . Franziska, I think we are undergoing an examination.

FRAN. Mr. Landlord, the police surely do not ask to know a young lady's se- 45 crets!

LAND. Certainly, my pretty maid; the police wish to know everything, and especially secrets.

FRAN. What is to be done, my 50 lady? . . . Well, listen, Mr. Landlord — but take care that it does not go beyond ourselves and the police.

MIN. What is the simpleton going to tell him?

FRAN. We come to carry off an officer from the king.

LAND. How? What? My dear girl!

FRAN. Or to let ourselves be carried off by the officer. It is all one.

MIN. Franziska, are you mad? The saucy girl is laughing at you.

LAND. I hope not! With your humble servant indeed she may jest as much as she pleases; but with the police —

MIN. I tell you what; I do not understand how to act in this matter. Suppose 15 you postpone the whole affair till my uncle's arrival. I told you yesterday why he did not come with me. He had an accident with his carriage ten miles from here, and did not wish that I should remain a night longer on the road, so I had to come on. I am sure he will not be more than four-and-twenty hours after us.

LAND. Very well, madam, we will wait for him.

MIN. He will be able to answer your questions better. He will know to whom, and to what extent, he must give an account of himself — what he must relate respecting his affairs, and what he may 30 withhold.

LAND. So much the better! Indeed one cannot expect a young girl (*looking at FRANZISKA in a marked manner*) to treat a serious matter with serious people in a 35 serious manner.

MIN. And his rooms are in readiness, I hope?

LAND. Quite, your ladyship, quite; except the one —

FRAN. Out of which, I suppose, you will have to turn some other honourable gentleman!

LAND. The waiting maids of Saxony, your ladyship, seem to be very compassionate.

MIN. In truth, sir, that was not well done. You ought rather to have refused us.

LAND. Why so, your ladyship, why so?

MIN. I understand that the officer who was driven out on our account —

LAND. Is only a discharged officer, your ladyship.

MIN. Well, what then?

LAND. Who is almost done for.

MIN. So much the worse! He is said to be a very deserving man.

LAND. But I tell you he is discharged.

MIN. The king cannot be acquainted with every deserving man.

LAND. Oh! doubtless he knows them; he knows them all.

MIN. But he cannot reward them all.

LAND. They would have been rewarded if they had lived so as to deserve it. But they lived during the war as if it would last for ever; as if the words "yours" and "mine" were done away with altogether. Now all the hotels and inns are full of them, and a landlord has to be on his guard with them. I have come off pretty well with this one. If he had no more money, he had at any rate money's worth; and I might indeed have let him remain quiet two or three months longer. However, it is better as it is. By-the-by, your ladyship, you understand about jewels, I suppose?

MIN. Not particularly.

LAND. Of course your ladyship must. I must show you a ring, a valuable ring. I see you have a very beautiful one on your finger; and the more I look at it, the more I am astonished at the resemblance it bears to mine. There! just look, just look! (*taking the ring from its case, and handing it to her*). What brilliancy! The diamond in the middle alone weighs more than five carats.

MIN. (*looking at it*). Good heavens! What do I see? This ring —

LAND. Is honestly worth fifteen hundred thalers.

MIN. Franziska! look!

LAND. I did not hesitate for a moment to advance eighty pistoles on it.

MIN. Do not you recognise it, Franziska?

FRAN. The same! Where did you get that ring, Mr. Landlord?

LAND. Come, my girl! you surely have no claim to it?

FRAN. We have no claim to this ring! My mistress's monogram must be on it, on the inner side of the setting. Look at it, my lady.

MIN. It is! it is! How did you get this ring?

LAND. I! In the most honourable way in the world. You do not wish to bring me into disgrace and trouble, your ladyship! How do I know where the ring properly belongs? During the war many a thing often changed masters, both with and without the knowledge of its owner. War was war. Other rings will have crossed the borders of Saxony. Give it me again, your ladyship; give it me again!

FRAN. When you have said from whom you got it.

LAND. From a man whom I cannot think capable of such things; in other respects a good man —

MIN. From the best man under the sun, if you have it from its owner. Bring him here directly! It is himself, or at any rate he must know him.

LAND. Who? who, your ladyship?

FRAN. Are you deaf? Our Major!

LAND. Major! Right! he is a Major, who had this room before you, and from whom I received it.

MIN. Major von Tellheim!

LAND. Yes, Tellheim. Do you know him?

MIN. Do I know him! He is here! Tellheim here! He had this room! He! he pledged this ring with you! What has brought him into this embarrassment? Where is he? Does he owe you anything? Franziska, my desk here! Open it! (*FRANZISKA puts it on the table and opens it.*) What does he owe you? To whom else does he owe anything? Bring me all his creditors! Here is gold: here are notes. It is all his!

LAND. What is this?

MIN. Where is he? Where is he?

LAND. An hour ago he was here.

MIN. Detested man! how could you act so rudely, so hardly, so cruelly towards him?

LAND. Your ladyship must pardon —

MIN. Quick! Bring him to me.

LAND. His servant is perhaps still here. Does your ladyship wish that he should look for him?

MIN. Do I wish it? Begone, run. For

this service alone I will forget how badly you have behaved to him.

FRAN. Now then, quick, Mr. Landlord! Be off! fly! fly! (*Pushes him out.*)

SCENE III

MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. Now I have found him again, Franziska! Do you hear? Now I have found him again! I scarcely know where I am for joy! Rejoice with me, Franziska. But why should you? And yet you shall; you must rejoice with me. Come, I will make you a present, that you may be able to rejoice with me. Say, Franziska, what shall I give you? Which of my things would please you? What would you like? Take what you will; only rejoice with me. I see you will take nothing. Stop! (*Thrusts her hand into the desk.*) There, Franziska (*gives her money*), buy yourself what you like. Ask for more, if it be not sufficient; but rejoice with me you must. It is so melancholy to be happy alone. There, take it, then.

FRAN. It is stealing it from you, my lady. You are intoxicated, quite intoxicated with joy.

MIN. Girl, my intoxication is of a quarrelsome kind. Take it, or (*forcing money into her hand*) . . . and if you thank me . . . Stay, it is well that I think of it. (*Takes more money from the desk.*) Put that aside, Franziska, for the first poor wounded soldier who accosts us.

SCENE IV

LANDLORD, MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. Well, is he coming?

LAND. The cross, unmannered fellow!

MIN. Who?

LAND. His servant. He refuses to go for him.

FRAN. Bring the rascal here, then. I know all the Major's servants. Which of them was it?

MIN. Bring him here directly. When he sees us he will go fast enough. (*Exit LANDLORD.*)

SCENE V

MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. I cannot bear this delay. But, Franziska, how cold you are still! Why will you not share my joy with me?

FRAN. I would from my heart, if only —

MIN. If only what?

FRAN. We have found him again. But how have we found him? From all we hear, it must go badly with him. He must be unfortunate. That distresses me.

MIN. Distresses you! Let me embrace you for that, my dear playmate! I shall never forget this of you. I am only in love, *you* are good.

SCENE VI

LANDLORD, JUST, and the above.

LAND. With great difficulty I have brought him.

FRAN. A strange face! I do not know him.

MIN. Friend, do you live with Major von Tellheim?

JUST. Yes.

MIN. Where is your master?

JUST. Not here.

MIN. But you could find him?

JUST. Yes.

MIN. Will you fetch him quickly?

JUST. No.

MIN. You will be doing me a favour.

JUST. Indeed!

MIN. And your master a service.

JUST. Perhaps not.

MIN. Why do you suppose that?

JUST. You are the strange lady who sent your compliments to him this morning, I think?

MIN. Yes.

JUST. Then I am right.

MIN. Does your master know my name?

JUST. No; but he likes over-civil ladies as little as over-uncivil landlords.

LAND. That is meant for me, I suppose?

JUST. Yes.

LAND. Well, do not let the lady suffer for it then; but bring him here directly.

MIN. (*to FRANZISKA*). Franziska, give him some. . . .

have called yourself unhappy at all then. You should have told the whole, or kept quiet. Reason and necessity commanded you to forget me? I am a great stickler for reason; I have a great respect for necessity. But let me hear how reasonable this reason, and how necessary this necessity may be.

MAJ. T. Listen then, Madam. You call me Tellheim; the name is correct. But you suppose I am that Tellheim whom you knew at home; the prosperous man, full of just pretensions, with a thirst for glory; the master of all his faculties, both of body and mind; before whom the lists of honour and prosperity stood open; who, if he was not then worthy of your heart and your hand, dared to hope that he might daily become more nearly so. This Tellheim I am now, as little as I am my own father. They both have been. Now I am Tellheim the discharged, the suspected, the cripple, the beggar. To the former, Madam, you promised your hand; do you wish to keep your word?

MIN. That sounds very tragic. . . . Yet, Major Tellheim, until I find the former one again — I am quite foolish about the Tellheims — the latter will have to help me in my dilemma. Your hand, dear beggar! (*taking his hand*).

MAJ. T. (*holding his hat before his face with the other hand, and turning away from her*). This is too much! . . . What am I? . . . Let me go, Madam. Your kindness tortures me! Let me go.

MIN. What is the matter? Where would you go?

MAJ. T. From you!

MIN. From me (*drawing his hand to her heart*)? Dreamer!

MAJ. T. Despair will lay me dead at your feet.

MIN. From me?

MAJ. T. From you. Never, never to see you again. Or at least determined, fully determined, never to be guilty of a mean action; never to cause you to commit an imprudent one. Let me go, Minna! (*Tears himself away, and Exit*).

MIN. (*calling after him*). Let you go, Minna? Minna, let you go? Tellheim! Tellheim!

ACT III

SCENE I — *The Parlour.*

JUST (*with a letter in his hand*).

JUST. Must I come again into this cursed house! A note from my master to her ladyship that would be his sister. I hope nothing will come of this, or else there will be no end to letter carrying. I should like to be rid of it; but yet I don't wish to go into the room. The women ask so many questions, and I hate answering — Ah! the door opens. Just what I wanted, the waiting puss!

SCENE II

FRANZISKA AND JUST.

FRAN. (*calling through the door by which she has just entered*). Fear not; I will watch. See! (*observing JUST*) I have met with something immediately. But nothing is to be done with that brute.

JUST. Your servant.

FRAN. I should not like such a servant.

JUST. Well, well, pardon the expression! There is a note from my master to your mistress — her ladyship — his sister, wasn't it? — sister.

FRAN. Give it me! (*Snatches it from his hand*).

JUST. You will be so good, my master begs, as to deliver it. Afterwards you will be so good, my master begs, as not to think I ask for anything!

FRAN. Well?

JUST. My master understands how to manage the affair. He knows that the way to the young lady is through her maid, methinks. The maid will therefore be so good, my master begs, as to let him know whether he may not have the pleasure of speaking with the maid for a quarter of an hour.

FRAN. With me?

JUST. Pardon me, if I do not give you your right title. Yes, with you. Only for one quarter of an hour; but alone, quite alone, in private, tête-à-tête. He has something very particular to say to you.

FRAN. Very well! I have also much to

say to him. He may come; I shall be at his service.

JUST. But when can he come? When is it most convenient for you, young woman? In the evening?

FRAN. What do you mean? Your master can come when he pleases; and now be off.

JUST. Most willingly! (*Going.*)

FRAN. I say! one word more! Where 10 are the rest of the Major's servants?

JUST. The rest? Here, there, and everywhere.

FRAN. Where is William?

JUST. The valet? He has let him go 15 for a trip.

FRAN. Oh! and Philip, where is he?

JUST. The huntsman? Master has found him a good place.

FRAN. Because he does not hunt now, 20 of course. But Martin?

JUST. The coachman? He is off on a ride.

FRAN. And Fritz?

JUST. The footman? He is promoted. 25

FRAN. Where were you then, when the Major was quartered in Thuringia with us that winter? You were not with him, I suppose!

JUST. Oh! yes, I was groom; but I was 30 in the hospital.

FRAN. Groom! and now you are —

JUST. All in all; valet and huntsman, footman and groom.

FRAN. Well, I never! To turn away so 35 many good, excellent servants, and to keep the very worst of all! I should like to know what your master finds in you!

JUST. Perhaps he finds that I am an honest fellow.

FRAN. Oh! one is precious little if one is nothing more than honest. William was another sort of a man! So your master has let him go for a trip!

JUST. Yes, he . . . let him — because 45 he could not prevent him.

FRAN. How so?

JUST. Oh! William will do well on his travels. He took master's wardrobe with him.

FRAN. What! he did not run away with it?

JUST. I cannot say that exactly; but,

when we left Nürnberg, he did not follow us with it.

FRAN. Oh! the rascal!

JUST. He was the right sort! he could 5 curl hair and shave — and chatter — and flirt — couldn't he?

FRAN. At any rate, I would not have turned away the huntsman, had I been in the Major's place. If he did not want him any longer as huntsman, he was still a useful fellow. Where has he found him a place?

JUST. With the Commandant of Spandau.

FRAN. The fortress! There cannot be much hunting within the walls either.

JUST. Oh! Philip does not hunt there.

FRAN. What does he do then?

JUST. He rides — on the treadmill.

FRAN. The treadmill!

JUST. But only for three years. He made a bit of a plot amongst master's company, to get six men through the outposts.

FRAN. I am astonished; the knave!

JUST. Ah! he was a useful fellow; a huntsman who knew all the foot-paths and by-ways for fifty miles round, through forests and bogs. And he could shoot!

FRAN. It is lucky the Major has still got the honest coachman.

JUST. Has he got him still?

FRAN. I thought you said Martin was off on a ride: of course he will come 40 back!

JUST. Do you think so?

FRAN. Well, where has he ridden to?

JUST. It is now going on for ten weeks since he rode master's last and only horse 45 — to water.

FRAN. And has not he come back yet? Oh! the rascal!

JUST. The water may have washed the honest coachman away. Oh! he was a famous coachman! He had driven ten years in Vienna. My master will never get such another again. When the horses were in full gallop, he only had to say "Wo!" and there they stood, like a wall. Moreover, 50 he was a finished horse-doctor!

FRAN. I begin now to be anxious about the footman's promotion.

JUST. No, no; there is no occasion for

that. He has become a drummer in a garrison regiment.

FRAN. I thought as much!

JUST. Fritz chummed up with a scamp, never came home at night, made debts everywhere in master's name, and a thousand rascally tricks. In short, the Major saw that he was determined to rise in the world (*pantomimically imitating the act of hanging*), so he put him in the right road.

FRAN. Oh! the stupid!

JUST. Yet a perfect footman, there is no doubt of that. In running, my master could not catch him on his best horse if he gave him fifty paces; but, on the other hand, Fritz could give the gallows a thousand paces, and, I bet my life, he would overhaul it. They were all great friends of yours, eh, young woman? . . . William and Philip, Martin and Fritz! Now, Just wishes you good-day. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III

FRANZISKA, and afterwards the LANDLORD.

FRAN. (*looking after him seriously*). I deserve the hit! Thank you, Just. I undervalued honesty. I will not forget the lesson. Ah! our unfortunate Major! (*Turns round to enter her mistress's room, when the LANDLORD comes.*)

LAND. Wait a bit, my pretty maid.

FRAN. I have not time now, Mr. Landlord.

LAND. Only half a moment! No further tidings of the Major? That surely could not possibly be his leave-taking!

FRAN. What could not?

LAND. Has not her ladyship told you? When I left you, my pretty maid, below in the kitchen, I returned accidentally into this room —

FRAN. Accidentally — with a view to listen a little.

LAND. What, girl! how can you suspect me of that? There is nothing so bad in a landlord as curiosity. I had not been here long, when suddenly her ladyship's door burst open: the Major dashed out; the lady after him; both in such a state of excitement; with looks — in attitudes — that must be seen to be understood. She

seized hold of him; he tore himself away; she seized him again — "Tellheim." "Let me go, Madam." "Where?" Thus he drew her as far as the staircase. I was really afraid he would drag her down; but he got away. The lady remained on the top step; looked after him; called after him; wrung her hands. Suddenly she turned round; ran to the window; from the window to the staircase again; from the staircase into the room, backwards and forwards. There I stood; she passed me three times without seeing me. At length it seemed as if she saw me; but heaven defend us! I believe the lady took me for you. "Franziska," she cried, with her eyes fixed upon me, "am I happy now?" Then she looked straight up to the ceiling, and said again — "Am I happy now?" Then she wiped the tears from her eyes, and smiled, and asked me again — "Franziska, am I happy now?" I really felt, I know not how. Then she ran to the door of her room, and turned round again towards me, saying — "Come, Franziska, whom do you pity now?" and with that she went in.

FRAN. Oh! Mr. Landlord, you dreamt that.

LAND. Dreamt! No, my pretty maid; one does not dream so minutely. Yes, what would not I give — I am not curious: but what would not I give — to have the key to it!

FRAN. The key? Of our door? Mr. Landlord, that is inside; we took it in at night; we are timid.

LAND. Not that sort of key; I mean, my dear girl, the key — the explanation, as it were; the precise connexion of all that I have seen.

FRAN. Indeed! Well, good-bye, Mr. Landlord. Shall we have dinner soon?

LAND. My dear girl, not to forget what I came to say —

FRAN. Well? In as few words as possible.

LAND. Her ladyship has my ring still. I call it mine —

FRAN. You shall not lose it.

LAND. I have no fear on that account: I merely put you in mind. Do you see, I do not wish to have it again at all. I can

guess pretty well how she knew the ring, and why it was so like her own. It is best in her hands. I do not want it any more; and I can put them down — the hundred pistoles which I advanced for it, to the lady's bill. Will not that do, my pretty maid?

SCENE IV

PAUL WERNER, LANDLORD, FRANZISKA.

WER. There he is!

FRAN. A hundred pistoles? I thought it was only eighty.

LAND. True, only ninety, only ninety. I will do so my pretty maid, I will do so.

FRAN. All that will come right, Mr. Landlord.

WER. (*coming from behind, and tapping* 20 *FRANZISKA on the shoulder*). Little woman — Little woman.

FRAN. (*frightened*). Oh! dear!

WER. Don't be alarmed! I see you are pretty, and a stranger, too. And strangers who are pretty must be warned. Little woman! little woman! I advise you to beware of that fellow! (*pointing to the LANDLORD*).

LAND. Ah! What an unexpected pleasure! Herr Werner! Welcome, welcome! Yes, you are just the same jovial, joking, honest Werner! So you are to beware of me, my pretty maid. Ha! ha! ha!

WER. Keep out of his way every-where!

LAND. My way? Am I such a dangerous man? Ha! ha! ha! Hear him, my pretty maid! A good joke, isn't it?

WER. People like him always call it a 40 joke, if one tells them the truth.

LAND. The truth. Ha! ha! ha! Better and better, my pretty maid, isn't it? He knows how to joke! I dangerous? I? Twenty years ago there might have been 45 something in it. Yes, yes, my pretty maid, then I was a dangerous man: many a one knew it; but now —

WER. Oh! the old fool!

LAND. There it is! When we get old, 50 danger is at an end! It will be so with you too, Herr Werner!

WER. You utter old fool! Little

woman, you will give me credit for enough common sense not to speak of danger from him. That one devil has left him, but seven others have entered into him.

5 LAND. Oh! hear him! How cleverly he can turn things about. Joke upon joke, and always something new! Ah! he is an excellent man, Paul Werner is. (*To FRANZISKA, as if whispering*.) A well-to-do 10 man, and a bachelor still. He has a nice little freehold three miles from here. He made prize-money in the war, and was a sergeant to the Major. Yes, he is a real friend of the Major's; he is a friend who 15 would give his life for him.

WER. Yes; and that is a friend of the Major's — that is a friend . . . whose life the Major ought to take (*pointing to the LANDLORD*).

LAND. How! What! No, Herr Werner, that is not a good joke. I no friend to the Major! I don't understand that joke.

WER. Just has told me pretty things.

LAND. Just! Ah! I thought Just was speaking through you. Just is a nasty, ill-natured man. But here on the spot stands a pretty maid — she can speak, she can say if I am no friend of the Major's — 30 if I have not done him good service. And why should not I be his friend? Is not he a deserving man? It is true, he has had the misfortune to be discharged; but what of that? The king cannot be acquainted with all deserving officers; and, if he knew them, he could not reward them all.

WER. Heaven put those words into your mouth. But Just . . . certainly there is nothing remarkable about Just, but still Just is no liar; and if that what he has told me be true —

LAND. I don't want to hear anything about Just. As I said, this pretty maid here can speak. (*Whispering to her*.) You know, my dear; the ring! Tell Herr Werner about it. Then he will learn better what I am. And that it may not appear as if she only said what I wish, I will not even be present. I will go; but you shall tell me after, Herr Werner, you shall tell me, whether Just is not a foul slanderer. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V

WERNER, FRANZISKA.

WER. Little woman, do you know my Major?

FRAN. Major von Tellheim? Yes, indeed, I do know that good man.

WER. Is he not a good man? Do you like him?

FRAN. From the bottom of my heart.

WER. Indeed! I tell you what, little woman, you are twice as pretty now as you were before. But what are the services, which the landlord says he has rendered our Major?

FRAN. That is what I don't know; unless he wished to take credit to himself for the good result which fortunately has arisen from his knavish conduct.

WER. Then what Just told me is true? (*Towards the side where the LANDLORD went off.*) A lucky thing for you that you are gone! He did really turn him out of his room? — To treat such a man so, because the donkey fancied that he had no more money! The Major no money!

FRAN. What! has the Major any money?

WER. By the load. He doesn't know how much he has. He doesn't know who is in his debt. I am his debtor, and have brought him some old arrears. Look, little woman, in this purse (*drawing it out of one pocket*) are a hundred louis d'ors; and in this packet (*drawing it out of another pocket*) a hundred ducats. All his money!

FRAN. Really! Why then does the Major pawn his things? He pledged a ring, you know —

WER. Pledged! Don't you believe it. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of the rubbish.

FRAN. It is no rubbish; it is a very valuable ring; which, moreover, I suspect, he received from a loving hand.

WER. That will be the reason. From a loving hand! Yes, yes; such a thing often puts one in mind of what one does not wish to remember, and therefore one gets rid of it.

FRAN. What!

WER. Odd things happen to the soldier

in winter quarters. He has nothing to do then, so he amuses himself, and to pass the time he makes acquaintances, which he only intends for the winter, but which the good soul with whom he makes them looks upon for life. Then, presto! a ring is suddenly conjured on to his finger; he hardly knows himself how it gets there; and very often he would willingly give the finger with it, if he could only get free from it again.

FRAN. Oh! and do you think this has happened to the Major?

WER. Undoubtedly. Especially in Saxony. If he had had ten fingers on each hand, he might have had all twenty full of rings.

FRAN. (*aside*). That sounds important, and deserves to be inquired into. Mr. Freeholder, or Mr. Sergeant —

WER. Little woman, if it makes no difference to you, I like "Mr. Sergeant" best.

FRAN. Well, Mr. Sergeant, I have a note from the Major to my mistress. I will just carry it in, and be here again in a moment. Will you be so good as to wait? I should like very much to have a little talk with you.

WER. Are you fond of talking, little woman? Well, with all my heart. Go quickly. I am fond of talking too: I will wait.

FRAN. Yes, please wait. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI

PAUL WERNER.

WER. That is not at all a bad little woman. But I ought not to have promised her that I would wait, for it would be most to the purpose, I suppose, to find the Major. He will not have my money, but rather pawns his property. That is just his way. A little trick occurs to me. When I was in the town, a fortnight back, I paid a visit to Captain Marloff's widow. The poor woman was ill, and was lamenting that her husband had died in debt to the Major for four hundred thalers, which she did not know how to pay. I went to see her again to-day; I intended to tell her that I could lend her five hundred thalers,

when I had received the money for my property; for I must put some of it by, if I do not go to Persia. But she was gone; and no doubt she has not been able to pay the Major. Yes, I'll do that; and the sooner the better. The little woman must not take it ill of me; I cannot wait. (*Is going in thought, and almost runs against the MAJOR, who meets him.*)

SCENE VII

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, PAUL WERNER.

MAJ. T. Why so thoughtful, Werner?

WER. Oh! that is you. I was just going to pay you a visit in your new quarters, Major.

MAJ. T. To fill my ears with curses against the Landlord of my old one. Do not remind me of it.

WER. I should have done that by the way; yes. But, more particularly, I wished to thank you for having been so good as to take care of my hundred louis d'ors. Just has given them to me again. I should have been very glad if you would have kept them longer for me. But you have got into new quarters, which neither you nor I know much about. Who knows what sort of place it is? They might be stolen, and you would have to make them good to me; there would be no help for it. So I cannot ask you to take them again.

MAJ. T. (*smiling*). When did you begin to be so careful, Werner?

WER. One learns to be so. One cannot now be careful enough of one's money. I have also a commission for you, Major, from Frau Marloff; I have just come from her. Her husband died four hundred thalers in your debt; she sends you a hundred ducats here, in part payment. She will forward you the rest next week. I believe I am the cause that she has not sent you the whole sum. For she also owed me about eighty thalers, and she thought I was come to dun her for them — which, perhaps, was the fact — so she gave them me out of the roll which she had put aside for you. You can spare your hundred thalers for a week longer, better than I can spare my few groschens. There, take it! (*Hands him the ducats.*)

MAJ. T. Werner!

WER. Well! Why do you stare at me so? Take it, Major!

MAJ. T. Werner!

WER. What is the matter with you? What annoys you?

MAJ. T. (*angrily striking his forehead, and stamping with his foot*). That . . . the four hundred thalers are not all there.

WER. Come! Major, did not you understand me?

MAJ. T. It is just because I did understand you! Alas, that the best men should to-day distress me most!

WER. What do you say?

MAJ. T. This only applies partly to you. Go, Werner! (*Pushing back WERNER'S hand with the money in it.*)

WER. As soon as I have got rid of this.

MAJ. T. Werner, suppose I tell you that Frau Marloff was here herself early this morning —

WER. Indeed?

MAJ. T. That she owes me nothing now —

WER. Really?

MAJ. T. That she has paid me every penny — What will you say then?

WER. (*thinks for a minute*). I shall say that I have told a lie, and that lying is a low thing, because one may be caught at it.

MAJ. T. And you will be ashamed of yourself?

WER. And what of him who compels me to lie? Should not he be ashamed too? Look ye, Major; if I was to say that your conduct has not vexed me, I should tell another lie, and I won't lie any more.

MAJ. T. Do not be annoyed, Werner. I know your heart, and your affection for me. But I do not require your money.

WER. Not require it! Rather sell, rather pawn, and get talked about!

MAJ. T. Oh! people may know that I have nothing more. One must not wish to appear richer than one is.

WER. But why poorer? A man has something as long as his friend has.

MAJ. T. It is not proper that I should be your debtor.

WER. Not proper! On that summer day which the sun and the enemy made hot for us, when your groom, who had

your canteen, was not to be found, and you came to me and said — "Werner, have you nothing to drink?" and I gave you my flask, you took it and drank, did you not? Was that proper? Upon my life, a mouthful of dirty water at that time was often worth more than such filth (*taking the purse also out of his pocket, and holding out both to him*). Take them, dear Major! Fancy it is water. God has made this, too, for all.

MAJ. T. You torment me: don't you hear, I will not be your debtor.

WER. At first, it was not proper; now, you will not. Ah! that is a different thing. (*Rather angrily.*) You will not be my debtor? But suppose you are already, Major? Or, are you not a debtor to the man who once warded off the blow that was meant to split your head; and, at another time, knocked off the arm which was just going to pull and send a ball through your breast? How can you become a greater debtor to that man? Or, is my neck of less consequence than my money? If that is a noble way of thinking, by my soul it is a very silly one too.

MAJ. T. To whom do you say that, Werner? We are alone, and therefore I may speak; if a third person heard us, it might sound like boasting. I acknowledge with pleasure, that I have to thank you for twice saving my life. Do you not think, friend, that if an opportunity occurred I would have done as much for you, eh?

WER. If an opportunity occurred! Who doubts it, Major? Have I not seen you risk your life a hundred times for the lowest soldier, when he was in danger?

MAJ. T. Well!

WER. But —

MAJ. T. Why cannot you understand me? I say, it is not proper that I should be your debtor; I will not be your debtor. That is, not in the circumstances in which I now am.

WER. Oh! so you would wait till better times. You will borrow money from me another time, when you do not want any; when you have some yourself, and I per-

MAJ. T. A man ought not to borrow, when he has not the means of repaying.

WER. A man like yourself cannot always be in want.

MAJ. T. You know the world. . . . Least of all should a man borrow from one who wants his money himself.

WER. Oh, yes; I am such a one! Pray, what do I want it for? When they want a sergeant, they give him enough to live on.

MAJ. T. You want it, to become something more than a sergeant — to be able to get forward in that path in which even the most deserving, without money, may remain behind.

WER. To become something more than a sergeant! I do not think of that. I am a good sergeant; I might easily make a bad captain, and certainly a worse general.

MAJ. T. Do not force me to think ill of you, Werner! I was very sorry to hear what Just has told me. You have sold your farm, and wish to rove about again. Do not let me suppose that you do not love the profession of arms so much as the wild dissolute way of living which is unfortunately connected with it. A man should be a soldier for his own country, or from love of the cause for which he fights. To serve without any purpose — to-day here, to-morrow there — is only travelling about like a butcher's apprentice, nothing more.

WER. Well, then, Major, I will do as you say. You know better what is right. I will remain with you. But, dear Major, do take my money in the meantime. Sooner or later your affairs must be settled. You will get money in plenty then; and then you shall repay me with interest. I only do it for the sake of the interest.

MAJ. T. Do not talk of it.

WER. Upon my life, I only do it for the sake of the interest. Many a time I have thought to myself — "Werner, what will become of you in your old age? when you are crippled? when you will have nothing in the world? when you will be obliged to go and beg!" And then I thought again — "No, you will not be obliged to beg: you will go to Major Tellheim; he will share his last penny with you; he will feed you till you die; and with him you can die like an honest fellow."

MAJ. T. (*taking WERNER's hand*). And, comrade, you do not think so still?

WER. No, I do not think so any longer. He who will not take anything from me, when he is in want, and I have to give, will not give me anything when he has to give, and I am in want. So be it. (*Is going.*)

MAJ. T. Man, do not drive me mad! Where are you going? (*Detains him.*) If I assure you now, upon my honour, that I still have money — If I assure you, upon my honour, that I will tell you when I have no more — that you shall be the first and only person from whom I will borrow anything — will that content you?

WER. I suppose it must. Give me your hand on it, Major.

MAJ. T. There, Paul! And now enough of that. I came here to speak with a certain young woman.

SCENE VIII

FRANZISKA (*coming out of MINNA's room*), 25
MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, PAUL WERNER.

FRAN. (*entering*). Are you there still, Mr. Sergeant? (*Seeing TELLHEIM.*) And you there too, Major? I will be at your service instantly. (*Goes back quickly into the room.*) 30

SCENE IX

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, PAUL WERNER. 35

MAJ. T. That was she! But it seems you know her, Werner.

WER. Yes, I know her.

MAJ. T. Yet, if I remember rightly, when I was in Thuringia you were not with me. 40

WER. No; I was seeing after the uniforms in Leipsic.

MAJ. T. Where did you make her acquaintance, then?

WER. Our acquaintance is very young. Not a day old. But young friendship is warm.

MAJ. T. Have you seen her mistress, too?

WER. Is her mistress a young lady? She told me you are acquainted with her mistress.

MAJ. T. Did not you hear? she comes from Thuringia.

WER. Is the lady young?

MAJ. T. Yes.

WER. Pretty?

MAJ. T. Very pretty.

WER. Rich?

MAJ. T. Very rich.

WER. Is the mistress as fond of you as the maid is? That would be capital!

MAJ. T. What do you mean?

SCENE X

FRANZISKA (*with a letter in her hand*), MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, PAUL WERNER.

FRAN. Major —

MAJ. T. Franziska, I have not yet been able to give you a "Welcome" here. FRAN. In thought, I am sure that you have done it. I know you are friendly to me; so am I to you. But it is not at all kind to vex those who are friendly to you so much.

WER. (*aside*). Ah! now I see it. It is so!

MAJ. T. My destiny, Franziska! Did you give her the letter?

FRAN. Yes; and here I bring you . . . (*holding out a letter*).

MAJ. T. An answer!

FRAN. No, your own letter again.

MAJ. T. What! She will not read it!

FRAN. She would have liked, but — we can't read writing well.

MAJ. T. You are joking!

FRAN. And we think that writing was not invented for those who can converse with their lips whenever they please.

MAJ. T. What an excuse! She must read it. It contains my justification — all the grounds and reasons —

FRAN. My mistress wishes to hear them all from you yourself, not to read them.

MAJ. T. Hear them from me myself! That every look, every word of hers, may embarrass me; that I may feel in every glance the greatness of my loss.

FRAN. Without any pity! Take it. (*Giving him his letter.*) She expects you at three o'clock. She wishes to drive out and see the town; you must accompany her.

MAJ. T. Accompany her!

FRAN. And what will you give me to let you drive out by yourselves? I shall remain at home?

MAJ. T. By ourselves!

FRAN. In a nice closed carriage.

MAJ. T. Impossible!

FRAN. Yes, yes, in the carriage, Major. You will have to submit quietly; you cannot escape there! And that is the reason. In short, you will come, Major, 10 and punctually at three. . . . Well, you wanted to speak to me too alone. What have you to say to me? Oh! we are not alone. (*Looking at WERNER.*)

MAJ. T. Yes, Franziska; as good as 15 alone. But, as your mistress has not read my letter, I have nothing now to say to you.

FRAN. As good as alone! Then you have no secrets from the Sergeant?

MAJ. T. No, none.

FRAN. And yet I think you should have some from him.

MAJ. T. Why so?

WER. How so, little woman?

FRAN. Particularly secrets of a certain kind. . . . All twenty, Mr. Sergeant! (*Holding up both her hands, with open fingers.*)

WER. Hist! hist! girl.

MAJ. T. What is the meaning of that?

FRAN. Presto! conjured on to his finger, Mr. Sergeant (*as if she was putting a ring on her finger*).

MAJ. T. What are you talking about?

WER. Little woman, little woman, don't you understand a joke.

MAJ. T. Werner, you have not forgotten, I hope, what I have often told you; 40 that one should not jest beyond a certain point with a young woman!

WER. Upon my life I may have forgotten it! Little woman, I beg —

FRAN. Well, if it was a joke, I will for- 45 give you this once.

MAJ. T. Well, if I must come, Franziska, just see that your mistress reads my letter beforehand? That will spare me the pain of thinking again — of talking again, 50 of things which I would willingly forget. There, give it to her! (*He turns the letter in giving it to her, and sees that it has been*

opened.) But do I see aright? Why it has been opened.

FRAN. That may be. (*Looks at it.*) True, it is open. Who can have opened 5 it? But really we have not read it, Major; really not. And we do not wish to read it, because the writer is coming himself. Come; and I tell you what, Major! don't come as you are now — in boots, and with such a head. You are excusable, you do not expect us. Come in shoes, and have your hair fresh dressed. You look too soldierlike, too Prussian for me as you are.

MAJ. T. Thank you, Franziska.

FRAN. You look as if you had been bivouacking last night.

MAJ. T. You may have guessed right.

FRAN. We are going to dress, directly too, and then have dinner. We 20 would willingly ask you to dinner, but your presence might hinder our eating; and observe, we are not so much in love that we have lost our appetites.

MAJ. T. I will go. Prepare her some- 25 what, Franziska, beforehand, that I may not become contemptible in her eyes, and in my own. Come, Werner, you shall dine with me.

WER. At the table d'hôte here in the 30 house? I could not eat a bit there.

MAJ. T. With me, in my room.

WER. I will follow you directly. One word first with the little woman.

MAJ. T. I have no objection to that. 35 (*Exit.*)

SCENE XI

PAUL WERNER, FRANZISKA.

FRAN. Well, Mr. Sergeant!

WER. Little woman, if I come again, shall I too come smartened up a bit?

FRAN. Come as you please; my eyes will find no fault with you. But my ears 5 will have to be so much the more on their guard. Twenty fingers, all full of rings. Ah! ah! Mr. Sergeant!

WER. No, little woman; that is just what I wished to say to you. I only rattled 10 on a little. There is nothing in it. One ring is quite enough for a man. Hundreds and hundreds of times I have heard the Major say — "He must be a rascally sol-

dier, who can mislead a young girl." So think I too, little woman. You may trust to that! I must be quick and follow him. A good appetite to you. (*Exit.*)

FRAN. The same to you! I really believe, I like that man! (*Going in, she meets MINNA coming out.*)

SCENE XII

MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. Has the Major gone already, Franziska? I believe I should have been sufficiently composed again now to have detained him here.

FRAN. And I will make you still more composed.

MIN. So much the better! His letter! oh! his letter! Each line spoke the honourable noble man. Each refusal to accept my hand declared his love for me. I suppose he noticed that we had read his letter. I don't mind that, if he does but come. But are you sure he will come? There only seems to me to be a little too much pride in his conduct. For not to be willing to be indebted for his good fortune, even to the woman he loves, is pride, unpardonable pride! If he shows me too much of this, Franziska —

FRAN. You will discard him!

MIN. See there! Do you begin to pity him again already! No, silly girl, a man is never discarded for a single fault. No; but I have thought of a trick — to pay him off a little for this pride, with pride of the same kind.

FRAN. Indeed, you must be very composed, my lady, if you are thinking of tricks again.

MIN. I am so; come. You will have a part to play in my plot. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV

SCENE I — *Minna's Room.*

MINNA (*dressed handsomely and richly, but in good taste*), FRANZISKA. (*They have just risen from a table, which a servant is clearing.*)

FRAN. You cannot possibly have eaten enough, my lady.

MIN. Don't you think so, Franziska? Perhaps I had no appetite when I sat down.

FRAN. We had agreed not to mention him during dinner. We should have resolved likewise, not to think of him.

MIN. Indeed, I have thought of nothing but him.

FRAN. So I perceived. I began to speak of a hundred different things, and you made wrong answers to each. (*Another servant brings coffee.*) Here comes a beverage more suited to fancies — sweet, melancholy coffee.

MIN. Fancies! I have none. I am only thinking of the lesson I will give him. Did you understand my plan, Franziska?

FRAN. Oh! yes; but it would be better if he spared us the putting it in execution. MIN. You will see that I know him thoroughly. He who refuses me now with all my wealth will contend for me against the whole world, as soon as he hears that I am unfortunate and friendless.

FRAN. (*seriously*). That must tickle the most refined self-love.

MIN. You moralist! First you convict me of vanity — now of self-love. Let me do as I please, Franziska. You, too, shall do as you please with your Sergeant.

FRAN. With my Sergeant?

MIN. Yes. If you deny it altogether, then it is true. I have not seen him yet; but, from all you have said respecting him, I foretell your husband for you.

SCENE II

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIÈRE, MINNA, FRANZISKA.

RIC. (*before he enters*). Est-il permis, Monsieur le Major?

FRAN. Who is that? Any one for us? (*going to the door*).

RIC. Parbleu! I am wrong. Mais non — I am not wrong. C'est la chambre —

FRAN. Without doubt, my lady, this gentleman expects to find Major von Tellheim here still.

RIC. Oui, dat is it! Le Major de Tellheim; juste, ma belle enfant, c'est lui que je cherche. Où est-il?

FRAN. He does not lodge here any longer.

RIC. Comment? Dere is four-and-twenty hour ago he did lodge here, and not lodge here any more? Where lodge he den?

MIN. (*going up to him*). Sir —

RIC. Ah! Madame, Mademoiselle, pardon, lady.

MIN. Sir, your mistake is quite excusable, and your astonishment very natural. Major von Tellheim has had the kindness to give up his apartments to me, as a stranger, who was not able to get them elsewhere.

RIC. Ah! voilà de ses politesses! C'est un très-galant homme que ce Major!

MIN. Where has he gone now? — truly I am ashamed that I do not know.

RIC. Madame not know? C'est domage; j'en suis fâché.

MIN. I certainly ought to have inquired. Of course his friends will seek him here.

RIC. I am vary great his friend, Madame.

MIN. Franziska, do you not know?

FRAN. No, my lady.

RIC. It is vary nécessaire dat I speak him. I come and bring him a nouvelle, of 30 say Madame to it? N'est pas, dat is a fine fellow! Ah! que Son Excellence a le cœur bien placé! He assure me au reste, if de Major has not reçu already une lettre de la main — a royal letter, dat to-day infailliblement must he receive one.

MIN. I regret it so much the more. But I hope to see him perhaps shortly. If it is a matter of indifference from whom he hears this good news, I would offer, 35 sir, —

RIC. I comprehend. Mademoiselle parle français? Mais sans doute; telle que je la vois! La demande était bien impolie; vous me pardonnerez, Mademoi- 40 selle.

MIN. Sir —

RIC. No! You not speak French, Madame?

MIN. Sir, in France I would endeavour 45 to do so; but why here? I perceive that you understand me, sir; and I, sir, shall doubtless understand you; speak as you please.

RIC. Good, good! I can also explain 50 me in your langue. Sachez donc, Mademoiselle, you must know, Madame, dat I come from de table of de ministre, ministre

de, ministre de . . . What is le ministre out dere, in de long street, on de broad place?

MIN. I am a perfect stranger here.

5 RIC. Si, le ministre of de war departement. Dere I have eat my dinner; I ordinary dine dere, and de conversation did fall on Major Tellheim; et le ministre m'a dit en confidence, car Son Excellence est de mes amis, et il n'y a point de mystères entre nous; Son Excellence, I say, has trust to me, dat l'affaire from our Major is on de point to end, and to end good. He has made a rapport to de king, and de 15 king has resolved et tout à fait en faveur du Major. "Monsieur," m'a dit Son Excellence, "vous comprenez bien, que tout dépend de la manière, dont on fait envisager les choses au roi, et vous me connaissez. Cela fait un très-joli garçon que ce Tellheim, et ne sais-je pas que vous l'aimez? Les amis de mes amis sont aussi les miens. Il coûte un peu cher au Roi ce Tellheim, mais est-ce que l'on sert les rois pour rien? Il faut s'entr'aider en ce monde; et quand il s'agit de pertes, que ce soit le Roi qui en fasse, et non pas un honnête homme de nous autres. Voilà le principe, dont je ne me dépars jamais." But what say Madame to it? N'est pas, dat is a fine fellow! Ah! que Son Excellence a le cœur bien placé! He assure me au reste, if de Major has not reçu already une lettre de la main — a royal letter, dat to-day infailliblement must he receive one.

MIN. Certainly, sir, this news will be most welcome to Major von Tellheim. I should like to be able to name the friend to him, who takes such an interest in his welfare.

RIC. Madame, you wish my name? Vous voyez en moi — you see, lady, in me, le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière, Seigneur de Prêt-au-val, de la branche de Prems d'or. You remain astonished to hear me from so great, great a family, qui est véritablement du sang royal. Il faut le dire; je suis sans doute le cadet le plus 55 aventureux que la maison n'a jamais eu. I serve from may eleven year. Une affaire d'honneur make me flee. Den I serve de holy Papa of Rome, den de Re-

public St. Marino, den de Poles, den de States General, till enfin I am brought here. Ah! Mademoiselle, que je voudrais n'avoir jamais vu ce pays-ci. Had one left me in de service of de States General, should I be now at least colonel. But here always to remain capitaine, and now also a discharged capitaine.

MIN. That is ill luck.

RIC. Oui, Mademoiselle, me voilà ré-10 formé, et par là mis sur le pavé!

MIN. I am very sorry for you.

RIC. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiselle. . . . No, merit have no reward here. Réformer a man, like me! A man who also have ruin himself in dis service! I have lost in it so much as twenty thousand livres. What have I now? Tranchons le mot; je n'ai pas le sou, et me voilà exactement vis-à-vis de rien.

MIN. I am exceedingly sorry.

RIC. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiselle. But as one say — misfortune never come alone! qu'un malheur ne vient jamais seul: so it arrive with me. What 25 ressource rests for an honnête homme of my extraction, but play? Now, I always played with luck, so long I not need her. Now I very much need her, je joue avec un guignon, Mademoiselle, qui surpasse 30 toute croyance. For fifteen days, not one is passed. dat I always am broke. Yesterday, I was broke drie times. Je sais bien, qu'il y avait quelque chose de plus que le jeu. Car parmi mes pontes se 35 trouvaient certaines dames. I will not speak more. One must be very galant to les dames. Dey have invite me again to-day, to give me revanche; mais — vous m'entendez, Mademoiselle, — one must 40 first have to live, before one can have to play.

MIN. I hope, sir, —

RIC. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiselle.

MIN. (*Takes FRANZISKA aside.*) Franziska, I really feel for the man. Would he take it ill, if I offer him something?

FRAN. He does not look to me like a man who would.

MIN. Very well! Sir, I perceive that — you play, that you keep the bank; doubtless in places where something is to be

won. I must also confess that I . . . am very fond of play.

RIC. Tant mieux, Mademoiselle, tant mieux! Tous les gens d'esprit aiment le 5 jeu à la fureur.

MIN. That I am very fond of winning; that I like to trust my money to a man, who — knows how to play. Are you inclined, sir, to let me join you? To let me have a share in your bank?

RIC. Comment, Mademoiselle, vous voulez être de moitié avec moi? De tout mon cœur.

MIN. At first, only with a trifle. (*Opens her desk and takes out some money.*)

RIC. Ah! Mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante!

MIN. Here is what I won a short time back; only ten pistoles. I am ashamed, 20 so little —

RIC. Donnez toujours, Mademoiselle, donnez. (*Takes it.*)

MIN. Without doubt, your bank, sir, is very considerable.

RIC. Oh! yes, vary considerable. Ten pistoles! You shall have, Madame, an interest in my bank for one third, pour le tiers. Yes, one third part it shall be — something more. With a beautiful lady one must not be too exac. I rejoice myself, to make by that a liaison with Madame, et de ce moment je recommence à bien augurer de ma fortune.

MIN. But I cannot be present, sir, 35 when you play.

RIC. For why it nécessaire dat you be present? We other players are honourable people between us.

MIN. If we are fortunate, sir, you will of course bring me my share. If we are 40 unfortunate —

RIC. I come to bring recruits, n'est pas, Madame?

MIN. In time recruits might fail. 45 Manage our money well, sir.

RIC. What does Madame think me? A simpleton, a stupid devil?

MIN. I beg your pardon.

RIC. Je suis des bons, Mademoiselle. 50 Savez-vous ce que cela veut dire? I am of the quite practised —

MIN. But still, sir, —

RIC. Je sais monter un coup —

MIN. (*amazed*). Could you?

RIC. Je file la carte avec une adresse.

MIN. Never!

RIC. Je fais sauter la coupe avec une dextérité.

MIN. You surely would not, sir! —

RIC. What not, Madame; what not? Donnez-moi un pigeonneau à plumer, et —

MIN. Play false! Cheat!

RIC. Comment, Mademoiselle? Vous appelez cela cheat? Corriger la fortune, l'enchaîner sous ses doigts, être sûr de son fait, dat you call cheat? Cheat! Oh! what a poor tongue is your tongue! what an awkward tongue!

MIN. No, sir, if you think so —

RIC. Laissez-moi faire, Mademoiselle, and be tranquille! What matter to you how I play! Enough! to-morrow, Madame, you see me again or with hundred 20 pistol, or you see me no more. Votre très-humble, Mademoiselle, votre très-humble. (*Exit quickly.*)

MIN. (*looking after him with astonishment and displeasure*). I hope the latter, sir. 25

SCENE III

MINNA AND FRANZISKA.

FRAN. (*angrily*). What can I say? Oh! 30 how grand! how grand!

MIN. Laugh at me; I deserve it. (*After reflecting, more calmly.*) No, do not laugh; I do not deserve it.

FRAN. Excellent! You have done a 35 charming act — set a knave upon his legs again.

MIN. It was intended for an unfortunate man.

FRAN. And what is the best part of it, 40 the fellow considers you like himself. Oh! I must follow him, and take the money from him. (*Going.*)

MIN. Franziska, do not let the coffee get quite cold; pour it out.

FRAN. He must return it to you; you have thought better of it; you will not play in partnership with him. Ten pistoles! You heard, my lady, that he was a beggar! (*MINNA pours out the coffee 50 herself.*) Who would give such a sum to a beggar? And to endeavour, into the bargain, to save him the humiliation of having

begged for it! The charitable woman who, out of generosity, mistakes the beggar, is in return mistaken by the beggar. It serves you right, my lady, if he considers 5 your gift as — I know not what: (*MINNA hands a cup of coffee to FRANZISKA.*) Do you wish to make my blood boil still more? I do not want any. (*MINNA puls it down again.*) “Parbleu, Madame, merit have no reward here” (*imitating the Frenchman*). I think not, when such rogues are allowed to walk about unhanged.

MIN. (*coldly and slowly, while sipping 15 her coffee*). Girl, you understand good men very well; but when will you learn to bear with the bad? And yet they are also men; and frequently not so bad as they seem. One should look for their good side. I fancy this Frenchman is nothing worse than vain. Through mere vanity he gives himself out as a false player; he does not wish to appear under an obligation to one; he wishes to save himself the thanks. Perhaps he may now go, pay his small debts, live quietly and frugally on the rest as far as it will go, and think no more of play. If that be so, Franziska, let him come for recruits whenever he pleases. (*Gives her 20 cup to FRANZISKA.*) There, put it down! But, tell me, should not Tellheim be here by this time?

FRAN. No, my lady, I can find out neither the bad side in a good man, nor the good side in a bad man.

MIN. Surely he will come!

FRAN. He ought to remain away! You remark in him — in him, the best of men — a little pride; and therefore you 40 intend to tease him so cruelly!

MIN. Are you at it again? Be silent! I will have it so. Woe to you if you spoil this fun of mine . . . if you do not say and do all, as we have agreed. I will leave 45 you with him alone; and then — but here he comes.

SCENE IV

PAUL WERNER (*comes in, carrying himself very erect as if on duty*), MINNA, FRANZISKA.

FRAN. No, it is only his dear Sergeant.

MIN. Dear Sergeant! Whom does the "dear" refer to?

FRAN. Pray, my lady, do not make the man embarrassed. Your servant, Mr. Sergeant; what news do you bring us?

WER. (*goes up to MINNA, without noticing FRANZISKA*). Major von Tellheim begs to present, through me, Sergeant Werner, his most respectful compliments to Fräulein von Barnhelm, and to inform her that he will be here directly.

MIN. Where is he then?

WER. Your ladyship will pardon him; we left our quarters before it began to strike three; but the paymaster met us on the way; and, because conversation with those gentlemen has no end, the Major made me a sign to report the case to your ladyship.

MIN. Very well, Mr. Sergeant. I only hope the paymaster may have good news for him.

WER. Such gentlemen seldom have good news for officers. — Has your ladyship any orders? (*Going*.)

FRAN. Why, where are you going again, Mr. Sergeant? Had not we something to say to each other?

WER. (*In a whisper to FRANZISKA, and seriously*.) Not here, little woman; it is against respect, against discipline. . . . Your ladyship —

MIN. Thank you for your trouble. I am glad to have made your acquaintance. Franziska has spoken in high praise of you to me. (*WERNER makes a stiff bow, and goes*.)

SCENE V

MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MIN. So that is your Sergeant, Franziska?

FRAN. (*aside*). I have not time to reproach her for that jeering *your*. (*Aloud*.) Yes, my lady, that is my Sergeant. You think him, no doubt, somewhat stiff and wooden. He also appeared so to me just now; but, I observed, he thought he must march past you as if on parade. And, when soldiers are on parade, they certainly look more like wooden dolls than

men. You should see and hear him when he is himself.

MIN. So I should indeed!

FRAN. He must still be in the next room; may I go and talk with him a little?

MIN. I refuse you this pleasure unwillingly: but you must remain here, Franziska. You must be present at our conversation. Another thing occurs to me. (*Takes her ring from her finger*.) There, take my ring; keep it for me, and give me the Major's in the place of it.

FRAN. Why so?

MIN. (*whilst FRANZISKA is fetching the ring*). I scarcely know, myself; but I fancy I see, beforehand, how I may make use of it. Some one is knocking. Give it to me, quickly. (*Puts the ring on*.) It is he.

SCENE VI

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM (*in the same coat, but otherwise as FRANZISKA advised*), MINNA, FRANZISKA.

MAJ. T. Madam, you will excuse the delay.

MIN. Oh! Major, we will not treat each other in quite such a military fashion. You are here now; and to await a pleasure is itself a pleasure. Well (*looking at him and smiling*), dear Tellheim, have we not been like children?

MAJ. T. Yes, Madam; like children, who resist when they ought to obey quietly.

MIN. We will drive out, dear Major, to see a little of the town, and afterwards to meet my uncle.

MAJ. T. What!

MIN. You see, we have not yet had an opportunity of mentioning the most important matters even. He is coming here to-day. It was accident that brought me here without him, a day sooner.

MAJ. T. Count von Bruchsal! Has he returned?

MIN. The troubles of the war drove him into Italy: peace has brought him back again. Do not be uneasy, Tellheim; if we formerly feared on his part the greatest obstacle to our union —

MAJ. T. To our union!

MIN. He is now your friend. He has

heard too much good of you from too many people, not to become so. He longs to become personally acquainted with the man whom his heiress has chosen. He comes as uncle, as guardian, as father, to give me to you.

MAJ. T. Ah! dear lady, why did you not read my letter? Why would you not read it?

MIN. Your letter! Oh! yes, I remember you sent me one. What did you do with that letter, Franziska? Did we, or did we not read it? What was it you wrote to me, dear Tellheim?

MAJ. T. Nothing but what honour commands me.

MIN. That is, not to desert an honourable woman who loves you. Certainly that is what honour commands. Indeed, I ought to have read your letter. But what I have not read, I shall hear, shall I not?

MAJ. T. Yes, you shall hear it.

MIN. No, I need not even hear it. It speaks for itself. As if you could be guilty of such an unworthy act, as not to take me! Do you know that I should be pointed at for the rest of my life? My countrywomen would talk about me, and say, "That is she, that is the Fräulein von Barnhelm, who fancied that because she was rich she could marry the noble Tellheim; as if such men were to be caught with money." That is what they would say, for they are all envious of me. That I am rich, they cannot deny; but they do not wish to acknowledge that I am also a tolerably good girl, who would prove herself worthy of her husband. Is that not so, Tellheim?

MAJ. T. Yes, yes, Madam, that is like your countrywomen. They will envy you exceedingly a discharged officer, with sullied honour, a cripple, and a beggar.

MIN. And are you all that? If I mistake not, you told me something of the kind this forenoon. Therein is good and evil mixed. Let us examine each charge more closely. You are discharged? So you say. I thought your regiment was only drafted into another. How did it happen that a man of your merit was not retained?

MAJ. T. It has happened, as it must

happen. The great ones are convinced that a soldier does very little through regard for them, not much more from a sense of duty, but everything for his own advantage. What then can they think they owe him? Peace has made a great many, like myself, superfluous to them; and at last we shall all be superfluous.

MIN. You talk as a man must talk, to whom in return the great are quite superfluous. And never were they more so than now. I return my best thanks to the great ones that they have given up their claims to a man whom I would very unwillingly have shared with them. I am your sovereign, Tellheim; you want no other master. To find you discharged is a piece of good fortune I dared scarcely dream of! But you are not only discharged; you are more. And what are you more? A cripple, you say! Well! (*looking at him from head to foot*), the cripple is tolerably whole and upright — appears still to be pretty well, and strong. Dear Tellheim, if you expect to go begging on the strength of your limbs, I prophesy that you will be relieved at very few doors; except at the door of a good-natured girl like myself.

MAJ. T. I only hear the joking girl now, dear Minna.

MIN. And I only hear the "dear Minna" in your chiding. I will not joke any longer; for I recollect that after all you are something of a cripple. You are wounded by a shot in the right arm; but, all things considered, I do not find much fault with that. I am so much the more secure from your blows.

MAJ. T. Madam!

MIN. You would say, "You are so much the less secure from mine." Well, well, dear Tellheim, I hope you will not drive me to that.

MAJ. T. You laugh, Madam. I only lament that, I cannot laugh with you.

MIN. Why not? What have you to say against laughing? Cannot one be very serious even whilst laughing? Dear Major, laughter keeps us more rational than vexation. The proof is before us. Your laughing friend judges of your circumstances more correctly than you do yourself. Because you are discharged,

you say your honour is sullied; because you are wounded in the arm, you call yourself a cripple. Is that right? Is that no exaggeration? And is it my doing that all exaggerations are so open to ridicule? I dare say if I examine your beggary that it will also be as little able to stand the test. You may have lost your equipage once, twice, or thrice; your deposits in the hands of this or that banker may have disappeared together with those of other people; you may have no hope of seeing this or that money again which you may have advanced in the service; but are you a beggar on that account? If nothing else remained to you but what my uncle is bringing for you —

MAJ. T. Your uncle, Madam, will bring nothing for me.

MIN. Nothing but the two thousand pistoles which you so generously advanced to our government.

MAJ. T. If you had but read my letter, Madam!

MIN. Well, I did read it. But what I read in it, on this point, is a perfect riddle. It is impossible that any one should wish to turn a noble action into a crime. But explain to me, dear Major.

MAJ. T. You remember, Madam, that I had orders to collect the contribution for the war most strictly in cash in the districts in your neighbourhood. I wished to forego this severity, and advanced the money that was deficient myself.

MIN. I remember it well. I loved you for that deed before I had seen you.

MAJ. T. The government gave me their bill, and I wished, at the signing of the peace, to have the sum entered amongst the debts to be repaid by them. The bill was acknowledged as good, but my ownership of the same was disputed. People looked incredulous, when I declared that I had myself advanced the amount in cash. It was considered as bribery, as a *douceur* from the government, because I at once agreed to take the smallest sum with which I could have been satisfied in a case of the greatest exigency. Thus the bill went from my possession, and if it be paid will certainly not be paid to me. Hence, Madam, I consider my honour to

be suspected! not on account of my discharge, which, if I had not received, I should have applied for. You look serious, Madam! Why do you not laugh? Ha! ha! ha! I am laughing.

MIN. Oh! stifle that laugh, Tellheim, I implore you! It is the terrible laugh of misanthropy. No, you are not the man to repent of a good deed, because it may have had a bad result for yourself. Nor can these consequences possibly be of long duration. The truth must come to light. The testimony of my uncle, of our government —

MAJ. T. Of your uncle! Of your government! Ha! ha! ha!

MIN. That laugh will kill me, Tellheim. If you believe in virtue and Providence, Tellheim, do not laugh so! I never heard a curse more terrible than that laugh! But, viewing the matter in the worst light, if they are determined to mistake your character here, with us you will not be misunderstood. No, we cannot, we will not, misunderstand you, Tellheim. And, if our government has the least sentiment of honour, I know what it must do. But I am foolish; what would that matter? Imagine, Tellheim, that you have lost the two thousand pistoles on some gay evening. The king was an unfortunate card for you: the queen (*pointing to herself*) will be so much the more favourable. Providence, believe me, always indemnifies a man of honour — often even beforehand. The action which was to cost you two thousand pistoles gained you me. Without that action, I never should have been desirous of making your acquaintance. You know I went uninvited to the first party where I thought I should meet you. I went entirely on your account. I went with a fixed determination to love you — I loved you already! with the fixed determination to make you mine, if I should find you as dark and ugly as the Moor of Venice. So dark and ugly you are not; nor will you be so jealous. But, Tellheim, Tellheim, you are yet very like him! Oh! the unmanageable, stubborn man, who always keeps his eye fixed upon the phantom of honour, and becomes hardened against every other sentiment!

Your eyes this way! Upon me, me, Tellheim! (*He remains thoughtful and immovable, with his eyes fixed on one spot.*) Of what are you thinking? Do you not hear me?

MAJ. T. (*absent*). Oh, yes; but tell me, how came the Moor into the service of Venice? Had the Moor no country of his own? Why did he hire his arm and his blood to a foreign land?

MIN. (*alarmed*). Of what are you thinking, Tellheim? It is time to break off. Come! (*taking him by the hand*). Franziska, let the carriage be brought round.

MAJ. T. (*disengaging his hand, and following FRANZISKA*). No, Franziska; I cannot have the honour of accompanying your mistress. Madam, let me still retain my senses unimpaired for to-day, and give me leave to go. You are on the right way to deprive me of them. I resist it as much as I can. But hear, whilst I am still myself, what I have firmly determined, and from which nothing in the world shall turn me. If I have not better luck in the game of life; if a complete change in my fortune does not take place; if —

MIN. I must interrupt you, Major. We ought to have told him that at first, Franziska. — You remind me of nothing. — Our conversation would have taken quite a different turn, Tellheim, if I had commenced with the good news which the Chevalier de la Marlinière brought just now.

MAJ. T. The Chevalier de la Marlinière! Who is he?

FRAN. He may be a very honest man, Major von Tellheim, except that —

MIN. Silence, Franziska! Also a discharged officer from the Dutch service, who —

MAJ. T. Ah! Lieutenant Riccaut!

MIN. He assured us he was a friend of yours.

MAJ. T. I assure you that I am not his.

MIN. And that some minister or other had told him, in confidence, that your business was likely to have the very best termination. A letter from the king must now be on its way to you.

MAJ. T. How came Riccaut and a minister in company? Something certainly must have happened concerning my affair; for just now the paymaster of the forces told me that the king had set aside all the evidence offered against me, and that I might take back my promise, which I had given in writing, not to depart from here until acquitted. But that will be all. They wish to give me an opportunity of getting away. But they are wrong. I shall not go. Sooner shall the utmost distress waste me away before the eyes of my calumniators, than —

MIN. Obstinate man!

MAJ. T. I require no favour; I want justice. My honour —

MIN. The honour of such a man —

MAJ. T. (*warmly*). No, Madam, you may be able to judge of any other subject, but not of this. Honour is not the voice of conscience, not the evidence of a few honourable men —

MIN. No, no, I know it well. Honour is . . . honour.

MAJ. T. In short, Madam . . . You did not let me finish. — I was going to say, if they keep from me so shamefully what is my own; if my honour be not perfectly righted — I cannot, Madam, ever be yours, for I am not worthy, in the eyes of the world, of being yours. Minna von Barnhelm deserves an irreproachable husband. It is a worthless love which does not scruple to expose its object to scorn. He is a worthless man, who is not ashamed to owe a woman all his good fortune; whose blind tenderness —

MIN. And is that really your feeling, Major? (*turning her back suddenly*). Franziska!

MAJ. T. Do not be angry.

MIN. (*aside to FRANZISKA*). Now is the time! What do you advise me, Franziska?

FRAN. I advise nothing. But certainly he goes rather too far.

MAJ. T. (*approaching to interrupt them*). You are angry, Madam.

MIN. (*ironically*). I? Not in the least.

MAJ. T. If I loved you less —

MIN. (*still in the same tone*). Oh! certainly, it would be a misfortune for me. And hear, Major, I also will not be the

cause of your unhappiness. One should love with perfect disinterestedness. It is as well that I have not been more open! Perhaps your pity might have granted to me what your love refuses. (*Drawing the ring slowly from her finger.*)

MAJ. T. What does this mean, Madam?

MIN. No, neither of us must make the other either more or less happy. True love demands it. I believe you, Major; and you have too much honour to mistake love.

MAJ. T. Are you jesting, Madam?

MIN. Here! take back the ring with which you plighted your troth to me. (*Gives him the ring.*) Let it be so! We will suppose we have never met.

MAJ. T. What do I hear!

MIN. Does it surprise you! Take it, sir. You surely have not been pretending only!

MAJ. T. (*takes the ring from her*). Heavens! can Minna speak thus!

MIN. In one case you cannot be mine; in no case can I be yours. Your misfortune is probable; mine is certain. Farewell! (*Is going.*)

MAJ. T. Where are you going, dearest Minna?

MIN. Sir, you insult me now by that term of endearment.

MAJ. T. What is the matter, Madam? Where are you going?

MIN. Leave me. I go to hide my tears from you, deceiver! (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, FRANZISKA.

MAJ. T. Her tears? And I am to leave her. (*Is about to follow her.*)

FRAN. (*holding him back*). Surely not, Major. You would not follow her into her own room!

MAJ. T. Her misfortune? Did she not speak of misfortune?

FRAN. Yes, truly; the misfortune of losing you, after —

MAJ. T. After? After what? There is more in this. What is it, Franziska? Tell me! Speak!

FRAN. After, I mean, she has made such sacrifices on your account.

MAJ. T. Sacrifices for me!

FRAN. Well, listen. It is a good thing for you, Major, that you are freed from your engagement with her in this manner.

5 — Why should I not tell you? It cannot remain a secret long. We have fled from home. Count von Bruchsal has disinherited my mistress, because she would not accept a husband of his choice. On that every one deserted and slighted her. What could we do? We determined to seek him, whom —

MAJ. T. Enough! Come, and let me throw myself at her feet.

FRAN. What are you thinking about! Rather go, and thank your good fortune.

MAJ. T. Pitiful creature! For what do you take me? yet no, my dear Fransizka, the advice did not come from your heart. Forgive my anger!

FRAN. Do not detain me any longer. I must see what she is about. How easily something might happen to her. Go now, and come again, if you like. (*Follows*

MINNA.)

SCENE VIII

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. But, Franziska! Oh! I will wait your return here. — No, that is more torturing! — If she is in earnest, she will not refuse to forgive me. — Now I want your aid, honest Werner! — No, Minna, I am no deceiver! (*Rushes off.*)

ACT V

SCENE I

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM (*from one side*), WERNER (*from the other*).

MAJ. T. Ah! Werner! I have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?

WER. And I have been looking for you, Major; that is always the way. — I bring you good news.

MAJ. T. I do not want your news now; I want your money. Quick, Werner, give me all you have; and then raise as much more as you can.

WER. Major! Now, upon my life, that

is just what I said — "He will borrow money from me, when he has got it himself to lend."

MAJ. T. You surely are not seeking excuses!

WER. That I may have nothing to upbraid you with, take it with your right hand, and give it me again with your left.

MAJ. T. Do not detain me, Werner. It is my intention to repay you; but when 10 and how, God knows!

WER. Then you do not know yet that the treasury has received an order to pay you your money? I just heard it at —

MAJ. T. What are you talking about? 15 What nonsense have you let them palm off on you? Do you not see that if it were true I should be the first person to know it? In short, Werner, money! money!

WER. Very well, with pleasure. Here 20 is some! A hundred louis d'ors there, and a hundred ducats there. (*Gives him both.*)

MAJ. T. Werner, go and give Just the hundred louis d'ors. Let him redeem the ring again, on which he raised the money 25 this morning. But whence will you get some more, Werner? I want a good deal more.

WER. Leave that to me. The man who bought my farm lives in the town. The 30 date for payment is a fortnight hence, certainly; but the money is ready, and by a reduction of one half per cent —

MAJ. T. Very well, my dear Werner! You see that I have had recourse to you 35 alone — I must also confide all to you. The young lady you have seen is in distress —

WER. That is bad!

MAJ. T. But to-morrow she shall be 40 my wife.

WER. That is good!

MAJ. T. And the day after, I leave this place with her. I can go; I will go. I would sooner throw over everything here! 45 Who knows where some good luck may be in store for me. If you will, Werner, come with us. We will serve again.

WER. Really? But where there is war, Major!

MAJ. T. To be sure. Go, Werner, we will speak of this again.

WER. Oh! my dear Major! The day

after to-morrow! Why not to-morrow? I will get everything ready. In Persia, Major, there is a famous war; what do you say?

5 MAJ. T. We will think of it. Only go, Werner!

WER. Hurrah! Long live Prince Heraclius! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. How do I feel! . . . My whole soul has acquired a new impulse. My own unhappiness bowed me to the ground; made me fretful, short-sighted, shy, careless: her unhappiness raises me. I see clearly again, and feel myself ready and capable of undertaking anything for her sake. Why do I tarry? (*Is going towards MINNA'S room, when FRANZISKA comes out of it.*)

SCENE III

FRANZISKA, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

FRAN. Is it you? I thought I heard your voice. What do you want, Major?

MAJ. T. What do I want! What is she doing? Come!

FRAN. She is just going out for a drive.

MAJ. T. And alone? Without me? Where to?

FRAN. Have you forgotten, Major?

MAJ. T. How silly you are, Franziska! I irritated her, and she was angry. I will beg her pardon, and she will forgive me.

FRAN. What! After you have taken the ring back, Major!

MAJ. T. Ah! I did that in my confusion. I had forgotten about the ring. Where did I put it? (*Searches for it.*) Here it is.

FRAN. Is that it? (*Aside, as he puts it again in his pocket.*) If he would only look at it closer!

MAJ. T. She pressed it upon me so bitterly. But I have forgotten that. A full heart cannot weigh words. She will not for one moment refuse to take it again. 50 And have I not hers?

FRAN. She is now waiting for it in return. Where is it, Major? Show it to me, do!

MAJ. T. (*embarrassed*). I have . . . forgotten to put it on. Just — Just will bring it directly.

FRAN. They are something alike, I suppose; let me look at that one. I am very fond of such things.

MAJ. T. Another time, Franziska. Come now.

FRAN. (*aside*). He is determined not to be drawn out of his mistake.

MAJ. T. What do you say? Mistake!

FRAN. It is a mistake, I say, if you think that my mistress is still a good match. Her own fortune is far from considerable; by a few calculations in their own favour her guardians may reduce it to nothing. She expected everything from her uncle; but this cruel uncle —

MAJ. T. Let him go! Am I not man enough to make it all good to her again!

FRAN. Do you hear? She is ringing; I must go in again.

MAJ. T. I will accompany you.

FRAN. For heaven's sake, no! She forbade me expressly to speak with you. Come in at any rate a little time after me. (*Goes in.*)

SCENE IV

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MAJ. T. (*Calling after her.*) Announce me! Speak for me, Franziska! I shall follow you directly. What shall I say to her? Yet, where the heart can speak, no preparation is necessary. There is one thing only which may need a studied turn . . . this reserve, this scrupulousness of throwing herself, unfortunate as she is, into my arms; this anxiety to make a false show of still possessing that happiness which she has lost through me. How she is to exculpate herself to herself — for by me it is already forgiven — for this distrust in my honour, in her own worth. . . . Ah! here she comes.

SCENE V

MINNA, FRANZISKA, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

MIN. (*speaking as she comes out, as if not aware of the MAJOR'S presence*). The

carriage is at the door, Franziska, is it not? My fan!

MAJ. T. (*advancing to her*). Where are you going, Madam?

MIN. (*with forced coldness*). I am going out, Major. I guess why you have given yourself the trouble of coming back: to return me my ring. — Very well, Major von Tellheim, have the goodness to give it to Franziska. — Franziska, take the ring from Major von Tellheim! — I have no time to lose. (*Is going.*)

MAJ. T. (*stepping before her*). Madam! Ah! what have I heard? I was unworthy of such love.

MIN. So, Franziska, you have —

FRAN. Told him all.

MAJ. T. Do not be angry with me, Madam. I am no deceiver. You have, on my account, lost much in the eyes of the world, but not in mine. In my eyes you have gained beyond measure by this loss. It was too sudden. You feared it might make an unfavourable impression on me; at first you wished to hide it from me. I do not complain of this mistrust. It arose from the desire to retain my affection. That desire is my pride. You found me in distress; and you did not wish to add distress to distress. You could not divine how far your distress would raise me above any thoughts of my own.

MIN. That is all very well, Major, but it is now over. I have released you from your engagement; you have, by taking back the ring —

MAJ. T. Consented to nothing! On the contrary, I now consider myself bound more firmly than ever. You are mine, Minna, mine for ever. (*Takes off the ring.*) Here, take it for the second time — the pledge of my fidelity.

MIN. I take that ring again! That ring?

MAJ. T. Yes, dearest Minna, yes.

MIN. What are you asking me? that ring?

MAJ. T. You received it for the first time from my hand, when our positions were similar and the circumstances propitious. They are no longer propitious, but are again similar. Equality is always the strongest tie of love. Permit me,

dearest Minna! (*Seizes her hand to put on the ring.*)

MIN. What! by force, Major! No, there is no power in the world which shall compel me to take back that ring! Do you think that I am in want of a ring? Oh! you may see (*pointing to her ring*) that I have another here which is in no way inferior to yours.

FRAN. (*aside*). Well, if he does not see it now!

MAJ. T. (*letting fall her hand*). What is this? I see Fräulein von Barnhelm, but I do not hear her. — You are pretending. — Pardon me, that I use your own words.

MIN. (*in her natural tone*). Did those words offend you, Major?

MAJ. T. They grieved me much.

MIN. (*affected*). They were not meant to do that, Tellheim. Forgive me, Tellheim.

MAJ. T. Ah! that friendly tone tells me you are yourself again, Minna; that you still love me.

FRAN. (*exclaims*). The joke would soon have gone a little too far.

MIN. (*in a commanding tone*). Franziska, you will not interfere in our affairs, I beg.

FRAN. (*aside, in a surprised tone*). Not enough yet!

MIN. Yes, sir, it would only be womanish vanity in me to pretend to be cold and scornful. No! Never! You deserve to find me as sincere as yourself. I do love you still, Tellheim, I love you still; but notwithstanding —

MAJ. T. No more, dearest Minna, no more! (*Seizes her hand again, to put on the ring.*)

MIN. (*drawing back her hand*). Notwithstanding, so much the more am I determined that that shall never be, — never! — Of what are you thinking, Major? — I thought your own distress was sufficient. You must remain here; you must obtain by obstinacy — no better phrase occurs to me at the moment — the most perfect satisfaction, obtain it by obstinacy. . . . And that even though the utmost distress should waste you away before the eyes of your calumniators —

MAJ. T. So I thought, so I said, when

I knew not what I thought or said. Chagrin and stifling rage had enveloped my whole soul; love itself, in the full blaze of happiness, could not illumine it. But it has sent its daughter, Pity, more familiar with gloomy misfortune, and she has dispelled the cloud, and opened again all the avenues of my soul to sensations of tenderness. The impulse of self-preservation awakes, when I have something more precious than myself to support, and to support through my own exertions. Do not let the word "pity" offend you. From the innocent cause of our distress we may hear the term without humiliation. I am this cause; through me, Minna, have you lost friends and relations, fortune and country. Through me, in me, must you find them all again, or I shall have the destruction of the most lovely of her sex upon my soul. Let me not think of a future in which I must detest myself. — No, nothing shall detain me here longer. From this moment I will oppose nothing but contempt to the injustice which I suffer. Is this country the world? Does the sun rise here alone? Where can I not go? In what service shall I be refused? And should I be obliged to seek it in the most distant clime, only follow me with confidence, dearest Minna — we shall want for nothing. I have a friend who will assist me with pleasure.

SCENE VI

An ORDERLY, MAJOR VON TELLHEIM,
MINNA, FRANZISKA.

FRAN. (*seeing the ORDERLY*). Hist, Major!

MAJ. T. (*to the ORDERLY*). Whom do you want?

ORD. I am looking for Major von Tellheim. Ah! you are the Major, I see. I have to give you this letter from His Majesty the King (*taking one out of his bag*).

MAJ. T. To me?

ORD. According to the direction.

MIN. Franziska, do you hear? The Chevalier spoke the truth after all.

ORD. (*whilst TELLHEIM takes the letter*). I beg your pardon, Major; you should

properly have had it yesterday, but I could not find you out. I learnt your address this morning only from Lieutenant Riccaut, on parade.

FRAN. Do you hear, my lady? — That is the Chevalier's minister. "What is the name of de ministre out dere, on de broad place?"

MAJ. T. I am extremely obliged to you for your trouble.

ORD. It is my duty, Major. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, MINNA,
FRANZISKA.

MAJ. T. Ah! Minna, what is this? What does this contain?

MIN. I am not entitled to extend my curiosity so far.

MAJ. T. What! You would still separate my fate from yours? — But why do I hesitate to open it? It cannot make me more unhappy than I am: no, dearest Minna, it cannot make us more unhappy — but perhaps more happy! Permit me. (*While he opens and reads the letter, the LANDLORD comes stealthily on the stage.*)

SCENE VIII

LANDLORD, *the rest as before.*

LAND. (*to FRANZISKA*). Hist! my pretty maid! A word!

FRAN. (*to the LANDLORD*). Mr. Landlord, we do not yet know ourselves what is in the letter.

LAND. Who wants to know about the letter! I come about the ring. The lady must give it to me again, directly. Just is there, and wants to redeem it.

MIN. (*who in the meantime has approached the LANDLORD*). Tell Just that it is already redeemed; and tell him by whom — by me.

LAND. But —

MIN. I take it upon myself. Go! (*Exit LANDLORD.*)

SCENE IX

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, MINNA,
FRANZISKA.

FRAN. And now, my lady, make it up with the poor Major.

MIN. Oh! kind intercessor! As if the difficulties must not soon explain themselves.

MAJ. T. (*after reading the letter, with much emotion*). Ah! nor has he herein belied himself! Oh! Minna, what justice! what clemency! This is more than I expected; more than I deserve! — My fortune, my honour, all is re-established! — Do I dream? (*Looking at the letter, as if to convince himself.*) No, no delusion born of my own desires! Read it yourself, Minna; read it yourself!

MIN. I would not presume, Major.

MAJ. T. Presume! The letter is to me; to your Tellheim, Minna. It contains — what your uncle cannot take from you. You must read it! Do read it.

MIN. If it affords you pleasure, Major. (*Takes the letter and reads.*)

"My dear Major von Tellheim,

"I hereby inform you, that the business which caused me some anxiety on account of your honour has been cleared up in your favour. My brother had a more detailed knowledge of it, and his testimony has more than proved your innocence. The Treasury has received orders to deliver again to you the bill in question, and to reimburse the sum advanced. I have also ordered that all claims which the Paymaster's Office brings forward against your accounts be nullified. Please to inform me whether your health will allow of your taking active service again. I can ill spare a man of your courage and sentiments. I am your gracious KING," &c.

MAJ. T. Now, what do you say to that, Minna?

MIN. (*folding up and returning the letter*). I? Nothing.

MAJ. T. Nothing?

MIN. Stay — yes. That your king, who is a great man, can also be a good man. — But what is that to me! He is not my king.

MAJ. T. And do you say nothing more? Nothing about ourselves?

MIN. You are going to serve again. From Major, you will become Lieutenant-Colonel, perhaps Colonel. I congratulate you with all my heart.

MAJ. T. And you do not know me better? No, since fortune restores me sufficient to satisfy the wishes of a reasonable man, it shall depend upon my Minna alone, whether for the future I shall belong to any one else but her. To her service alone my whole life shall be devoted! The service of the great is dangerous, and does not repay the trouble, the restraint, the humiliation which it costs. Minna is not amongst those vain people who love nothing in their husbands beyond their titles and positions. She will love me for myself; and for her sake I will forget the whole world. I became a soldier from party feeling — I do not myself know on what political principles — and from the whim that it is good for every honourable man to try the profession of arms for a time, to make himself familiar with danger, and to learn coolness and determination. Extreme necessity alone could have compelled me to make this trial a fixed mode of life, this temporary occupation a profession. But now that nothing compels me, my whole and sole ambition is to be a peaceful and a contented man. This with you, dearest Minna, I shall infallibly become; this in your society I shall unchangeably remain. Let the holy bond unite us to-morrow; and then we will look round us, and in the whole wide habitable world seek out the most peaceful, the brightest, most smiling nook which wants but a happy couple to be a Paradise. There we will dwell; there shall each day . . . What is the matter, Minna? (MINNA turns away uneasily, and endeavours to hide her emotion.)

MIN. (*regaining her composure*). It is cruel of you, Tellheim, to paint such happiness to me, when I am forced to renounce it. My loss —

MAJ. T. Your loss! Why name your loss? All that Minna could lose is not Minna. You are still the sweetest, dearest, loveliest, best creature under the sun; all goodness and generosity, innocence and bliss! Now and then a little petulant; at times somewhat wilful — so much the better! So much the better! Minna would otherwise be an angel, whom I should honour with trepidation, but not

dare to love. (*Takes her hand to kiss it.*)

MIN. (*drawing away her hand*). Not so, sir. Why this sudden change? Is this flattering impetuous lover the cold Tellheim! — Could his returning good fortune alone create this ardour in him? He will permit me during his passionate excitement to retain the power of reflection for us both. When he could himself reflect, I heard him say — "it is a worthless love which does not scruple to expose its object to scorn." — True; and I aspire to as pure and noble a love as he himself. Now, when honour calls him, when a great monarch solicits his services, shall I consent that he shall give himself up to love-sick dreams with me? that the illustrious warrior shall degenerate into a toying swain? No, Major, follow the call of your higher destiny.

MAJ. T. Well! if the busy world has greater charms for you, Minna, let us remain in the busy world! How mean, how poor is this busy world; you now only know its gilded surface. Yet certainly, Minna, you will . . . But let it be so! until then! Your charms shall not want admirers, nor will my happiness lack enviers.

MIN. No, Tellheim, I do not mean that! I send you back into the busy world, on the road of honour, without wishing to accompany you. Tellheim will there require an irreproachable wife! A fugitive Saxon girl who has thrown herself upon him —

MAJ. T. (*starting up, and looking fiercely about him*). Who dare say that! Ah! Minna, I feel afraid of myself, when I imagine that any one but yourself could have spoken so. My anger against him would know no bounds.

MIN. Exactly! That is just what I fear. You would not endure one word of calumny against me, and yet you would have to put up with the very bitterest every day. In short, Tellheim, hear what I have firmly determined, and from which nothing in the world shall turn me —

MAJ. T. Before you proceed, I implore you, Minna, reflect for one moment, that you are about to pronounce a sentence of life or death upon me!

MIN. Without a moment's reflection! . . . As certainly as I have given you back the ring with which you formerly pledged your troth to me, as certainly as you have taken back that same ring, so certainly shall the unfortunate Minna never be the wife of the fortunate Tellheim!

MAJ. T. And herewith you pronounce my sentence.

MIN. Equality is the only sure bond of love. The happy Minna only wished to live for the happy Tellheim. Even Minna in misfortune would have allowed herself to be persuaded either to increase or to assuage the misfortune of her friend through herself. . . . He must have seen, before the arrival of that letter, which has again destroyed all equality between us, that in appearance only I refused.

MAJ. T. Is that true? I thank you, Minna, that you have not yet pronounced the sentence. You will only marry Tellheim when unfortunate? You may have him. (*Coolly.*) I perceive now that it would be indecorous in me to accept this tardy justice; that it will be better if I do not seek again that of which I have been deprived by such shameful suspicion. Yes; I will suppose that I have not received the letter. Behold my only answer to it! (*About to tear it up.*)

MIN. (*stopping him*). What are you going to do, Tellheim?

MAJ. T. Obtain your hand.

MIN. Stop!

MAJ. T. Madam, it is torn without fail if you do not quickly recall your words. — Then we will see what else you may have to object to in me.

MIN. What! In such a tone? Shall I, must I, thus become contemptible in my own eyes? Never! She is a worthless creature, who is not ashamed to owe her whole happiness to the blind tenderness of a man!

MAJ. T. False! utterly false!

MIN. Can you venture to find fault with your own words when coming from my lips?

MAJ. T. Sophistry! Does the weaker sex dishonour itself by every action which does not become the stronger? Or can a man do everything which is proper in a

woman? Which is appointed by nature to be the support of the other?

MIN. Be not alarmed, Tellheim! . . . I shall not be quite unprotected, if I must decline the honour of your protection. I shall still have as much as is absolutely necessary. I have announced my arrival to our ambassador. I am to see him to-day. I hope he will assist me. Time is flying. Permit me, Major —

MAJ. T. I will accompany you, Madam.

MIN. No, Major; leave me.

MAJ. T. Sooner shall your shadow desert you! Come, Madam, where you will, to whom you will, everywhere, to friends and strangers, will I repeat in your presence — repeat a hundred times each day — what a bond binds you to me, and with what cruel caprice you wish to break

SCENE X

JUST, *the rest as before.*

JUST (*impetuously*). Major! Major!

MAJ. T. Well!

JUST. Here quick! quick!

MAJ. T. Why? Come to me. Speak, what is the matter?

JUST. What do you think? (*Whispers to him.*)

MIN. (*aside to FRANZISKA*). Do you notice anything, Franziska?

FRAN. Oh! you merciless creature! I have stood here on thorns.

MAJ. T. (*to JUST*). What do you say? . . . That is not possible! . . . You? (*Looking fiercely at MINNA*.) Speak it out; tell it to her face. Listen, Madam.

JUST. The Landlord says, that Fräulein von Barnhelm has taken the ring which I pledged to him; she recognised it as her own, and would not return it.

MAJ. T. Is that true, Madam? No, that cannot be true!

MIN. (*smiling*). And why not, Tellheim? Why can it not be true?

MAJ. T. (*vehemently*). Then it is true! . . . What terrible light suddenly breaks in upon me! . . . Now I know you — false, faithless one!

MIN. (*alarmed*). Who, who is faithless?

MAJ. T. You, whom I will never more name!

MIN. Tellheim!

MAJ. T. Forget my name. . . . You came here with the intention of breaking with me. . . . It is evident! . . . Oh, that chance should thus delight to assist the faithless! It brought your ring into your possession. Your craftiness contrived to get my own back into mine!

MIN. Tellheim, what visions are you conjuring up! Be calm, and listen to me.

FRAN. (*aside*). Now she will catch it!

SCENE XI

WERNER (*with a purse full of gold*),
the rest as before.

WER. Here I am already, Major!

MAJ. T. (*without looking at him*). Who wants you?

WER. I have brought more money! A 20 thousand pistoles!

MAJ. T. I do not want them!

WER. And to-morrow, Major, you can have as many more.

MAJ. T. Keep your money!

WER. It is your money, Major. . . . I do not think you see whom you are speaking to!

MAJ. T. Take it away! I say.

WER. What is the matter with you? — 30 I am Werner.

MAJ. T. All goodness is dissimulation; all kindness, deceit.

WER. Is that meant for me?

MAJ. T. As you please!

WER. Why, I have only obeyed your commands.

MAJ. T. Obey once more, and be off!

WER. Major! (*vexed*). I am a man —

MAJ. T. So much the better!

WER. Who can also be angry.

MAJ. T. Anger is the best thing we possess.

WER. I beg you, Major.

MAJ. T. How often must I tell you? I 45 do not want your money!

WER. (*in a rage*). Then take it, who will! (*Throws the purse on the ground, and goes to the side.*)

MIN. (*to FRANZISKA*). Ah! Franziska, I 50 ought to have followed your advice. I

have carried the jest too far. — Still, when he hears me . . . (*going to him*).

FRAN. (*without answering MINNA, goes up to WERNER*). Mr. Sergeant —

WER. (*pettishly*). Go along!

FRAN. Ah! what men these are.

MIN. Tellheim! Tellheim! (*TELLHEIM, biting his fingers with rage, turns away his face, without listening.*) No, this 10 is too bad. . . . Only listen! . . . You are mistaken! . . . A mere misunderstanding. Tellheim, will you not hear your Minna? Can you have such a suspicion? . . . I break my engagement with 15 you? I came here for that purpose? . . . Tellheim!

SCENE XII

TWO SERVANTS (*running into the room from different sides*), *the rest as before.*

FIRST SER. Your ladyship, his excellency the Count!

SECOND SER. He is coming, your ladyship!

25 FRAN. (*running to the window*). It is! it is he!

MIN. Is it? Now, Tellheim, quick!

MAJ. T. (*suddenly recovering himself*). Who, who comes? Your uncle, Madam! this cruel uncle! . . . Let him come; just let him come! . . . Fear not! . . . He shall not hurt you even by a look. He shall have to deal with me. . . . You do not indeed deserve it of me.

35 MIN. Quick, Tellheim! one embrace and forget all.

MAJ. T. Ah! did I but know that you could regret —

MIN. No, I can never regret having obtained a sight of your whole heart! . . . Ah! what a man you are! . . . Embrace your Minna, your happy Minna: and in nothing more happy than in the possession of you. (*Embracing.*) And now to meet him!

MAJ. T. To meet whom?

MIN. The best of your unknown friends.

MAJ. T. What!

MIN. The Count, my uncle, my father, your father. . . . My flight, his displeasure, my loss of property — do you not see that all is a fiction, credulous knight?

MAJ. T. Fiction! But the ring? the ring?

MIN. Where is the ring that I gave back to you?

MAJ. T. You will take it again? Ah! now I am happy. . . . Here, Minna (*taking it from his pocket*).

MIN. Look at it first! Oh! how blind are those who will not see! . . . What ring is that? the one you gave me? or the one I gave you? Is it not the one which I did not like to leave in the landlord's possession?

MAJ. T. Heavens! what do I see! What do I hear!

MIN. Shall I take it again now? Shall I? Give it to me! give it! (*Takes it from him, and then puts it on his finger herself.*) There, now all is right!

MAJ. T. Where am I? (*Kissing her hand.*) Oh! malicious angel, to torture me so!

MIN. As a proof, my dear husband, that you shall never play me a trick without my playing you one in return. . . . Do you suppose that you did not torture me also?

MAJ. T. Oh you actresses! But I ought to have known you.

FRAN. Not I, indeed; I am spoilt for acting. I trembled and shook, and was obliged to hold my lips together with my hand.

MIN. Nor was mine an easy part. — But come now —

MAJ. T. I have not recovered myself yet. How happy, yet how anxious, I feel. It is like awaking suddenly from a frightful dream.

MIN. We are losing time. . . . I hear him coming now.

HEIM), only four-and-twenty hours here, and friends — company already!

MIN. Guess who it is!

COUNT. Not your Tellheim, surely!

MIN. Who else! — Come, Tellheim (*introducing him*).

COUNT. Sir, we have never met; but at the first glance I fancied I recognised you. I wished it might be Major von Tellheim. — Your hand, sir; you have my highest esteem; I ask for your friendship. My niece, my daughter loves you.

MIN. You know that, my father! — And was my love blind?

COUNT. No, Minna, your love was not blind; but your lover — is dumb.

MAJ. T. (*throwing himself in the COUNT's arms*). Let me recover myself, my father!

COUNT. Right, my son. I see your heart can speak, though your lips cannot. I do not usually care for those who wear this uniform. But you are an honourable man, Tellheim; and one must love an honourable man, in whatever garb he may be.

MIN. Ah! did you but know all!

COUNT. Why should I not hear all? — Which are my apartments, landlord?

LAND. Will your Excellency have the goodness to walk this way?

COUNT. Come, Minna! Pray come, Major! (*Exit with the LANDLORD and servants.*)

MIN. Come, Tellheim!

MAJ. T. I will follow you in an instant, Minna. One word first with this man (*turning to WERNER*).

MIN. And a good word, methinks, it should be. Should it not, Franziska? (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIII

COUNT VON BRUCHSAL (*accompanied by several servants and the LANDLORD*).

The rest as before.

COUNT (*entering*). She arrived in safety, I hope?

MIN. (*running to meet him*). Ah! my father!

COUNT. Here I am, dear Minna (*embracing her*). But what, girl (*seeing TELL-*

SCENE XIV

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, WERNER, JUST, FRANZISKA.

MAJ. T. (*pointing to the purse which WERNER had thrown down*). Here, Just, pick up the purse, and carry it home. Go! (*JUST takes it up and goes.*)

WER. (*still standing, out of humour, in a corner, and absent till he hears the last words*). Well, what now?

MAJ. T. (*in a friendly tone while going up to him*). Werner, when can I have the other two thousand pistoles?

WER. (*in a good humour again instantly*). To-morrow, Major, to-morrow.

MAJ. T. I do not need to become your debtor; but I will be your banker. All you good-natured people ought to have guardians. You are in a manner spend-thrifts. — I irritated you just now, Wer-

ner. WER. Upon my life you did! But I ought not to have been such a dolt. Now I see it all clearly. I deserve a hundred lashes. You may give them to me, if you will, Major. Only no more ill will, dear Major!

MAJ. T. Ill will! (*shaking him by the hand*). Read in my eyes all that I cannot say to you — Ah! let me see the man with a better wife and a more trusty friend than I shall have. — Eh! Franziska? (*Exit*.)

SCENE XV

WERNER, FRANZISKA.

FRAN. (*aside*). Yes, indeed, he is more than good! — Such a man will never fall

in my way again. — It must come out. (*Approaching WERNER bashfully.*) Mr. Sergeant!

WER. (*wiping his eyes*). Well!

5 FRAN. Mr. Sergeant —

WER. What do you want, little woman?

FRAN. Look at me, Mr. Sergeant.

WER. I can't yet; there is something, I don't know what, in my eyes.

10 FRAN. Now do look at me!

WER. I am afraid I have looked at you too much already, little woman! — There, now I can see you. What then?

FRAN. Mr. Sergeant — don't you want 15 a Mrs. Sergeant?

WER. Do you really mean it, little woman?

FRAN. Really I do.

WER. And would you go with me to Persia even?

FRAN. Wherever you please.

WER. You will! Hullo, Major, no boasting! At any rate I have got as good a wife, and as trusty a friend, as you. — 25 Give me your hand, my little woman! It's a match! — In ten years' time you shall be a general's wife, or a widow!

PHILOSOPHY AND CRITICISM

FRENCH

PASCAL

(1623-1662)

Blaise Pascal, philosopher and mathematician, was born at Clermont, the son of Étienne Pascal, president of the Court of Aids. At twelve, Pascal showed a pronounced talent for mathematics, and at sixteen wrote the *Treatise on Conic Sections* which astonished the great mathematician Descartes. In 1641 he suffered a malady which, though not serious in its physical effects, produced in him an irritability that pursued him through life. While recovering from an injury in Rouen, Pascal was visited by two Norman gentlemen who recommended to him the writings of Jansenius and others of the same school, a religious movement based on the writings of St. Augustine, having for its main tenet the elimination of free will and the dependence of salvation upon grace. Immediately attracted by the doctrine, Pascal had no difficulty in converting his father and his two sisters. Although many found in this doctrine an impetus to despair, Pascal seems to have been stirred up by it. He plunged into the study of physical science and in 1647 made the experiments leading up to his *Treatise on Vacuum*, the preface to which did much toward the establishment of modern scientific methods. In his subsequent studies he continued his search for certitude, which he believed could come only by divine revelation and happiness. Unable to find either certitude or happiness in the activities of the human intellect, he finally surrendered his Faust-like endeavor to understand the universe through human intelligence alone, and in 1645 retired to Port Royal, the great refuge of the Jansenists. He had in him, however, little of the theologian and was still the scientist and the philosopher even when he wielded his pen in defense of theology. From his retreat at Port Royal he carried on (1656-57) a remarkable controversy with the Jesuits, the details of which are preserved in his *Provincial Letters*. Later he planned his *Apology for the Christian Religion*, but the work was never finished. He died in 1662.

The *Thoughts* are the fragments of the projected *Apology*. Pascal's purpose was to show that religion is not contrary to reason, then to show that it is worthy of respect, then to make it so attractive that the good will wish it true, and last to indicate that it is true. His method, it must be admitted, was not much like that used by strictly theological writers, and the unpleasant effect of the *Thoughts* upon the more conservative theologians was due not to Pascal's lack of reverence or enthusiasm for Christianity but to his habit of writing like a layman. His exposition is marvelously clear, direct, and objective. He cared nothing for rhetorical ornament or outward flourishes, but drove straight to the mark without hesitation. This quality marks Pascal as not only one of the world's clearest thinkers, but also as one of the greatest writers of expository prose.

The following selections were translated by O. W. Wight in *The Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules of Blaise Pascal*, Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1893.

THOUGHTS

CHAPTER II

I

Disproportion of Man. Let man, then, contemplate entire nature in her height

and full majesty; let him remove his view from the low objects which surround him; let him regard that shining luminary placed as an eternal lamp to give light to the universe; let him consider the earth as a point, in comparison with the vast circuit described by that star (the sun); let him learn with wonder that this vast

circuit itself is but a very minute point when compared with that embraced by the stars which roll in the firmament. But if our view stops there, let the imagination pass beyond: it will sooner be wearied with conceiving than nature with supplying food for contemplation. All this visible world is but an imperceptible point in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. In vain we extend our con-
 ceptions beyond imaginable spaces: we bring forth but atoms, in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, of which the center is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. In fine, it is the greatest discernible character of the omnipotence of God, that our imagination loses itself in this thought.

Let man, having returned to himself, consider what he is compared to what is; let him regard himself as a wanderer into this remote province of nature; and let him, from this narrow prison wherein he finds himself dwelling (I mean the universe), learn to estimate the earth, king-
 doms, cities, and himself, at a proper value.

What is man in the midst of the infinite? But to show him another prodigy equally astonishing, let him seek in what he knows things the most minute; let a mite exhibit to him in the exceeding smallness of its body, parts incomparably smaller, limbs with joints, veins in these limbs, blood in these veins, humors in this blood, globules in these humors, gases in these globules; let him, still dividing these last objects, exhaust his powers of conception, and let the ultimate object at which he can arrive now be the subject of our discourse; he will think, perhaps, that this is the min-
 utest atom of nature. I will show him therein a new abyss. I will picture to him not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature, in the compass of this abbreviation of an atom. Let
 him view therein an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as the visible world; and on this earth animals, and, in fine, mites, in which he will find
 again what the first have given; and still finding in the others the same thing, without end, and without repose, let him lose

himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as the others in their magnitude; for who will not marvel that our body, which just before was not perceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, is now a colossus, a world, or rather an all, in comparison with the nothingness at which it is impossible to arrive?

Whoever shall thus consider himself will be frightened at himself, and observing himself suspended in the mass of matter allotted to him by nature, between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at the sight of these wonders; and I believe that, his curiosity being changed into admiration, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence, than to investigate them with presumption.

For, in fine, what is man in the midst of nature? A nothing in comparison with the infinite, an all in comparison with nothingness: a mean between nothing and all. Infinitely far from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their principle are for him inevitably concealed in an impenetrable secret; equally incapable of seeing the nothingness whence he is derived, and the infinity in which he is swallowed up.

II

Greatness and Misery. Misery being inferred from greatness; and greatness from misery, some have inferred misery so much the more, as they have taken greatness for its proof; and others, inferring greatness so much the more strongly as they have inferred it from misery itself, all that the one class has been able to say to show greatness has only served as an argument to the other for inferring misery, since it is being so much the more miserable the greater the height is from which we have fallen; and *vice versa*. They oppose each other in a perpetual circle; being certain that, in proportion as men are enlightened, they find both greatness and misery in man. In a word, man knows that he is miserable; he is therefore miserable since he is so; but he is very great, since he knows it.

X

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies; and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him.

Our whole dignity consists then, in thought. Our elevation must be derived from this, not from space and duration, which we cannot fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well: this is the principle of ethics.

CHAPTER IV

VI

Montaigne is wrong in declaring that custom ought to be followed simply because it is custom, and not because it is reasonable or just; but the people follow it for the sole reason that they believe it just: otherwise, they would not follow it, although it were custom; for men wish to be subject only to reason or justice. Custom, were not this the case, would pass for tyranny; but the empire of reason and justice is not more tyrannical than that of pleasure: these are principles natural to man.

It would be good, then, that we should obey the laws and customs, because they are laws; that we should know that there is none true and just to be introduced; that we know nothing of them, and that thus it is only necessary to follow the received; by this means, we would never quit them. But the people are not susceptible of this doctrine; and thus, as they suppose the truth may be found, and that it is in laws and customs, they have faith in them, and take their antiquity as a proof of their truth, and not simply of their authority without truth. Thus they obey them; but they are liable to revolt as soon as they are shown that laws and customs are worth nothing; as all may be shown to be, by regarding them on a certain side.

VII

There is a universal and essential difference between actions of will and all others.

Will is one of the principal organs of belief; not that it forms belief, but because things are true or false, according to the side on which we look at them. The will, that is more pleased with one than with another, hinders the mind from considering the qualities of those that it dislikes to see; and thus the mind, keeping pace with the will, fixes its attention upon the side that it likes, and thus it judges by what it sees in that.

XI

If we dreamed every night the same thing, it would affect us as much as the objects that we see every day; and if an artisan were sure of dreaming every night, during twelve hours, that he is a king, I believe he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night, during twelve hours, that he is an artisan.

If we dreamed every night that we were pursued by enemies, and agitated by these painful fancies, and were our days passed in different occupations, as on a journey, we should suffer almost as much as if this were true, and we should apprehend sleep as we apprehend waking when we fear to enter upon such misfortunes in reality. And, in fact, it would produce nearly the same ills as the reality. But inasmuch as dreams are different, and the same dream is varied, what we see in them affects us less than what we see waking, on account of the continuity, which, nevertheless, is not so continuous and equal that it does not also change, but less abruptly, except rarely, as when we are journeying, and then one says it seems to me that I am dreaming, for life is a somewhat less inconstant dream.

CHAPTER VI

XVI

Have you never seen people who, by way of complaining of the little regard you have for them, parade the example of

people of quality who esteem them? I would answer them thus: Show me the merit by which you have charmed these persons, and I will esteem you the same.

XVII

A man who stations himself at the window to see the passers-by, — if I pass that way, can I say that he stationed himself there to see me? No; for he does not think of me in particular. But he who loves a person on account of that person's beauty, does he love the person? No; for the smallpox, which kills the beauty without killing the person, will destroy the love. And if one loves me for my judgment, for my memory, does he love me? No; for I may lose those faculties without losing myself. Where, then, is this *me*, if it is neither in the body nor in the soul; and how love the body or the soul, except for these endowments, which are not what constitute the *me*, since they are perishable? For could we love the substance of a person's soul abstractly and without reference to its qualities? This is impossible, and would be unjust. One never loves the person, then, but only the qualities. Let us, then, no longer ridicule those who claim honor for their place and office, for we love no one but for adventitious qualities.

CHAPTER VIII

XIX

The combat alone pleases us, not the victory. We love to see combats of animals, not the vanquisher let loose on the vanquished. What would we see but the crisis of victory? And as soon as it comes, we are satisfied. Thus in play, thus in the search after truth. We like to see in disputes the combat of opinions; but to contemplate truth discovered, not at all. To

remark it with pleasure, we must see it emerging from dispute. Just so in the passions, there is a pleasure in seeing two contending passions in conflict; but when one is mistress, it is no longer anything but brutality. We never seek things, but the search after them. Thus, in the drama, tranquil scenes without fear are worthless; just so, extreme miseries without hope, brutal loves, and harsh severities.

XLI

Do you wish to be thought well of? Do not speak of it.

XLII

I lay it down as a fact that if all men knew what others say of them there would not be four friends in the world. This appears from the quarrels to which indiscreet reports occasionally give rise.

CHAPTER IX

XXX

The last thing that we find in making a book is to know what we must put first.

XXXII

What vanity is painting, which attracts admiration by the resemblance of things which in the original we do not admire!

XXXIV

Those who are accustomed to judge by sentiment understand nothing of matters of reasoning; for they wish at first to penetrate with one view, and are not accustomed to search for principles. And others, on the contrary, who are accustomed to reason by principles, comprehend nothing of matters of sentiment, seeking therein principles, and not being able to see them at one view.

ROUSSEAU

(1712-1778)

Jean Jacques Rousseau, greatest of romantic philosophers, was born in Geneva in 1712, the son of a clock-maker. At the death of his mother, his father and his aunts undertook his early training, and upon his father's removal from Geneva, Jean Jacques remained in the charge of

an uncle and an aunt. At sixteen he ran away to Savoy, where he was sheltered by Mme. de Warens, an enthusiastic religionist who looked upon him as a possible convert to Catholicism. For a time he worked as a domestic servant, leading a wild, irregular life. Mme. de Warens, who hoped to have him trained for the priesthood, tried to take him in hand; but he soon abandoned classical studies for music, and then began a series of wanderings that ended at Mme. de Warens's establishment at Chambéry. The summers of 1738-1740, spent in study at Charmettes, prepared him for his entry into the intellectual world. His departure for Paris in 1741 marks the end of his friendship with Mme. de Warens.

For a time Rousseau continued to occupy himself with music; but his independence of spirit made him unpopular with patrons, and he was finally reduced to copying music as a means of livelihood. He had made friends, however, on his former visit to Paris. Diderot gave him the task of preparing articles on music for the *Encyclopædia*. He knew Fontenelle and Marivaux and became acquainted with Condillac. His growing reputation as a musician caused him to be in demand in many distinguished salons. He became secretary to Mme. Dupin. In 1749 the Academy of Dijon met to consider the question: Has the progress of science and art tended to corrupt or to purify manners? Rousseau's discourse on this question, the *Discourse on Inequality*, brought him instant fame. In spite of his rude manners and his dislike for polite society, he was whirled into the midst of metropolitan life. His desire to escape was answered by Mme. d'Épinay's offer of the use of her country house at Chevrette. Installed here in 1756, Rousseau looked forward to a very happy existence; but troubles growing from Mme. d'Épinay's attachment for him soon ended his tranquillity, and he was forced to give up his hermitage. He settled in a small house at Montmorency, where within five years he wrote the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, his *Lettre sur les spectacles*, his *Contrat social* (Social Contract), and his *Émile*. It was the last named book which destroyed his peace. It was severely censured on all sides and condemned by the French Parliament, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the author. Rousseau sought refuge with the king of Prussia and later went to England (1765), where he was protected by David Hume until they quarreled. About this time he began to suffer from delusions of persecution, and his life became a continual flight from imaginary pursuers and a battle with poverty. At last he accepted the hospitality of the Marquis of Girardin at Ermenonville, where he died in 1778.

The *Social Contract* is one of the world's most influential political documents; perhaps the most distinctive assertion of natural right. The social contract is based on the assumption that government is only by the consent of the governed; that the people voluntarily transfer to certain rulers a certain amount of their natural right, but that no more should be given than is consistent with the welfare of the people. Society is an association for the preservation and protection of the people of whom it is composed, and no government is lawful which does not have for its particular aim and function the securing of public good. The justice of Rousseau's basic view can hardly be questioned. Most of the objections to his theory raised by later political scientists concerned his manner of working out the details.

The selection comes from the *Social Contract* by Jean Jacques Rousseau, London, J. M. Dent (Everyman's Library).

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

BOOK I

I mean to inquire if, in the civil order, there can be any sure and legitimate rule of administration, men being taken as they are and laws as they might be. In this inquiry I shall endeavour always to unite what right sanctions with what is prescribed by interest, in order that justice and utility may in no case be divided.

I enter upon my task without proving the importance of the subject. I shall be
 asked if I am a prince or a legislator, to write on politics. I answer that I am neither, and that is why I do so. If I were a prince or a legislator, I should not waste 5 time in saying what wants doing; I should do it, or hold my peace.
 As I was born a citizen of a free State, and a member of the Sovereign, I feel that, however feeble the influence my voice can have on public affairs, the right of voting on them makes it my duty to study them: and I am happy, when I reflect upon governments, to find my inquiries always furnish me with new reasons for loving that of my own country.

CHAPTER I

SUBJECT OF THE FIRST BOOK

Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains. One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they. How did this change come about? I do not know. What can make it legitimate? That question I think I can answer.

If I took into account only force, and the effects derived from it, I should say: "As long as a people is compelled to obey, and obeys, it does well; as soon as it can shake off the yoke, and shakes it off, it does still better; for, regaining its liberty by the same right as took it away, either it is justified in resuming it, or there was no justification for those who took it away." But the social order is a sacred right which is the basis of all other rights. Nevertheless, this right does not come from nature, and must therefore be founded on conventions. Before coming to that, I have to prove what I have just asserted.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SOCIETIES

The most ancient of all societies, and the only one that is natural, is the family: and even so the children remain attached to the father only so long as they need him for their preservation. As soon as this need ceases, the natural bond is dissolved. The children, released from the obedience they owed to the father, and the father, released from the care he owed his children, return equally to independence. If they remain united, they continue so no longer naturally, but voluntarily; and the family itself is then maintained only by convention.

This common liberty results from the nature of man. His first law is to provide

for his own preservation, his first cares are those which he owes to himself; and, as soon as he reaches years of discretion, he is the sole judge of the proper means of preserving himself, and consequently becomes his own master.

The family then may be called the first model of political societies: the ruler corresponds to the father, and the people to the children; and all, being born free and equal, alienate their liberty only for their own advantage. The whole difference is that, in the family, the love of the father for his children repays him for the care he takes of them, while, in the State, the pleasure of commanding takes the place of the love which the chief cannot have for the peoples under him.

Grotius¹ denies that all human power is established in favour of the governed, and quotes slavery as an example. His usual method of reasoning is constantly to establish right by fact. It would be possible to employ a more logical method, but none could be more favourable to tyrants.

It is then, according to Grotius, doubtful whether the human race belongs to a hundred men, or that hundred men to the human race: and, throughout his book, he seems to incline to the former alternative, which is also the view of Hobbes.² On this showing, the human species is divided into so many herds of cattle, each with its ruler, who keeps guard over them for the purpose of devouring them.

As a shepherd is of a nature superior to that of his flock, the shepherds of men, *i.e.* their rulers, are of a nature superior to that of the peoples under them. Thus, Philo³ tells us, the Emperor Caligula reasoned, concluding equally well either that kings were gods, or that men were beasts.

The reasoning of Caligula agrees with that of Hobbes and Grotius. Aristotle, before any of them, had said that men are by no means equal naturally, but that some are born for slavery, and others for dominion.

¹ Grotius (1583-1645), famous historian and political scientist, who is regarded by many as the founder of the modern study of government.

² Thomas Hobbes, English philosopher (1588-1679), author of the *Leviathan*, a study of the organization of the state.

³ Judæus Philo, Jewish Hellenistic philosopher, 20 B.C.-54 A.D. He was sent to Rome in 40 A.D. on an embassy to the emperor Caligula.

Aristotle was right; but he took the effect for the cause. Nothing can be more certain than that every man born in slavery is born for slavery. Slaves lose everything in their chains, even the desire of escaping from them: they love their servitude, as the comrades of Ulysses loved their brutish condition.¹ If then there are slaves by nature, it is because there have been slaves against nature. Force made the first slaves, and their cowardice perpetuated the condition.

I have said nothing of King Adam, or Emperor Noah, father of the three great monarchs² who shared out the universe, like the children of Saturn,³ whom some scholars have recognised in them. I trust to getting due thanks for my moderation; for, being a direct descendant of one of these princes, perhaps of the eldest branch, how do I know that a verification of titles might not leave me the legitimate king of the human race? In any case, there can be no doubt that Adam was sovereign of the world, as Robinson Crusoe was of his island, as long as he was its only inhabitant; and this empire had the advantage that the monarch, safe on his throne, had no rebellions, wars, or conspirators to fear.

CHAPTER III

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST

The strongest is never strong enough to be always the master, unless he transforms strength into right, and obedience into duty. Hence the right of the strongest, which, though to all seeming meant ironically, is really laid down as a fundamental principle. But are we never to have an explanation of this phrase? Force is a physical power, and I fail to see what moral effect it can have. To yield to force in an act of necessity, not of will — at the most, an act of prudence. In what sense can it be a duty?

Suppose for a moment that this so-called "right" exists. I maintain that the sole

¹ A reference to Circe's transformation of Ulysses' men into swine.
² Shem, Ham, and Japheth, through whom Noah was supposed to have become the ancestor of the human race.

³ According to some traditions Saturn was the ruler of the universe in the first, or Golden Age. He was regarded by the Romans as the father of Jupiter and other divinities.

result is a mass of inexplicable nonsense. For, if force creates right, the effect changes with the cause: every force that is greater than the first succeeds to its right. As soon as it is possible to disobey with impunity, disobedience is legitimate; and, the strongest being always in the right, the only thing that matters is to act so as to become the strongest. But what kind of right is that which perishes when force fails? If we must obey perforce, there is no need to obey because we ought; and if we are not forced to obey, we are under no obligation to do so. Clearly, the word "right" adds nothing to force: in this connection, it means absolutely nothing.

Obeys the powers that be. If this means yield to force, it is a good precept, but superfluous: I can answer for its never being violated. All power comes from God, I admit; but so does all sickness: does that mean that we are forbidden to call in the doctor? A brigand surprises me at the edge of a wood: must I not merely surrender my purse on compulsion; but, even if I could withhold it, am I in conscience bound to give it up? For certainly the pistol he holds is also a power.

Let us then admit that force does not create right, and that we are obliged to obey only legitimate powers. In that case, my original question recurs.

CHAPTER IV

SLAVERY

Since no man has a natural authority over his fellow, and force creates no right, we must conclude that conventions form the basis of all legitimate authority among men.

If an individual, says Grotius, can alienate his liberty and make himself the slave of a master, why could not a whole people do the same and make itself subject to a king? There are in this passage plenty of ambiguous words which would need explaining; but let us confine ourselves to

the word *alienate*. To alienate is to give or to sell. Now, a man who becomes the slave of another does not give himself; he sells himself, at the least for his subsistence: but for what does a people sell itself? A king is so far from furnishing his subjects with their subsistence that he gets his own only from them; and, according to Rabelais, kings do not live on nothing. Do subjects then give their persons on condition that the king takes their goods also? I fail to see what they have left to preserve.

It will be said that the despot assures his subjects civil tranquillity. Granted; but what do they gain, if the wars his ambition brings down upon them, his insatiable avidity, and the vexatious conduct of his ministers press harder on them than their own dissensions would have done? What do they gain, if the very tranquillity they enjoy is one of their miseries? Tranquillity is found also in dungeons; but is that enough to make them desirable places to live in? The Greeks imprisoned in the cave of the Cyclops¹ lived there very tranquilly, while they were awaiting their turn to be devoured.

To say that a man gives himself gratuitously is to say what is absurd and inconceivable; such an act is null and illegitimate, from the mere fact that he who does it is out of his mind. To say the same of a whole people is to suppose a people of madmen; and madness creates no right.

Even if each man could alienate himself, he could not alienate his children: they are born men and free; their liberty belongs to them, and no one but them has the right to dispose of it. Before they come to years of discretion, the father can, in their name, lay down conditions for their preservation and well-being, but he cannot give them irrevocably and without conditions: such a gift is contrary to the ends of nature, and exceeds the rights of paternity. It would therefore be necessary, in order to legitimise an arbitrary government, that in every generation the people should be in a position to accept or reject it; but, were

this so, the government would be no longer arbitrary.

To renounce liberty is to renounce being a man, to surrender the rights of humanity and even its duties. For him who renounces everything no indemnity is possible. Such a renunciation is incompatible with man's nature; to remove all liberty from his will is to remove all morality from his acts. Finally, it is an empty and contradictory convention that sets up, on the one side, absolute authority, and, on the other, unlimited obedience. Is it not clear that we can be under no obligation to a person from whom we have the right to exact everything? Does not this condition alone, in the absence of equivalence or exchange, in itself involve the nullity of the act? For what right can my slave have against me, when all that he has belongs to me, and, his right being mine, this right of mine against myself is a phrase devoid of meaning?

Grotius and the rest find in war another origin for the so-called right of slavery. The victor having, as they hold, the right of killing the vanquished, the latter can buy back his life at the price of his liberty; and this convention is the more legitimate because it is to the advantage of both parties.

But it is clear that this supposed right to kill the conquered is by no means deducible from the state of war. Men, from the mere fact that, while they are living in their primitive independence, they have no mutual relations stable enough to constitute either the state of peace or the state of war, cannot be naturally enemies. War is constituted by a relation between things, and not between persons; and, as the state of war cannot arise out of simple personal relations, but only out of real relations, private war, or war of man with man, can exist neither in the state of nature, where there is no constant property, nor in the social state, where everything is under the authority of the laws.

Individual combats, duels and encounters, are acts which cannot constitute a

¹ Ulysses and his comrades on their homeward way from Troy were driven upon Sicily. They wandered by accident into the cave of Polyphemus, one of the man-eating Cyclopes. The giant devoured some of the men; the rest escaped by strategy.

state; while the private wars, authorised by the Establishments of Louis IX, King of France, and suspended by the Peace of God, are abuses of feudalism, in itself an absurd system if ever there was one, and contrary to the principles of natural right and to all good polity.

War then is a relation, not between man and man, but between State and State, and individuals are enemies only accidentally, not as men, nor even as citizens, but as soldiers; not as members of their country, but as its defenders. Finally, each State can have for enemies only other States, and not men; for between things disparate in nature there can be no real relation.

Furthermore, this principle is in conformity with the established rules of all times and the constant practice of all civilised peoples. Declarations of war are intimations less to powers than to their subjects. The foreigner, whether king, individual, or people, who robs, kills or detains the subjects, without declaring war on the prince, is not an enemy, but a brigand. Even in real war, a just prince, while laying hands, in the enemy's country, on all that belongs to the public, respects the lives and goods of individuals: he respects rights on which his own are founded. The object of the war being the destruction of the hostile State, the other side has a right to kill its defenders, while they are bearing arms; but, as soon as they lay them down and surrender, they cease to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, and become once more merely men, whose life no one has any right to take. Sometimes it is possible to kill the State without killing a single one of its members; and war gives no right which is not necessary to the gaining of its object. These principles are not those of Grotius: they are not based on the authority of poets, but derived from the nature of reality and based on reason.

The right of conquest has no foundation other than the right of the strongest. If war does not give the conqueror the right to massacre the conquered peoples, the right to enslave them cannot be based upon a right which does not exist. No one has a right to kill an enemy except when

he cannot make him a slave, and the right to enslave him cannot therefore be derived from the right to kill him. It is accordingly an unfair exchange to make him buy at the price of his liberty his life, over which the victor holds no right. Is it not clear that there is a vicious circle in founding the right of life and death on the right of slavery, and the right of slavery on the right of life and death?

Even if we assume this terrible right to kill everybody, I maintain that a slave made in war, or a conquered people, is under no obligation to a master, except to obey him as far as he is compelled to do so. By taking an equivalent for his life, the victor has not done him a favour; instead of killing him without profit, he has killed him usefully. So far then is he from acquiring over him any authority in addition to that of force, that the state of war continues to subsist between them: their mutual relation is the effect of it, and the usage of the right of war does not imply a treaty of peace. A convention has indeed been made; but this convention, so far from destroying the state of war, presupposes its continuance.

So, from whatever aspect we regard the question, the right of slavery is null and void, not only as being illegitimate, but also because it is absurd and meaningless. The words *slave* and *right* contradict each other, and are mutually exclusive. It will always be equally foolish for a man to say to a man or to a people: "I make with you a convention wholly at your expense and wholly to my advantage; I shall keep it as long as I like, and you will keep it as long as I like."

CHAPTER V

THAT WE MUST ALWAYS GO BACK TO A FIRST CONVENTION

Even if I granted all that I have been refuting, the friends of despotism would be no better off. There will always be a great difference between subduing a multitude and ruling a society. Even if scattered individuals were successively enslaved by one man, however numerous they might be, I still see no more than a master and

his slaves, and certainly not a people and its ruler; I see what may be termed an aggregation, but not an association; there is as yet neither public good nor body politic. The man in question, even if he has enslaved half the world, is still only an individual; his interest, apart from that of others, is still a purely private interest. If this same man comes to die, his empire, after him, remains scattered and without unity, as an oak falls and dissolves into a heap of ashes when the fire has consumed it.

A people, says Grotius, can give itself to a king. Then, according to Grotius, a people is a people before it gives itself. The gift is itself a civil act, and implies public deliberation. It would be better, before examining the act by which a people gives itself to a king, to examine that by which it has become a people; for this act, being necessarily prior to the other, is the true foundation of society.

Indeed, if there were no prior convention, where, unless the election were unanimous, would be the obligation on the minority to submit to the choice of the majority? How have a hundred men who wish for a master the right to vote on behalf of ten who do not? The law of majority voting is itself something established by convention, and presupposes unanimity, on one occasion at least.

CHAPTER VI

THE SOCIAL COMPACT

I suppose men to have reached the point at which the obstacles in the way of their preservation in the state of nature show their power of resistance to be greater than the resources at the disposal of each individual for his maintenance in that state. That primitive condition can then subsist no longer; and the human race would perish unless it changed its manner of existence.

But, as men cannot engender new forces, but only unite and direct existing ones, they have no other means of preserving themselves than the formation, by aggregation, of a sum of forces great enough to

overcome the resistance. These they have to bring into play by means of a single motive power, and cause to act in concert.

This sum of forces can arise only where several persons come together: but, as the force and liberty of each man are the chief instruments of his self-preservation, how can he pledge them without harming his own interests, and neglecting the care he owes to himself? This difficulty, in its bearing on my present subject, may be stated in the following terms —

“The problem is to find a form of association which will defend and protect with the whole common force the person and goods of each associate, and in which each, while uniting himself with all, may still obey himself alone, and remain as free as before.” This is the fundamental problem of which the *Social Contract* provides the solution.

The clauses of this contract are so determined by the nature of the act that the slightest modification would make them vain and ineffective; so that, although they have perhaps never been formally set forth, they are everywhere the same and everywhere tacitly admitted and recognised, until, on the violation of the social compact, each regains his original rights and resumes his natural liberty, while losing the conventional liberty in favour of which he renounced it.

These clauses, properly understood, may be reduced to one — the total alienation of each associate, together with all his rights, to the whole community; for, in the first place, as each gives himself absolutely, the conditions are the same for all; and, this being so, no one has any interest in making them burdensome to others.

Moreover, the alienation being without reserve, the union is as perfect as it can be, and no associate has anything more to demand: for, if the individuals retained certain rights, as there would be no common superior to decide between them and the public, each, being on one point his own judge, would ask to be so on all; the state of nature would thus continue, and the association would necessarily become inoperative or tyrannical.

Finally, each man, in giving himself to

all, gives himself to nobody; and, as there is no associate over whom he does not acquire the same right as he yields others over himself, he gains an equivalent for everything he loses, and an increase of force for the preservation of what he has.

If then we discard from the social compact what is not of its essence, we shall find that it reduces itself to the following terms:

"Each of us puts his person and all his power in common under the supreme direction of the general will, and, in our corporate capacity, we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole."

At once, in place of the individual personality of each contracting party, this act of association creates a moral and collective body, composed of as many members as the assembly contains votes, and receiving from this act its unity, its common identity, its life and its will. This public person, so formed by the union of all other persons, formerly took the name of *city*, and now takes that of *Republic* or *body politic*; it is called by its members *State* when passive, *Sovereign* when active, and *Power* when compared with others like itself. Those who are associated in it take collectively the name of *people*, and severally are called *citizens*, as sharing in the sovereign power, and *subjects*, as being under the laws of the State. But these terms are often confused and taken one for another: it is enough to know how to distinguish them when they are being used with precision.

CHAPTER VII

THE SOVEREIGN

This formula shows us that the act of association comprises a mutual undertaking between the public and the individuals, and that each individual, in making a contract, as we may say, with himself, is bound in a double capacity; as a member of the Sovereign he is bound to the individuals, and as a member of the State to the Sovereign. But the maxim of civil right, that no one is bound by undertakings made to himself, does not

apply in this case; for there is a great difference between incurring an obligation to yourself and incurring one to a whole of which you form a part.

Attention must further be called to the fact that public deliberation, while competent to bind all the subjects to the Sovereign, because of the two different capacities in which each of them may be regarded, cannot, for the opposite reason, bind the Sovereign to itself; and that it is consequently against the nature of the body politic for the Sovereign to impose on itself a law which it cannot infringe. Being able to regard itself in only one capacity, it is in the position of an individual who makes a contract with himself; and this makes it clear that there neither is nor can be any kind of fundamental law binding on the body of the people — not even the social contract itself. This does not mean that the body politic cannot enter into undertakings with others, provided the contract is not infringed by them; for, in relation to what is external to it, it becomes a simple being, an individual.

But the body politic or the Sovereign, drawing its being wholly from the sanctity of the contract, can never bind itself, even to an outsider, to do anything derogatory to the original act, for instance, to alienate any part of itself, or to submit to another Sovereign. Violation of the act by which it exists would be self-annihilation; and that which is itself nothing can create nothing.

As soon as this multitude is so united in one body, it is impossible to offend against one of the members without attacking the body, and still more to offend against the body without the members resenting it. Duty and interest therefore equally oblige the two contracting parties to give each other help; and the same men should seek to combine, in their double capacity, all the advantages dependent upon that capacity.

Again, the Sovereign, being formed wholly of the individuals who compose it, neither has nor can have any interest contrary to theirs; and consequently the sovereign power need give no guarantee to

its subjects, because it is impossible for the body to wish to hurt all its members. We shall also see later on that it cannot hurt any in particular. The Sovereign, merely by virtue of what it is, is always what it should be.

This, however, is not the case with the relation of the subjects to the Sovereign, which, despite the common interest, would have no security that they would fulfil their undertakings, unless it found means to assure itself of their fidelity.

In fact, each individual, as a man, may have a particular will contrary or dissimilar to the general will which he has as a citizen. His particular interest may speak to him quite differently from the common interest: his absolute and naturally independent existence may make him look upon what he owes to the common cause as a gratuitous contribution, the loss of which will do less harm to others than the payment of it is burdensome to himself; and, regarding the moral person which constitutes the State as a *persona ficta*, because not a man, he may wish to enjoy the rights of citizenship without being ready to fulfil the duties of a subject. The continuance of such an injustice could not but prove the undoing of the body politic.

In order then that the social compact may not be an empty formula, it tacitly includes the undertaking, which alone can give force to the rest, that whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be compelled to do so by the whole body. This means nothing less than that he will be forced to be free; for this is the condition which, by giving each citizen to his country, secures him against all personal dependence. In this lies the key to the working of the political machine; this alone legitimises civil undertakings, which, without it, would be absurd, tyrannical, and liable to the most frightful abuses.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CIVIL STATE

The passage from the state of nature to the civil state produces a very remarkable change in man, by substituting justice for instinct in his conduct, and giving his

actions the morality they had formerly lacked. Then only, when the voice of duty takes the place of physical impulses and right of appetite, does man, who so far had considered only himself, find that he is forced to act on different principles, and to consult his reason before listening to his inclinations. Although, in this state, he deprives himself of some advantages which he got from nature, he gains in return others so great, his faculties are so stimulated and developed, his ideas so extended, his feelings so ennobled, and his whole soul so uplifted, that, did not the abuses of this new condition often degrade him below that which he left, he would be bound to bless continually the happy moment which took him from it for ever, and, instead of a stupid and unimaginative animal, made him an intelligent being and a man.

Let us draw up the whole account in terms easily commensurable. What man loses by the social contract is his natural liberty and an unlimited right to everything he tries to get and succeeds in getting; what he gains is civil liberty and the proprietorship of all he possesses. If we are to avoid mistake in weighing one against the other, we must clearly distinguish natural liberty, which is bounded only by the strength of the individual, from civil liberty, which is limited by the general will; and possession, which is merely the effect of force or the right of the first occupier, from property, which can be founded only on a positive title.

We might, over and above all this, add, to what man acquires in the civil state, moral liberty, which alone makes him truly master of himself; for the mere impulse of appetite is slavery, while obedience to a law which we prescribe to ourselves is liberty. But I have already said too much on this head, and the philosophical meaning of the word liberty does not now concern us.

CHAPTER IX

REAL PROPERTY

Each member of the community gives himself to it, at the moment of its foun-

dation, just as he is, with all the resources at his command, including the goods he possesses. This act does not make possession, in changing hands, change its nature, and become property in the hands of the Sovereign; but, as the forces of the city are incomparably greater than those of an individual, public possession is also, in fact, stronger and more irrevocable, without being any more legitimate, at any rate from the point of view of foreigners. For the State, in relation to its members, is master of all their goods by the social contract, which, within the State, is the basis of all rights: but, in relation to other powers, it is so only by the right of the first occupier, which it holds from its members.

The right of the first occupier, though more real than the right of the strongest, becomes a real right only when the right of property has already been established. Every man has naturally a right to everything he needs; but the positive act which makes him proprietor of one thing excludes him from everything else. Having his share, he ought to keep to it, and can have no further right against the community. This is why the right of the first occupier, which in the state of nature is so weak, claims the respect of every man in civil society. In this right we are respecting not so much what belongs to another as what does not belong to ourselves.

In general, to establish the right of the first occupier over a plot of ground, the following conditions are necessary: first, the land must not yet be inhabited; secondly, a man must occupy only the amount he needs for his subsistence; and, in the third place, possession must be taken, not by an empty ceremony, but by labour and cultivation, the only sign of proprietorship that should be respected by others, in default of a legal title.

In granting the right of first occupancy to necessity and labour, are we not really stretching it as far as it can go? Is it possible to leave such a right unlimited? Is it to be enough to set foot on a plot of common ground, in order to be able to call yourself at once the master of it? Is it to be enough that a man has the strength to expel others for a moment, in order to

establish his right to prevent them from ever returning? How can a man or a people seize an immense territory and keep it from the rest of the world except by a punishable usurpation, since all others are being robbed, by such an act, of the place of habitation and the means of subsistence which nature gave them in common? When Nuñez Balboa, standing on the sea-shore, took possession of the South Seas and the whole of South America in the name of the crown of Castille, was that enough to dispossess all their actual inhabitants, and to shut out from them all the princes of the world? On such a showing, these ceremonies are idly multiplied, and the Catholic King need only take possession all at once, from his apartment, of the whole universe, merely making a subsequent reservation about what was already in the possession of other princes.

We can imagine how the lands of individuals, where they were contiguous and came to be united, became the public territory, and how the right of Sovereignty, extending from the subjects over the lands they held, became at once real and personal. The possessors were thus made more dependent, and the forces at their command used to guarantee their fidelity. The advantage of this does not seem to have been felt by ancient monarchs, who called themselves King of the Persians, Scythians, or Macedonians, and seemed to regard themselves more as rulers of men than as masters of a country. Those of the present day more cleverly call themselves Kings of France, Spain, England, etc.: thus holding the land, they are quite confident of holding the inhabitants.

The peculiar fact about this alienation is that, in taking over the goods of individuals, the community, so far from despoiling them, only assures them legitimate possession, and changes usurpation into a true right and enjoyment into proprietorship. Thus the possessors, being regarded as depositaries of the public good, and having their rights respected by all the members of the State and maintained against foreign aggression by all its forces, have, by a cession which benefits both the public and still more themselves, acquired,

so to speak, all that they gave up. This paradox may easily be explained by the distinction between the rights which the Sovereign and the proprietor have over the same estate, as we shall see later on.

It may also happen that men begin to unite one with another before they possess anything, and that, subsequently occupying a tract of country which is enough for all, they enjoy it in common, or share it out among themselves, either equally or according to a scale fixed by the Sovereign. However the acquisition be made, the right which each individual has to his own estate is always subordinate to the right which the community has over all: without this, there would be neither stability in the social tie, nor real force in the exercise of Sovereignty.

I shall end this chapter and this book by remarking on a fact on which the whole social system should rest: *i.e.* that, instead of destroying natural inequality, the fundamental compact substitutes, for such physical inequality as nature may have set up between men, an equality that is moral and legitimate, and that men, who may be unequal in strength or intelligence, become every one equal by convention and legal right.

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

THAT SOVEREIGNTY IS INALIENABLE

The first and most important deduction from the principles we have so far laid down is that the general will alone can direct the State according to the object for which it was instituted, *i.e.* the common good: for if the clashing of particular interests made the establishment of societies necessary, the agreement of these very interests made it possible. The common element in these different interests is what forms the social tie; and, were there no point of agreement between them all, no society could exist. It is solely on the basis of this common interest that every society should be governed.

I hold then that Sovereignty, being nothing less than the exercise of the general

will, can never be alienated, and that the Sovereign, who is no less than a collective being, cannot be represented except by himself: the power indeed may be transmitted, but not the will.

In reality, if it is not impossible for a particular will to agree on some point with the general will, it is at least impossible for the agreement to be lasting and constant; for the particular will tends, by its very nature, to partiality, while the general will tends to equality. It is even more impossible to have any guarantee of this agreement; for even if it should always exist, it would be the effect not of art, but of chance. The Sovereign may indeed say: "I now will actually what this man wills, or at least what he says he wills"; but it cannot say: "What he wills tomorrow, I too shall will" because it is absurd for the will to bind itself for the future, nor is it incumbent on any will to consent to anything that is not for the good of the being who wills. If then the people promises simply to obey, by that very act it dissolves itself and loses what makes it a people; the moment a master exists, there is no longer a Sovereign, and from that moment the body politic has ceased to exist.

This does not mean that the commands of the rulers cannot pass for general wills, so long as the Sovereign, being free to oppose them, offers no opposition. In such a case, universal silence is taken to imply the consent of the people. This will be explained later on.

CHAPTER II

THAT SOVEREIGNTY IS INDIVISIBLE

Sovereignty, for the same reason as makes it inalienable, is indivisible; for will either is, or is not, general; it is the will either of the body of the people, or only of a part of it. In the first case, the will, when declared, is an act of Sovereignty and constitutes law: in the second, it is merely a particular will, or act of magistracy — at the most a decree.

But our political theorists, unable to divide Sovereignty in principle, divide it according to its object: into force and will;

into legislative power and executive power; into rights of taxation, justice and war; into internal administration and power of foreign treaty. Sometimes they confuse all these sections, and sometimes they distinguish them; they turn the Sovereign into a fantastic being composed of several connected pieces: it is as if they were making man of several bodies, one with eyes, one with arms, another with feet, and each with nothing besides. We are told that the jugglers of Japan dismember a child before the eyes of the spectators; then they throw all the members into the air one after another, and the child falls down alive and whole. The conjuring tricks of our political theorists are very like that; they first dismember the body politic by an illusion worthy of a fair, and then join it together again we know not how.

This error is due to a lack of exact notions concerning the Sovereign authority, and to taking for parts of it what are only emanations from it. Thus, for example, the acts of declaring war and making peace have been regarded as acts of Sovereignty; but this is not the case, as these acts do not constitute law, but merely the application of a law, a particular act which decides how the law applies, as we shall see clearly when the idea attached to the word *law* has been defined.

If we examined the other divisions in the same manner, we should find that, whenever Sovereignty seems to be divided, there is an illusion: the rights which are taken as being part of Sovereignty are really all subordinate, and always imply supreme wills of which they only sanction the execution.

It would be impossible to estimate the obscurity this lack of exactness has thrown over the decisions of writers who have dealt with political right, when they have used the principles laid down by them to pass judgment on the respective rights of kings and peoples. Every one can see, in Chapters III and IV of the First Book of Grotius, how the learned man and his translator, Barbeyrac, entangle and tie themselves up in their own sophistries, for fear of saying too little or too much of what

they think, and so offending the interests they have to conciliate. Grotius, a refugee in France, ill-content with his own country, and desirous of paying his court to Louis XIII, to whom his book is dedicated, spares no pains to rob the peoples of all their rights and invest kings with them by every conceivable artifice. This would also have been much to the taste of Barbeyrac, who dedicated his translation to George I of England. But unfortunately the expulsion of James II, which he called his "abdication," compelled him to use all reserve, to shuffle and to tergiversate, in order to avoid making William out a usurper. If these two writers had adopted the true principles, all difficulties would have been removed, and they would have been always consistent; but it would have been a sad truth for them to tell, and would have paid court for them to no one save the people. Moreover, truth is no road to fortune, and the people dispenses neither ambassadorships, nor professorships, nor pensions.

CHAPTER III

WHETHER THE GENERAL WILL IS FALLIBLE

It follows from what has gone before that the general will is always right and tends to the public advantage; but it does not follow that the deliberations of the people are always equally correct. Our will is always for our own good, but we do not always see what that is; the people is never corrupted, but it is often deceived, and on such occasions only does it seem to will what is bad.

There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the general will; the latter considers only the common interest, while the former takes private interest into account, and is no more than a sum of particular wills: but take away from these same wills the pluses and minuses that cancel one another, and the general will remains as the sum of the differences.

If, when the people, being furnished with adequate information, held its deliberations, the citizens had no communication

one with another, the grand total of the small differences would always give the general will, and the decision would always be good. But when factions arise, and partial associations are formed at the expense of the great association, the will of each of these associations becomes general in relation to its members, while it remains particular in relation to the State: it may then be said that there are no longer as many votes as there are men, but only as many as there are associations. The differences become less numerous and give a less general result. Lastly, when one of these associations is so great as to prevail over all the rest, the result is no longer a sum of small differences, but a single

difference; in this case there is no longer a general will, and the opinion which prevails is purely particular.

It is therefore essential, if the general will is to be able to express itself, that there should be no partial society within the State, and that each citizen should think only his own thoughts: which was indeed the sublime and unique system established by the great Lycurgus.¹ But if there are partial societies, it is best to have as many as possible and to prevent them from being unequal, as was done by Solon, Numa and Servius.² These precautions are the only ones that can guarantee that the general will shall be always enlightened, and that the people shall in no way deceive itself.

VOLTAIRE

(1694-1778)

François Arouet, who later adopted the literary name of Voltaire, was the son of a notary. He received his first instruction from his godfather, the Abbé de Châteauneuf, an ecclesiastic with rather flexible morals. At ten he attended the Jesuit college of Louis-le-Grand, where he immediately attracted attention by his brilliance and wit. After leaving college he began to study law; but finding himself disinclined to serious effort he at length obtained the position of secretary to the Marquis de Châteauneuf, who was setting out as ambassador to the Netherlands. On returning to France, Voltaire took up the writing of satires, one of which cost him a term in the Bastille. During this time he had opportunity for mature reflection, and in the six years that followed his release from prison (1718-1724) he finished a tragedy (*Œdipe*) and began the *Henriade*, an epic poem. Unfortunately a quarrel with a member of the nobility resulted in his returning to the Bastille for five months. After his release he departed for England, where for three years he made a study of English literature and thought, then chiefly dominated by Shaftesbury, Locke, Newton, and Bacon. When he returned to France in 1729 he applied himself earnestly to writing. He wrote tragedies, printed *Charles XII*, began *The Age of Louis XIV*, and published his *Philosophical Letters on the English*. In 1734 the *Letters* were suppressed, and Voltaire retired to Cirey, where for ten years he continued his writing and study. Returning at length to Paris, he became immediately a member of the Academy, royal historiographer, official poet, and gentleman of the chamber. Unable to agree with Mme. de Pompadour, however, Voltaire soon left the court, and, always working and writing, lived independently until 1749. At this time, because of considerable opposition in France to the freedom of his utterances, he found it wise to accept the invitation of Frederick the Great to join his court. Here too Voltaire found that royal favor was all too dearly purchased, and in 1753 he left Prussia to establish himself in a private residence at Ferney, near Geneva. So far Voltaire had been occupied principally with literature. Attracted, like Boileau, by the symmetry and order of the classicists, he was less bold than Boileau, for he was not fully acquainted with antiquity. In his tragedies he exhibits his fervent admiration of Racine and of Shakespeare; but he was, on the whole, considerably lacking in dramatic genius. The tragedies themselves are less entertaining than the critical dissertations which accompanied them.

The achievements for which Voltaire is chiefly remembered belong to his life at Ferney. Assailing nearly all the established ideas of his day, with a philosophy above all practical in

¹ See note on Montaigne, page 576, note 3.

² Solon was an Athenian sage and law-giver (640-559 B.C.). Numa and Servius were famous law-givers of early Rome.

purpose, and often with a rather superficial knowledge of the basic problems involved, he sought truths that would be useful to mankind. In many ways Voltaire was the creator of modern political journalism. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he possessed one of the most lively and penetrating minds that the world has ever known. Unfortunately his tendency toward chicanery and malice was a defect which deprives him of a place among the unquestionably great. But it is certain that he exerted more influence on contemporary thought than any other man of his day, and there are few who do not feel that the world owes to him a large share of its feeling for liberty and justice.

The following selections, written in 1776, were translated by the Rt. Hon. John Morley in *The Works of Voltaire*, The St. Hubert Guild, New York, 1901.

THE IGNORANT PHILOSOPHER

I. THE FIRST DOUBT

Who art thou? From whence dost thou come? What is thy employment? What will become of thee? These are questions that should be put to every being in the universe, but to which no one replies. I ask of plants by what virtue they grow, and how the same earth produces such a diversity of fruits. These insensible and mute beings, though enriched with a divine faculty, leave me to my own ignorance and to vain conjectures.

I interrogate that herd of different animals, all which have the power of motion and communication, who enjoy the same sensations as myself, whose passions are accompanied with an extent of ideas and memory. They are still more ignorant than myself what they are, wherefore they exist, and what they shall become.

I suspect, I have even some reason to believe that the planets, the innumerable suns which replenish space, are peopled with sensible and thinking people; but an eternal barrier separates us, and no inhabitant of the other globes ever communed with us.

The prior, in "Nature Displayed," says to the knight, that the stars were made for the earth, and the earth as well as animals for man. But as the little globe of earth revolves with the other planets round the sun; as the regular and proportionate motions of the stars may eternally subsist without men; as there are in our little planet an infinitely greater number of animals than human beings; I imagine that the prior was actuated by too great a share of self-love, in flattering himself that everything had been made for him. I find

that man in his lifetime will be devoured by every kind of animal, if he be defenseless, and that they all devour him after his death. Wherefore I have had some difficulty in conceiving that the prior and the knight were the sovereigns of nature. A slave to everything that surrounds me, instead of being a king; chained to a single point, and environed with immensity; I will begin by searching into myself.

II. OUR WEAKNESS

I am a weak animal; at my birth I have neither strength, knowledge, nor instinct; I cannot even crawl to my mother's breast, like every quadruped; I only acquire a few ideas, as I acquire a little strength, and as my organs begin to unfold themselves. The strength increases in me, till such time as having attained my full growth it daily decreases. This power of conceiving ideas increases in the same manner during its term, and afterward by degrees insensibly vanishes.

What is that mechanism which momentarily increases the strength of my members as far as prescribed boundaries? I am ignorant of it; and those who have passed their whole lives in the research know no more than myself.

What is that other power, which conveys images into my brain, and which preserves them in my memory? Those who are paid for knowing have made only fruitless inquiries; we are all in the same state of ignorance with regard to the first principles of our infant state.

III. HOW AM I TO THINK?

Have the books which have been written for these two thousand years taught me

anything? We have sometimes a desire of knowing in what manner we think, though we have seldom any desire of knowing how we digest, how we walk. I have questioned my reason, and asked what it is. This question has always confounded me.

I have endeavored to discover by it, if the springs that make me digest, which make me walk, are those whereby I receive ideas. I never could conceive how and wherefore these ideas fled when my body languished with hunger, and how they were renovated after I had eaten.

I discovered such a wide difference between thought and nourishment, without which I should not think, that I believed there was a substance in me that reasoned, and another substance that digested. Nevertheless, by constantly endeavoring to convince myself that we are two, I materially felt that I was only one; and this contradiction gave me infinite pain.

I have asked some of my own likenesses who cultivate the earth, our common mother, with great industry, if they felt that they were two; if they had discovered by their philosophy that they possessed within them an immortal substance, and nevertheless formed of nothing, existing without extent, acting upon their nerves, without touching them, sent expressly into them six weeks after their conception? They thought that I was jesting, and pursued the cultivation of their land without making me a reply.

IV. IS IT NECESSARY FOR ME TO KNOW?

Finding then that a prodigious number of men had not even the slightest idea of the difficulties that disturbed me, and had no doubts of what is taught in schools, of being in general, matter and spirit, etc., finding that they often ridiculed my desire of being acquainted with these things; I suspected that it was not in the least necessary that we should know them; I imagined that nature has given to every being a portion that is proper for him; and I thought those things which we could not attain did not belong to us. But, notwithstanding this despair, I cannot divest my-

self of a desire of being instructed; and my baffled curiosity is ever insatiable.

VI. BEASTS

Man being supposed to have continually possessed ideas, perceptions, and conceptions, it naturally follows, that beasts were likewise always in possession of them; for it is incontestable that a hunting dog has the idea of the master he obeys, and of the game that he brings him. It is evident that he has memory, and that he combines some ideas. Thus then if the thought of man be the essence of his soul, that of the dog is the essence of his soul, and if man had always ideas, animals must necessarily have had them also. To remove this difficulty, the manufacturer of whirlwinds and chamfered matter dared to say, that beasts were pure machines, who sought for food without appetite, who had constantly had the organs of sensation without ever having the least sensation, who cried without pain, who testified joy without pleasure, who possessed a brain incapable of receiving the slightest idea, and who were therefore a perpetual contradiction.

VIII. SUBSTANCE

As we can have no notion, but by experience, it is not impossible that we can never know what matter is. We touch, we see the properties of this substance; but this very expression "substance which is beneath," sufficiently acquaints us that this thing beneath will ever be unknown to us; whatever we may discover of its appearance, there will always remain this *beneath* to discover. For the same reason, we can never know by ourselves what is *spirit*. It is a word which usually signifies breath, and by which we endeavor to express vaguely and grossly that which gives us thoughts. But when, even by a prodigy, which is not to be supposed, we should acquire some slight idea of the substance of this spirit, we should be no farther advanced; and we could never guess how this substance received sentiments and thoughts. We know very well that we have some small intellectual

faculty; and how do we obtain it? This is a secret of nature, which she has not divulged to any mortal.

IX. NARROW LIMITS

Our intellects are very confined as well as the strength of our body. Some men are more robust than others; there are also Herculean minds with respect to thought; but, at the bottom, this superiority is a very trivial thing. One can lift ten times as much matter as myself; another can do in his head, and without paper, a division of fifteen figures, whilst I can divide three or four only with much difficulty; here then is the extent of that vaunted strength; its limits are very confined; and therefore in games of combination, no man, after having trained himself with great application and long practice, will, with all his efforts, get beyond that degree of perfection allotted him: this is the goal of his intellect. It is absolutely necessary that it should be so; otherwise we should gradually go on to infinity.

X. IMPOSSIBLE DISCOVERIES

In this narrow circle by which we are circumscribed, let us see of what we are condemned to be ignorant, and of what we gain a little knowledge. We have already found that no first resource, no first principle, can be traced by us.

Why does my arm obey my will? We are so accustomed to this incomprehensible phenomenon that very few pay attention to it; and when we want to trace the cause of so common an effect, we find that there is infinity between our will and the obedience of our limb; that is to say, there is no proportion between them, no reason, no apparent cause; and we feel that we might think to eternity, without being able to discover the least glimpse of probability.

XI. THE FOUNDATION OF DESPAIR

Thus stopped at the very first onset, and vainly relying upon ourselves, we are dismayed from seeking after ourselves, as we

can discover ourselves. To ourselves we are inexplicable.

We know pretty nearly, with the assistance of triangles, that the sun and earth are about thirty millions of geometrical miles distant; but what is the sun? Why does it turn upon its axis? Why in one sense more than another? Why do Saturn and we revolve round this planet sooner from west to east than from east to west? This question will not only ever remain unsatisfied, but we shall never discover the least possibility to devise a physical cause for it. Wherefore? Because the first knot of this difficulty is in the principle of things.

It is the same with respect to what acts within us, as to what actuates the immense spaces of nature. There is in the arrangement of the planets, and in the formation of a handworm, and of man, a first principle, the avenue to which must necessarily be barred against us. For if we could be acquainted with the cause of our first origin, we should be its masters, we should be gods. Let us illustrate this idea, and see if it be just.

Suppose that we found, in effect, the cause of our sensations, of our thoughts, and our motions, as we have only discovered in the planets the reason of eclipses and of the different phases of the moon and Venus; it is evident we could then foretell our sensations, our thoughts, and our desires resulting from these sensations, as we predict the phases and the eclipses. Being then acquainted with what would happen tomorrow within us, we should clearly see by the play of this machine, whether we should be affected in a fatal or auspicious manner. We have, it is agreed, a will that directs our interior motions in various circumstances. For example, I find myself disposed to wrath; my reflection and will suppress its growing exhibition; I shall see if I know my first principles, all the affections to which I am disposed for tomorrow, all the successive ideas that wait for me; I could have the same power over this succession of ideas and sentiments as I sometimes exert over actual sentiments and thoughts, which I divert and repress. I should find myself

precisely in the same position as every man who can retard and accelerate, according to his will, the motion of a watch, a ship, or any other well known machine.

Being master of the ideas that are destined for me tomorrow, I should be also of those for the following day, and even powerful over myself, I should be the God of myself. I am very sensible that this state is incompatible with my nature; it is therefore impossible that I can know anything of the first principle which makes me think and act.

XII. DOUBT

Is that which is impossible for my weak, limited nature of so short duration, equally impossible in other globes, in other species of beings? Are there any of superior intelligence, masters of all their ideas, who think and feel all that they choose? I know nothing of the matter; I am only acquainted with my own weakness; I have no idea of the powers of others.

BOILEAU

(1636-1711)

Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux, eminent French poet and critic, was the son of Gilles Boileau, registrar of the great chamber of the French Parliament. He was born in Paris. His education was intended to prepare him for the learned professions, but he never followed any other occupation than that of an author. He was well acquainted with the chief literary men of his day and was especially well-known to Racine and La Fontaine. As time went on he produced a number of satires and epistles, distinguished for purity of style and elegance of versification. He was appointed historiographer conjointly with Racine in 1684 and was made a member of the Academy in the same year. His best known works are *The Reading-Stand* (1674) and *The Art of Poetry* (1674), the latter of which formed the basis of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. His influence on French literature was salutary, for he had excellent critical sense and the courage and literary ability to command the public ear. Boileau is the most famous expositor of the theories of the classical school in France.

The following translation was made by William Soame, revised by Dryden, in the *Works of Dryden*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, Vol. XV.

THE ART OF POETRY

CANTO III

TRAGEDY

There's not a monster bred beneath the sky,
But, well-disposed by art, may please the eye:
A curious workman by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For *Ædipus*,¹ provokes our hopes and fears;

For parricide Orestes² asks relief,
And, to increase our pleasure, causes grief.
You, then, that in this noble art would rise,
Come, and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions, and incline the heart.
If, in a laboured act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,

¹ King of Thebes, hero of Sophocles's famous drama *Ædipus Tyrannus*. He was fated to kill his father and marry his mother.

² A character in *Æschylus's* Trojan trilogy, who killed his mother Clytemnestra in revenge for the death of his father Agamemnon.

Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise,
 In vain with learned scenes you fill your
 plays:
 Your cold discourse can never move the
 mind
 Of a stern critic, naturally unkind,
 Who, justly tired with your pedantic flight,
 Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
 The secret is, attention first to gain;
 To move our minds, and then to entertain; 10
 That, from the very opening of the scenes,
 The first may show us what the author
 means.
 I'm tired to see an actor on the stage,
 That knows not whether he's to laugh or 15
 rage;
 Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
 Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
 I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should
 say
 Downright, my name is Hector in the play;
 Than with a mass of miracles, ill-joined,
 Confound my ears, and not instruct my
 mind.
 The subject's never soon enough exprest; 25
 Your place of action must be fixed, and
 rest.
 A Spanish poet¹ may with good event
 In one day's space whole ages represent;
 There oft the hero of a wandering stage 30
 Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
 But we, that are by reason's rules con-
 fined,
 Will, that with art the poem be designed;
 That unity of action, time, and place,² 35
 Keep the stage full, and all our labours
 grace.
 Write not what cannot be with ease con-
 ceived;
 Some truths may be too strong to be be- 40
 lieved.
 A foolish wonder cannot entertain;
 My mind's not moved if your discourse be
 vain.
 You may relate what would offend the eye: 45
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
 But there are objects that a curious art
 Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.

The mind is most agreeably surprised,
 When a well-woven subject, long disguised,
 You on a sudden artfully unfold,
 And give the whole another face and
 5 mould.
 At first the Tragedy was void of art;
 A song, where each man danced and sung
 his part,
 And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
 Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
 Then wine and joy were seen in each man's
 eyes,
 And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
 Thespis³ was first, who, all besmeared
 with lee,
 Began this pleasure for posterity:
 And with his carted actors, and a song,
 Amused the people as he passed along.
 Next Æschylus the different persons 20
 placed,
 And with a better mask his players graced:
 Upon a theatre his verse expressed,
 And showed his hero with a buskin dressed.
 Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
 Increased the pomp and beauty of the
 stage,
 Engaged the chorus song in every part,
 And polished rugged verse by rules of art:
 He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
 Which the weak Latin never could attain.
 Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
 As impious and profane, abhorred the stage:
 A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously played,
 35 Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
 The angels, God, the Virgin, and the
 saints.⁴
 At last, right Reason did his laws reveal,
 And showed the folly of their ill-placed
 zeal,
 Silenced those nonconformists of the age,
 And raised the lawful heroes of the stage:
 Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
 And chorus by the music was supplied.
 Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
 Mingled in plays, and quickly touched our
 hearts:
 This passion never could resistance find,

¹ Probably Lope de Vega.² The classical measure of dramatic form.³ Father of Greek tragedy, whose alteration of the drama, very simple but very important, consisted of the introduction of an actor, for the sake of giving rest to the chorus.⁴ This is of course a reference to the mediæval miracle and mystery plays.

But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
 Paint then, I'm pleased my hero be in love;
 But let him not like a tame shepherd move; 5
 Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis ¹ seen,
 Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen ²;
 That struggling oft, his passions we may find,
 The frailty, not the virtue of his mind. 10
 Of romance heroes shun the low design;
 Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
 Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
 For an affront I'm pleased to see him rage. 15
 Those little failings in your hero's heart
 Show that of man and nature he has part.
 To leave known rules you cannot be allowed;
 Make Agamemnon covetous and proud, 20
 Æneas in religious rites austere.
 Keep to each man his proper character.
 Of countries and of times the humours know;
 From different climates different customs 25
 grow:
 And strive to shun their fault, who vainly dress
 An antique hero like some modern ass;
 Who make old Romans like our English 30
 move,
 Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
 In a romance those errors are excused:
 There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amused: 35
 Rules too severe would there be useless found;
 But the strict scene must have a juster bound;
 Exact decorum we must always find.
 If, then, you form some hero in your mind,
 Be sure your image with itself agree;
 For what he first appears, he still must be.
 Affected wits will naturally incline
 To paint their figures by their own design; 45
 Your bully poets, bully heroes write;
 Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois ³ took de-
 light,

And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
 Wise nature by variety does please;
 Clothe differing passions in a differing dress. 5
 Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
 Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
 And show a ranting grief upon the stage; 10
 Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais ⁴ bore
 His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore:
 These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
 Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys. 15
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
 And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
 Those noisy words with which ill plays about,
 Come not from hearts that are in sadness drowned.
 The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
 Is a bold venture in our knowing times: 25
 An author cannot easily purchase fame;
 Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame:
 You may be judged by every ass in town,
 The privilege is bought for half-a-crown.
 To please, you must a hundred changes try; 30
 Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high;
 In noble thoughts must everywhere 35
 abound,
 Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound;
 To these you must surprising touches join,
 And show us a new wonder in each line;
 That all, in a just method well-designed, 40
 May leave a strong impression in the mind.
 These are the arts that tragedy maintain.

THE EPIC

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
 In the narration of some great design,
 Invention, art, and fable, all must join:

¹ Let not a military character seem like a pastoral character.

² Don't mix ancient characters with characters from mediæval romance.

³ A piece noted for its bombast.

⁴ God of the river of that name — also known as the River Don. It traverses southeastern Russia, Euxine refers to the Black Sea.

Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas; Beauty, Paphos'
queen.¹

'Tis not a cloud from whence swift light-
nings fly,
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky;
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain,
But angry Neptune plowing up the main; 10
Echo's ² no more an empty airy sound,
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover
drowned.

Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find; 15
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening
flowers.

'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan 20
shore;

From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes:
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruined Troy; 25
That Æolus, with the fierce goddess
joined,

Opened the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune, looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves 30
again,

Their vessels from the dangerous quick-
sands steers.

These are the springs that move our hopes
and fears:

Without these ornaments before our eyes,
The unsinewed poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors tried 40
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he
sent,

¹ Venus.

² A nymph who aroused the jealousy of Juno. She was punished by being deprived of the power of speech so that she could only repeat what was said to her. She fell in love with Narcissus, and, being scorned by him, pined away until nothing remained of her but her voice.

³ Ashtaroth was the Phœnician and Canaanite goddess of fertility and reproduction, worshipped from time to time by the Israelites. Bel was a deity in the Babylonian theological system — God of the Earth.

⁴ This refers to Godfrey of Bouillon, illustrious leader of the first crusade. He was the hero of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. Tancred and Armida are other prominent figures in the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

⁵ A god of the Romans. He was represented with two, and sometimes four heads, to indicate his ability to see in all directions in time and space. This peculiarity has made him very valuable in rhetorical ornament.

Might act like those the poet did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel.³
The mysteries which Christians must
5 believe

Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with these mys-
teries

Would make our sacred truths appear like
lies.

Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
15 Whose rage at your imagined hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the
prize?

Tasso, you'll say, has done it with ap-
plause: —

It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet though our age has so extolled his
name,

His works had never gained immortal
fame,

25 If holy Godfrey ⁴ in his ecstasies

Had only conquered Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.

'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be
30 Filled with the fictions of idolatry;

But, in a common subject, to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons, who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates de-
35 grade,

To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:

40 As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus ⁵ with his front of
brass,

And take from Time his scythe, his wings,
 and glass,
 And everywhere, as 'twere idolatry,
 Banish descriptions from our poetry.
 Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
 But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
 And let us not, amongst our vanities,
 Of the true God create a god of lies.
 In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
 And the smooth names seem made for
 poetry;
 As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
 In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
 To choose King Chilperic for his hero's
 name.
 Sometimes the name, being well or ill ap-
 plied,
 Will the whole fortune of your work de-
 cide.
 Would you your reader never should be
 tired,
 Choose some great hero, fit to be admired,
 In courage signal, and in virtue bright;
 Let even his very failings give delight;
 Let his great actions our attention bind,
 Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his
 mind,
 And not like Ædipus his perjured race;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.
 Choose not your tale of accidents too full;
 Too much variety may make it dull:
 Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with
 skill,
 Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
 Be your narrations lively, short, and
 smart;
 In your descriptions show your noblest
 art:
 There 'tis your poetry may be employed.
 Yet you must trivial accidents avoid,
 Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous marches of the chosen
 tribe,
 Placed on the sides, to see their armies
 pass,
 The fishes staring through the liquid
 glass;
 Described a child, who, with his little
 hand,
 Picked up the shining pebbles from the
 sand.

Such objects are too mean to stay our
 sight;
 Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
 Be your beginning plain; and take good
 heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
 Nor tell your reader, in a thundering verse,
 "I sing the conqueror of the universe."
 What can an author after this produce?
 The labouring mountain must bring forth
 a mouse.
 Much better are we pleased with his
 address,
 Who, without making such vast promises,
 Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
 "I sing the combats of that pious prince,
 Who from the Phrygian coasts his armies
 bore,
 And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
 His opening muse sets not the world on
 fire,
 And yet performs more than we can re-
 quire:
 Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame,
 And future glory of the Roman name;
 Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
 And Cæsar's wandering in the Elysian
 woods;
 With figures numberless his story grace,
 And everything in beauteous colours trace.
 At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
 I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
 I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
 Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
 Who thinks himself dishonoured in his
 style,
 If on his works the Graces do but smile.
 'Tis said that Homer, matchless in his art,
 Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
 His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold:
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy warmth he everywhere may
 boast;
 Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
 His verses without rule a method find,
 And of themselves appear in order joined;
 All without trouble answers his intent;
 Each syllable is tending to the event.
 Let his example your endeavours raise;
 To love his writings is a kind of praise.

¹ These are the opening lines of the *Æneid*.

A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind;
There must be care, and time, and skill,
and pains;

Not the first heat of inexperienced brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puffed with vain pride, presume they
understand,

And boldly take the trumpet in their hand: 10
Their fustian muse each accident con-
founds;

Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and
bounds,

Till, their small stock of learning quickly 15
spent,

Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
In vain mankind the hot-brained fool
decries,

No branding censures can unveil his eyes; 20
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Resolved to like the monsters they have
made.

Virgil, compared to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:

Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind shall do them
right,

And bring their works triumphantly to 30
light,

Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths
a prey.

Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest. 35
Whilst we return from whence we first
digrest.

The great success which tragic writers
found,

In Athens first the comedy renowned. 40
The abusive Grecian¹ there, by pleasing
ways,

Dispersed his natural malice in his plays:
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and
sense,

Were subject to buffooning insolence:
Poets were publicly approved, and sought,
That vice extolled, and virtue set at
nought;

A Socrates himself, in that loose age,

Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
At last the public took in hand the cause,
And cured this madness by the power of
laws;

5 Forbade at any time, or any place,
To name the person, or describe the
face.

The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:

By mild reproofs recovered minds dis-
eased,

And, sparing persons, innocently pleased.
Each one was nicely shown in this new
glass,

15 And smiled to think he was not meant the
ass:

A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
And fops were with such care and cunning

writ,
They liked the piece for which themselves
did sit.

You, then, that would the comic laurels
wear,

25 To study nature be your only care.

Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
He who observes, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,

A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras,* —
May safely in those noble lists engage,
And make them act and speak upon the
stage.

35 Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the
sight.

Nature in various figures does abound,
And in each mind are different humours
found; 40

A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise,
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the
mind,

45 And different ages different pleasures find;
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook
delay,

By flattering vice is easily led away;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,

50 In censure, rash; in pleasure, all on fire.

¹ Aristophanes.

* Otter is a female character in Ben Jonson's *The Silent Woman*. Hudibras is the hero of Butler's famous satirical poem on the Puritans.

The manly age does steadier thoughts
 enjoy;
 Power and Ambition do his soul employ;
 Against the turns of fate he sets his mind;
 And by the past the future hopes to find.
 Decrepit age, still adding to his stores,
 For others heaps the treasure he adores;
 In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
 Past times extols, the present to debase:
 Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
 In others blames what age does him re-
 fuse.
 Your actors must by reason be controlled;
 Let young men speak like young, old men
 like old.
 Observe the town, and study well the
 court;
 For thither various characters resort.
 Thus 'twas great Jonson purchases his
 renown,
 And in his art had borne away the crown,
 If, less desirous of the people's praise,
 He had not with low farce debased his
 plays;
 Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refined,
 And Harlequin with noble Terence
 joined.
 When in the Fox ¹ I see the tortoise hist,
 I lose the author of the Alchemist.
 The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse for-
 bear;
 Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace;

With well-bred conversation you must
 please,
 And your intrigue unravelled be with
 ease;
 5 Your action still should reason's rules
 obey,
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
 Your humble style must sometimes gently
 rise;
 10 And your discourse sententious be, and
 wise:
 The passions must to nature be confined;
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaving
 joined.
 15 Your wit must not unseasonably play;
 But follow business, never lead the way.
 Observe how Terence does this error shun:
 A careful father chides his amorous son;
 Then see that son, whom no advice can
 20 move,
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
 'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover;
 'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
 I like an author that reforms the age,
 25 And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
 That always pleases by just reason's rule:
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his
 plays,
 30 Let him be gone, and on two tressels raise
 Some Smithfield stage, where he may act
 his pranks,
 And make Jack-Puddings speak to mounte-
 banks.

GERMAN

LESSING

HAMBURG DRAMATURGY

The *Hamburg Dramaturgy* (1767-69), a series of dramatic notes made over a period of about two years, was intended to give a running account of the progress of the German drama in Hamburg. This collection of papers constitutes one of the most noteworthy monuments of dramatic criticism in that it shows almost the first true understanding of Aristotle in Europe. Previous to this time critics had attempted to read into Aristotle meanings that would confirm their own theories. Lessing makes a sincere attempt to discover what Aristotle meant. He accepts without question the authority of Aristotle both for the ancient and modern drama, allowing to him the same fundamental correctness in dramatic matters as he would to Euclid in geometry. For Lessing's life, see p. 701.

¹ In the *Volpone* or "Fox" by Ben Jonson, Sir Politic Would-be disguises himself as a tortoise and is detected on the stage—a device too farcical for the rest of the piece. *The Alchemist* is another work of Jonson's.

The following translation is that of Helen Zimmern in *Selected Prose Works of G. E. Lessing*, London, ed. G. Bell & Son, 1913.

No. 73

On the forty-eighth evening Herr Weiss's tragedy of 'Richard III.' was performed. . . .

This play is unquestionably one of our most important original dramas. It is rich in beauties which sufficiently prove that it would not have been beyond the power of the poet to avoid the faults with which they are intermingled, had he but had sufficient confidence in himself.

Shakespeare had already brought the life and death of the third Richard upon the stage, but Herr Weiss did not recollect this until his own work was already completed. He says: "Although I shall lose much by this comparison, it will at least be found that I have not been guilty of plagiarism. But perhaps it would have been a merit to commit a plagiarism on Shakespeare."

For this end we must suppose such an act to be possible. What has been said of Homer, that it would be easier to deprive Hercules of his club, than him of a verse, can be as truly said of Shakespeare. There is an impress upon the least of his beauties which at once exclaims to all the world: I am Shakespeare's — and woe to the foreign beauty who has the self-confidence to place itself beside it!

Shakespeare must be studied, not plundered. If we have genius, Shakespeare must be to us what the *camera obscura* is to the landscape-painter. He must look into it diligently to learn how nature reflects herself upon a flat surface, but he must not borrow from it.

Now in Shakespeare's whole play I do not know one single scene, not even a single speech which Herr Weiss could have used as it stands. Even the smallest portions of Shakespeare are cut according to the great measure of his historical plays, and these stand to the tragedies of French taste much as a large fresco stands to a miniature painting intended to adorn a ring. What material can we then take from the former to use in the latter?

Perchance a face, a single figure, at most a little group, which must then be worked out into a whole. In the same manner single Shakespearian thoughts must become entire scenes, and entire scenes whole acts. For rightly to use a giant's sleeve for the dress of a dwarf, we must not employ it as a sleeve but make a whole coat out of it.

If this is done, then the author may feel quite at ease on the score of plagiarism. Few persons will be able to recognise the wool from which the threads have been spun. Those few who comprehend the art will not betray the maker, for they know that a grain of gold may be wrought so skilfully that the value of the form far surpasses the value of the material.

I, for my part, sincerely deplore that our poet recollected Shakespeare's Richard too late. He might have known him and yet remained as original as he now is; he might have used him without a single borrowed thought convicting him.

Now if the same thing had occurred to me, I should at least have afterwards employed Shakespeare's work as a mirror to wipe from my work all those blemishes which my eye had not been able to perceive immediately. How do I know that Herr Weiss has not done this? And why should he not have done this?

May it not be that what I consider blemishes he holds to be none? And is it not very probable that he is more in the right than I am? I am convinced that in most instances the eye of the artist is more penetrating than that of the most keensighted of his observers. Among twenty objections made by the latter, the artist will remember that nineteen of these were made and answered by himself while at work.

Nevertheless he will not be annoyed at hearing them from others also, for he likes his work to be criticised. Whether it be judged profoundly or superficially, justly or unjustly, benevolently or satirically, it is all the same to him. Even the most superficial, the most unjust, the most awkward judgment is of more worth to him

than tame admiration. In some form or other he may make use of the former to his advantage; but what is he to do with the latter? He does not like to despise the good honest souls who look up to him as to something extraordinary, and yet he must shrug his shoulders at them. He is not vain, but he is usually proud, and from mere pride he would ten times rather bear an unmerited censure than unmerited praise.

No. 74

It is notably Richard's character about which I should like to have the poet's explanation. Aristotle would have rejected it unconditionally. Now as far as Aristotle's authority is concerned I could easily get over that point if I could as easily set aside his reasons.

Aristotle assumes that a tragedy must evoke our terror and pity and from this he infers that the hero must be neither a wholly virtuous nor a wholly vicious man, for by the ill-fortunes of neither can this aim be attained.

If I grant this definition, 'Richard III.' is a tragedy that has missed its aim. If I do not grant it, then I no longer know what a tragedy is.

For Richard III. as represented by Herr Weiss is unquestionably the greatest, most loathsome monster that ever trod the stage. I say the stage, for that the earth ever bore such a monster I greatly doubt.

Now what pity can the destruction of such a monster excite in us? But stay, he is not intended to do this, the poet has not designed this; there are other personages in his work whom he has made the objects of our pity.

Now as to terror? Should not this villain arouse the utmost limits of our terror, a man who has filled up the chasm that separated him from the throne with the corpses of those who ought to have been to him the dearest in all the world; a blood-thirsty demon who boasts of his blood-thirstiness and rejoices at his crimes.

Most certainly he awakens our terror,

if we understand by terror amazement at such inconceivable crimes, horror of such wickedness as surpasses our comprehension, if we are to understand by it the shudder that seizes us at the sight of terrible deeds that are executed with glee. Of this terror I experienced my fair share at the performance of 'Richard III.'

But this form of terror is so little one of the aims of tragedy that the old poets sought by all possible means to diminish it whenever their heroes were compelled to commit some great crime. They preferred rather to blame Fate, to make the crime the inevitable curse of an avenging deity, they preferred to change man from a creature of free-will to a machine, rather than to suffer the horrible idea to linger among us that man could by nature be capable of such corruption.

Crébillon¹ is known among the French as the "Terrible." I greatly fear he is so nicknamed more on account of the terror which ought not to be in tragedy, than on account of the legitimate terror which the philosopher reckons as essential to tragedy.

And this ought not to have been named terror at all. The word which Aristotle uses means fear; fear and pity, he says, should be evoked by tragedy, not pity and terror. It is true that terror is a species of fear, it is a sudden overwhelming fear. But this very suddenness, this surprise which is included in the idea of terror, plainly proves that those who here substituted the word terror for fear did not comprehend at all what kind of fear Aristotle meant. . . .

Aristotle says: "Pity demands a person who suffers undeserved calamity and fear requires him to be one of ourselves. The villain is neither the one nor the other; hence his misfortunes can excite neither the one nor the other."

Fear has, as I have said, been interpreted as *terror* by our modern translators and expositors, and by this substitution they succeed in picking the strangest quarrel imaginable with the philosopher.

One of this herd speaks thus: "It has not been possible to agree about the explanation of terror, and indeed it con-

¹ Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon, 1674-1762, eminent French dramatic poet.

tains in every respect a link too many which hampers its universality and limits it. If Aristotle understands by his addition 'one of ourselves' merely the similarity of mankind, merely that both the spectator and the actor are human beings, even supposing that their character, worth, and social standing were widely different, this remark was needless since it followed as a matter of course. But if he was of opinion that only virtuous persons, or such as were afflicted by a pardonable fault, could excite terror, then he was in the wrong, for reason and experience are opposed to him. Terror springs incontestably from our feelings of humanity, for every human being is subject to it and every human being is by means of this feeling touched at the adverse fortunes of another man. It is possible that there may be persons who deny this of themselves, but such a denial would be a renunciation of their natural sensibility and hence a mere boast that springs from perverted principles, but no refutation. Now therefore if a dreadful event should unexpectedly befall even a vicious person who has shortly before engaged our attention, we should immediately forget his vices and see in him merely the human being. The mere aspect of human misery in general makes us sad, and the sudden, sad emotions that would be thus evoked, these are terror."

Quite true, only not rightly placed. For what does this prove against Aristotle? Nothing at all. Aristotle does not think of this terror when he speaks of fear which can be excited in us only by the misfortunes of our equals. This terror, which seizes us at the sudden sight of a suffering that threatens another, is a compassionate terror and therefore comprehended under the term of pity. Aristotle would not say pity and fear, if under fear he understood

nothing more than a mere modification of compassion.

The author of the 'Letters on the Emotions' says "Pity is a complex emotion, composed out of love for an object and displeasure caused by its misery. The movements by which compassion evinces itself are distinguishable from the simple symptoms of love as well as from those of displeasure, for compassion itself is a mere manifestation. But how varied can this manifestation be! Let us change the one limitation of time in a commiserated misfortune, and compassion will be shown by totally different signs. We feel a compassionate mourning with Electra¹ weeping over her brother's urn, for she thinks the misfortune has taken place and bewails the loss she has sustained. What we feel at the sight of Philoktetes's² suffering is likewise compassion, but of a different nature, because the torments sustained by this virtuous man are present and befall him before our eyes. But when Oedipus³ is terrified at the sudden *dénouement* of the great secret, when Monime⁴ is alarmed at seeing the jealous Mithridates grow pale, when virtuous Desdemona is afraid on hearing threatening speech from her Othello who was wont to be so tender, what is it we feel then? Always the same compassion; but compassionate terror, compassionate alarm, compassionate fear. The movements are various, but the essence of the emotion is in all cases the same. For as all love is connected with a willingness to put ourselves in the place of the beloved object, so we must share all kinds of suffering with them, which is very expressively termed compassion. Why then should not fright, terror, rage, jealousy, revenge, in fact all forms of unpleasant emotions, even envy not excepted, spring from compassion? We may see hereby how awkwardly the greater part

¹ In Æschylus's *Libation Bearers*, Electra, daughter of the murdered Agamemnon, thinks her brother Orestes dead.

² The hero of tragedies by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Philoktetes was one of the Greek heroes who started on the expedition to Troy. On account of a snakebite which he received he was abandoned on the small island of Lemnos, but was later healed and took part in the Trojan War.

³ The hero of Sophocles's *Oedipus Tyrannus*. See Aristotle's *Poetics*, page 193, note 2.

⁴ The writer here refers to Racine's tragedy *Mithradate*, in which are presented father and son as rivals in love.

of the art critics have divided tragic passions into terror and compassion. Terror and compassion! Is then theatrical terror no compassion? For whom does the spectator start when Merope¹ draws the dagger upon her own son? Surely not for himself but for Æpytus, whose preservation we so sincerely desire; for the deluded queen who regards him as the murderer of her son. But if we only intend to call compassion the displeasure felt at the present misfortunes of another, it will be needful to distinguish from compassion properly so called, not only terror but all other feelings communicated to us by another person."

No. 75

These ideas are so correct, so clear, so luminous that it seems to us every one might and ought to have had them. Nevertheless I will not attribute the acute observations of the new philosopher to the ancient one; I am too well acquainted with the merits of the doctrine of mixed sensations enunciated by this modern philosopher and for the true theory of which we are indebted to him alone. But of that which he has explained so excellently Aristotle may have been on the whole sensible, at least it is quite undeniable that Aristotle must either have believed that a tragedy could or should excite nothing but genuine compassion, nothing but displeasure at the present misfortunes of another, which we can hardly suppose, or he must have comprehended under the word compassion all passions in general that can be communicated to us by another.

For it is certainly not Aristotle who has made the division so justly censured of tragic passions into terror and compassion. He has been falsely interpreted, falsely translated. He speaks of pity and *fear*, not of pity and *terror*; and his fear is by no means the fear excited in us by misfortune threatening another person. It is the fear

which arises for ourselves from the similarity of our position with that of the sufferer; it is the fear that the calamities impending over the sufferers might also befall ourselves; it is the fear that we ourselves might thus become objects of pity. In a word this fear is compassion referred back to ourselves.

Aristotle always requires to be interpreted through himself. Whoever intends to furnish us with a new commentary to his 'Poetics,' which shall distance that of Dacier, him I would advise before all else to read the complete works of the philosopher from beginning to end. He will find explanations of Poetics where he least expects them, most especially must he study the books of Rhetoric and Ethics. Now we imagine that the schoolmen so well versed in the writings of Aristotle would have found these explanations long ago. But his 'Poetics' was the very work of which they took the least notice. Then also they were wanting in other knowledge without which these explanations could not have borne fruit; they were not acquainted either with the theatre or its masterpieces.

The correct explanation of this fear with which Aristotle combines the tragic pity is to be found in the fifth and eighth chapter of the second book of Rhetoric. It would not have been very difficult to have recalled these chapters and yet not one of his expositors seems to have recollected them, at least not one of them has made that use of them which they afford. For even those who without them perceived that this fear could not be compassionate terror might yet have learnt an important fact therefrom, namely, the reason why the Stagyræite added fear to compassion, why fear alone and no other passion, and why not several passions. Of this reason they know nothing, and I should like to hear what answer their own intelligence would suggest to them if they were asked, for instance, why tragedy could not and should not excite in us com-

¹ Cresphontes the Heraclid, husband of Merope and King of Messenia, had been slain by rebellious noblemen. Polyphontes, leader of the revolt, then took Merope to wife. Æpytus, her son, returns unknown and, in plotting his revenge, wins the favor of Polyphontes by pretending that he has slain Æpytus. This nearly causes his death at the hands of his mother.

passion and admiration as well as compassion and fear?

All this depends on the conception Aristotle had of compassion. It was his opinion that the misfortune that becomes the object of our compassion must necessarily be of such a nature that we can fear it might happen as well to us or ours. Where this fear is not present compassion does not arise. For neither he whom 10 misfortune has oppressed so heavily that he no longer sees any cause to be afraid of any further ills, nor he who believes himself so fortunate that he cannot comprehend whence any misfortune could befall 15 him, neither the desperate man, nor the arrogant one, is in the habit of feeling compassion for others. Therefore Aristotle explains that which is fearful and that which merits pity by means of one another. 20 All that, he says, is fearful to us, which if it had happened to another, or were to happen to him, would excite our pity; and we find all that worthy of our compassion, which we should fear if it were threatening 25 us. It would not therefore be enough that the unfortunate person who excites our compassion does not deserve his misfortunes; he may have drawn them down upon himself by his own weakness, his 30 tortured innocence or rather his too severely punished guilt would lose its effect upon us, would be incapable of awakening our pity if we saw no possibility that his sufferings might ever befall us. 35 But this possibility arises, and becomes the more probable, if the poet does not make him out to be worse than mankind in general, if he lets him think and act as we should have thought and acted in his 40 position, or at least as we might have thought and acted; in short, if he portrays him as one of ourselves. From similarity arises the fear that our destiny might as easily become like his as we feel ourselves 45 to be like him, and this fear it is which would force compassion to full maturity.

Such was Aristotle's conception of compassion, and only thence can the true reason be deduced why next to compassion he 50 only mentioned fear in his definition of tragedy. It is not that this fear is a passion independent of pity, which might be

excited now with pity and now without it in the same way as pity can be excited now with and now without fear. This was Corneille's error, but this was not Aristotle's reason; according to his definition of compassion it of necessity included fear, because nothing could excite our compassion which did not at the same time excite our fear.

Corneille had already written all his plays before he sat down to annotate Aristotle's 'Poetics.' For more than fifty years he had laboured for the stage and after such experience he might unquestionably have given us much valuable information concerning the ancient dramatic code if he had only studied it a little more diligently during the time of his labour. He appears to have done this only in so far as the mechanical rules of dramatic art were concerned. He left essential points disregarded and when he found at the end that he had sinned against Aristotle, which nevertheless he had not wished to do, he endeavoured to absolve himself by means of explanations and caused his pretended master to say things which he never thought.

Corneille had brought martyrs upon the stage and had represented them as the most perfect, blameless beings: he had produced the most loathsome monsters in Prusias, Phocas, and Cleopatra and of both these species Aristotle has maintained they are unsuitable for tragedy, because neither can excite pity nor fear. What does Corneille say to this? How does he manage that neither his own dignity nor the authority of Aristotle has to suffer 40 from such a contradiction?

"We can easily come to terms with Aristotle. We need only presume that he did not mean to maintain that both means, terror and compassion, were required at the same time to effect the purification of our passions, which according to him is the chief aim of tragedy, but that one of these means would be sufficient. We may confirm this explanation from his own works, if we rightly weigh the reasons he gives for the exclusion of such events as he censures in tragedies. He never says this or that is not suited to tragedy because it

only excites compassion and no fear, or that such a thing is insupportable because it only excites fear without awakening compassion. On the contrary he rejects them on that account because as he says they neither produce compassion nor fear, and he thus shows us that they displeased him because they lacked both, and that he would not deny them his approval if they effected only one of these."

No. 76

Now this is utterly false. I cannot marvel enough how Dacier who is usually very observant of the distortions that Corneille practised on Aristotle's text for his own ends could overlook this, the greatest of all. True, how could he avoid overlooking it since he never consulted the philosopher's own explanation of compassion? As I have said, what Corneille imagines is utterly false. Aristotle cannot have meant this, or we should have to believe that he could forget his own explanation, we should have to believe he could contradict himself in the most flagrant manner. If, according to his doctrine, the misfortunes of another which we do not fear for ourselves cannot awaken our pity, he could not be satisfied with any tragedy which excites pity alone and no fear, because he deemed such a matter an impossibility; such actions did not exist for him. He believed that events capable of awakening our compassion must at the same time awaken our fear, or rather, by means of this fear, they awaken compassion. Still less could he have conceived the action of a tragedy, which might excite our fear without awakening our compassion, for he was convinced that all which excited fear for ourselves must awaken our compassion too as soon as we saw it threaten or befall others, and this is the case in tragedy, where we see all the evils which we fear happening to others and not to ourselves.

It is true that, when Aristotle speaks of the actions that are not suited to tragedy, he several times uses the expression that they excite neither compassion nor fear, but so much the worse for Corneille if he

was misled by this *neither, nor*. These disjunctive particles do not always express what he makes them express. For if we deny two or more qualities to an object by means of these particles, the existence of the object, notwithstanding that one or the other of the things are wanting to it, depends on whether these things can be separated in nature as we separate them in the abstract and by means of the symbolic expression. For example, if we say of a woman that she is neither handsome nor witty, we certainly mean to say that we should be satisfied if she possessed either of these attributes; for wit and beauty can be separated not only in thought but they are separated in reality. But if we say, this man believes neither in heaven, nor in hell, do we mean to say thereby that we should be satisfied if he believed in one of them, if he only believed in heaven and no hell, or in hell and no heaven? Surely not, for whoever believes the one must needs believe the other; heaven and hell, punishment and reward are relative terms; if the one exists, so does the other. Or to draw an illustration from an allied art, when we say, this picture is good for nothing, it has neither outline nor colour, do we mean to say by this that a good painting could exist with either of the two alone? This is very clear.

But how if the definition that Aristotle gives of compassion were false? How if we could feel compassion with evils and misfortunes that we have in no wise to fear for ourselves?

It is true we do not require the element of fear to feel displeasure at the physical sufferings of a person whom we love. This displeasure arises merely from our perception of the imperfection, as our love arises from the perception of the perfections of the individual, and from this fusion of pleasure and displeasure arises the mixed sensation we call compassion.

But granting this I do not believe that I shall be obliged to forsake Aristotle's cause.

For if we can feel compassion for others without fear for ourselves it remains incontestable that our compassion, strengthened by this fear, becomes far more vivid

and intense than it would be without it. Then what hinders us from assuming that the mixed sensation evoked by the physical sufferings of a beloved object can alone be elevated to that height where it deserves to be called affection, by adding to it the element of fear for ourselves?

This was what Aristotle really assumed, he did not regard compassion according to its primary emotions, he regarded it merely as an effect. Without mistaking the former he only denies to the spark the name of flame. Compassionate emotions unaccompanied by fear for ourselves, he designates philanthropy, and he only gives the name of compassion to the stronger emotions of this kind which are connected with fear for ourselves. Now though he maintains that the misfortunes of a villain excite neither our compassion nor our fear, he does not therefore deny that the spectacle could awaken emotion in us. The villain is still a man, a human being who for all his moral imperfections possesses perfections enough to raise the wish in us not to witness his ruin and destruction, and arouses in us an emotion nearly allied to compassion, the elements as it were of compassion. But as I have said Aristotle does not call these emotions allied to compassion, compassion, but philanthropy. He says: "We must not permit a villain to pass from unfortunate to fortunate circumstances, for nothing can be more untragic; it then has nothing of all that it ought to have, it awakens neither philanthropy, pity, nor fear. Neither must it be an utter villain who passes from happy to unhappy conditions. Such an event may indeed excite philanthropy, but neither compassion nor fear." I know of nothing more bald and absurd than the common rendering of the word philanthropy. Its adjective is usually translated into Latin by "*hominibus gratum*"; into French by "*ce qui peut faire quelque plaisir*"; and into German by "*what may give pleasure*" (*was Vergnügen machen kann*). So far as I can discover, only Goulston appears not to have mistaken the philosopher's meaning; he translated *φιλάνθρωπον* by "*quod humanitatis sensu tangat*."¹ For under

this meaning of philanthropy is comprehended the feeling that even the misfortunes of a criminal can evoke, it is not joy at his merited punishment that is understood, but the sympathetic feeling of humanity which is awakened in us at the moment of his suffering in spite of our consciousness that his sufferings are nothing but his desert. Herr Curtius indeed would limit these compassionate emotions felt for a suffering villain to a certain species of evils. He says: "Those accidents to the vicious which excite neither pity nor fear in us must be the consequences of their vices; for if they happened to them by chance, or innocently, they still retain in the hearts of the spectators the privileges of humanity which does not deny its compassion to a villain who suffers innocently." But he does not seem sufficiently to have considered this. For, even when the misfortune befalling a villain is the immediate consequence of his crimes, we still cannot help suffering with him at the sight of his punishment.

The author of the 'Letters on the Sensations' says: "Behold yonder multitude that crowds around a condemned criminal. They have heard of all the horrors, the vices he has committed, they have detested his wicked course of life, they have probably hated him himself. Now he is dragged pale and fainting to the terrible scaffold. The people press through the crowd, stand on tiptoe, climb the roofs to see how his features become distorted in death. The verdict is spoken, the hangman approaches, one moment more will decide his destiny. How earnestly do all the hearts now wish him pardoned. What! pardoned? he, the object of their detestation? he, whom a moment before they would themselves have sentenced to death? Whereby has a spark of humanity been rekindled in them? Is it not the close approach of punishment, the sight of the most terrible physical ill that reconciles us again even with this vile wretch and wins him our affection? Without love it would be impossible to have compassion on his fate."

¹ "What pertains to the feeling of humanity."

And it is this love, say I, which we can never entirely lose towards our fellow-creatures, which smoulders inextinguishably beneath the ashes by which our stronger emotions are covered, and which only awaits a favourable gust of wind from misfortune, grief and crime to be blown into the flame of compassion; it is this love which Aristotle understands under the name philanthropy. We are right when we comprehend it as included under the name of compassion. But Aristotle was not wrong when he assigned to it a distinct name, to distinguish it from the highest grade of compassionate emotions in which they become affections by the addition of a possible fear for ourselves.

SATIRE

FRENCH

LA BRUYÈRE

(1645-1696)

Jean de la Bruyère was born in Paris of a bourgeois family in 1645. He was educated as a lawyer and later (1673) took a position in the treasury department. Not long afterward he became acquainted with Bossuet, who got him a post as tutor to the grandson of the Duc de Condé. In this position he was well able to observe the characteristics of the life around him. He was a man of independent spirit, and he allowed this spirit to permeate his work — a work which reveals the follies of French courtly life in the seventeenth century with devastating clarity. His *Characters*, published in 1688, was a sort of elongated appendix to his translation of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle. The individual characters are based on observations made from day to day, and are arranged in no particular order except for a general classification. The author painted the portraits of the whole range of society, not in an attempt to depict the foibles of humanity in general but with his eye directly on the society of his own day. If to be talked about is to be a success, the *Characters* certainly were successful; their irony and boldness set the public by the ears. It has often been said of La Bruyère that there was in his writing all the material of the modern naturalistic novel except for the framework of narrative.

CHARACTERS

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN

Menalcas comes down stairs, opens his door to go out, and then shuts it: he perceives that he has his night-cap on, and, on looking more closely, he finds that he is only half shaved, that his sword is hung on the right-hand side, that his hose are wrinkled down upon his heels, and that his shirt is outside his breeches.

As he walks down the street he receives a buffet in the stomach or in the face: he has not the remotest idea what it may be until he opens his eyes and, emerging from sleep, he finds himself in front of a long carriage shaft or behind a long building board carried by a workman. We see him colliding with a blind man, getting tangled up in his legs, and both of them falling over backwards.

Many a time he has suddenly come nose to nose with a prince, and looking about him carefully has found that he has time

enough only to plaster himself against the wall in order to make way for him.

He searches frantically, he upsets everything, he shouts, he gets into a temper, he calls his servants one after the other: everything is gone, everything is lost. He asks for his gloves when they are on his own hands, like the lady who took occasion to ask for her mask when she had it on her face already. He enters a room at court and walks under a chandelier. His wig catches upon it and remains hanging. All the court see it and laugh: Menalcas sees it and laughs harder than anybody, and casts his eyes over the whole assembly to see whose ears are showing or who has lost his wig.

If he goes out through the city, after he has walked a little way he thinks himself lost; he grows excited; he asks passers-by where he is, and is told exactly the name of his street. He finally goes into his house, and then comes running out again, thinking he has made a mistake.

He comes out of the Palace of Justice,

and, finding at the foot of the steps a carriage, he takes it for his own and seats himself in it. The coachman whips up, thinking he is taking his own master home. Menalcas gets out at the gate, crosses the courtyard, mounts the stairs, walks through the ante-chamber, the drawing-room, the study. Everything is familiar: nothing is strange to him. He sits down; he rests himself; he is at home. The master of the house appears. Menalcas arises to receive him; he treats him with great civility; he begs him to be seated, and thinks he is doing the honors of his own house. He talks; he meditates; he resumes conversation. The master of the house is bored, but he lingers on amazed. Menalcas is no less bored, but he does not say what he thinks, that he has to do with a bore, or an idler, who he hopes finally will withdraw. At last when night comes Menalcas is with great difficulty apprised of his mistake.

On another occasion he pays a visit to a lady and, convincing himself that it is he that is receiving her, he seats himself in a chair without the slightest idea of leaving it. It seems to him after a time that the lady is making rather a long visit and begins to expect at every moment that she will get up and leave him to himself. When the visit prolongs itself well into the night and he is growing hungry he finally invites her to have supper. The lady laughs so heartily that she awakes him.

He marries in the morning, forgets it by evening and stays out all night. Some years later he loses his wife; she dies in his arms, and he assists at the obsequies. The next day, when dinner is announced, he asks if his wife is ready and if she has been informed.

At another time he loses at play all the money in his purse; he goes to his study, opens his safe, brings out his money chest, takes from it what he needs, and returns it to the safe. Then he hears a sound of yelping from the safe. Astonished at this prodigy he opens the safe again and bursts into laughter to find that he has locked up his dog instead of his money. When he is playing at trick-track he calls for a drink. It is brought to him as it is his turn to

play. He holds the dice-box in one hand and the drink in the other, and, being very thirsty, he downs the dice and almost the dice-box as well and throws the glass of water on the trick-track board, drenching his opponent.

In a bed-chamber where he was familiarly received he spit on the bed and threw his hat on the floor, thinking that he was doing just the opposite.

As he is walking along the bank he asks what time it is. A watch is handed to him and he has hardly received it when he forgets both the time and the watch and throws the timepiece into the water to get it out of his way.

Menalcas is going down the steps of the Louvre and meets another man coming up. "You're the one I'm looking for," he says. He takes him by the hand and makes him walk back down with him. He crosses several courts, goes into the rooms, comes out again, goes one way, and retraces his steps; and at last he happens to look at the man he has been leading about for a quarter of an hour and is astonished that he should be there. He has nothing to say to him; he lets go his hand and turns away. He often asks you a question and is far away before you can answer; or he asks you in passing how your father does, and when you reply that he is very ill he exclaims that he is very glad to hear it. He encounters you on the street; he is delighted to see you, for he was just coming to talk to you about something. Then he looks at your hand. "You have a beautiful ruby there," he says, "is it a balas?" — and he leaves you and continues on his way. So much for the important matter about which he wished to speak with you.

He finds himself in the country and says to someone that he considers him fortunate to have been able to slip away and spend on his country estate the time when the court is being held at Fontainebleau; he passes on and talks variously with other people; then he comes back to the same person and says to him, "No doubt you had a pleasant time at Fontainebleau; you must have had plenty of hunting." Then he begins a story which he forgets to

finish; he laughs to himself; he roars out at something that with him passes for cleverness; he replies aloud to his own thoughts, sings between his teeth, whistles, throws himself into a chair, gives a complaining whine, yawns — he thinks he is alone.

When he is at dinner the bread keeps piling up on his plate; it is true his neighbors are going without it as well as without knives and forks, for he cannot refrain from playing with them. There has been invented a great soup ladle to facilitate serving. He takes it, plunges it into his dish, fills it, carries it to his mouth, and cannot get over his astonishment at seeing 15 spattered over his clothing the soup that he thinks he has just swallowed. He forgets to drink all through the dinner, or if he does remember it and finds he has been 20 given too much wine, he dashes half of it into the face of the diner at his right. He drinks the rest tranquilly and cannot understand why everybody bursts out laughing

just because he has thrown on the ground the superfluous quantity.

He is taken to Chartres. There he is shown a cloister adorned with works all from the hand of an excellent painter. The monk who explains it speaks of St. Bruno and tells a long tale of the saint's adventure with the canon, and shows it to him in one of the pictures. Menalcas, who during the recital is out of the cloister and far away, at last comes to himself and asks of the monk whether it was Bruno or the canon that was damned.

He finds himself by chance in the company of a young widow; he speaks of the departed husband and asks how he died. The woman, in whom grief was renewed by this remark, weeps, sobs, and goes into all the details of her husband's malady from the beginning of the fever to the death-agony. "Madame," asks Menalcas, who has apparently listened with great attention, "was he the only one you had?"

LA FONTAINE

(1621-1695)

Jean de la Fontaine, poet and dramatist, was born at Château-Thierry, son of a Superintendent of Rivers and Forests. He studied at Reims and at Paris and then returned to his home where he lived at ease with his friends, Pintrel, translator of Seneca, and Maucroix, translator of Plato. In 1654 he published a translation of Terence's *Eunuchus*. He was presented to Fouquet, the extravagant minister of finance, and received a pension from him. When Fouquet was disgraced (1661-64), La Fontaine wrote his *Elegy on the Nymphs of Vaux* (Fouquet's palace). Later he was presented to the Duchess of Bouillon for whom he composed his *Tales*. He published his *Fables* in 1668, and in 1669 his novel *Psyche*. In 1684 he was elected a member of the Academy. In addition to his poetry and prose he wrote a few plays.

The Fables alone could have established La Fontaine's position in the literary world. The material comes from the writings of earlier fabulists — Æsop, Babrius, Phædrus, and others. La Fontaine added almost nothing in the way of fact; he disclaimed all intention of originality. His treatment is everything. In his hands the fable becomes a living thing. The metrical form is limpid, flexible, and fitted with exquisite perfection to the variations in thought and mood. The stories themselves are very plain and simple and surprisingly similar to the fables of antiquity; yet they reveal the most penetrating comprehension of the human mind. The animals are natural enough in their outward appearance, but in their mental actions they are men, are universal types. There is nothing new in that; but the startlingly clear analysis of these characters and the direct yet devastating simplicity of the treatment — these are La Fontaine's contributions. The *Fables* are a combination of poetic sentiment and psychological truth.

The following selections are translated by Elizur Wright in the *Longfellow Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

FABLES

THE COUNCIL HELD
BY THE RATS

Old Rodilard, a certain cat,
Such havoc of the rats had made,
'Twas difficult to find a rat
With nature's debt unpaid.
The few that did remain,
To leave their holes afraid,
From usual food abstain,
Not eating half their fill.
And wonder no one will,
That one, who made on rats his revel,
With rats passed not for cat, but devil.
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater,
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;
And while he held his caterwauling,
The unkill'd rats, their chapter calling,
Discussed the point, in grave debate,
How they might shun impending fate.
Their dean, a prudent rat,
Thought best, and better soon than late,
To bell the fatal cat;
That, when he took his hunting-round,
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,
Might hide in safety under ground;
Indeed, he knew no other means.
And all the rest
At once confessed
Their minds were with the dean's.
No better plan, they all believed,
Could possibly have been conceived;
No doubt, the thing would work right well,
If any one would hang the bell.
But, one by one, said every rat,
"I'm not so big a fool as that."
The plan knocked up in this respect,
The council closed without effect.
And many a council I have seen,
Or reverend chapter with its dean,
That, thus resolving wisely,
Fell through like this precisely.

To argue or refute,
Wise counsellors abound;
The man to execute
Is harder to be found.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG

A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray;

A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
No human mortal owns.

- Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
5 Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
10 So, then, in civil conversation,
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good Sir, may be as sightly:
Quit but the woods, advised by me;
15 For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want;
With such a pack, of course it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
20 Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
25 Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little, now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men, —
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
30 For which you have to eat
All sorts of well cooked meat, —
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes, —
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
35 Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But, faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "Oh, nothing but
40 a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; 'tis not enough to
pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they
chain me."
45 "Chain, — chain you? What! run you
not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, Sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
50 It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them, while I've
wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

LETTERS

FRENCH

SÉVIGNÉ

(1626-1696)

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal was born of distinguished parents. Her father, Celse-Bénigne de Rabutin, was a gallant soldier who was killed in the siege of Rochelle, and her mother, Marie de Coulanges, was daughter of the secretary of State. At the early death of her parents Marie was entrusted first to her paternal grandmother, then to her maternal grandfather, M. de Coulanges, and, upon his death, to her uncle Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry. This learned man devoted himself wholeheartedly to the cultivation of Marie's natural gifts and gave her an education rarely accorded to women in her day. She was taught Latin, Italian, and Spanish by competent tutors and was given the use of her uncle's extensive library. At eighteen she was presented to the world, a rare combination of beauty, intelligence, and charm. The brilliant marriage arranged for her by her uncle with the rich and handsome Marquis de Sévigné turned out very ill. After neglecting her for seven years, he was killed in a duel and left her a widow with two children, and with her fortune seriously depleted. The young widow was faced with the necessity of disentangling her affairs. Her spirit and determination in this task resulted not only in a fairly satisfactory restoration of her fortune but also in her making for herself an important place in the brilliant court of Louis XIV. Her daughter, to whom the letters printed in this volume are addressed, was married to the Count de Grignan, a wealthy and prominent member of the court, but the count was ordered to Provence as Lieutenant-Governor almost immediately after the marriage, and mother and daughter were separated. The son was a weak and dissipated youth, unable to follow any occupation successfully, and Madame de Sévigné lost much of her fortune in getting him out of difficulties and providing him with a suitable marriage. Such responsibilities, however, gave her little chance to lose interest in life. She continued active and cheerful almost up to the day of her death, at the age of seventy.

Madame de Sévigné's letters are of interest not only because they reveal a clever and attractive woman but also because they show us intimate glimpses of the brilliant and often corrupt society of the French capital in the later seventeenth century. Letters have long been regarded as an important part of the works of great literary men. One needs only to mention the names of St. Paul, Cicero, Petrarch, or, in later years, of Swift, Pope, and Steele, to realize how many of the thoughts that we treasure as the heritage of great minds have come from their correspondence. Madame de Sévigné has won a place in the history of literature by her letters alone. She is regarded by some as the greatest letter-writer the world has ever had.

The following letters come from *The Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and Friends*, edited by Sarah J. Hale, New York, Mason Brothers, 1856.

LETTERS TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN

LETTER V

Paris, Wednesday, March 18, 1671.

I have received two packets at once, which have been delayed for a considerable time. By these I am at length informed

from yourself, of your entry into Aix,¹ but you do not mention whether your husband was with you, or in what manner Vardes honored your triumph; but you describe the triumph itself very humorously, as well as the embarrassment you were under, and

¹ The writer here refers to her daughter's journey with her husband to her new home in southern France.

your many misplaced civilities. I wish that I had been with you; not that I should have done better than yourself, for I have not so good a gift of fixing names upon faces — on the contrary, I daily commit a thousand blunders in that way — but I think I could have been of some assistance to you, at least I should have made courtesies enough. It is true, that such a multiplicity of ceremonies and attentions is very tiresome. You should, nevertheless, endeavor not to be deficient in any of these points, but accommodate yourself, as much as possible, to the customs and the manners of those among whom you are to live.

An event has just taken place, which engrosses the whole conversation of Paris. The king has ordered Monsieur de S— to resign his post, and to quit Paris immediately. Can you guess the reason? For having cheated at play, and won upward of five hundred thousand crowns with false cards! The man who made these cards was examined by the king himself; he denied the fact at first; but, upon his majesty's promising him a pardon, he confessed that he had followed the trade for a long time. It is said that the affair will not stop here, for that there are several houses which he used to furnish with these cards. It was some time before the king could prevail upon himself to disgrace a man of Monsieur de S—'s quality; but as, for several months past, everybody that had played with him had been in a manner ruined, he thought he could not in conscience do less than bring such a scene of villainy to light. S— was so perfectly master of his adversaries' game, that he always made *sept et le va* upon the queen of spades, because he knew the spades lay all in the other packs. The king as constantly lost one-and-thirty upon clubs, and used to say, clubs never win against spades in this country. This man had given thirty pistoles to Madame de la Vallière's *valets de chambre* to throw all the cards they had in the house into the river, in the

pretense that they were not good, and had introduced his own card-maker. He was first led into this fine way of life by one Pradier, who has since disappeared. Had S— known himself innocent, he would immediately have delivered himself up, and insisted upon taking his trial; but, instead of this, he took the road to Languedoc, as the surest way of the two; many, however, advised him to take a journey to La Trappe,² after such a misfortune.

Madame d'Humières has charged me with a thousand good wishes for you. She is going to Lille, where she will receive as many honors as you did at Aix. Marshal Bellefond, through a pure motive of piety, has settled with his creditors. He has given up to them the principal part of his property, besides half the profits of his post, to complete the payment of the arrears. This is a noble action, and shows that his visits to La Trappe have not been without effect. I went the other day to see the Duchess of Ventadour; she was as handsome as an angel. The Duchess of Nevers came in, with her head dressed very ridiculously. You may believe me, for you know I am an admirer of fashion. Martin had cropped her to the very extremity of the mode.

Your brother is at St. Germain; he divides his time with Ninon, a young actress, and, to crown the whole, Despréaux.³ We lead him a sad life.

LETTER VI

Paris, Friday, April 1, 1671.

I returned yesterday from St. Germain with Madame d'Arpajon. Every one at court inquired after you; among the rest, it will not be amiss, I think, to distinguish the queen, who accosted me, and asked how my daughter was after her affair upon the Rhône. I returned her majesty thanks for the honor she did you in remembering you. She then desired me to tell her in what manner you had like to have been

¹ Mistress of Louis XIV. She retired to a convent in 1674, three years after this letter was written.

² An abode of monks famed for their piety, seclusion, and austerity of life. The Trappist monks often sheltered political refugees.

³ Boileau Despréaux, the celebrated critic.

lost; I accordingly gave her an account of your crossing the river in a storm of wind, and that a sudden gust had thrown you under an arch, within an inch of one of the piles, which if you had once touched, all the world could not have saved you. But, says the queen, "Was her husband with her?" "Yes, madam, and the coadjutor too." "Really," said she, "they were greatly to blame." She gave two or three 10 *alases!* while I was talking to her, and said many obliging things of you. Afterward a number of ladies came in, and among the rest the young Duchess of Ventadour, very fine and very handsome; it was some time 15 before they brought her the divine tabouret¹; "Ah," said I, turning to the grand master, — "why do they not give it to her, she has purchased it dearly enough?"² He was of my opinion. In the midst of a 20 silence in the circle, the queen turned to me, and asked me who my granddaughter was like? "M. de Grignan, madam," replied I. Upon which her majesty exclaimed, "Indeed! I am sorry for it";³ 25 and added, in a low tone of voice, "She had better have resembled her mother or grandmother." So you see how much I am indebted to you in making my court. Marshall Bellefond made me promise to 30 distinguish him from the crowd. I made your compliments to Monsieur and Madame Duras, and to Messieurs de Charôt and Montausier, and *tutti quanti*, not to forget the dauphin and mademoi- 35 selle, who both talked a great deal to me about you. I likewise saw Madame de Ludre; she accosted me with an excess of civility and kindness that surprised me, and talked in the most affectionate manner 40 of you, when all on a sudden, as I was going to make her a suitable answer, I found she was not attending to me, and saw her fine eyes wandering round the room. I presently perceived it, and those who saw I 45 took notice of it were pleased with me, and could not help laughing.

I have been extremely diverted with our hurly-burly headdresses; some of them looked as if you could have blown them off their shoulders. Ninon⁴ said that La Choiseul⁵ was as like the flaunting hostess of an inn, as one drop of water to another; a most excellent simile! But that Ninon is a dangerous creature; if you only knew how she argues upon religion it would 50 make you shudder. Her zeal to pervert the minds of young people is much the same as that of a certain gentleman of St. Germain, that we saw once at Livri. She says your brother has all the simplicity of the dove, that he is just like his mother; but that Madame de Grignan has all the fire of the family, and has more sense than to be so docile. A certain person would have taken your part, and put her out of conceit with you on that head, but she bid him hold his tongue, and told him that she knew more of the matter than he did. What a depravity of taste! Because she knows you to be handsome and witty, she must needs saddle you with the other qualification, without which, according to her rule, there is no being perfect. I am greatly concerned for the harm she does my son in this point; but do not take any notice of it to him. Madame de la Fayette⁶ and I use all our endeavors to disengage him from so dangerous an attachment. Besides her, he has a little actress, and all the players of the town upon his hands, to whom he gives suppers; in short, he is perfectly infatuated. You know what a joke he makes of Mascaron. I fancy your Minim would suit him. I never read anything more diverting than what you wrote to me about that man; I read it to Monsieur de la Rochefoucault,⁶ who laughed heartily at it. He desires me to tell you, that there is a certain apostle who is running up and down after his rib, which he would fain appropriate to himself, as a part of his goods and chattels; but, unluckily for him, he is not clever at enter-

¹ A sort of stool upon which ladies of first quality were allowed to sit, all others being obliged to stand.

² By marrying the Duke de Ventadour, who was exceedingly ill-favored.

³ The famous Ninon de l'Enclos, an unscrupulous woman of wit and fashion. It was for her that the Marquis de Sévigné deserted his wife.

⁴ Wife of the Duke de Choiseul, a distinguished French general.

⁵ A distinguished writer of romance (1634-1693).

⁶ A celebrated moralist and courtier (1613-1680).

prise. I fancy Mellusina is fallen into some pit, we do not hear a single word about her. M. de la Rochefoucault says besides that, if he was only thirty years younger, he should certainly have a great inclination to M. de Grignan's third rib. That part of your letter, where you say he has already had two of his ribs broken, made him laugh heartily; we always wish for some oddity or other to divert you, but we very much doubt whether this has not turned out rather more to your satisfaction than ours. After all, we pity you extremely, in not having the word of God preached in a suitable manner. Ah, that Bourdaloue! his sermon on the Passion was, they say, the most perfect thing of the kind that can be imagined; it was the same he preached last year, but revised and altered with the assistance of some of his friends, that it might be wholly inimitable; how can one love God, if one never hears him properly spoken of? You must really possess a greater portion of grace than others. We went the other day to hear the Abbé Montmort; I never heard a prettier sermon for so young a beginner. I wish you had such a one in the room of your Minim. He made the sign of the cross, and gave out his text; he did not anathematize his audience, he did not load us with abuse; he told us not to be under any apprehensions concerning death, since it was the only passage we had to a glorious resurrection with Jesus Christ. We agreed with him in this, and every one went away contented. He has nothing offensive in his manner; he imitates Monsieur d'Agen without copying him; he has a modest confidence, is learned, and pious. In short, I was highly pleased with him.

LETTER XVI

The Rocks, Sunday, July 12, 1671.

I have received but one letter from you, my dear child, which vexes me; I used generally to have two. It is a bad thing to use one's self to such dear and tender cares

as yours; there is no being happy without them. If M. de Grignan's brothers come to you this summer, they will be good company for you. The coadjutor has been a little indisposed, but is now perfectly recovered; he is incredibly lazy, and is the more to blame, as he can write extremely well when he sets about it. He has a great regard for you, and intends visiting you about the middle of August — he can not before. He protests, but I believe it is false, that he has no branch to rest upon, which hinders him from writing, and makes his eyes ache. This is all I know about Seigneur Corbeau. How odd it is of me to tell you all this, when I do not know myself how I stand with him! If you should know anything of the matter, pray inform me. I reflect every hour of the day upon the times when I used to see you always about me, and am perpetually regretting the loss of those happy moments. Not that I can reproach my heart with having been insensible of the pleasure of your company; for I solemnly protest to you, I never looked on you with the indifference or coolness that grows upon long acquaintance; no, I can not reproach myself with that. What I regret is, that I did not see you so constantly as I could now wish I had, but suffered cruel business sometimes to tear me from you. It would be a fine thing to fill my letters with what fills my heart; alas! as you say, we should glide over many thoughts, without seeming to regard them. Here then I rest, and conjure you, if I am at all dear to you, to be particularly careful of your health. Amuse yourself, do not study too much, carry yourself safely through your pregnancy; after that, if M. de Grignan really loves you, and is resolved not to kill you outright, I know what he will do, or rather what he will not do.

Have you cruelty enough not to finish Tacitus? Can you leave Germanicus in the midst of his conquests? If you really intend to serve him so paltry a trick, let me know where you leave off, and I will finish

¹ An eminent pulpit orator, whose discourses were greatly admired by Louis XIV and his court (1632-1707).

² Caius Cornelius Tacitus (ca. 55 A.D. to ca. 120 A.D.), a celebrated Roman historian. The book referred to is his account of the campaigns of the famous Germanicus Cæsar.

for you, which is all I can do to serve you at present. We have gone through Tasso,¹ and with a great deal of pleasure; we found beauties in him, that are unknown to those who are only half read in the language. We have begun our *morality*; it is of much the same nature as Pascal's. Talking of Pascal, I have taken into my head to almost adore those gentlemen, the postillions who are incessantly carrying our letters backward and forward. There is not a day in the week, but they bring one either to you or to me; there is one every day, and every hour of the day, upon the road. Kind-hearted people, how obliging it is of them! What a charming invention is the post, and what a happy effect of Providence is the desire of gain! I sometimes think of writing to them, to show my gratitude; and I believe I should have done it before, had I not remembered that chapter in Pascal, and been afraid that they might have perhaps thought proper to thank me for writing to them, as I thanked them for carrying my letters. Here is a fine digression for you. But to return to our reading. It was without prejudice to *Cleopatra*² that I laid a wager I would read it through; you know how I support my wagers. I often wonder how I could like such ridiculous stuff; I can hardly comprehend it. You may perhaps remember enough of me to know how much a bad style displeases me; that I have some taste for a good one, and that no person is more sensible to the charms of eloquence. I well know how wretched La Calprenède's style is in many places, on account of its long-winded periods, and bad choice of words. I wrote a letter to your brother in that style the other day, which was pleasant enough. However, though I find such glaring faults in Calprenède, though I know how detestable that way of writing is, yet I can not leave it. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, and the marvelous success of their redoubtable swords, entices me away like a child; I become a party in all their designs, and if I had not the example of M. de la Rochefoucault and D'Hacqueville to comfort me, I should be ready to hang myself for being guilty of such a weakness. You appear before me, and cry "Shame!" yet still I go on. I shall have great honor in being intrusted by you with the care of preserving you in the abbé's friendship. He loves you tenderly; you are often the subject of our conversation, with your state, your grandeur, and so forth. He would not willingly die without having first taken a trip to Provence, and rendered you some service. I am told, that poor Madame de Montluet is on the point of losing her senses; she has been raving hitherto without once shedding a tear, but now she has a violent fever, and begins to cry. She says she will be damned, since her dear husband is inevitably so. We go on with our chapel. The weather is very hot; but the mornings and evenings are delightful in the woods, and under the shade of the trees before the house. My apartment is extremely cool. I am afraid you suffer from the heat in Provence.

¹ A celebrated sixteenth-century Italian epic poet, author of *Jerusalem Delivered*.

² A ten-volume romance by La Calprenède (1610-1663), a writer who was very popular in his own day but was little noticed by succeeding generations.

NOVELS

FRENCH

LE SAGE

(1668-1747)

Alain René Le Sage was the son of a lawyer in Vannes. He attended the College of Vannes and later (1692) went to study law and philosophy in Paris, where his attractive social qualities gained him entrance to the most polished and aristocratic circles. In 1694 he was admitted to Parliament, but gave up all public duties to devote himself to literature. His earlier works are largely imitative of Spanish literature, and throughout his literary career he looks toward Spain rather than England for his models.

Le Sage's greatest work, *Gil Blas de Santillane*, was published 1715-1735, and achieved immediate success. Because of its lively and natural pictures of contemporary life it was translated into all the languages of Europe and became a universal favorite. The structure of the novel is very simple, following the adventures of a young man who travels about serving various masters. Some of the adventures are those of Gil Blas himself; others are told to him by people whom he meets. The author's principal preoccupation was with the depiction of manners; and this he handles with masterly skill. His style is natural, and free almost to the point of negligence — a characteristic far from common in Le Sage's time. The action, racy and full of variety, shifts rapidly from one class of society to another. In form the novel belongs to that earlier stage of development known as the *picaresque*, a narrative centered about a *pícaro*, or rogue. *Don Quixote* is, in structure at least, a picaresque novel, although it does not have a rogue for its hero. So also are *Guzman d'Alfarache*, *The English Rogue*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and, in modern times, the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Raffles*, and numerous more recent examples of sensational fiction. Some are inclined to see in the origin of this narrative form something of the influence of Apuleius (see p. 334).

The translation of the following selections is that of Tobias Smollett.

GIL BLAS

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

Taking leave of the young barber, with whom I had stayed some time, I joined a merchant of Segovia with four mules, on which he had transported goods to Valladolid, and was returned with them unloaded. We became acquainted on the road; and he conceived such a friendship for me, that he insisted upon my lodging at his house when we arrived at Segovia. There he detained me two days; and when I was ready to set out for Madrid, along with a carrier, he entrusted me with a

letter, which he desired I would in person deliver according to the direction, without telling me that it was a recommendation. I did not fail to present it to Signor 5 Mattheo Melendez, a woollen-draper, who lived near the Sun-gate, at the corner of the Trunk-maker's-street; and he no sooner opened it, and read the contents, than he said, with a complaisant air, "Signor Gil 10 Blas, Pedro Pelacio, my correspondent, writes so pressingly in your behalf, that I cannot dispense with your lodging at my house. He moreover entreats me to find a place for you; and I undertake the office 15 with pleasure, being persuaded that I shall find no difficulty in procuring for you a good settlement."

I accepted the offer of Melendez with so

much the more joy, as my finances were sensibly diminished: but I did not live long at his expense; for in eight days he gave me to know, that he had recommended me to a gentleman of his acquaintance who wanted a valet de chambre; and that, in all probability, I should be preferred to the post. The gentleman coming in at that moment, "Signor," said Melendez, showing me to him, "this is the young man I mentioned to you. He is a youth of honour and sobriety, and I can answer for his good behaviour as much as for my own." The cavalier, having looked at me attentively, said he liked my countenance, and took me into his service. "He may follow me now," added he, "and I will instruct him in his duty." At these words he bade the merchant good-morrow, and conducted me into the great street just by St. Philip's church, we entered a pretty good house, one wing of which he possessed; and, going up five or six steps of stairs, he introduced me into a chamber, secured by two strong doors, which he opened, and in the first I perceived a small window grated with iron; through this chamber we went into another, where there was a bed and other furniture, more calculated for convenience than show.

If my new master considered me attentively at the house of Melendez, I examined him with great earnestness in my turn. He was a man turned of fifty, seemed to be serious and reserved, though good-natured withal; so that I conceived no bad opinion of him. He put several questions to me about my family; and, being satisfied with my answer, "Gil Blas," said he, "I believe thou art a sensible young fellow, and I am very glad to have such a one in my service. As for thee, thou shalt have no cause to complain: I will give thee six rials¹ a day for victuals, clothes, wages, and all, exclusive of some little perquisites thou mayest enjoy; and I am easily served; for I keep no table, but always dine abroad. All that thou hast to do in a morning is to clean my clothes, and thou shalt be at thy own disposal during the rest of the day: take care only

to come back early in the evening, and wait for me at the door. This is all I exact." After having thus prescribed my duty, he took out his purse, and gave me six rials as a beginning to fulfil articles; then going out, he locked the doors himself, and putting the keys in his pocket, "Friend," said he, "don't follow me: go where you please, but be sure to be on the stairs when I return in the evening." So saying, he left me to dispose of myself as I should think proper.

"In good faith, Gil Blas," said I to myself, "thou couldst not have found a better master: what! to light on a man who, for brushing his clothes and helping him to dress of a morning, gives me six rials per day, with liberty to walk and take my diversion, like a scholar during vacation! Egad, this is the happiest of all situations! No wonder that I was so desirous of being at Madrid; I certainly had some supernatural intimation of the happiness that awaited me." I spent the day in strolling about the streets, diverting myself with looking at everything that was new to me, and this gave me sufficient employment. In the evening, after having supped at an eating-house not far from our house, I betook myself to the place whither my master had ordered me to repair, and where he himself arrived three quarters of an hour after me, seemingly well pleased with my punctuality. "Very well," said he, "this is right: I love to see servants attentive to their duty." So saying, he opened the doors of his apartment, and shut them again as soon as we had got in: being in the dark, he took a tinder-box and struck a light, by the help of which, I assisted to undress him. When he was in bed, I lighted by his order a lamp that stood in his chimney, and carried the candle into the ante-chamber, where I went to sleep in a bed without curtains. Next morning he got up between nine and ten o'clock, and, when I had dusted his clothes, counted me six more rials and dismissed me till the evening; after which he went out also, not without locking the doors with great care; so we parted again for the remainder of the day.

Such was our manner of living, which I

¹ A French gold coin current in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

found very agreeable; and the best joke of all was, I did not know my master's name: Melendez himself was ignorant of it, being only acquainted with him as with a gentleman who came sometimes to his shop, and bought cloth of him as he had occasion for it. Our neighbours could give me no better information; all of them assuring me, that my master was utterly unknown to them, although he had lived two years in the ward. They told me, that he visited nobody in the neighbourhood; and some of them, accustomed to make rash inferences, concluded from thence that he was no better than he should be. They went still farther, suspecting him to be a spy of the king of Portugal, and charitably advertised me of the suspicion, that I might take my measures accordingly. I was disturbed at this advice; and reflected, that if the thing was so, I should run the risk of visiting the prison of Madrid. I could not confide in my innocence, my past misfortunes having taught me to dread justice: for I had found by experience, that, if she does not put the innocent to death, she at least treats them with so little hospitality, that her lodgers are always in a very melancholy situation.

In such a delicate conjuncture I consulted Melendez, who did not know how to advise me; for, if he could not believe that my master was a spy, on the other hand, he had no certain reason to think otherwise; so that I resolved to observe my patron narrowly, and to leave him if I should perceive that he was undoubtedly an enemy to the state; but I thought prudence, and the easiness of my place, required that I should be first perfectly sure of his practices. With this view I began to keep a strict eye over his actions; and in order to sound him, "Sir," said I, one evening, while I undressed him, "one does not know how to live so as to avoid slander: the world is very malicious, and we, among others, are very little obliged to our neighbours. You cannot guess in what

manner the malicious creatures talk of us." — "Right, Gil Blas," answered he; "but what can they say of us, child?" — "Ah! truly," I replied, "scandal never wants matter. Virtue herself furnishes food for it. Our neighbours say that we are dangerous people, and deserve to be taken notice of by the government. In a word, you are thought to be a spy for the king of Portugal." While I pronounced these words, I looked hard at my master, as Alexander eyed his physician¹; and, employing all my penetration to discover what effect my report produced in him, I thought I observed an emotion that too well agreed with the conjectures of the neighbourhood; and he fell into a fit of musing, upon which I did not put the most favourable construction; but he soon recovered himself, and said, with an air of tranquillity, "Gil Blas, let our neighbours think as they please, without making our peace depend upon their imaginations; and since we give them no cause to think amiss of us, let their opinion give us no uneasiness."

Upon this he went to bed, and I followed his example, without knowing what to think of the matter. Next day, just as we were going out in the morning, we heard a loud rap at the outward door; my master opened the other, and, looking through the small grate, saw a decent sort of a man at it, who said, "Signor Cavalier, I am an alguazil,² and come hither to tell you that the corregidor would speak with you." — "What does he want with me?" replied my patron. "That I am ignorant of, Signor," said the alguazil: "but if you will take the trouble to go to his house, you will soon know." — "I am his most humble servant," resumed my master, "but have no manner of business with him." So saying, he shut the second door; and having walked up and down for some time, like one alarmed at the discourse of the alguazil, put six rials into my hand, saying, "Gil Blas, thou may'st go out, my

¹ It is said that Alexander was warned by letter that his physician intended to poison him. He took the draught that the physician had prescribed and drank it unhesitatingly. He then handed the letter to the physician and fixed his eyes steadily upon him as he read it, in order that he might perceive any evidence of guilt.

² A municipal magistrate.

friend. I do not intend to go abroad so early, and have no further occasion for thee this morning." These words made me believe that the fear of being apprehended obliged him to stay at home; so that when I left him, in order to see if my suspicions were unjust, I hid myself in a place from whence I could see him if he should come out; and should have had the patience to stay there the whole morning, had he not spared me that trouble. An hour after, I saw him walking in the street with an air of assurance that at first confounded my penetration: but, far from being duped by those appearances, I distrusted them, having no favourable opinion of the man. I looked upon his composure as a piece of affectation, and even imagined that his remaining at home was with a view of securing his gold and jewels: and that, in all probability, he would consult his safety by immediate flight. I did not expect to see him again, and hesitated about going in the evening to give my attendance at the door; so sure I was that he would quit the city instantly, to escape from the danger that threatened him. I did not fail, however, of being there; and, to my utter surprise, my master returned at his usual time, went to bed without showing the least uneasiness, and got up next day with the same tranquillity.

When we had done dressing, somebody knocked at the door; upon which, my master, looking through the grate, perceived the same alguazil who had been there the preceding day, and asked what he wanted. "Open," answered the alguazil, "here is monsieur the corregidor." At this formidable name my blood froze in my veins; for I was cursedly afraid of these gentlemen since I had passed through their hands: and that moment wished to be a hundred leagues from Madrid; but my patron, less afraid than I, opened the door, and received the judge with great respect. "You see," said the corregidor to him, "I do not come to your house with many attendants, being desirous of doing everything with as little noise as possible: and I believe that you deserve this respect, notwithstanding the ugly reports that are spread of you. Tell me, therefore, your

name and business at Madrid!" "Signor," replied my master, "I was born in New Castile, and my name is Don Bernard de Castel Blazo; with regard to my business, I divert myself in walking, frequenting shows, and enjoying the agreeable conversation of a few select friends." "Doubtless," said the judge, "you have a great income." "No, Sir," resumed my patron, interrupting him; "I have neither rents, lands, nor house." — "How do you live then?" replied the corregidor. "On that which thou shalt see," said Don Bernard; at the same time, he lifted up a hanging, opened a door which I had not before observed, then another behind that, and carried the judge into a closet, where he showed him a great trunk filled with pieces of gold.

Then he went on: "Signor, you know that the Spaniards are enemies to work: nevertheless, how averse soever they may be to trouble, I may safely say that I excel them all in that particular; having a fund of laziness that renders me incapable of any manner of employment. If I had a mind to dignify my vices, I would call this laziness a philosophical indolence, the work of a mind weaned from everything that is most ardently pursued in life. But I will frankly own that I am constitutionally idle: and so idle, that, if I was under a necessity of working for my livelihood, I believe I should let myself die of hunger. With a view, therefore, to lead a life agreeable to my humour, to free myself from the trouble of managing my estate, and, above all things, to save myself the trouble of a steward, I have converted my whole patrimony, consisting of several considerable inheritances, into ready money. In this trunk are fifty thousand ducats; more than I shall ever have occasion for, was I to live another age; for I don't spend a thousand a-year, and am already turned of fifty. I am not at all afraid of what is to happen; for, thank heaven, I am not addicted to any one of the three things which commonly bring men to ruin; I am not a slave to my stomach, I play only for amusement, and am quite cured of women. So that I am under no apprehension of being ranked in my old age among those

voluptuous dotards who purchase the favours of courtizans at an extravagant price."

"What a happy man you are!" said the corregidor, "you are very unjustly suspected of being a spy; that office being very unfit for a person of your character. Proceed, Don Bernard," added he, "continue the life you now lead; and far from disturbing your happiness, I declare myself the guardian of it; I beg the favour of your friendship, and offer you mine in return." — "Ah, Signor!" cried my master, penetrated with these obliging expressions, "I accept the precious offer you make, with equal joy and respect: for in vouchsafing me your friendship, you increase my wealth and crown my felicity." After this conversation, which the alguazil and I overheard at the closet-door, the corregidor took his leave of Don Bernard, who could not enough express his gratitude; while I, to second my master, and assist him in doing the honours of the house, overwhelmed the alguazil with civilities, making a thousand profound bows, though in the bottom of my soul I harboured that disdain and aversion which every man of honour has for one of his occupation.

CHAPTER II

Having waited upon the corregidor to the street, Don Bernard de Castel Blazo returned with expedition to lock his strong box, and all the doors that secured it. Then we went out, both very well satisfied; he in having acquired a powerful friend, and I in being now ensured of my six rials a day. The desire I had to recount this adventure to Melendez made me take the road to his house, which, when I had almost reached, I perceived Captain Rolando.¹ I was confounded at finding him in this place, and could not help shivering at the sight of him! He knew me at once, accosted me very gravely, and preserving still his air of superiority ordered me to follow him. I obeyed with fear and trembling, saying to myself, "Alas! he will doubtless make me pay what I owe him.

Whither will he lead me? perhaps to some subterraneous abode in this city. A plague upon it! if I thought so, I would let him see in a hurry that I have not got the gout in my toes." As I walked behind him, I resolved to take particular notice of the place where he should stop, from which I proposed to scamper off as fast as my legs would carry me, should it seem the least suspicious.

But Rolando soon banished my fear, by going into a noted tavern, whither I followed him, and where he called for the best wine, and bespoke dinner; in the mean time we went into a room by ourselves, where the captain spoke in this manner: — "Thou must be surprised, Gil Blas, to meet thy old commander in this place; and wilt be more so still when thou shalt hear what I am going to relate. The day on which I left thee in our subterranean retreat, and set out for Mansilla with my whole company, in order to dispose of the mules and horses which we had taken the preceding day, it was our fortune to meet the son of the corregidor of Leon in his coach, accompanied by four men on horseback, well armed. We made two of them bite the dust, and the others betake themselves to flight; while the coachman, afraid of his master's life, cried, in a suppliant voice, 'Oh, dear gentlemen! in the name of God, do not kill the only son of the corregidor of Leon.' My people did not at all relent at these words, which, on the contrary, inspired them with fury: 'Gentlemen,' said one among us, 'let not the son of our mortal enemy escape: how many people of our profession hath his father put to death! let us avenge them now, and sacrifice this victim to their manes.' The rest of my men approved of this proposal; and even my lieutenant prepared to act the high-priest in this ceremony: when I stayed his hand, saying, 'Stop, at your peril! Why should we shed blood unnecessarily? Let us be satisfied with the purse of this young man, whom, since he makes no resistance, it would be the utmost barbarity to kill: besides, he is not accountable for the actions of his father, who

¹ The leader of a band of robbers who had captured Gil Blas and kept him prisoner in their subterranean refuge.

does no more than his duty in condemning us to death; just as we do ours, in rifling travellers on the highway.'

"My intercession was far from being unserviceable to the corregidor's son, from whom we took nothing but his money; and, having carried off the horses of the two men we had slain, we sold them, together with our own, at Mansilla; then returning to our cavern, which we reached next day before it was light, we were not a little astonished to find the trap-door lifted up; and our surprise redoubled when we saw Leonarda fettered in the kitchen. Being briefly informed by her of what had happened, we wondered how thou couldst outwit us, never having thought thee capable of playing such a clever trick, and we forgave thee on account of the invention. Having untied our cook, and given her orders to dress victuals for us, we went to look after our horses in the stable, where the old negro, who had received no sustenance for four-and-twenty hours, was at the last gasp. We would have given him all the assistance in our power, but he had lost his senses, and was otherwise so low, that notwithstanding our good-will, we left the poor devil in the clutches of death. This did not deprive us of our appetite, which having satisfied with a sumptuous meal, we retired to our several chambers, and slept the rest of the day: when we got up, Leonarda let us know that Domingo was no more, upon which we carried him to the cellar, where thou mayest remember thy bed was, and there performed his funeral obsequies, as if he had enjoyed the honour of being our companion.

"Five or six days after, it happened, that, intending to make an excursion, we, one morning, on the skirts of the wood, fell in with three troops belonging to the holy brotherhood, who seemed waiting in order to attack us. As we perceived only one of the three at first, we despised it, though more numerous than our company, and attacked it accordingly: but while we were engaged with this, the other two, who had found means hitherto to keep themselves concealed, rushed upon us so suddenly, that our valour was of little or no service, and we were under the necessity of yielding

to the numbers of our foe. Our lieutenant and two of our men fell on the field, while the two that remained and I were so hemmed in and overpowered, that we were taken prisoners; and while two of their troops conducted us to Leon, the third went and destroyed our retreat, which had been discovered as follows: a peasant of Luceno, crossing the forest in his return home, perceived by accident the trap-door of our cavern lifted up, that very day, on which thou madest thy escape with the lady, and suspecting that it was the place of our abode, had not courage to go in but contented himself with taking a good observation of the place, which the better to mark, he cut off with his knife thin slices of bark from the trees at small distances as he went along, until he had got quite out of the wood; then repairing to Leon, imparted his discovery to the corregidor, who receiving it with so much the more joy, as his son had been robbed by our company, assembled three troops in order to apprehend us, and the peasant was their guide.

"My arrival furnished a show for all the inhabitants of Leon: had I been a Portuguese general made prisoner of war, the people could not have been more eager to see me. 'Behold,' said they, 'behold the famous captain who was the terror of this country; and who, with his two comrades, deserves to have his flesh torn from his bones with red hot pincers.' Being carried before the corregidor, he began to insult me, saying, 'Well, miserable wretch! heaven, wearied with the disorders of thy life, at last resigns thee to my justice.' 'Sir,' replied I, 'if my crimes are manifold, at least I cannot reproach myself with the death of your only son, whose life I preserved, and for which you owe me some acknowledgement.' 'Ah, miscreant!' cried he, 'people of thy character are not entitled to the privileges of honour: and even if I had a mind to save thy life, the duty of my office would not allow me.' Having spoken to me in this manner, he ordered us to be imprisoned in a dungeon, where he did not let my companions linger long; for they went out, in three days, to act their last tragical scene in the market-

place. As for me, I remained three whole weeks in gaol, imagining that my punishment was deferred in order to make it more terrible: and was in expectation of a death altogether new; when the corregidor, ordering me to be brought into his presence, said, 'Listen to thy sentence. Thou art free! Had it not been for thee, my only son would have been murdered on the highway. As a father I was willing to acknowledge this piece of service, but not having it in my power to acquit thee as a judge, I have written to court in thy behalf. solicited thy pardon, and obtained it. Thou mayest go, then, whither thou shalt please: but,' added he, 'take my advice, reflect seriously thy ill-spent life, and from henceforth quit the profession of robbery.'

"I was deeply affected with these words, and took the road to Madrid, resolving to turn over a new leaf, and live honestly in that city. I found my parents were dead, and their effects in the hands of an old relation, who gave me such a faithful account of them as guardians commonly do; all that I have been able to touch being no more than three thousand ducats, which, in all probability, is not above one fourth of what is my due. But what course could I take? I should have gained nothing by going to law; therefore, to avoid idleness, have purchased the place of an alguazil. My brethren, out of decency, would have opposed my admission, had they been acquainted with my story, which luckily they were ignorant of, or pretended to be so, which is the same thing; for in that honourable corps it is the business of every individual to conceal his own exploits; thank Heaven! not one of us can justly reproach his fellow: so that it may be said of the fraternity, the devil may take the best. Nevertheless, my friend," added Rolando, "I will now disclose the bottom of my soul: the profession which I have embraced is not at all to my liking; it requires a behaviour too delicate and mysterious for me; and whatever tricks we practice must be very crafty and secret. Oh, how I regret my old profession! I

grant, there is more safety in this new employment; but there was more pleasure in the other, and liberty is my delight. In all likelihood I shall get rid of my office, and set out one morning for the mountains at the source of the River Tagus,¹ where I know there is a retreat inhabited by a numerous company, chiefly of Catalonians² — that is making their eulogium in one word; if thou wilt accompany me, we will go and increase the number of these great men: I shall be second captain in their company, and will, for thy better reception, assure them that I have seen thee ten times engaged by my side; I will extol thy valour to the skies, and say more in thy praise than a general says of an officer whom he wants to promote. I will take care not to mention a word of the trick thou hast played, because it would make them suspicious of thee: the adventure shall therefore be concealed. Well," added he, "art thou ready to follow my fortune? I will wait for thy reply."

"So many men, so many minds," said I to Rolando; "you are born for hardy deeds, and I for a quiet and easy life." — "Oh! I understand you," cried he, interrupting me, "the lady whom love persuaded you to rescue still keeps possession of your heart, and doubtless you lead a happy life with her in Madrid: confess, Signor Gil Blas, that you have taken lodgings for her, and spend together the pistoles which you carried off from the subterranean retreat." I told him that he was mistaken, and that, in order to deceive him, I would, while we should be at dinner, relate the story of the lady: this I did accordingly, and informed him of all that had happened to me since I had quitted the company. Towards the end of our repast, he resumed the subject of the Catalonians, owned that he was determined to join them, and made a new attempt to engage me in the same resolution; but finding that I was not to be persuaded, he darted a fierce look at me, saying in a very serious tone, "Since thou hast such a grovelling soul as to prefer thy servile condition to the honour of associ-

¹ An important river of the Spanish peninsula.

² Catalonia was a former division of the northeastern part of Spain.

ating with men of courage, I abandon thee to the baseness of thy inclination: but listen to the words I am about to pronounce, and let them remain engraven on thy memory; forget that thou hast met me to-day and never talk of me from henceforth: for if ever I shall hear that thou so much as namest me in conversation — thou knowest me; I will say no more." Having thus expressed himself, he called to pay, discharged the bill, and we got up in order to part.

CHAPTER III

As we went out of the tavern, and were taking leave of one another, my master, happening to pass, saw me, and, I perceived, looked hard at the captain, which made me believe that he was surprised to find me acquainted with such a figure. Certain it is, that the appearance of Rolando could not prepossess people in his favour: for he was a very tall fellow with a long visage and hook-nose; and though not ugly had very much the air of a rank sharper.

I was not deceived in my conjectures; for, in the evening, I found Don Bernard still harping on the captain's figure, and extremely well disposed to believe all the fine things I could have said of him, had not my mouth been shut. "Gil Blas," said he "who is that tall spunger in whose company I saw thee to-day?" I replied, "He is an alguazil"; and thought he would rest satisfied with that answer: but he asked a great many other questions; and as I appeared embarrassed, because I remembered the threats of Rolando, he broke the conversation abruptly, and went to bed. Next morning, when I had done my duty as usual, instead of six rials, he gave me as many ducats; saying, "Hold, my friend, here is what I give thee for having served me hitherto: go, and seek for another place, for I cannot put up with a servant who has such honourable acquaintances." I took it in my head to pretend, in my own justification, that my acquaintance with the alguazil was occasioned by my having prescribed for him while I practised physic at Valladolid.

"Very well," replied my master, "that is an ingenious evasion: but thou shouldst have thought of it last night, and not have been so much disconcerted." "Sir," added I, "I thought it would be imprudent in me to tell it: and that was the cause of my confusion." "Oh! surely," replied he, clapping my shoulders gently, "you have been very prudent; I did not think thou hadst been so cunning. Go, child, I have no farther occasion for thee."

I went instantly to inform Melendez of this piece of bad news, who told me, for my consolation, that he intended to introduce me into a better family: and accordingly a few days after, "Gil Blas, my friend," said he, "you don't know what good news I have to tell you; you are going to enjoy the most agreeable post you could desire; for I will settle you with Don Matthias de Silva, a man of the first quality, and one of those young lords who go under the denomination of beaux: he does me the honour to buy cloth of me, on trust, indeed; but there is nothing to be lost by people of his rank; for they commonly marry rich heiresses, who pay their debts: and even if that should not happen, a tradesman, who understands his business, sells always so dear that he can afford to lose three fourths of his bargain. The steward of Don Matthias is my particular friend. Let us go to him now; he will himself present you to his master; and you may depend upon it he will, for my sake, treat you with uncommon regard."

In our way to the house of Don Matthias, the merchant said, "It will not be amiss, I believe, to give you some information of the character of this steward, whose name is Gregorio Rodriguez. Between you and me, he is a man of no family, who, finding himself born for business, followed the bent of his genius, and enriched himself with the pillage of two families which he served in quality of steward. I assure you he has a great deal of vanity, and loves to see the rest of the servants cringe to him. They must address themselves first to him, when they have the least favour to ask of their master, for, should it happen that they obtain it without his interest, he has always expedients in readiness by which it

will either be revoked or rendered ineffectual. Remember this, Gil Blas, in the regulation of your conduct: pay your court to Signor Rodriguez, preferably to your master himself, and do all that lies in your power to please him: his friendship will bestead you much: he will pay your wages punctually; and, if you are dexterous enough to acquire his confidence, he may give you some pretty bone to pick out of the number he has in his possession. Don Matthias is a young lord who minds nothing but his pleasure, and would not for the world inform himself of the state of his own affairs. What a glorious family is that for a steward!"

Arriving at the house, we desired to speak with Signor Rodriguez, who, we were told, was in his own apartment; there we found him with a kind of farmer, who had a blue canvas bag of money in his hand. The steward, who looked more pale and yellow than a love-sick girl in her teens, came towards Melendez with open arms; he, on the other hand, met him in the same manner, and they embraced one another with demonstrations of friendship, in which there was, at least, as much art as nature. Then, my affair coming on the carpet, Rodriguez examined me from head to foot, and told me, in a very polite manner, that I was just such a one as Don Matthias wanted, and that he would with pleasure present me to that lord. Upon which, Melendez letting him know how much he was interested in my behalf, and begging that he would favour me with his protection, committed me to his care, and, after abundance of compliments, withdrew. He was no sooner gone, than Rodriguez said to me, "I will conduct you to my master as soon as I can dispatch this honest countryman." Then, going to the peasant, and taking hold of the bag, "Talego," said he, "let us see if there be just five hundred pistoles here." Having counted the money, and found it right, he gave the farmer a discharge for the sum, and sent him about his business; and, putting the pistoles into the bag again, I addressed himself to me, saying, "This is the right time for us to go to the levee of my master, who commonly rises about

noon. It is near the hour, and I suppose he is up."

This was the case; we found Don Matthias in his morning gown, lolling in an easy chair, over an arm of which he had tilted one of his legs, and poised himself by leaning with his body the other way, and rasping tobacco, while he talked to a footman, who for the present did the duty of his valet de chambre. "My lord," said the steward to him, "here is a young man whom I take the liberty to present as one fit to fill the place of the valet whom you dismissed two days ago. Melendez your draper recommends him, assuring me that he is a lad of merit, and I hope your lordship will be very well satisfied with his behaviour." "Enough," answered the young lord, "since you introduce him to me, I receive him into my service with implicit faith, and make him my valet de chambre. So that affair is settled: but, Rodriguez," added he, "let us talk of something else: you are come very opportunely; for I was just going to send for you. I have bad news to tell you, my dear Rodriguez! You must know I had ill luck at play last night. Together with a hundred pistoles which I had about me, I have lost two hundred more on my parole; and you know of what importance it is for people of quality to discharge debts of that sort; it is indeed the only kind which we are obliged, in point of honour, to pay; and we do not give ourselves much concern about the rest; you must, therefore, find two hundred pistoles immediately, and send them to the Countess of Pedrosa." "Sir," said the steward, "it is sooner said than done. Where shall I get that sum to please you? I have not been able to finger one farthing of your tenants', let me threaten as hard as I can; and yet I am obliged to maintain your family in an honourable way, though I sweat blood and water in procuring wherewithal to defray the expense. True, indeed, I have hitherto, thank Heaven! made shift; but I am now reduced to such extremity that I know not what saint in heaven to invoke." "All these harangues are useless," cried Don Matthias, interrupting him, "and you worry me with your reflections.

Don't you imagine, Rodriguez, that I will change my disposition, and divert myself with looking into my own affairs. An agreeable amusement, truly, for a man of pleasure like me!" "Have a little patience," replied the steward; "at the rate you go on, I foresee that you will be rid of that care in a very short time." "You fatigue me," said the young lord in a passion, "you murder me. Give me leave to ruin myself imperceptibly: I tell you I want two hundred pistoles: and I must have them." "I'll go then," said Rodriguez, "and have recourse to the little old man who has already lent you money at high interest." "You may, if you please, have recourse to the devil"; answered Don Matthias, "provided I have the two hundred pistoles; I shall give myself no farther trouble about the matter."

Just as he had pronounced these words in a hasty and discontented manner, the steward went away, and a young man of quality, called Don Antonio Centelles, came in. "What is the matter?" said this last to my master, "thou art cloudy, my friend: I perceive indignation in thy countenance. What can have put you into this bad humour? I'll lay a wager it was the man whom I met going out." "Yes," replied Don Matthias, "it was my steward: every time he comes to speak with me, I suffer for one quarter of an hour, by his talking about my affairs, and saying that I have quite exhausted my finances. Impertinent beast! he cannot say that he loses by me, I am sure." "Why, child," said Don Antonio, "I am in the same condition; having a factor not a whit more reasonable than thy steward. When the rogue, in obedience to my repeated orders, brings money for me, one would think he gave it out of his own pocket. He overwhelms me with reflections. 'Sir,' says he, 'you are undone, your rents are seized.' Upon which I am obliged to cut him short, in order to put an end to his ridiculous discourse." "The misfortune is," said Don Matthias, "we cannot live without these people, who are necessary evils." "They are so," replied Centelles; "but harkee," added he, laughing with all his might, "there is a comical thought

come into my head: a most incomparable conception! by which we may convert those scenes which we have with them into mirth; and divert ourselves with that which now gives us so much uneasiness. Let me demand of thy steward all the money thou shalt have occasion for; while thou dost the same by my manager; then they may moralize as they please, we can hear them with great composure: because thy steward will show me thy accounts, and my factor will entertain thee with mine. I shall hear of nothing but thy profusion, and thou wilt see nothing but mine. This will be admirable sport."

A thousand bright strokes succeeded this sally, and mightily diverted the young lords, who conversed together with a great deal of vivacity, until their discourse was interrupted by Gregorio Rodriguez, who returned with a little old man, almost quite bald. Don Antonio would have gone away, saying, "Adieu, Don Matthias, I shall see you by and by: at present, you have, doubtless, some serious affair to discuss with these gentlemen." "Oh! not at all," replied my master, "stay, it is no secret. That discreet old person whom you see is an honest man, who lends me money at the rate of twenty per cent." "How? twenty per cent!" cried Centelles, with an air of astonishment. "Egad, I congratulate thee upon being in such good hands! I am not so kindly dealt with, and may say that I purchase silver at the price of gold; I commonly borrow at the rate of forty in the hundred." "Heavens! what extortion!" exclaimed the old usurer, "do these knaves ever think of another world? I am not at all surprised at the hue and cry raised against people who lend upon interest; it is the exorbitant profit which some exact that ruins our honour and reputation. If all my brethren were like me, we should not be so much reviled: for my sole view in lending is to befriend my fellow-creatures. Ah! if times were as they have been, I would offer you my purse without interest: and truly, in spite of the present scarcity, I can hardly prevail upon myself to take twenty per cent. But, for my part, I believe money has retired again within the bowels of the earth: there is no

such thing to be had: for which reason I am obliged to retrench my benevolence.

"How much do you want?" added he, addressing himself to my master. "I must have two hundred pistoles," replied Don Matthias. "Here are four hundred in a bag," said the usurer; "you shall have one half." So saying, he pulled from under his cloak a blue bag, which seemed to me the very same which the peasant Talego had left with the five hundred pistoles, in the hands of Rodriguez. I soon knew what to think of the matter, and found that Melendez had not praised the steward's understanding without cause. The old man, having emptied the bag on the table, began to count the money: my master was inflamed with desire of possession at the sight; and struck with the totality of the sum, said to the usurer, "Signor Descomulgado, I have made a very wise reflection, truly! What a fool I am to borrow no more than what is absolutely necessary to disengage my parole without considering that I have not a penny in my purse! I shall be obliged to have recourse to you to-morrow; therefore to spare you the trouble of coming back, I think it will not be amiss to pocket the whole four hundred." "My lord," said the usurer, "a part of this money was designed for a good licentiate, who has some fat benefices, which he charitably employs in persuading young girls to retire from the world, and in furnishing their retreats. But since you have occasion for the whole sum, it is at your service: all that I desire is sufficient security." "Oh! as for security," said Rodriguez, interrupting him, and taking a paper out of his pocket, "you shall be satisfied: here is an order to be signed by Don Matthias, for five hundred pistoles, upon one of his tenants, called Talego, a rich farmer of Mondejan." "Very well," replied the usurer, "I never make any words." Upon which the steward presented a pen to his master, who, without reading the order, set his name to the bottom, whistling all the while.

This affair being ended, the old man took his leave of my patron, who ran and embraced him, saying, "Till our next meeting, Signor usurer, I am wholly yours:

I don't know why people of your profession are branded with the name of rogues: for my own part, I think you are very necessary and serviceable to society: you are the consolation of a thousand heirs, and the resource of all those lords whose expense exceeds their income." "Thou art in the right," cried Centelles; "usurers are very honest people, whom we never can honour enough; I will, in my turn, embrace this gentleman on account of his twenty per cent." With these words, he approached and hugged the old man; and these two beaux, for their diversion, began to push him backward and forward one to another, like a ball between two tennis-players. After he had been tossed to and fro a good while, they let him go with the steward, who was more deserving than he of their embraces, and of something else also.

Rodriguez and his understrapper being gone, Don Matthias sent the half of his pistoles to the Countess of Pedrosa by the footman who was present, and secured the rest in a long, embroidered, silk purse, which he commonly wore in his pocket. Very well satisfied on seeing himself in cash, he said to Don Antonio, with a gay air, "What shall we do to-day? Let us consult about it." "You speak like a sensible man," replied Centelles; "with all my heart, let us deliberate." While they were considering how to spend the day, two other lords arrived: these were Don Alexo Segiar, and Don Fernando de Gamboa, both of them about the age of my master, that is, between eight-and-twenty and thirty. These four cavaliers at meeting hugged one another so heartily, that one would have thought they had not met for ten years before: then Don Fernando, who was a jovial companion, addressing himself to Don Matthias and Don Antonio, said, "Gentlemen, where do you intend to dine to-day? If you are not engaged, I'll conduct you to a tavern where you shall drink nectar. I supped there last night, and left it only this morning between five and six o'clock." — "Would to Heaven," cried my master, "that I had done the same: in which case, I should not have lost my money."

"As for me," said Centelles, "I treated myself last night with a new diversion; for I love variety in my pleasures, which alone makes life agreeable. A friend of mine carried me to the house of a farmer of the revenue, a gentleman who does his own business together with that of the state. There I saw magnificence and taste, the entertainment being elegant enough. But I was mightily diverted with the ridiculous behaviour of the tax-gatherer himself, who, though the most plebeian of his class, assumed the man of quality; and his wife, though horribly ugly, affected the airs of a beauty, and said a thousand silly things, seasoned with the Biscayan accent, which rendered them still more remarkably foolish. Besides, there

were at table, four or five children, with their tutor; so that you may easily conceive how I was diverted with this family supper."

5 "And I, gentlemen," said Don Alexo Segiar, "supped at the house of Arsenia the actress. We were six in all; Arsenia, Florimonda, with a coquette of her acquaintance, the Marquis of Zeneta, Don

10 Juan of Moncada, and your humble servant. We spent the night in drinking and speaking bawdy. Heavens! what pleasure! 'Tis true, indeed, Arsenia and Florimonda have not much genius, but

15 their wantonness supplies the place of wit. They are merry, brisk, romping creatures, and I love them a thousand times better than your precise women of sense."

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

To say that the period from the end of the eighteenth century to about 1850 was *the* age of Romanticism may not be entirely accurate; all ages have shown a certain inclination toward romantic ideas. This particular age, however, is distinguished from its predecessors largely by the increase in emphasis upon the romantic. There seems to be so far no water-tight definition of the romantic, but for our present purposes we may venture the statement that the romantic has to do with that which really is *not* but which would be highly desirable, as opposed to that which actually *is*. Already in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, there began to arise a reaction against the tyranny of reason and logic, which were all that remained of the great classical tradition of the seventeenth century. Men had begun to find it unbearable to scrutinize closely their own too manifest limitations. The clarity of Swift and Voltaire, who saw man as a rather inefficient and ridiculous featherless biped, could be borne only by a few fierce and valiant intellects. Inevitably the pendulum of man's attitude toward life swung the other way. Emotional expression, which had been confined to the moulds of classical order, now burst into freedom, and, as might be expected, chiefly into lyricism, the form best suited to representing individual temperament and personal experience. • Again there returned man's confidence, if not in himself, at least in his possibilities. Minds explored the unknown, the strange, the bizarre, not with the unquestioning zeal of the Renaissance, but with a self-conscious, defensive gesture with which they attempted to sweep behind them the unalterable and unhappy facts of life and to step forward into a realm which had little or no contact with reality. Any land or period remote from everyday experience might be seized by the imagination and endowed with all the qualities that seemed most desirable to the writer. The dreamy warmth and mystery of the Orient, the glamour of mediæval chivalry, the idyllic life of the untutored savage, the glories of ancient Greece and Rome — all these had some slight objective reality, but many of our impressions of them today come from their poetic treatment during the age of Romanticism.

This age lies so close to us that an accurate estimate of its values is difficult to make. Some assert that the departure from literal fact had a vicious influence on public morals, that it softened the mind and made people unfit for exact thinking; others maintain that the really great writers of the period merely forsook the lesser for the greater truth, that they soared above the humdrum level of physical fact to purer heights of experience than their severely logical predecessors. Whatever the outcome of the argument, we may say that for the present at least a large part of the civilized world still belongs, in many respects, to this age. The confidence in man's powers which produced modern democratic ideas (whether they have ever been fully put into practice or not) received its chief impetus from the age of Romanticism. So also did the idea of a beneficent, kindly, and harmonious Nature, although something of the sort had often been mentioned before. Altruism and patriotism, two closely kindred sentiments, were qualities particularly exalted during this period. The historical drama and the historical novel abounded in examples of self-immolation for the sacred cause of social justice. • So strong was the emphasis upon the importance of sentiment, as opposed to cerebration, that some have been tempted to call this the age of Feeling, as successor to the age of Reason (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) and to the age of Enthusiasm (Renaissance).

As it has already been hinted, the greatest literary distinction of this age was its lyrical poetry. The verse of the eighteenth century had been largely satirical or didactic. The nineteenth century produced in nearly every European country at least one lyric poet of the first rank, and in most of them several. The importance accorded to sensibility and imagination, to all subjective experience, and to naturalness of expression contrasts sharply with the objectivity and formality of preceding periods.

Song lyrics appeared in great numbers, keeping pace with the new development in music. Battle poems, historical narratives, nature lyrics, modern versions of old ballads flooded the age with variety and abundance. The drama, in the meantime, was neglected. *Faust* (p. 801) which is regarded by many as the greatest literary work of the time, although written in dra-

matic form, was not entirely suitable for stage performance. The same is largely true of the great dramas of Schiller. The stage really comes into its own again only in the Modern Period.

During the age of Romanticism the novel, which had taken form during the eighteenth century, broadened in scope and became more complicated in technique. The rapid growth of the reading public was accompanied by an enormous increase in the production of novels and shorter prose narratives. Meanwhile prose criticism became more genuinely humane and appreciative.

DRAMA

GERMAN

GOETHE

(1749-1832)

The parents of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe were fairly well-to-do members of the middle class in Frankfort who were able to give their son pleasant surroundings and a good education. Very early in life Goethe mastered Italian, French, Latin, and Greek, exhibited a moderate talent in painting and music, and in his late boyhood took up the study of Hebrew. This precocity was accompanied by a great interest in out-door sports, and his physical development was no less remarkable than his mental. At sixteen he went to Leipsic to study law, but turned rather to botany and medicine, began to read enthusiastically Molière, Corneille, and Lessing, and to take part in private theatricals.

Returning to Frankfort after two or three years, Goethe learned of his father's disapproval of his career. After what seemed to him a rather dark interval, he was sent to the University of Strassburg, where he became conspicuous for the diversity of his interests, especially in medicine and in the sciences of optics and electricity. He became acquainted with Herder, whom he deeply respected and admired, and who strongly influenced the direction taken by Goethe's genius. He dived into the study of the Bible, Homer, Shakespeare, and Ossian, and underwent the tempestuous pangs of the Storm and Stress period, reflected in strenuous physical exertion and in the writing of such pieces as *Götz von Berlichingen* and *The Sorrows of Werther* (p. 883).

When he was twenty-six Goethe went to live on the estate of the Duke of Weimar as an administrator. The earlier years of his life at Weimar were busy and boisterous; yet he had time for voluminous writing and for serious study. His work in botany and anatomy enabled him to make several definite contributions to scientific knowledge. From 1786 to 1788 he made his famous sojourn in Italy. In 1792 he accompanied the Duke of Weimar when the Prussian army invaded France, and conducted himself with notable courage. The rest of his life he spent chiefly at Weimar.

• Because of his apparent lack of sympathy with the new political and social movements of the day, Goethe has often been regarded as cold and ungenerous. The source of his indifference was more probably his objectivity and his desire for concreteness. Impatient of abstractions, he demanded tangible embodiments of ideas. He saw God in the manifestations of Nature, and held strongly to the doctrine of natural right and natural goodness. He found himself unable to hate anything that was natural, even man's vices, — a quality that may account for the absence from his writings of any apparent attempt at moralizing. His works indicate a strong feeling of the divinity of the entire world.

Goethe's great work is the drama *Faust*. The Faust legend began as a semi-historical account of a German physician with a reputation for necromancy; it had appeared in various forms in the works of sophisticated authors and belonged as well to the tradition of the common people. Probably Goethe first knew it as a puppet play at Strassburg. Faust's desire to see and know all things, at the sacrifice even of his moral heritage, was undoubtedly what first fascinated Goethe. The tragic struggle as he sees it is in Faust's dissatisfaction with the knowledge simply of isolated phenomena and his overpowering passion to get behind the facts to a comprehensive understanding of the universe. In thinking of this play as representative of the problems and struggles of modern man, one must remember that the plot is laid in the Middle Ages and that the moral values must therefore be rephrased in modern terms. The modern reader sees nothing inherently sinful in the search for knowledge, but to the mediæval man it seemed a transgression of celestial ordinations. The separate incidents of *Faust* were trans-

formed by the poet into typical adventures of the human soul, as valid for today as for yesterday.

Faust is in two parts. Part I, written in Goethe's earlier years and published in 1808, is in itself a complete dramatic unit. Part II, concerned with Faust's ultimate attempt to redeem his soul through altruistic actions, is philosophical and has little dramatic movement. It was completed in the year of Goethe's death, and is so unlike Part I that one can scarcely imagine it to be from the same pen. The play begins with a "Prologue for the Theater" in which the manager, the poet, and a player present their ideas of what a drama should be. A "Prologue in Heaven" follows, similar in plan to the opening of the *Book of Job*. The Lord gives Mephistopheles permission to test His servant Faust, saying that, however low he may be brought, he will always retain a consciousness of the right.

The selections are translated by Anna Swanwick in the *Dramatic Works of Goethe*, London, Bell and Daldy, 1872. For Goethe's poetry, see p. 840.

FAUST

Night. A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.

FAUST, *restless seated at his desk.*

FAUST. I've now alas! Philosophy,
Med'cine and Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labour studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Master, ay doctor styl'd, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose, and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
True, I've more wit than all your solemn
fools;
Priests, doctors, scribes, magisters of the 20
schools;
Nor doubts, nor scruples torture now my
breast;
No dread of hell or devil mars my rest;
Hence is my heart of every joy bereft;
No faith in knowledge to my soul is left;
No longer doth the hope delude my mind,
By truth to better and convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods, nor treasure,
No worldly honour, rank, or pleasure;
No dog would longer such a life desire!
Hence I've applied to magic, to inquire
Whether the spirit's voice and power to me
May not unveil full many a mystery;
That I no more, the sweat upon my brow, 35
Need speak of things, of which I nothing
know;
That I may recognise the hidden ties
That bind creation's inmost energies;

Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.

Thou full-orb'd moon! Would thou wert
gazing now
5 For the last time upon my troubl'd brow!
Beside this desk, at midnight, seated here,
Oft have I watch'd to hail thy soothing
beam;
Then, pensive friend, thou cam'st, my soul
10 to cheer;
Shedding o'er books and scrolls thy silv'ry
gleam.
Oh, that I could, in thy beloved light,
Now wander freely on some Alpine height;
15 Could I round mountain caves with spirits
ride,
In thy mild radiance o'er the meadows
glide,
And, purg'd from knowledge-fumes, my
strength renew,
Bathing my spirit in thy healing dew.

Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom
Of this abhor'd and musty room,
25 Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass.
Girt round with volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mould'ring rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
30 With smoky paper compass'd round;
Boxes in strange confusion hurl'd,
Glasses and antique lumber, blent
With many a curious instrument —
This is thy world! a precious world!

And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd?

Instead of nature's living sphere,
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and
mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery,
By Nostradam's ¹ prophetic hand,
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The planetary orbs unroll'd;
When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
Communion high with her to hold,
As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallow'd sign.
Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

(*He opens the book and perceives the* 20
*sign of Macrocosmos.*²)

Ah! at this spectacle through every
sense,
What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense,
Through every nerve and vein with ardour
glowing.

Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
Which stills my inward tumult; to my
heart,

Wither'd and sick, new rapture doth im-
part;

And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
Unveils the working of the wondrous
whole.

Am I a God? What light intense!
In these pure symbols I distinctly see,
Nature exert her vital energy.
Now of the wise man's words I learn the
sense:

"Unlock'd the realm of spirits lies; —
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Scholar, with quenchless ardour, rise,
And bathe thy breast in the morning red!"

(*He contemplates the sign.*) 45

How all things live and work, and ever
blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample
range!

5 How powers celestial, rising and descend-
ing,

Their golden buckets ceaseless inter-
change!

Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions
winging,

10 From heaven to earth their genial influence
bringing,

Through the wide whole their chimes
melodious ringing.

15 A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature,
where? ³

Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the
blighted soul

Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
Your sweet and fost'ring tides — where are
ye — where?

25 Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?
(*He turns over the leaves of the book*
impatiently, and perceives the sign
*of the Earth-spirit.*⁴)

How differently this sign affects me!
30 Thou,

Spirit of earth, to me art nigher,
My energies are rising higher,
As from new wine I feel a quick'ning glow;
Courage I feel to stem the tide of life,

35 To suffer weal and woe, man's earthly
lot,

When warring tempests rage to share their
strife,

And 'midst the crashing wreck to tremble
40 not.

Clouds gather over me —
The moon conceals her light —
The lamp is quench'd!

Vapours are rising! Quiv'ring round my
head

¹ Michel de Notre Dame, physician to Henry II of France. He was an astrologer and a mystic, who published in 1555 a book of prophecies.

² The universe, consisting of the four elements (fire, earth, air and water), the world and the stars. The sign was a geometrical figure showing the working of all these parts of the universe.

³ Faust sees all the facts of the interaction of the parts of the universe, and yet he knows no more than ever about the inner truth and significance of it.

⁴ Faust gives up his aspirations to heavenly wisdom and decides to devote himself to the acquisition of knowledge about the whole of human life through complete experience of man and his actions.

Flash the red beams. Down from the
vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou 5
Art hov'ring near.

Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strain'd to catch some new sensation. 10
I feel my heart surrender'd unto thee!
Thou must! Thou must! Though life
should be the fee!

*(He seizes the book, and pronounces
mysteriously the sign of the spirit. 15
A ruddy flame flashes up; the
spirit appears in the flame.)*

SPIRIT. Who calls on me?

FAUST *(turning aside)*. Appalling
shape!

SPIRIT. With might,
Thou hast compell'd me from my sphere,
Long hast thou striv'n to draw me here,
And now —

FAUST. Torture! I cannot bear thy 25
sight.

SPIRIT. To know me thou did'st breathe
a fervent prayer,

To hear my voice, to gaze upon my brow,
Me doth thine earnest adjuration bow — 30
Lo! I am here! — What pitiful despair
Grasps thee, the demigod? Where's now
the soul's deep cry,
Where is the breast, which in its depths a
world conceived,
And bore and cherish'd; which, with
ecstasy,

To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I
heard resound,
Who towards me press'd with energy pro-
found?

Art thou he? Thou, — whom thus my
breath can blight,

Whose inmost being trembles with affright, 45
A crush'd and writhing worm!

FAUST. Shall I yield, thing of flame, to
thee?

Faust, and thine equal, I am he!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave

With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life,

Thus time's whizzing loom unceasing I ply,
And weave the life-garment of deity.

FAUST. Spirit, whose restless energy
doth sweep

The ample world, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT. Thou'rt like the spirit whom
thou can'st conceive, 15
Not me! *(Vanishes.)*

FAUST *(deeply moved)*. Not thee?

Whom then?

I, God's own image!

And not rank with thee! *(A knock.)*

20 O death! I know it — 'tis my famu-
lus¹ —

My fairest fortune now escapes!

That all these visionary shapes

A soulless groveller should banish thus!

*(WAGNER in his dressing-gown and
night-cap, a lamp in his hand.
FAUST turns round reluctantly.)*

WAGNER. Your pardon, Sir! I heard
you here declaim;

30 A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read.

Improvement in this art is now my aim,

For now-a-days it much avails. Indeed

An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,
May give instruction even to a priest.

35 FAUST. Ay, if your priest should be an
actor too,

As not improbably may come to pass.

WAGNER. When, in his study pent the
whole year through,

40 Man views the world, as through an optic
glass,

On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,

How by persuasion can he govern
men?

50 FAUST. If feeling prompt not, if it doth
not flow

Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong
control

Swaying to rapture every list'ner's soul,

Idle your toil; the chase you may forego!
Brood o'er your task! Stray thoughts
together glue,

¹ A student assistant who lives with his master and acts somewhat in the capacity of a secretary.

Cook from another's feast your own ragout,

Still prosecute your miserable game,
And fan your paltry ash-heaps into flame!
Thus children's wonder you'll perchance excite,

And apes' applause, if such your appetite:
But that which issues from the heart, alone
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

WAGNER. But in deliv'ry will the speaker find

Success alone; I still am far behind.

FAUST. A worthy object still pursue!

Be not a hollow tinkling fool!

Good sense, sound reason, judgment true, 15
Find utterance without art or rule;
And when with genuine earnestness you speak,

Then is it needful cunning words to seek?
Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their 20
kind,

Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,

Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
Whistling through wither'd leaves and 25
autumn mist!

WAGNER. Oh Heavens! art is long and life is short!

Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal

The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this 30
thought,

And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.
The very means how hardly are they won,
By which we students to the fountains rise!

And then, perchance, ere half his labour's done,

Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST. Is parchment then the consecrated spring

From which, he thirsteth not, who once hath quaffed?

Oh, if it gush not from the depths within,
Thou hast not won the soul-reviving draught.

WAGNER. Yet surely 'tis delightful to transport

Oneself into the spirit of the past,
To see before us how a wise man thought,
And what a glorious height we've reach'd 50
at last.

FAUST. Ay truly! even to the loftiest star!

A seal'd-up volume, seven-fold sealèd are
To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd;
And what the spirit of the times men call,
Is merely their own spirit after all,
Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.

Then truly 'tis a sight to grieve the soul!
At the first glance we fly it in dismay;
A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole!
At best a sort of mock-heroic play,
With saws pragmatICAL, and maxims sage,
To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER. But then the world and man,
his heart and brain!

Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST. Ay! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain!

Who on the child its true name dares bestow?

The few who somewhat of these things have known,

Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,

Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,

Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.

Excuse me, 'tis the deep of night, my friend,

We must break off, and for the present end.

WAGNER. I fain would keep awake the whole night through,

35 Thus to converse so learnedly with you.

To-morrow, being Easter-day, I hope

A few more questions you will let me bring.

With zeal I've aim'd at learning's amplest scope;

40 True, I know much, but would know everything. (Exit.)

FAUST (alone). How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,

Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd,

45 Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,

And, finding earthworms, is with joy inspir'd!

And dare a voice of merely human birth,
E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude?

Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,
For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
Despair the power of sense did well-nigh
blast,
And thou didst save me ere I sank dis-
may'd;
So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd.

I, God's own image, who already hail'd
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
Who, freed already from this toil of clay,
In splendour revell'd and celestial day: —
I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow
Through nature's veins, and, still creating,
know

The life of gods, — how am I punish'd
now!

One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the
goal!

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.
What though my power compell'd thee to
appear,

My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture fraught,

I felt myself so small, so great;
You thrust me fiercely from the realm of
thought,

Back on humanity's uncertain fate.
Who'll teach me now? What ought I to

forego?

Shall I that impulse of the soul obey?
Alas! our very actions as our woe
Alike impede the tenor of our way!

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
Some feelings cling of baser quality;
And when the goods of this world are
achiev'd,

Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of worldly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope
inspires,

Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulph of
time.

In the deep heart of man, care builds her
nest,

O'er sorrows undefin'd she broodeth there,

And, rocking ceaseless, scareth joy and
rest;

Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
As house, land, wife, or child, or kindred
blood,

As sword or poison'd cup, as fire or flood;
We tremble before ills that ne'er assail,
And what we ne'er shall lose we still bewail.

I rank not with the gods! I feel with
dread,

That the mean earthworm I resemble
more,

Which still is crush'd beneath the wan-
derer's tread,

As in its native dust it loves to bore.

And may not all as worthless dust be priz'd,
That in these hundred shelves confines me
round?

20 Rubbish, in many a specious form disguis'd,
That in this moth-world doth my being
bound?

Here shall I satisfy my craving soul?

Here must I read in many a pond'rous
scroll.

That here and there one mortal hath been
blest,

Self-torture still the portion of the rest? —
Thou hollow skull, what means that grin
of thine?

But that thy brain, bewilder'd once, like
mine,

Sought, yearning for the truth, the light of
day,

35 And in the twilight wander'd far astray?

Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at
me, —

With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylin-
der,

40 To nature's portals ye should be the key;

Your wards are intricate, yet fail to stir
Her bolts. Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse.

What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
45 Thou wilt not wrest from her with bars and
screws.

Old useless furnitures! Ye still are here,
Because my sires ye serv'd in times long
past!

50 Old scroll! The smoke of years thou yet
dost wear,

As when yon lamp its sickly ray first cast.

Better have squander'd at an earlier day
My paltry means, than 'neath its weight
to groan!

Would'st thou possess thy heritage, essay
By active use to render it thine own.

What we employ not but impedes our
way;

What it brings forth the hour can use
alone.

But why doth yonder spot attract my sight?

Is yonder flask a magnet to my gaze?

Whence this mild radiance, as when
Cynthia's light,

Amid the forest-gloom, around us plays?

Hail, precious phial! Thee, with rev'rent
awe,

Down from thine old receptacle I draw;
Science in thee I hail and human art;

Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and
sure,

Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace im-
part!

I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my
breast;

The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away;

Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless
main,

Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter
day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd
to fly

By a new track through ether's wide
dominion,

To distant spheres of pure activity.

This life intense! This godlike ecstasy?

Worm that thou art, such rapture can'st
thou earn?

Only resolve with courage stern and high,
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn!

Dare with determin'd will to burst the
portals

Past which in terror others fain would
steal;

Now is the time to testify that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel.

To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,

Throng'd with self-torturing fancy's grisly
brood;

Right onward to the yawning gulph to
press,

5 Round whose dark entrance rolls hell's
fiery flood;

With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,
E'en though thy soul should sink to endless
sleep?

10 Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where
thou

Forgotten hast repos'd for many a year.

Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,

15 Gladd'ning the earnest guests with gen'-
rous wine

As each the other pledg'd with sober cheer.

The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly
wrought,

20 Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme
expound,

Then drain the goblet at one draught pro-
found,

25 Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory
brought;

I to my neighbour shall not reach thee now,

Nor on thy rich device my cunning show;

Here is a juice makes drunk without delay;

30 Its dark brown flood thy crystal round
doth fill;

Let this last draught, the product of my
skill,

My own free choice, be quaff'd with res-
olute will,

35 A solemn greeting to the coming day!

(He places the goblet to his mouth.)

(The ringing of bells, and choral voices.)

40 Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!

Mortal, all hail to thee.

Thou whom mortality,

Earth's sad reality,

Held as in prison.

FAUST. What hum melodious, what
clear, silv'ry chime,

Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?

50 Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice
sublime,

Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?

Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

And early memories, fraught with child-like feeling,
From death's dark threshold now my steps withhold.
Oh, still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing, — Earth, I'm thine again!

Chorus of WOMEN.

Embalm'd with spices rare,
In sorrow and in gloom,
His faithful followers bare
His body to the tomb.
For their sepulchral rest,
We swath'd the reliques dear;
Ah! vain is now our quest,
Christ is no longer here!

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,
Radiant with love and truth,
Girt with eternal youth,
He soars from earth's prison.

FAUST. Wherefore, ye tones celestial,
sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
I hear the message, but my faith is weak;
From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
I dare not soar aloft to yonder spheres
Whence sound the joyful tidings; yet this strain,
Familiar even from my boyhood's years,
Binds me to earth, as with a mystic chain.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour, 40
While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear, 45
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
This Easter hymn announc'd, with joyous pealing,
Gay sports and festive hours in times of old,

10 *Chorus of DISCIPLES.*

O'er death itself victorious,
Whom we interr'd in love,
Exalted now and glorious
Is rais'd to realms above.
15 Near the creative spirit
Joys aye-increasing flow.
Ah! we on earth inherit
Disquietude and woe.
He left us here in anguish,
20 His glory we bemoan,
For ah, our spirits languish,
We're comfortless, alone.

Chorus of ANGELS.

25 Christ is arisen,
Redeem'd from decay;
The bonds which imprison
Your souls, rend away!
Praising the Lord with zeal,
By deeds that love reveal,
Like brethren true and leal
Sharing the daily meal,
To all that sorrow feel
Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
Still is the master near,
Still is he with you here!

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?
MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis I!
FAUST. Come in!
MEPHISTOPHELES. Thrice be the words express'd.
FAUST. Then I repeat, Come in!
MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis well.
I hope that we shall soon agree!
For now, your fancies to expel,
Here as a youth of high degree
50 I'm come, in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,
A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too;
And briefly I would counsel you

To don at once the same costume,
And, free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is you may essay.

FAUST. In every garb I needs must feel
oppress'd,
My heart to earth's low torturing cares a
prey.

Too old I am the trifler's part to play,
Too young, to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world afford to ease my pain? 10
Renounce! renounce! This the eternal

song
Which in our ears still rings, our whole life
long;

Each hour, in murmurs hoarse, repeats the 15
strain.

But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine — not one. 20
Which still, with froward captiousness,
impairs

E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy. 25

And then when falls again the veil of
night,

Stretch'd on my couch I languish in de-
spair;

Appalling dreams my troubl'd soul 30
affright;

No soothing rest vouchsaf'd me even there.
The god, who thron'd within my breast
resides,

Deep in my inmost soul can stir the 35
springs;

With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
But hath no power to move external
things;

And thus my very being I deplore,
Death ardently desire, and life abhor.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet, methinks,
by most 'twill be confess'd

That death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST. Happy the man around whose 45
brow he binds

The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's
dazzling hour;

Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower; 50

Oh that before that lofty spirit's might,
My soul, entranc'd, had sunk to endless
night!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet did a certain
man, one night, refrain
Of its brown juice the crystal bowl to drain.

FAUST. To play the spy diverts you,
5 then?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is
known.

FAUST. If o'er my soul the tone familiar,
stealing,

Drew me from harrowing thought's be-
wild'ring maze,

Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike
feeling,

With the sweet harmonies of happier days;
So now I breathe my curse on all that
windeth

Its coil of magic influence round the soul,
And with delusive flatt'ry fondly bindeth
The wretched spirit to this dismal hole!
And before all, curs'd be the high opinion
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is
bound!

Accurs'd of lying dreams the treacherous
wiles,

The cheat of glory, fame's exalted rage!
Accurs'd as property what each beguiles,

As wife and child, as slave and heritage!
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure

He doth to daring deeds incite;
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight.

Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first!

Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And more than all, be patience curs'd!

Chorus of SPIRITS (invisible).

40 Woe! woe!

Thou hast destroy'd
The beautiful world
With violent blow;

'Tis shiver'd! 'tis shatter'd!

The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd.
Now we sweep

The wrecks into nothingness!

Fondly we weep

The beauty that's gone!

Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,

Lofty and mighty one,

Build it once more!

In thine own bosom the lost world restore!

Now with unclouded sense

Enter a new career;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!
In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence;
Stagnate in this lonely cell,
Sap of life, and powers of sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with your grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes you in this
den.

The worst society is some relief,
You'll feel yourself a man with fellow-men.
Not that I'd thrust you 'mid the vulgar
throng;

Nor do I to the upper ranks belong;
But if through life I may your steps at-
tend,

I will at once engage to be your friend.
I am your comrade; should it suit your
need,

Your servant I, your very slave indeed!

FAUST. And how must I requite your
service, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES. There's time enough
to think of that!

FAUST. Nay! Nay!

The devil is an egotist I know;
And never for God's sake doth kindness
show.

Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'll pledge myself
to be your servant *here*,

Ne'er at your call to slumber or be still;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
You shall submissively obey my will.

FAUST. But small concern I feel for
yonder world,

Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleas-
ures flow,

This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And can I but from these divorce my lot,
Then come what may, — to me it matters
not.

Henceforward to this theme I close mine
ears,

Whether hereafter we shall hate and love,
And whether, also, in those distant spheres,
There is a depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In this mood you

5 may venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm you with mine arts. I'll give
you more

Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

10 FAUST. And what, poor devil, hast
thou to bestow?

Was mortal spirit, in its high endeavour,
E'er fathom'd by a being such as thou?

Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
15 Red gold indeed thou hast, that swiftly
flies,

Gliding like restless quicksilver away,
A game, at which none ever win who play,
A damsel, who, while on my breast she lies,

20 To lure a neighbour fondly doth essay;
Thine, too, ambition's bright and godlike
dream,

Baseless and transient as the meteor's
gleam;

25 Show me the fruits that, ere they're
pluck'd, decay,

And trees whose verdure buddeth every
day.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Such a demand
30 affrights me not; with ease

I can provide you treasures such as these,
But in due course a season will come
round,

When on what's good we may regale in
35 peace.

FAUST. If e'er in indolent repose I'm
found,

Then let my life upon the instant cease!

Can'st thou thy flatt'ring spells around me
40 cast,

And cheat me into self-complacent pride,
Or sweet enjoyment, — Be that hour my
last!

Be this our wager!

45 MEPHISTOPHELES. Done!

FAUST. 'Tis ratified!

If ever to the passing hour I say

"So beautiful thou art! thy flight delay!"

Then round my soul thy fetters throw,

50 Then to perdition let me go!

Then may the solemn death-bell sound,

Then from thy service thou art free,

The index-hand may cease its round,

And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We shall remember;
pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST. You're authoriz'd to do so if
you choose,
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Since here to be a slave I'm doom'd by
fate,

It matters little whether thine or whose.

MEPHISTOPHELES. At your inaugural 10
feast this very day,
I will attend, my duties to commence.
But one thing! — Accidents may happen,
hence

A line or two in writing grant I pray.

FAUST. A writing, pedant, dost de-
mand from me?
Is man, and is man's word to thee un-
known?

Is't not enough that by my word alone 20
I pledge my interest in eternity?
Raves not the world in all its streams
along,

And must a promise my career impede?
Yet in our hearts the prejudice is strong,
And who from the delusion would be
freed?

How blest within whose bosom truth reigns
pure,

No sacrifice will he repent when made! 30
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word resigns its essence in the pen,
Leather and wax usurp the mast'ry then. —
Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?

Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Shall I
use

Style, pen, or graver? Name which you
desire,

To me it matters not, you've but to choose! 40

MEPHISTOPHELES. With passion why
so hotly burn,

And thus your eloquence inflame?

The merest scrap will serve our turn,

And with a drop of blood you'll sign your 45
name.

FAUST. If this will satisfy you, well and
good!

I'll gratify your whim, howe'er absurd!

MEPHISTOPHELES. A quite peculiar sort 50
of juice is blood!

FAUST. Be not afraid that I shall break
my word.

The present scope of all my energy
Is in exact accordance with my vow.
With vain presumption I've aspir'd too
high;

5 I'm on a level but with such as thou;
I am rejected by the great First Cause,
Nature herself doth veil from me her laws;
Rent is the web of thought, my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!

Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
15 Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance,
Excitement is the sphere for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nor goal, nor meas-
ure is prescrib'd to you.

If you desire to taste of every thing,
To snatch at pleasure while upon the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too.

25 Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST. Hearken! The end I aim at is
not joy.

I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.

30 Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my
vocation,

The scope of all my powers henceforth be
this,

To bare my breast to every pang, — to
35 know

In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to
heap,

To theirs dilate my individual mind,
And share at length the shipwreck of man-
kind.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, credit me, who
still as ages roll,

45 Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to
year,

No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven. Know, this
Whole

Doth for the Deity alone subsist!

He in eternal brightness doth exist,

Us unto darkness he hath brought, and
here

Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST. But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well spoken, I admit!

There is but one thing puzzles me, my friend;

Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere only fit,

That you to friendly counsel should attend. 10

A poet choose as your ally,

Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,

Each good and noble quality,

Upon your honour'd brow to heap;

The lion's magnanimity,

The fleetness of the hind,

The fiery blood of Italy,

The Northern's firm enduring mind.

Let him for you the mystery solve, and show

How to combine high aims with cunning low,

And how, while young desires the heart inflame,

To fall in love according to a plan.

Myself would gladly meet with such a man.

And him I would Sir Microcosm name.

FAUST. What then am I, if I may never hope

The crown of our humanity to gain,

Of all our energies the final scope?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your own poor self you are, and must remain.

Put on your head a wig with countless locks,

Raise to a cubit's height your learned socks,

To more than now you are you'll ne'er attain.

FAUST. I feel it, I have heap'd upon my 40 brain

The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain,

And when at length from studious toil I rest,

No power, new-born, springs up within my breast,

A hair's breadth is not added to my height, I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES. These matters, sir, 50 you view, indeed,

Just as by other men they're view'd;

We must more cleverly proceed,

Before life's joys our grasp elude.

The devil! thou hast hands and feet,

And head and heart are also thine;

What I enjoy with relish sweet,

5 Is it on that account less mine?

If for six horses I can pay,

Do I not own their strength and speed?

A proper man I dash away,

As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.

10 Up then, from idle pond'ring free,

And forth into the world with me!

I tell you what; — a speculating wretch,

Is like a brute, on bare, uncultur'd ground,

Driv'n by an evil spirit round and round.

15 While all beyond rich pastures smiling stretch.

FAUST. But how commence?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why we with speed

Must leave this place of torture; you

20 A precious life of it must lead,

Tiring yourself and pupils too!

Leave it to neighbour Paunch; — withdraw,

Why plague yourself with thrashing straw?

25 The very best of what you know

You dare not to the youngsters show.

One in the passage waits to-day.

FAUST. I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor lad! He must

30 be tir'd, I trow;

Hopeless he must not go away.

Hand me your cap and gown, I pray;

Now leave it to my wit; — the mask

Will suit me famously, —

35 (He changes his dress.)

I ask

But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip,

And make all ready for our pleasant trip!

(Exit FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (in FAUST'S long gown). Reason and Knowledge only

thus contemn,

Despise the loftiest attributes of men,

Still let the Prince of lies, without control,

45 With shows, and mocking charms, delude

thy soul,

I have thee unconditionally then —

Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,

Which unrestrain'd still presses on for ever,

And whose precipitate and mad endeavour

O'erleaps itself, and leaves earth's joys
behind.

Him will I drag along through life's wild
waste,

Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at
last

Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick
fast;

And, as in mock'ry of his greedy haste,
Viands shall hang his craving lips be-
yond —

Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!

A STUDENT *enters*.

STUDENT. But recently I've quitted
home,

Full of devotion am I come,
Attracted hither by the fame
Of one whom all with rev'rence name.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your courtesy much
flatters me!

A man like other men you see;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT. I would entreat your friendly
care!

I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;

My mother scarce would let me go;
But wisdom here I longed to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You've hit upon the
very place.

STUDENT. And yet my steps I'd fain
retrace.

These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom.

The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen;

And in these halls, the powers of sense
Forsake me, and intelligence.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It all depends on
habit. Thus at first

The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But soon delighted slakes its eager thirst,

To the maternal bosom fondly prest.
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day

With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.
STUDENT. Enraptur'd I upon her neck

will fall;
How to attain it, Sir, be pleas'd to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ere further you
proceed, just let me know,

What faculty you choose, and what your
call.

STUDENT. Profoundly learned I should
wish to grow,

What heaven contains I'd comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend,

Nature and science I desire to know.
MEPHISTOPHELES. You are upon the

proper track I find;
Take heed that nothing dissipates your

mind.
STUDENT. My heart and soul are in the

chase;
Though to be sure I fain would seize

On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Waste not your
time, so fast it flies;

Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,

With college logic to begin.
Then will your mind be so well brac'd,

In Spanish boots so tightly lac'd,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,

Thought's beaten track securely keep,
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,

Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how

The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,

Require a process; — one, two, three!
In truth the subtle web of thought

Is like the weaver's fabric wrought,
One treadle moves a thousand lines,

Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads unnumber'd flow,

A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,

And prove to you it must be so;
The first being so, and so the second,

The third and fourth deduc'd we see;
And if there were no first and second,

Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize,

Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
Who would describe and study aught alive

Seeks first the living spirit thence to
drive,

Then are the lifeless fragments in his
hand,

There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned

thesis

Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis*.¹

STUDENT. Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES. In a short time you will improve, my friend,
If of scholastic forms you learn the use;
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT. I feel, so doth all this my brain confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And next to this, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!
There see that you profoundly comprehend,

What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;

For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.

But before all strive this half year
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve.
Five lectures daily you must hear;
The hour still punctually observe!
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And every paragraph o'erlook,
That you may then be quite aware
He never deviates from the book;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT. This, Sir, a second time you need not say!

Your prudent counsel I appreciate quite;
For, what we've written down in black and white

We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But a profession I entreat you name.

STUDENT. For jurisprudence I've no taste, I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES. To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.

Laws are a fatal heritage, —
Like a disease, an heirloom dread;
Their curse they trail from age to age,
And furtively abroad they spread.

Reason doth nonsense, good doth evil grow;

That thou'rt a grandson is thy woe!
But of the law on man impress'd

By nature's hand, there's ne'er a thought.

STUDENT. You deepen my dislike; how blest

The pupil who by you is taught!

5 To try theology I'm half inclin'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would not lead you willingly astray,

But as regards this science you will find,
'Tis difficult to shun the erring way,
It offers so much poison in disguise,
Which scarce from med'cine you can recognize.

Here too, 'tis best to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.

15 To sum up all — To words hold fast!

Then, the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fame of certainty at last.

STUDENT. But then some meaning must the words convey.

20 MEPHISTOPHELES. Right! But o'er-anxious thought's of no avail;

For there precisely where ideas fail,

A word comes opportunely into play.

Most admirable weapons words are found,

25 On words a system we securely ground,

In words we can conveniently believe,

For can we of one jot a word bereave.

STUDENT. Your pardon for my importunity;

30 With but one more request I'll trouble you.

Ere I retire, I'll thank you to supply

A pregnant utterance touching med'cine too.

Three years! how brief the appointed tide!

35 The field, heaven knows, is all too wide!

If but a friendly hint be thrown,

'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). I'm weary of this dry pedantic tone,

40 And must again the genuine devil play.

(*Aloud.*)

Of med'cine you the spirit catch with ease;

The great and little world you study thro',

Then in conclusion, just as heaven may

45 please,

You let things quietly their course pursue;

In vain you range through science's ample space;

Each man learns only that which learn he

50 can;

Who knows the passing moment to embrace,

¹ "Nature's encheiresis," i.e., procedure.

He is your proper man.
In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient,
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
The world will then esteem you a profi-
cient.

Learn how to treat the sex, of that be sure;
Their thousand ahs and ohs
The sapient doctor knows,
He from a single point alone can cure.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humour as you
please.

First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead; 15
You then at once those easy freedoms use,
For which another many a year must
plead;

Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist; — and how to press, 20
With furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is lac'd.

STUDENT. There's sense in that! one
sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grey is, young 25
friend, all theory;
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT. I swear it seemeth like a
dream to me.

May I some future time repeat my visit, 30
To hear on what your rev'rence grounds
your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Command my hum-
ble service when you choose.

STUDENT. Ere I retire, one boon I must 35
solicit:

Here is my album, do not, Sir, deny
This token of your favour.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Willingly.

(*He writes and returns the book.*) 40

STUDENT (*reads*). ERITIS SICUT DEUS,
SCIENCES BONUM ET MALUM.¹

(*He reverently closes the book and
retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Let but this ancient 45
proverb be your rule,
My cousin follow still, the wily snake,
And with your likeness to the gods, poor
fool,
Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will 50
quake!

FAUST (*enters*). Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis yours
our course to steer.

The world, both great and small, we'll
view;

5 With what delight and profit too,
You'll revel through your gay career!

FAUST. But with my length of beard I
also need

The easy manners that insure success;
10 Th' attempt I'm certain never can suc-
ceed;

To mingle in the world I want address;
I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Time, my good
friend, will all that's needful give;
Gain self-reliance, and you've learned to
live.

FAUST. But how do you propose I start,
I pray?

Your horses, servants, carriages, where are
they?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We've but to spread
our mantles wide.

They'll serve whereon through air to ride.
No heavy baggage need you take,
When we our bold excursion make.
A little gas which I'll prepare
Lifts us from earth: aloft through air
Lightladen, we shall swiftly steer:
I wish you joy of your new life-career.

[*The next is a roistering scene at Auerbach's
wine-cellar in Leipsic. Mephistopheles al-
ternately delights and terrifies the assembly
with his magic powers. Then follows a scene
in a witch's cavern in which Faust is served
with a potion that turns his thoughts to love.
In the next scene Faust sees Margaret and
obtains from Mephistopheles a promise to
secure her for him.*]

Evening. A neat little room.

MARGARET, braiding and binding up her
hair.

MARGARET. I would give something
now to know,
Who yonder gentleman could be!
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree!
That from his noble brow I told,
Nor would he else have been so bold. (*Exit.*)

¹ "Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil," part of the serpent's promise in Gen. iii. 5.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come in! tread softly! be discreet!

FAUST (*after a pause*). Begone and leave me, I entreat!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*). Not every maiden is so neat. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*gazing round*). Welcome sweet twilight-gloom which reigns,
Through this dim place of hallow'd rest!
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains.

What stillness here environs me!
Content and order brood around.

What fulness in this poverty!
In this small cell what bliss profound!

(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)

Receive me! thou, who hast in thine embrace

Welcom'd in joy and grief the ages flown!
How oft the children of a by-gone race
Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne!

Haply, she, too, as closed each circling year,

For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,

Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,

Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.

Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.

As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee,

Daily the cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.

Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!

The hut becomes a paradise through thee!

And here! (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight!

Here I could linger hours untold;

Thou Nature! didst in vision bright

The embryo angel here unfold.

Here lay the child, her bosom warm

With life, while steep'd in slumber's dew,

To perfect grace, her godlike form,

With pure and hallow'd weavings grew!

And thou! ah here, what seekest thou?
How is thine inmost being troubl'd now!

What would'st thou here? what makes thy heart so sore
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?

Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!

Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.

10 Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,

How would'st thou rue thy guilty flame!

Proud vaunter! thou would'st hide thy brow,

And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quick! quick! below
I see her there!

FAUST. Away! I will return no more!

20 MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is a casket, with a store

Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.

Quick! place it here, her press within,

I swear to you 'twill turn her brain;

25 Another I had thought to win,

With the rich gems it doth contain,

But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST. I know not — shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Do you ask?

30 Perchance you would retain the treasure?

If such your wish, why then, I say,

Henceforth absolve me from my task,

Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.

I trust you're not by avarice led!

35 I rub my hands, I scratch my head, —

(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*)

But now away, without delay! —

The sweet young creature to your will to bend;

Yet here you are, as cold, my friend,

As to the class-room you would wend,

And metaphysics' form were there,

And physics too, with hoary hair!

45 Away! — (*Exeunt.*)

MARGARET (*with a lamp*). Here 'tis so close, so sultry now,

(*She opens the window.*)

Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.

50 I feel so strange, I know not how —

I wish my mother would come home.

Through me there runs a shuddering —

I'm but a foolish timid thing!

(While undressing herself she begins to sing.)

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave.
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

Beyond aught else he priz'd it,
And drain'd its purple draught,
His tears came gushing freely
As often as he quaff'd.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudg'd his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurl'd the hallow'd goblet
In the ocean depths below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never more drank he.

(She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.)

How came this casket here? I cannot guess!

'Tis very strange! I'm sure I lock'd the press.

What can be in it? perh'ps some pledge or other,

Left here for money borrow'd from my mother.

Here by a ribbon hangs a little key;

I have a mind to open it and see!

Heavens! only look! what have we here,

Ne'er saw I such a splendid sight!

Jewels a noble dame might wear,

For some high pageant richly dight.

I wonder how the chain would look on me, And whose the brilliant ornaments may be?

(She puts them on and steps before the glass.)

Were but the ear-rings only mine!

Thus one has quite another air.

What boots it to be young and fair?

It doubtless may be very fine;

But then, alas, none come to woo,
And praise sounds half like pity too.
Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
5 All things. Alas, the poor!

Promenade.

10 FAUST, walking thoughtfully up and down.
To him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. By love despis'd!
By Hell's fierce fires I curse,
Would I could make my imprecation worse!

15 FAUST. What ails you, pray? what chafes you now so sore?

A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'd yield me to the devil instantly,

Did it not happen that myself am he!

20 FAUST. There must be some disorder in your wit!

To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Just think! The gems for Margaret brought

25 A burly priest hath made his own! —

A glimpse of them the mother caught,

And 'gan with secret fear to groan.

The woman's scent is keen enough;

Still in the prayer book she doth snuff;

30 Smells everything to ascertain

Whether 'tis holy or profane,

And scented in the jewels rare,

That there was not much blessing there.

"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good

35 Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.

With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,

She'll cheer our soul with bread divine!"

At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout,

'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,

40 And sure, he godless cannot be,

Who placed them there so cleverly.

A priest the mother then address'd,

Who, when he understood the jest,

Survey'd the treasure with a smile.

Quoth he: "This shows a pious mind,

Who conquers, wins. The Church we find

Hath a good stomach, she, erewhile,

Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down,

And never yet a surfeit known.

50 Daughters, the Church alone, with zest,

Can such ill-gotten wealth digest."

FAUST. It is a general custom, too.

Practis'd alike by King and Jew.

MEPHISTOPHELES. With that, clasp,
chain, and ring, he swept
As they were mushrooms; and the casket,
Without one word of thanks he kept,
As if of nuts it were a basket.
Reward in heaven he promis'd fair; —
And greatly edified they were.

FAUST. And Gretchen?

MEPHISTOPHELES. In unquiet mood
Knows neither what she would nor should; 10
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
On him who brought them dwells still
more.

FAUST. Her sorrow grieves me, I must
say.

Another set of jewels bring!

The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. All's to my gentle-
man child's play!

FAUST. Plan all things to achieve my 20
end;

Engage the attention of her friend.

To work! A thorough devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ay, sir! Most 25 I fear there's something wrong about the
gladly I'll obey.

(FAUST *exit*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Your doting love-
sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please,
Sun, moon, stars would puff away. (*Exit*.)

The Neighbor's House.

MARTHA, *alone*.

MARTHA. God pardon my dear husband,
he

Doth not in truth act well tow'rds me!
Forth in the world abroad to roam,
And leave me widow'd here at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows I lov'd him from my heart.

(*She weeps*.)

Perchance he's dead! — oh, wretched state!
Had I but a certificate!

MARGARET (*comes*).

MARGARET. Dame Martha!

MARTHA. Gretchen?

MARGARET. Only think! 50

My knees beneath me well-nigh sink!

Within my press I've found to-day

Another case of ebony.

And splendid jewels too there are,
More costly than the former, far.

MARTHA. You must not name it to your
mother;

5 It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET. Nay look at them! now
only see!

MARTHA (*dresses her up*). You happy
creature!

MARGARET. Woe is me!

I can't in them at church appear,

Nor in the street, nor anywhere.

MARTHA. Come often over here to me,
And put them on quite privately.

15 Walk past the glass an hour or so,

Thus we shall have our pleasure too.

Then suitable occasions we must seize,

As at a feast, to show them by degrees.

A chain at first, then ear-drops, — and
your mother

Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or
other.

MARGARET. But who, I wonder, could
the caskets bring?

25 I fear there's something wrong about the
thing! (*A knock*.)

Good heavens! can that my mother be?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

No! 'Tis a stranger gentleman, I see.
30 Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've ventur'd to
intrude to-day.

35 Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.

(*He steps back respectfully before*
MARGARET.)

For Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein, I inquire.

40 MARTHA. I'm she, pray what have you
to say to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*). I
know you now, — and therefore will
retire;

At present you've distinguished com-
pany.

45 Pardon the freedom, Madam, with your
leave,

I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*). Why, child, of all
strange things I ever knew!

The stranger for a lady taketh you.

MARGARET. I am in truth of humble
blood;

The gentleman is far too good;
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, 'tis not the
mere ornaments alone;
Her glance and mien far more betray.
I am rejoic'd that I may stay.

MARTHA. Your business, Sir? I long
to know —

MEPHISTOPHELES. Would I could hap-
pier tidings show!

But let me not my errand rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA. Is dead? True heart! Oh,
misery!

My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET. Alas! good Martha! don't
despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now listen to the
sad affair!

MARGARET. I for this cause should fear 20
to love.

The loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Joy still must sor-
row, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA. Proceed, and tell the story of 25
his end!

[*Mephistopheles then elaborates the story
of the death of Martha's husband and finally
persuades her to meet him and bring with her
Margaret to meet Faust.*]

Garden.

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with
MEPHISTOPHELES walking up and down.

MARGARET. I feel it, you but spare my 35
ignorance,

To put me to the blush you stoop thus low.
Travellers are ever wont from complai-
sance,

To make the best of things where'er they 40
go.

My humble prattle surely never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST. One glance, one word of thine
doth charm me more,
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's
lore. (*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET. Nay! trouble not yourself!
how can you kiss

A hand so very coarse and hard as this!
What work am I not still oblig'd to do!
And then my mother's so exacting too.

(*They pass on.*)

MARTHA. Thus are you ever wont to
travel, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Duty and business
urge us on our way.

5 Full many a place indeed we leave with
pain,

At which we're not permitted to remain!

MARTHA. In youth's wild years, with
lusty vigour crown'd,

10 'Tis not amiss thus through the world to
sweep;

But ah, the evil days at length come round,
And to the grave a bachelor to creep,

No one as yet hath good or pleasant found.

15 MEPHISTOPHELES. The distant pros-
pect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA. Therefore, in time, dear sir,
reflect, I pray. (*They pass on.*)

MARGARET. Still are the absent out of
mind, 'tis true!

Politeness is familiar, sir, to you,

But many friends you have, who doubtless
are

More sensible than I, and wiser far.

FAUST. My angel, often what doth pass
for sense

Is self-conceit and narrowness.

MARGARET. How so?

FAUST. Simplicity and holy inno-
cence, —

30 When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to
know?

Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest
dower —

MARGARET. Only one little moment
think of me,

To think of you I shall have many an
hour.

FAUST. You're doubtless much alone?

MARGARET. Why yes, for though
Our household's small, yet I must see to it.
We keep no maid, and I must sew, and
knit,

45 And cook and sweep, and hurry to and fro;
And then my mother is so accurate!

Not that for thrift there is such pressing
need,

Than others we might make more show in-
deed:

50 My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden just outside the town.
Quiet enough my life has been of late.

My only brother for a soldier's gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The little darling was to me so dear.

FAUST. An angel, sweet, if it resembled
you!

MARGARET. I reared it up, and soon my
face it knew.

Dearly the little creature lov'd me too. 10
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at
length

So very slowly she regain'd her strength. 15
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Rear'd it on bread and water all alone.

And thus the child became as 'twere my
own.

Within my arms it stretch'd itself and
grew,

And smiling, nestl'd in my bosom too.

FAUST. Doubtless the purest happiness
was yours.

MARGARET. Oh yes — but also many
weary hours.

Beside my bed at night its cradle stood;
If it but stirr'd, I was at once awake,
One while I was oblig'd to give it food,
Or with me into bed the darling take,
Then, if it would not hush, I had to rise,
And strive with fond caress to still its cries,
Pacing the little chamber to and fro;
And then at dawn to washing I must go,
See to the house affairs, and market too,
And so, from day to day, the whole year
through.

Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
One's spirits are not always of the best;
But toil gives food and sleep a double zest.

(*They pass on.*)

MARTHA. Poor women! we are badly
off, I own;

A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed! 45

MEPHISTOPHELES. Madam, with one
like you it rests alone,

To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA. But tell me! no one have you
ever met?

Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet? 50

MEPHISTOPHELES. One's own fire-side,
and a good wife, we're told

By the old proverb, are worth pearls and
gold.

MARTHA. I mean has passion never
fir'd your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've everywhere
been well receiv'd, I own.

MARTHA. Yet hath your heart no ear-
nest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES. With ladies one
should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA. Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm sorry I'm so
blind!

But this I know — that you are very kind.
(*They pass on.*)

FAUST. So, little angel, in the garden
when

I enter'd first, you knew me once again?

MARGARET. Did you not see it? I cast
down my eyes.

FAUST. And you forgive my boldness,
and the guise

Of freedom towards you, as you left the
dome,

25 The day I offer'd to escort you home?

MARGARET. I was confus'd, never until
that day

Could any one of me aught evil say.

Alas, thought I, he doubtless in your mien,

30 Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?

It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,

"Here's just a girl with whom one may
make free."

Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew

35 What in your favour here began to plead;

Yet I was angry with myself indeed,

That I more angry could not feel with
you.

FAUST. Sweet love!

MARGARET. Just wait!

(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks
off the leaves one after another.*)

FAUST. A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET. No! 'Tis a game.

FAUST. How?

MARGARET. Go! you'll laugh at me.

(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs
to herself.*)

FAUST. What murmur you?

MARGARET (*half aloud*). He loves me,
— loves me not.

FAUST. Sweet angel, with thy face of
heav'nly bliss!

MARGARET (*continues*). He loves me,
— loves me not —

(*Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!

FAUST. Yes!

And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
E'en as a heav'nly oracle to thee!

Know'st thou the meaning of, "He loveth
me"? (*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET. I tremble so!

FAUST. Nay! do not tremble, love!
Oh, let this pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of utterance far above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel

A rapturous joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal! — Yes, its end would be despair.
No end! — It cannot end!

(MARGARET *presses his hand; extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

MARTHA (*approaching*). Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, we'll presently
away.

MARTHA. I would entreat you longer
yet to stay,

But 'tis a wicked place, just here about.

'Tis as the folks had nought to do,

And nothing else to think of too,

But watch their neighbours, who goes in
and out;

And scandal's busy still, do what one may.

And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES. They have flown up
there,

Gay butterflies!

MARTHA. He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And she to him.
'Tis of the world the way.

A Summer-House.

MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET. He comes!

FAUST. Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught
thee now! (*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET (*embracing him, and returning the kiss*). Dearest of men! I love
thee from my heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*knocks*).

FAUST (*stamping*). Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A friend!

5 FAUST. A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*comes*). Yes, sir, 'tis late.

FAUST. Mayn't I attend you, sweet?

MARGARET. Oh no — my mother
would — adieu, adieu!

FAUST. And must I really then take
leave of you?

Farewell!

MARTHA. Good-bye!

MARGARET. Ere long again to meet!
(*Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

MARGARET. Good heavens! how all
things far and near

Must fill his mind, — a man like this!

Abash'd before him I appear,

And say to all things only, yes.

Poor simple child, I cannot see,

What 'tis that he can find in me. (*Exit.*)

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST, *alone*.

FAUST. Spirit sublime! Thou gav'st
me, gav'st me all

For which I prayed. Not vainly hast thou
turn'd

To me thy countenance in flaming fire.

Thou gav'st me glorious nature for my
35 realm,

And also power to feel her and enjoy.

Not merely with a cold and wond'ring
glance,

Thou dost permit me in her depths pro-
40 found,

As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.

Before me thou dost lead her living
tribes,

And dost in silent grove, in air and stream

45 Teach me to know my kindred. And when
roars

The howling storm-blast through the
groaning wood,

Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Sweeps, crushing down, its neighbour
trunks and boughs,

While with the hollow noise the hill re-
sounds,

Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd
cave,

Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when, with soothing beam, the moon's
pale orb

Full in my view climbs up the pathless
sky,

From crag and vap'rous grove, the silv'ry
forms

Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
The too severe delight of earnest thought.

Oh, that nought perfect is assign'd to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,

Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gav'st me this companion, unto
whom

I needs must cling, though cold and inso-
lent;

He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a
breath.

He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of this lone life
have you not had your fill?

How for so long can it have charms for 30
you?

'Tis well enough to try it if you will;

But then away again to something new!

FAUST. Would you could better occupy
your leisure,

Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well! Well! I'll
leave you to yourself with pleasure.

A serious tone you hardly dare employ;
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and 40
cross,

I should not find methinks a grievous loss.
The live-long day, for you I toil and fret.
Ne'er from your worship's face a hint I get,
What pleases you, or what to let alone.

FAUST. Ay truly! that is just the proper
tone!

Tires me, forsooth, and would with thanks
be paid!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor child of clay, 50
without my aid,

How would thy weary days have flown?

Thee of thy foolish whims I've cur'd,

Thy vain imaginations banish'd,
And but for me, be well assur'd,
Thou from this sphere must soon have
vanish'd.

5 In rocky cleft and cavern drear
Why like an owl sit moping here?
And wherefore suck, like any toad,
From dripping rocks and moss thy food?

A pleasant pastime! Verily,
10 The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

FAUST. Couldst thou divine what bliss
without alloy

From this wild wand'ring in the desert
springs, —

15 Couldst thou but guess the new life-power
it brings,

Thou still wert fiend enough to grudge my
joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What super-earthly
ecstasy! at night,

20 To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture
high,

The soul dilating to a deity,

25 With prescient yearnings pierce the core of
earth,

Feel in your labouring breast the six-days'
birth,

Enjoy, in proud delight what no one
knows,

While your love-rapture o'er creation
flows, —

The earthly lost in beatific vision,

And then the lofty intuition —

35 (With a gesture.)
I need not tell you how — to close.

FAUST. Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES. This displeases you?
"For shame!"

40 You are forsooth entitl'd to exclaim.

We to chaste ears it seems must not im-
part

Thoughts that may dwell unquestion'd in
the heart.

45 Well, to be brief, as fit occasions rise,

I grudge you not the joy of specious lies.

But soon 'tis past, the self-deluding
vein;

Back to your former course you're driven
again,

And, should it longer hold, your anguish'd
breast

By frenzied horror soon would be possess'd.

Enough of this! Your true love dwells
apart,
And every thing to her seems flat and
tame.

Alone your cherish'd image fills her heart,
She loves you with an all-devouring flame.
First came your passion with o'erpowering
rush,

Like mountain torrent, fed by melted snow,
Full in her heart you pour'd the sudden
gush,

And now again your stream has ceas'd to
flow.

Instead of sitting thron'd midst forests
wild,

Methinks it would become so great a lord,
Fondly to comfort the enamour'd child,
And the young monkey for her love re-
ward.

To her the hours seem miserably long;
She from the window sees the clouds float
by

As o'er the ancient city-walls they fly.

"Were I a bird," so runs her song,

Half through the night and all the day.

One while, indeed, she seemeth gay,

And then with grief her heart is sore;

Fairly outwept seem now her tears,

Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,

And love-sick evermore.

FAUST. Snake! Serpent vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). Good! If I
catch thee with my guile!

FAUST. Vile reprobate! go get thee
hence,

Forbear the lovely girl to name!

Nor in my half-distracted sense,

Kindle anew the smould'ring flame!

MEPHISTOPHELES. How now! She
thinks you've taken flight;

It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST. I'm near her still — and should
I distant rove,

I'd ne'er forget her, ne'er resign her love;

And all things touch'd by those sweet lips 45
of hers,

Even the very host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'Tis well! I oft
have envied you indeed,

The twin-pair, that among the roses feed. 50

FAUST. Pander, avault!

MEPHISTOPHELES. My friend, the while
You rail, excuse me if I smile;

The power which fashion'd youth and
maid,

Well understood the noble trade,

Of making also time and place.

5 But hence! — in truth a doleful case!

Your mistress' chamber doth invite,

Not the cold grave's o'ershadowing night.

FAUST. What in her arms the joys of
heaven to me?

10 Oh, let me kindle on her gentle breast!

Do I not ever feel her misery?

Wretch that I am, whose spirit knows no
rest,

Inhuman monster, homeless and unblest,

15 Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to
rock,

Sweeps down the dread abyss with des-
p'rate shock

While she, within her lowly cot, which
grac'd

The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,

Her homely cares in that small world em-
brac'd,

Secluded lived, a simple artless child.

25 Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl

To blast the steadfast rocks, — her quiet
cell,

Her too, her peace, to ruin must I hurl!

Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless

30 Hell!

Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of
dread!

Let what must happen, happen speedily!

Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,

35 And into ruin let her plunge with me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why how again it
seethes and glows!

Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!

When such a head no issue sees,

40 It pictures straight the final close.

Long life to him who boldly dares!

A devil's pluck you're wont to show;

As for a devil who despairs,

There's nought so mawkish here below.

MARGARET'S Room.

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning wheel*).

My heart's oppress'd,

My peace is o'er;

I know no rest,

No, nevermore.

The world's a grave
Where he is not;
And grief is now
My bitter lot.

My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My heart's oppress'd,
My peace is o'er;
I know no rest,
No, nevermore.

For him I watch
The live-long day,
For him alone
Abroad I stray.

His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,

His witching words,
Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And then, his kiss!

My heart's oppress'd,
My peace is o'er,
I know no rest,
No, nevermore.

My bosom aches
To feel him near.
Ah, could I clasp
And fold him here!

In love's fond blisses
Entranc'd I'd lie,
And die on his kisses,
In ecstasy!

MARTHA'S *Garden.*

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET. Promise me, Henry!

FAUST. What I can!

MARGARET. How is it with religion in
your mind?

You are 'tis true a good, kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclin'd.

FAUST. Forbear! I love you darling,
you alone!

For those I love, my life I would lay down,
And none would of their faith or church
bereave.

MARGARET. That's not enough, we
must ourselves believe.

FAUST. Must we?

MARGARET. Ah, could I but your soul
inspire!

5 You honour not the sacraments, alas!

FAUST. I honour them.

MARGARET. But yet without desire.
'Tis long since you have been to shrift or
10 mass.

Do you believe in God?

FAUST. My love, forbear!

Who dares acknowledge, I in God believe?
Ask priest or sage, the answer you receive
15 Seems but a mockery of the questioner.

MARGARET. Then you do not believe?

FAUST. Sweet one! my meaning do not
misconceive!

Him who dare name
20 And yet proclaim,
Yes, I believe?

Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say: I disbelieve?

25 The All-embracer,

All-sustainer,
Doth He not embrace, sustain
Thee, me, himself?

Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
30 Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us
lie?

And, beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Are we not gazing in each other's eyes?

35 Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and
brain,

Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious
40 reign?

Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be,
And in the feeling when thou'rt wholly
blest,

Then call it what thou wilt, — Bliss!
Heart! Love! God!

I have no name for it — 'tis feeling all.
Name is but sound and smoke
Shrouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET. All this is doubtless beauti-
ful and true;

50 The priest doth also much the same de-
clare,

Only in somewhat diff'rent language too.

FAUST. Beneath Heaven's genial sunshine, everywhere,
This is the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the like impart;
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET. What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconcil'd;
There's something wrong about it; much
I fear

That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST. My sweet child!

MARGARET. Alas! it long hath sorely
troubl'd me,
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST. How so?

MARGARET. The man who comes
with thee I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,
Nought to my heart e'er gave a pang so
great.

FAUST. Fear not, sweet love!

MARGARET. His presence
chills my blood.
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me
steal;

That he's a villain my conviction's strong,
May Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong!

FAUST. Yet such strange fellows in the
world must be!

MARGARET. I would not live with such
an one as he.

If for a moment he but enter here,
He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
And malice ill-conceal'd.

That he can feel no sympathy is clear,
Upon his brow 'tis legibly reveal'd,
That to his heart no living soul is dear.
So blest I feel, abandon'd in thine arms,
So warm and happy, — free from all
alarms,

And still my heart doth close when he
comes near.

FAUST. Foreboding angel! prithee check
thy fear!

MARGARET. The feeling so o'erpowers
my mind, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, I chance his step to hear,
Methinks almost I cease to love thee then.
Besides, when he is near I ne'er could
pray,

And this it is that eats my heart away;
Thou also, Henry, surely feel'st it so.

FAUST. This is antipathy!

MARGARET. I now must go.

5 FAUST. And may I never then in quiet
rest,

For one brief hour, upon thy gentle
breast?

10 MARGARET. Ah, if I slept alone! The
door to-night

I'd leave unbarr'd; but mother's sleep is
light;

And if she should by any chance awake,
Upon the floor I should at once fall dead.

15 FAUST. Sweet angel! there's no cause
for dread,

Here is a little phial — if she take
But three drops mingl'd in her drink,
'twill steep

Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET. What is there I'd not do
for thy dear sake:

To her 'twill surely do no injury?

FAUST. Else, my own love, should I
thus counsel thee?

MARGARET. Gazing on thee, belov'd, I
cannot tell,

What doth my spirit to thy will compel;

So much I have already done for thee,
That more to do there scarce remains for
me. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (enters).

MEPHISTOPHELES. The monkey! Has
she left you then?

FAUST. Have you been spying here
again?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Of all that pass'd
I'm well appriz'd,

40 I heard the doctor catechis'd,
And trust he'll profit by the rede.
The girls show always much concern,
Touching their lover's faith, to learn
Whether it tallies with the creed.

45 If men are pliant there, think they,
Us too, they'll follow and obey.

FAUST. Thou monster! thou canst not
perceive

How a true loving soul, like this,

50 Full of the faith she doth believe
To be the pledge of endless bliss,
Must mourn, her soul with anguish tost,
Thinking the man she loves for ever lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Most sensual super-sensualist! a flirt,
 A gipsy, leads thee by the nose!
 FAUST. Abortion vile of fire and dirt!
 MEPHISTOPHELES. In physiognomy strange skill she shows;
 She in my presence feels she knows not how,
 My mask it seems some hidden sense reveals,
 That I'm a genius she must needs allow.
 That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
 So then to-night? —
 FAUST. What's that to you?
 MEPHISTOPHELES. I've my amusement in it too!

At the Well.

MARGARET and BESSY, with pitchers.

BESSY. And have you then of Barbara nothing heard?
 MARGARET. I rarely go from home, — no, not a word.
 BESSY. 'Tis true: Sybilla told me so to-day!
 She's play'd the fool at last, I promise you;
 That comes of pride.
 MARGARET. How so?
 BESSY. Why people say
 That when she eats and drinks she feedeth two.
 MARGARET. Alas!
 BESSY. She's rightly served, in sooth.
 How long she hung upon the youth!
 What promenades, what jaunts there were,
 To dancing booth and village fair,
 The first she everywhere must shine,
 He treating her to cakes and wine.
 Of her good looks she was so vain,
 And e'en his presents would retain.
 Sweet words and kisses came anon,
 And then the virgin flower was gone!
 MARGARET. Poor thing!
 BESSY. And do you pity her?
 Why of a night, when at our wheels we sat,
 Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir,
 Then with her lover she forsooth must chat,
 Or near the bench, or in the dusky walk,

Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
 Beshrew me! her proud head she'll have to bow,
 And in white sheet do penance now!
 MARGARET. But he will surely marry her?
 BESSY. Not he!
 He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad
 Like him can roam o'er land and sea,
 Besides, he's off.
 MARGARET. That is not fair!
 BESSY. If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad;
 Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
 And then we girls would plague her too,
 Chopp'd straw before her door we'd strew!
 (Exit.)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*). How stoutly once I could inveigh,
 If a poor maiden went astray!
 Not words enough my tongue could find,
 'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind!
 How black soe'er their fault before,
 I strove to blacken it still more,
 And did myself securely bless.
 Now are the sin, the scandal, mine!
 Yet ah! — what urg'd me to transgress,
 Heaven knows, was good! ah, so divine!

ZWINGER. *In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.*

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).
 MARGARET. Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
 Stoop thy maternal brow,
 And mark with pitying eye my misery!
 The sword in thy pierc'd heart,
 Thou dost with bitter smart
 Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
 Ascends thy piteous sigh,
 Pleading for his and thy mute misery.
 Ah, who can know
 The torturing woe
 That harrows me, and racks me to the bone.
 How my poor heart, without relief,

Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching!
Wretched, alone I keep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn.

Help! death and shame are near!
Mother of sorrows, now
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And to thy suppliant turn a gracious ear.

Night. Street before MARGARET'S door.

VALENTINE (*soldier, MARGARET'S brother*).

VALENTINE. When seated 'mong the
jovial crowd
Where merry comrades boasting loud,
Each nam'd with pride his favourite lass,
And in her honour drain'd his glass;
Upon my elbows I would lean,
With easy quiet view the scene,
Nor give my tongue the rein, until
Each swagg'ring blade had talk'd his fill.
Then with a smile my beard I'd stroke;
The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;
"Each to his taste! — but to my mind,
Where in the country will you find,
A maiden, be she ne'er so fair,
Who with my Gretchen can compare?"
Cling! Clang! so rang the jovial sound!
Shouts of assent went circling round;
Pride of her sex is she! — cried some;
Then were the noisy boasters dumb.

And now! — I could uproot my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair!
Me every scurvy knave may twit,
With stinging jest and taunting sneer!

Like skulking debtor I must sit,
And sweat each casual word to hear!
And though I smash'd them one and all,
Yet them I could not liars call.

5 Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?
If I mistake not, two draw near.
If he be one, have at him; — well I wot
Alive he shall not leave this spot!

10 FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How from yon sacristy,
athwart the night,
Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,
While, ever waning, fades the glimm'ring
15 light,
As gath'ring darkness doth around it
close!
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom
reign.

20 MEPHISTOPHELES. I'm like a tom-cat
in a thievish vein,
That round the walls doth slyly creep,
And up fire-ladders tall, and steep;
Virtuous withal I feel, with, I confess,
25 A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth
bound

The glorious advent of Walpurgis night;
After to-morrow it again comes round,
30 What one doth wake for then one knows
aright.

FAUST. Meanwhile, the flame which I
see glimm'ring there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air?

35 MEPHISTOPHELES. Ere long, I make no
doubt, but you
To raise the chest will feel inclin'd;
Erewhile I peep'd within it too,
With lion-dollars 'tis well lin'd.

40 FAUST. And not a trinket? not a ring?
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I saw among them
some such thing.

A string of pearls to grace her neck.

45 FAUST. 'Tis well! I'm always loath to
go,

Without some gift my love to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Some pleasures gra-
tis to enjoy,
50 Should surely cause you no annoy.
While brightly with stars the heavens ap-
pear,

I'll sing a masterpiece of art.
A moral song shall charm her ear,
More surely to beguile her heart.

(Sings to the guitar.)

Fair Catherine say,
Why ling'ring stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door?
You enter there,
A maid, beware,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden never more.

Maiden take heed!
Reck well my rede!
Is't done, the deed?
Good night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise,
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage ring.

VALENTINE (*steps forward*). Whom are
you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll
end!

First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The poor guitar!
'Tis done for now.

VALENTINE. Your skull shall follow
next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Doctor,
stand fast! your strength collect!

Be prompt, and do as I direct.

Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray.
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE. Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why not?
VALENTINE. That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES. With ease!

VALENTINE. The devil fights for you!
Why how is this? my hand's already
lam'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Thrust
home!

VALENTINE (*falls*). Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES. There! Now the
bully's tam'd.

But quick, away! We must at once take
wing.

A cry of murder strikes upon the ear.
With the police I know my course to steer,
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

MARTHA (*at the window*). Without!
without!

MARGARET (*at the window*). Quick,
bring a light!

5 MARTHA (*as above*). They rail and
scuffle, scream and fight!

PEOPLE. One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*). Where are the
murderers? are they fled?

10 MARGARET (*coming out*). Who lieth
here?

PEOPLE. Thy mother's son.

MARGARET. Almighty Father! I'm
undone!

15 VALENTINE. I'm dying! 'Tis a soon-
told tale!

And sooner done the deed!

Why, women, do ye weep and wail?

To my last words give heed. (*All gather
round him.*)

20 Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,

And, well I wot, not over sage,

Thou dost thy matters ill.

Let this in confidence be said:

25 She who the path of shame doth tread

Should tread it with good will.

MARGARET. My God! what can this
mean?

VALENTINE. Abstain,

30 Nor dare God's holy name profane.

What's done, alas, is done and past!

Matters will take their course at last!

By stealth thou dost begin with one,

And more will follow him anon;

35 When to a dozen swells the train,
A common outcast thou'lt remain.

When first the monster shame is born,
Clandestinely she's brought to light,

40 And the mysterious veil of night

Around her head is drawn.

The loathsome birth men fain would slay!

But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,

And though not fairer to behold,

45 With brazen front insults the day.

The more abhorr'd her visage grows,

The more her hideousness she shows!

The time already I discern,

50 When thee all honest men will spurn,

And shun thy hated form to meet,

As when a corpse infects the street.

Thy heart will sink in blank despair,

When they shall look thee in the face!
A golden chain no more thou'lt wear!
Nor near the altar take thy place!
In fair lace collar simply dight
Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light!
In darksome corners thou wilt bide,
Where beggars vile and cripples hide;
And e'en though God thy crime forgive
On earth, a thing accurs'd, thou'lt live.

MARTHA. Your parting soul to God 10
commend;

Nor your last breath in slander spend.

VALENTINE. Could I but reach thy
wither'd frame,
Thou wretched beldame, void of shame! 15
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET. Brother! what agonizing
pain!

VALENTINE. I tell thee! from vain tears 20
abstain!

'Twas thy dishonour pierc'd my heart;
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (Dies.) 25

Cathedral. Service, Organ, and Anthem.

MARGARET *amongst a number of people.*

EVIL-SPIRIT (*behind MARGARET*).

EVIL-SPIRIT. How diff'rent, Gretchen,
was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Cam'st to the altar here,
And from the small and well-conn'd book
Did'st lisp thy prayer,
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame
Lurks in thy sinful heart? 40
Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through
thee?

Whose blood is on thy threshold?

— And stirs there not already 'neath thy 45
heart

Another quick'ning pulse, that even now

Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET. Woe! Woe!

Oh, could I free me from the harrowing
5 thoughts

That 'gainst my will
Throng my disorder'd brain!

CHORUS

*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*¹

(*The organ sounds.*)

EVIL-SPIRIT. Grim horror seizes thee!
The trumpet sounds,
The graves are shaken! 15
And thy sinful heart,
From its cold ashy rest
For torturing flames
Anew created,

Trembles into life!

MARGARET. Would I were hence!

It is as if the organ

Chok'd my breath,

As if the choir

Melted my inmost heart. 25

CHORUS

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*²

30 MARGARET. I feel oppress'd!
The pillars of the wall
Are closing round me!
And the vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me! — air!

35 EVIL-SPIRIT. Wouldst hide thee? sin
and shame

Remain not hidden.

Air! light!

Woe's thee!

CHORUS

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.*³

EVIL-SPIRIT. The glorified their faces
turn

Away from thee!

¹ "On that day of wrath the world will disintegrate into ashes."

² "When the judge shall be seated, whatever is hidden will be revealed; nothing will remain un-
avenged."

³ "Unhappy then, what can I say? What protector may I call upon, when even the righteous
tremble?"

Shudder the pure to reach
 Their hands to thee!
 Woe!

CHORUS

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus

MARGARET. Neighbour! your smelling
 bottle! *(She swoons away.)*

[*At this point intervenes the grotesque interlude of the Walpurgis-Night celebration in the Hartz mountains. Faust and his guide Mephistopheles witness a horrifying pageant of evil forces.*]

A gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. In misery! despairing! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprison'd! This gentle hapless creature, immur'd in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this! — Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! — Stand! ay, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave me with thine insupportable presence! Imprison'd! In hopeless misery! delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity! And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations! — concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is not the first.

FAUST. Hound! Execrable monster! Back with him, O thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell. Change him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! — Not the first! — Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first, in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the

rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the o'erstrained reason of you mortals snaps. Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Would'st fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Do we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

FAUST. Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee! — Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hast done?

FAUST. Save her! or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts. — Save her! — Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST *(looks wildly around)*.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties.

FAUST. Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST. This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will conduct thee, and what I can do, — hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder, — do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her

forth with human hand. I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST. Up and away!

Night. An open Plain.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST. What weave they round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST. They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A witches' pack.

FAUST. They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES. On! On!

Dungeon.

FAUST, *with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small door.*

FAUST. A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;

Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here;

She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls:

Her only trespass a delusion dear!

And thou dost linger at the fatal door!

Thou dread'st to look upon her face once more!

On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,

She took me and slew!

My father, the scoundrel,

Hath eaten me too!

My sweet little sister

Hath all my bones laid,

Where soft winds are playing

All in the green shade;

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,

Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*). Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw to hear.

He enters.

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*). Woe! woe! they come!

5 oh, bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*). Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free.

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*). If thou art human, feel my misery.

10 FAUST. Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!

(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*). Who, executioner, to thee could give

15 O'er me this cruel power?

To bear me off at midnight's solemn hour!

Be merciful, and spare me! let me live!

Is dawn not time enough?

(*She stands up.*)

20 I'm still so young!

So very young, and must so early die!

Fair was I once, thence hath my ruin sprung.

My love is now afar, he then was nigh;

25 Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.

Oh, do not seize me with a hand so rude!

Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?

30 For mercy let me not in vain implore,

I n'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST. Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET. I'm wholly in thy power.

Ah, suffer me

35 But once again to give my babe the breast.

Through the long night I sooth'd it and caress'd;

They took it from me but to give me pain, And now, they say that I my child have

40 slain.

Ah, ne'er shall I be happy, ne'er again.

Then they sing songs about me! How wicked of the throng.

A ballad of the olden time ends so,

45 How came they to apply the song?

FAUST (*throwing himself on the ground*).

See, at thy feet a lover bendeth low,

To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!

Look! look! yon stairs below

Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*). Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*). That was my
lov'd one's voice!

(*She springs up, the chains fall.*)

Where is he? I have heard him call, I'm 10
free!

I will away, there's none shall hinder
me.

I to his neck will fly,

Upon his bosom lie!

Gretchen, he call'd! on yonder threshold
stood.

Through all the howling of Hell's fiery
flood,

The fiends' dark sneers, their devilish scorn 20
above.

I knew the sweet, the blissful tones of love.

FAUST. 'Tis I!

MARGARET. 'Tis thou! Oh, say so once
again! (*Embracing him.*) 25

'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing
pain?

Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's
gloom?

'Tis thou! 'Tis thou! To save me thou 30
art come!

And I am sav'd! —

Already now the very street I see

Where the first time I caught a glimpse of
thee.

And there too is the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming
stayed.

FAUST (*endeavouring to lead her away*).
Come! come away!

MARGARET. Oh, still delay!

I love to linger where thou stay'st.
(*Caressing him.*)

FAUST. Oh, come! for if thou dost not
haste,

Our ling'ring we shall both deplore.

MARGARET. What, dearest? can'st thou
kiss me now no more!

So short a time away from me, and yet,
Love's fond embrace thou could'st so soon 50
forget!

Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel?
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss

From thy dear looks and words would o'er
me steal.

Ah! with what tenderness thou then did'st
kiss!

5 Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)

Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold, — are
dumb.

Thy love where hast thou left?

10 Who hath me of thy love bereft?

(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST. Only take courage! dearest!
prithee, come!

Thee to my heart with tenderness I'll hold,

15 And cherish thee with ardour thousand-
fold;

I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET (*turning towards him*). And
art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST. 'Tis I! Oh come!

MARGARET. Thou wilt strike off my
chain,

And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.

How comes it that thou dost not shrink
from me? —

And dost thou know, love, whom thou
would'st set free?

FAUST. Come! come! already night
begins to wane.

MARGARET. I sent my mother to her
grave,

I drown'd my child beneath the wave.

Was it not given to thee and me — thee
too?

35 'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.

Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis
true!

Thine own dear hand! — But how is this?
'Tis wet!

40 Quick, wipe it off! It seems like blood —
Ah me!

Whose blood? what hast thou done? put
up thy sword;

I pray thee, do!

45 FAUST. Death is in every word.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be.

MARGARET. Yet must thou linger here
in sorrow.

The graves I will describe to thee,

And thou must see to them to-morrow.

Reserve the best place for my mother,

Close at her side inter my brother,

Me at some little distance lay,

But, I entreat thee, not too far away!
And place my little babe on my right
breast.

The little one alone will lie near me! —

Ah 'twas a sweet, a precious joy, of yore
To nestle at thy side so lovingly!

It will be mine no more, ah never more!

I feel as if I forc'd my love on thee,
As if thou still wert thrusting me away;

Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond, kind looks I see. 10

FAUST. If thou dost feel 'tis I, then
come, I pray.

MARGARET. What, there? without?

FAUST. Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET. Ay, if the grave's without, 15
— If death lurk there!

Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt
leaving me?

Oh, Henry! would that I could go with 20
thee!

FAUST. Thou can'st! But will it! open
stands the door.

MARGARET. I dare not go! I've nought
to hope for more.

What boots it to escape? They lurk for
me.

'Tis wretched still to beg from day to day,
And burthen'd with an evil conscience too!

'Tis wretched in a foreign land to stray,
And they will catch me whatsoe'er I do!

FAUST. But I will ever bear thee com-
pany.

MARGARET. Quick! Quick!

Save thy poor child.

Keep to the path

The brook along,

Over the bridge

To the wood beyond,

To the left, where the plank is,

In the pond.

Seize it at once!

It tries to rise,

It struggles yet!

Save it. Oh, save!

FAUST. Collect thy thoughts, one step
and thou art free!

MARGARET. Were we but only past the
hill!

There sits my mother on a stone.

Over my brain there falls a chill!

There sits my mother on a stone;

Slowly her head moves to and fro.

She winks not, nods not, her head droops
low.

She slumber'd so long, nor wak'd again.

That we might be happy she slumber'd
5 then.

Ah! those were pleasant times!

FAUST.

Alas! since here

Nor argument avails, nor prayer, nor tear,
I'll venture forcibly to bear thee hence!

MARGARET. Loose me! I will not suffer
violence!

Withdraw thy murd'rous hand, hold not so
fast!

I have done all to please thee in the past.

FAUST. Day dawns! My love! My
love!

MARGARET. Yes! day draws near,

The day of judgment, too, will soon ap-
pear.

It should have been my bridal! No one
tell,

That thy poor Margaret thou hast known
too well.

Woe to my garland! Its bloom is o'er!

25 Though not at the dance, we shall meet
once more.

The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls.

The squares, the streets, scarce hold the
throng.

30 The staff is broken, — the death-bell
tolls, —

They bind and seize me; I'm hurried
along,

To the seat of blood already I'm bound;

35 Quivers each neck as the naked steel

Quivers on mine the blow to deal.

The silence of the grave now broods
around!

FAUST. Would I had ne'er been born!

40 MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).
Up! or you're lost.

Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!

My steeds are shiv'ring. Morn is break-
ing.

45 MARGARET. What from the floor ascend-
eth like a ghost?

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence
chase!

What is his purpose in this holy place?

50 It is for me he cometh!

FAUST. Thou shalt live!

MARGARET. Judgment of God! To
thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Come!
come! I'll leave thee else to share her
doom.

MARGARET. Father, I'm thine! Save
me! To thee I come,

Angelic hosts! your downy pinions wave,
Encamp around me to protect and save!
Henry, I shudder now to look on thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES. She now is judg'd!
VOICES (*from above*). Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*). Come
thou with me!

(*Vanishes with FAUST.*)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).
Henry! Henry!

POETRY

GERMAN

SCHILLER

(1759-1805)

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller was born in Marbach the son of an army surgeon. Although he was sent to the Latin school at Ludwigsburg to prepare for the ministry, he found that he preferred law and, later, medicine. Under the influence of Shakespeare, Rousseau, and Goethe he turned toward literature. In 1777, at the age of eighteen, he began *The Robbers*, a play of exaggerated sentiment but of real tragic power, on the subject of political tyranny. It attracted wide attention and was censured by the authorities; Schiller was arrested and forbidden to write anything thereafter except what pertained to medicine. He fled to Mannheim, where he remained until 1785, writing a large number of his important plays. Later he went to Leipsic, and then to Weimar, where he became acquainted with Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. He became professor of history at Jena in 1789. In 1794 he published his *History of the Thirty Years' War* and almost immediately began work on *Wallenstein*, a tragic trilogy consisting of *The Camp of Wallenstein*, *The Piccolomini*, and *The Death of Wallenstein*. The second and third of these were ably translated by Coleridge. Returning to Weimar in 1799, Schiller was closely associated with Goethe. Here he wrote *The Maid of Orleans*, *Mary Stuart*, *The Bride of Messina*, and various minor pieces. In 1804, the year before his death, he produced *William Tell*, the most popular of his dramas.

It is significant that Schiller's first conspicuous work, *The Robbers*, was the direct expression of vital issues of his time; for this play anticipates the tone of nearly all of his dramatic work. The beauty and fine balance of his poems reflect a truly poetic mind, and in themselves, therefore, are not likely to be outlived. Inasmuch as those issues and those ideas with which Schiller was concerned were chiefly the issues and ideas of Europe before the French Revolution, he has not worn as well for the modern world as Goethe has. Schiller gave to that time of political despondency the benefit of his enthusiastic optimism, his noble idealism and high moralizing; however, except that he is an exquisite poet, he has not so much to say to our present civilization as has, for example, Faust, who is, with remarkable completeness, the modern man. Schiller will be enjoyed for the clear broad lines and the enthusiasm of his poetry, its reflective beauty, its deep love of humanity, and its superb representation of one of the most interesting periods in the history of German literature.

Among Schiller's minor works, *The Song of the Bell* (1800) is easily the most important. The poet celebrates in this poem the three great events in the life of Man: Birth, Marriage, and Death. At each the bell presides. The measure and spirit of each section of the poem reflect the music of the bell on each of these occasions. Compare Schiller's treatment of this theme with that of Poe in *The Bells*.

The translation is that of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in *Favorile Poems*.

THE SONG OF THE BELL

I

Fast, in its prison walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of bakéd clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth —
THE BELL that shall be born to-day!

But with sweat and with pain
Can we honor obtain,

And prove that we master the art we
profess;

5 With Man be the effort, with Heaven the
success!

And well an earnest word beseems

The work the earnest hand prepares;
 Its load more light the labor deems,
 When sweet discourse the labor shares.
 So let us duly ponder all

The works our feeble strength achieves, 5
 For mean, in truth, the man we call,
 Who ne'er what he completes conceives.
 And well it stamps our Human Race,
 And hence the gift TO UNDERSTAND,
 That man, within the heart should trace
 Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

II

From the fir the fagot take,
 Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
 That the gathered flame may break
 Through the furnace, wroth and high.
 When the copper within
 Seethes and simmers — the tin,
 Pour quick, that the fluid which feeds the
 Bell
 May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
 What force with fire is moulding thus
 In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
 And witness far and wide of us!
 It shall, in later days, unfailing,
 Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
 Its solemn voice, with Sorrow wailing,
 Or choral chiming to Devotion.
 Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
 Whatever weal or woe befall,
 That metal tongue shall backward ring
 The warning moral drawn from all.

III

See the silvery bubbles spring!
 Good! the mass is melting now!
 Let the salts we duly bring
 Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
 From the dross and the scum,
 Pure, the fusion must come;
 For perfect and pure we the metal must 45
 keep,
 That its voice may be perfect, and pure,
 and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
 The cherished child shall welcome in;
 What time the rosy dreams of life

In the first slumber's arms begin.
 As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
 Repose the days, or foul or fair;
 And watchful o'er that golden morning,
 The Mother-Love's untiring care!

And swift the years like arrows fly —
 No more with girls content to play.
 Bounds the proud Boy upon his way,
 10 Storms through loud life's tumultuous
 pleasures,
 With pilgrim staff the wide world meas-
 ures;
 And, wearied with the wish to roam,
 15 Seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.

And lo, as some sweet vision breaks
 Out from its native morning skies,
 With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
 20 The Virgin stands before his eyes,
 A nameless longing seizes him!
 From all his wild companions flown;
 Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim;
 He wanders all alone.
 25 Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
 Her greeting can transport him;
 To every mead, to deck his love,
 The happy wild-flowers court him!
 Sweet Hope — and tender Longing — ye
 30 The growth of Life's first Age of Gold;
 When the heart, swelling, seems to see
 The gates of heaven unfold;
 Oh, were it ever green! Oh, stay,
 Linger, young Love, Life's blooming May!

IV

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
 Dip this wand of clay within;
 If like glass the wand be glimmering,
 40 Then the casting may begin.
 Brisk, brisk now, and see
 If the fusion flow free;
 If — (happy and welcome indeed were the
 sign!)
 45 If the hard and the ductile united combine.
 For still where the strong is betrothed to
 the weak,
 And the stern in sweet marriage is blent
 50 with the meek,
 Rings the concord harmonious, both
 tender and strong:

So heed, oh, heed well, ere forever united,
That the heart to the heart flow in one,
love-delighted;

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is
long!

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tolls the church-bell far and wide!

With that sweetest holyday,
Must the May of Life depart;
With the cestus loosed, — away
Flies ILLUSION from the heart!

Yet Love must be cherished
Though Passion be mute;
If his blossoms be perished,
They yield to the fruit.

The Husband must enter
The hostile life,
With struggle and strife,
To plant or to watch,

To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture

And hunt down his fortune!
Then flows in a current the gear and the
gain,

And the garnerers are filled with the gold of
the grain,

Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the
centre!

Within sits Another,

The thrifty Housewife;
The mild one, the mother, —
Her home is her life.

In its circle she rules,
And the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys,
With a bustling command,
And a diligent hand
Employed she employs;

Gives order to store,
And the much makes the more;

Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with
lavender smelling,

And the hum of the spindle goes quick
through the dwelling;

And she hoards in the presses, well polished
and full,

The snow of the linen, the shine of the
wool;

Still intent upon use, while providing for
show,

And never a rest from her cares doth she
know.

Blithe the Master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)

5 Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
There, the beams projecting far
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bowed beneath
The blessed golden grain;

10 There, in undulating motion,
Wave the cornfields like an ocean.
Proud the boast the proud lips breathe: —
“My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock

15 Of waves that fret below!”
Alas! for never mortal state
Can form perpetual truce with Fate!
Swift are the steps of Woe.

20

V

Now the casting may begin;
See the breach indented there;
Ere we run the fusion in,

25 Halt, — and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the plug out —
See around and about
Through the bow of the handle the smoke
rushes red.

30 God help us! — the flaming waves burst
from their bed.

What friend is like the might of fire,
When man can watch and wield the ire?

35 Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow,
When from their chain its wild wings go,
When where it listeth, wide and wild

40 Sweeps from free Nature's free-born Child,
When the Frantic One fleets,
While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand; —

45 For the Elements hate
What man's labors create,
And the works of his hand.
Impartially out from the cloud,
Come the dews, the revivers of all;
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the leaven, the bolt, and the ball!
Hark — a wail from the steeple! — aloud
The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!

Look — look — red as blood
 All on high;
 It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
 The sky!

What a clamor awaking
 Roars up through the street;
 What a hell-vapor breaking
 Rolls on through the street,
 And higher and higher
 Aloft moves the Column of Fire!
 Through the vistas and rows
 Like a whirlwind it goes,
 And the air like the steam from a
 furnace glows.

Beams are crackling — posts are shrink-
 ing —

Walls are sinking — windows clinking —
 Children crying —
 Mothers flying —

And the beast (the black ruin yet
 smouldering under)

Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly
 wonder!

Hurry and skurry — away — away,
 The face of the night is as clear as day!

As the links in a chain,
 Again and again

Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
 High in arches up-rushing

The engines are gushing;

And down comes the storm with a roar!

And it chases the flames as they soar.

To the grain and the fruits,

Through the rafters and beams,

Through the barns and the garner it
 crackles and streams!

As if they would rend up the earth from its
 roots,

Rush the flames to the sky

Giant-high;

And at length,

Wearied out and despairing, man bows to
 their strength!

With an idle gaze sees their wrath con-
 sume,

And submits to his doom!

Desolate

The place, and dread;

For storms the barren bed.

In the blank voids that cheerful case-
 ments were,

Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
 And sits Despair;

And through the ruin, blackening in its
 shroud
 Peers, as it flits, the melancholy
 cloud.

5 One human look of grief upon the grave
 Of all that Fortune gave,
 The lingerer casts — Then turns him to
 depart,

10 And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans
 his heart;

Whatever else the element bereaves,

One blessing more than all it reft, it
 leaves —

15 The *faces that he loves!* — He counts them
 o'er,

Not one dear look is missing from *that* store!

VI

Now clasped the bell within the clay —

The mould the mingled metals fill —

Oh, may it, sparkling into day,

Reward the labor and the skill!

Alas! should it fail,

For the mould may be frail —

And still with our hope must be mingled
 the fear —

And, ev'n now, while we speak, the mishap
 may be near!

30 To the dark womb of sacred earth

This labor of our hands is given,

As seeds that wait the second birth

And turn to blessings watched by
 heaven!

Ah, seeds, how dearer far than they

We bury in the dismal tomb,

Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray

That suns beyond the realm of day

40 May warm them into bloom!

From the steeple

Tolls the bell,

Deep and heavy,

The death-knell!

45 Guilding with dirge note — solemn, sad,
 and slow,

To the last home earth's weary wanderers
 know,

It is that worshipped wife, —

It is that faithful mother!

Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads
 benighted,

From that dear arm where oft she hung
delighted.

Far from those blithe companions, born
Of her, and blooming in their morn;
On whom, when couched her heart above, 5
So often looked the Mother-Lovel

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,

And never, never more to come, —

She dwells within the shadowy land,

Who was the Mother of that Home!

How oft they miss that tender guide,

The care — the watch — the face —

the MOTHER —

And where she sat the babes beside, 15

Sits with unloving looks — ANOTHER!

VII

While the mass is cooling now,

Let the weary labor rest;

Blithe as bird upon the bough,

Each to do as lists him best.

In the cool starry time,

At the sweet vesper-chime,

The workman his task and his travail fore-
goes —

It is only the Master that ne'er may re-
pose!

Homeward from the tasks of day,

Through the greenwood's welcome way,

Wends the wanderer, light and cheerly,

To the cottage loved so dearly!

And the eye and ear are meeting,

Now, the slow sheep homeward bleat-
ing, —

Now, the wonted shelter near,

Lowing the lusty-fronted steer;

Creaking now the heavy wain

Reels with the happy harvest grain.

While with many-coloured leaves

Glitters the garland on the sheaves;

For the mower's work is done,

And the young folk's dance begun!

Desert street and quiet mart;

Silence is in the city's heart;

And the social taper lighteth

Each dear face that HOME uniteth;

While the gate the town before

Heavily swings with sullen roar!

Now darkness is spreading:

Now quenched is the light;

But the Burgher, undreading,

Looks safe on the night, —

Which the evil man watches in awe,

For the eye of the Night is the Law!

Bliss-dowered! O daughter of the skies,

Hail, holy ORDER, whose employ

Blends like to like in light and joy, —

Builder of cities, who of old

Called the wild man from waste and wold,

10 And, in his hut thy presence stealing,

Roused each familiar household feeling;

And, best of all the happy ties,

The centre of the social band, —

The instinct of the Fatherland!

United thus, — each helping each,

Brisk work the countless hands for-
ever!

For naught its power to Strength can
teach,

Like Emulation and Endeavor!

Thus linked the master with the man,

Each in his rights can each revere,

And while they march in freedom's van,

25 Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!

To freemen labor is renown!

Who works — gives blessings and com-
mands;

Kings glory in the orb and crown —

30 Be ours the glory of our hands.

Long in these walls — long may we greet

Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!

Distant the day, oh, distant far,

When the rude hordes of trampling War

35 Shall scare the silent vale:

And where,

Now the sweet heaven, when day doth
leave

The air,

40 Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of Eve;

Shall the fierce war-brand, tossing in the
gale,

From town and hamlet shake the horrent
glare!

45

VIII

Now, its destined task fulfilled,

Asunder break the prison-mould;

50 Let the goodly Bell we build

Eye and heart alike behold.

The hammer down heave,

Till the cover it cleave: —

For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage
the Bell.

To break the mould, the Master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home, 10
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!

When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season; 15
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more!
Yea, woe, when in the city's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown;
And from their thrall the Millions start, 20
No leader but their rage to own!
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war: 25
"Freedom! Equality!" to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the
flood,
And banded murder closes round! 30
The hyena-shapes (that women were!)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
From human breasts the hearts they
tear —
As panthers rend their prey! 35
Naught rests to hallow; — burst the ties
Of Shame's religious, noble awe;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law;
Man fears the lion's kingly tread; 40
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
But Man himself is most to dread,
When mad with social error.
No torch, though lit from Heaven, il-
lumes 45
The Blind! — Why place it in his hand?
It lights not *him*, — it but consumes
The City and the Land!

IX

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husks, — behold

From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light.
5 And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall
tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the
Bell.

Come in, — come in,
My merry men, — we'll form a ring,
The new-born labor christening;
And "CONCORD" we will name her! —
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother-love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win
For which the Master sought to frame
her —
Aloft — (all earth's existence under),
In blue pavilioned heaven afar
To dwell, — the Neighbor of the Thun-
der,
The Borderer of the Star!
Be hers above a voice to raise
Like those bright hosts in yonder
sphere,
Who, while they move, their Maker
praise,
And lead around the wreathéd year.
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
Touching, with every movement,
Time!
35 No pulse — no heart — no feeling hers.
She lends the warning voice to Fate;
And still companions, while she stirs,
The changes of the Human State!
So may she teach us, as her tone,
40 But now so mighty, melts away, —
That earth no life which earth has
known
From the last silence can delay.

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth grave soars the Bell;
Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her,
In the Music-Realm to dwell.
Up — upward — yet raise —
50 She has risen — she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase;
And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed
to PEACE!

GOETHE¹

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

Thou that from the heavens art,
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,
 And the doubly wretched heart
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,
 I am weary with contending!
 Why this rapture and unrest?
 Peace descending
 Come, ah, come into my breast!

O'er all the hill-tops
 Is quiet now,
 In all the tree-tops
 Hearest thou
 Hardly a breath
 The birds are asleep in the trees:
 Wait; soon like these
 Thou, too, shalt rest.

HUNTSMAN'S EVENING SONG

In silence sad, from heath to hill
 With rifle slung I glide,
 But thy dear shape it haunts me still,
 It hovers by my side.

Across the brook, and past the mill,
 I watch thee gayly fleet;
 Ah, does one shape, that ne'er is still,
 E'er cross thy fancy, sweet?

'Tis his, who, tortured by unrest,
 Roams ever to and fro,
 Now ranging east, now ranging west,
 Since forced from thee to go.

And yet at times the thought of thee,
 Like moonlight in a dream,
 Doth bring, I know not how, to me
 Content and peace supreme.

PROMETHEUS

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
 With clouds of mist,
 And like the boy who lops
 The thistles' heads,

Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;
 Yet thou must leave
 My earth still standing;
 My cottage, too, which was not raised by
 5 thee;
 Leave me my hearth,
 Whose kindly glow
 By thee is envied.

10 I know naught poorer
 Under the sun, than ye gods!
 Ye nourish painfully,
 With sacrifices
 And votive prayers,
 15 Your majesty;
 Ye would e'en starve,
 If children and beggars
 Were not trusting fools.

20 While yet a child,
 And ignorant of life,
 I turned my wandering gaze
 Up toward the sun, as if with him
 There were an ear to hear my wailings,
 25 A heart, like mine,
 To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me
 Against the Titans' insolence?
 30 Who rescued me
 From slavery?
 Didst thou not do all this thyself,
 My sacred glowing heart?
 And glowedst, young and good,
 35 Deceived with grateful thanks
 To yonder slumbering one?

I honor thee, and why?
 Hast thou e'er lightened the sorrows
 40 Of the heavy laden?
 Hast thou e'er dried up the tears
 Of the anguish-stricken?
 Was I not fashioned to be a man
 By omnipotent Time,
 45 And by eternal Fate,
 Masters of me and thee?

Didst thou e'er fancy
 That life I should learn to hate,

¹ For biographical sketch, see the introduction to *Faust*, p. 800.

And fly to deserts,
 Because not all
 My blossoming dreams grew ripe?
 Here sit I, forming mortals
 After my image;
 A race resembling me,
 To suffer, to weep,
 To enjoy, to be glad,
 And thee to scorn,
 As I!

•THE ERL-KING

Who rides there so late through the night
 dark and drear?
 The father it is, with his infant so dear;
 He holdeth the boy tightly clasped in his
 arm,
 He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him
 warm.

"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face
 thus to hide?"
 "Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our
 side!
 Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and
 with train?"
 "My son, 'tis the mist rising over the
 plain."

"Oh come, thou dear infant! oh come thou
 with me!

Full many a game I will play there with
 thee;
 On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms
 unfold,
 My mother shall grace thee with garments
 of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not
 hear
 The words that the Erl-King now breathes
 in my ear?"

"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy
 deceives;
 'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the
 withering leaves."

"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with
 me there?
 My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly
 care;

My daughters by night their glad festival
 keep,
 They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing
 thee to sleep."

5 "My father, my father, and dost thou not
 see,
 How the Erl-King his daughters has
 brought here for me?"
 10 "My darling, my darling, I see it aright,
 'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy
 sight."

"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beauty,
 dear boy!
 15 And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll
 employ."

"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
 Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at
 last."

20 The father now gallops, with terror half
 wild,
 He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering
 child:

25 He reaches his courtyard with toil and
 dread, —
 The child in his arms he finds motionless,
 dead.

•MIGNON

"Knowest thou the land where the citron-
 apples bloom,
 And oranges like gold in leafy bloom,
 35 A gentle wind from deep blue heaven
 blows,
 The myrtle thick, and high the laurel
 grows?"

'Tis there! 'tis there!
 40 O my true loved one, thou with me must
 go!

"Knowest thou the house, its porch with
 pillars tall,
 The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the
 hall,
 And marble statues stand, and look each
 one:
 What's this, poor child, to thee they've
 done?
 Knowest thou it then?"

'Tis there! 'tis there! In caves lay coiled the dragon's ancient
 O my protector, thou with me must go! hood,
 The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
 "Knowest thou the hill, the bridge that Knowest thou it then?
 hangs on clouds, 5 'Tis there! 'tis there!
 The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou
 loud, go?"

CHAMISSO

(1781-1838)

Adelbert von Chamisso, although famous as a German romantic poet, was French in origin. He was born in the château of Boncourt near Sainte-Menehould. When he was still a child his family moved to Germany, where Chamisso learned the art of porcelain painting. Later he became page to the queen of Prussia, and then (1798) a lieutenant in the Prussian army. Later he taught in the college of Napoleonville in France. He attained some reputation as a naturalist and accompanied Kotzebue on his Arctic explorations (1815-1818). On his return to Europe he became director of the botanical gardens at Berlin, and continued his scientific studies until his death. As a literary figure Chamisso belongs without question to the Romantic school, and yet he took his material not from classical antiquity or the Middle Ages but from the life about him; his political poems show his predominating interest in the industry and society of the Germany of his own day, and there lies in the background of his writing a recognizable tendency toward realism. His most celebrated prose work is *The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl* (1814).

The series of poems *Woman's Love and Life* (1830) deals with the high points of a woman's life from her first love to the death of her son. All music lovers will remember the earlier poems of the series in the fine musical setting of Robert Schumann. The translation is that of Dr. Alfred Baskerville, in *The Poetry of Germany*.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE

3

1

Since mine eyes beheld him,
 Blind I seem to be;
 Wheresoe'er they wander,
 Him alone they see.
 Round me glows his image,
 In a waking dream,
 From the darkness rising,
 Brighter doth it beam.

All is drear and gloomy
 That around me lies,
 Now my sister's pastimes
 I no longer prize;
 In my chamber rather
 Would I weep alone;
 Since mine eyes beheld him
 Blind methinks I'm grown.

It is true? Oh, I cannot believe it,
 A dream doth my senses enthrall;
 10 Oh, can he have made me so happy,
 And exalted me thus above all?

Meseems as if he had spoken,
 "I am thine, ever faithful and true!"
 15 Meseems — Oh, still am I dreaming,
 It cannot, it cannot be true!

Oh, fain would I, rocked on his bosom,
 In the sleep of eternity lie,
 20 That death were indeed the most blissful,
 In the rapture of weeping to die.

4

Help me, ye sisters,
 25 Kindly to deck me,
 Me, O the happy one, aid me this morn!

Let the light finger
Twine the sweet myrtle's
Blossoming garland, my brow to adorn!

As on the bosom
Of my beloved one,
Wrapt in the bliss of contentment, I lay,
He, with soft longing
In his heart thrilling,
Ever impatiently sighed for to-day.

Aid me, ye sisters,
Aid me to banish
Foolish anxieties, timid, and coy,
That I with sparkling
Eye may receive him,
Him the bright fountain of rapture and
joy.

Do I behold thee,
Thee, my beloved one,
Dost thou, O sun, shed thy beams upon
me?
Let me devoutly,
Let me in meekness
Bend to my lord and my master the knee! 25

Strew, ye fair sisters,
Flowers before him,
Cast budding roses around at his feet!
Joyfully quitting
Now your bright circle,
You, lovely sisters, with sadness I greet.

6

Upon my heart, and upon my breast,

Thou joy of all joys, my sweetest, best!
Bliss, thou art love, O love, thou art bliss,
I've said it, and seal it here with a kiss.
I thought no happiness mine could ex-

5 ceed,

But now I am happy, oh, happy indeed!
She only, who to her bosom hath pressed
The babe who drinketh life at her breast;
'Tis only a mother the joys can know
10 Of love, and real happiness here below.
How I pity man, whose bosom reveals
No joy like that which a mother feels!
Thou look'st on me, with a smile on thy
brow,

15 Thou dear, dear little angel, thou!
Upon my heart, and upon my breast,
Thou joy of all joys, my sweetest, best!

. . . 7

Ah! thy first wound hast thou inflicted
20 now,
But oh! how deep!
Hard-hearted cruel man, now sleepest
thou
Death's long, long sleep.

I gaze upon the void in silent grief,
The world is drear,
I've lived and loved, but now the verdant
leaf
30 Of life is sere.

I will retire within my soul's recess,
The veil shall fall,
I'll live with thee and my past happiness,
35 O thou my all!

UHLAND

(1787-1862)

John Ludwig Uhland was born of a family of merchants established in Tübingen. His father was secretary of the university, and the young Uhland was influenced by people interested in literature and learning. At eighteen he entered the university, uncertain what course to pursue. He was drawn toward medicine and theology, but finally decided upon law, in which he had a scholarship. But he did not abandon his interest in poetry; in fact, some of his best pieces date from the beginning of his legal career. Enrolled among the romanticists in literature, Uhland took an active part in the controversies between them and their opponents. Finishing his doctoral thesis in 1810, he went to Paris, where, instead of studying the Napoleonic code, he spent most of his time in the libraries digging out the texts of mediæval chivalric romances, and writing about them and translating them. Upon his return to Germany he accepted a place in the office of the Minister of Justice (1812), and was later (1829) made professor of literature at Tübingen, which position he resigned in 1833 when he became deputy

from Stuttgart. In 1839 he returned to his mediæval studies for another nine years. The revolution of 1849 again drew him temporarily into politics, but he soon withdrew to private life.

Like most of the other romanticists, it was from the Middle Ages that Uhland drew his inspiration for the writing of poetry. In his style he is usually more precise and more consciously graceful than the majority of the romantic poets, and it is chiefly because of his charming songs and ballads that his name endures. His frequent use of the ballad form, the perfect simplicity and deep religious sentiment of his verse, and his passionate defense of freedom and liberalism further characterize the works of a poet who, if he was not among those of the first order, came very near to being the first of the second order.

Of the following selections *The German's Native Land* is taken from *The Academic Speaker*, J. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, 1878; *The Castle by the Sea* (1810) and *The Luck of Edenhall* (1834) are translated by Henry W. Longfellow in *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND

Know ye the land where, tall and green,
The ancient forest-oaks are seen?
Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run,
And glitter gayly in the sun?
We know the lovely land full well:
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,
Where the word of man is as good as gold?
The honest land, where love and truth
Bloom on in everlasting youth?
I know that honest land full well:
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song
Is banished from the jovial throng?
The sacred land, where, free from art,
Religion sways the simple heart?
We know that sacred land full well:
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
5 The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
10 And tears came to mine eye.

And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
15 And the golden crown of pride?

Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
20 Beaming with golden hair?

Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
25 No maiden was by their side!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

Of Edenhall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
30 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain, —
The house's oldest seneschal, —
35 Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,

Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
 The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
 A purple light shines over all;
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light, —
 "This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
 She wrote it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"Twas right a goblet the fate should be
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
 We drink deep draughts right willingly;
 And willingly ring, with merry call,
 Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden-
 hall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
 Like to the song of a nightingale;
 Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
 Then mutters, at last, like the thunder's
 fall,
 The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might
 The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
 It has lasted longer than is right;

Kling! klang! — with a harder blow
 than all
 Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

5 As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
 And through the rift the flames upstart;
 The guests in dust are scattered all
 With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

10 In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
 He in the night had scaled the wall;
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
 But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
 15 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
 The graybeard, in the desert hall;
 He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
 20 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall
 aside;
 25 Down must the stately columns fall;
 Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
 One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

HEINE

(1797-1856)

Heinrich Heine was born in Düsseldorf of Jewish parents. Aside from the Jewish tradition in which he was brought up, the strongest influence upon his childhood, as well as his later life, was that of French government and education. It was intended that he should become a merchant, and a wealthy uncle in Hamburg enabled him to begin business, but Heine could not content himself with a purely mercantile environment, and in 1819 his uncle arranged that he study law at Bonn. At the university Heine's enthusiasm for law gave way to an interest in literary and historical studies. Schlegel revealed to him the charm of the Orient, and Simrock introduced him to the early literature of Germany. With continually decreasing zeal for the study of law he went to Göttingen, the greatest of German university cities, and in 1821 to Berlin, where he became acquainted with Schleiermacher, Chamisso, Fouqué, and other important figures. His legal studies languished as he composed poetry and endeavored to formulate a philosophy of life under the influence of Hegel, but in 1824 he returned to Göttingen and completed his studies. Realizing the difficulty of having a public career as an orthodox Jew, he was baptized, but he was never an enthusiastic Christian. In accordance with his uncle's wishes he set up as a lawyer in Hamburg, but he still preferred his literary friends to his office. In 1826 he issued his first book of poems and was recognized thenceforth as a writer, not a lawyer. The next year, the year of his journey to England, he enrolled his name among the German lyric poets with his *Book of Songs*. After a brief period of wandering he settled in Paris; he immersed himself in the brilliant and dissolute life of the capital until his marriage

in 1841 to Mathilde Mirat, a gentle-natured, unintelligent woman. By 1848 he was a bedridden invalid; eight years later he died and was buried in Montmartre cemetery.

The light, flashing, facile, and frequently sardonic temper of Heine's verse is more French than German — in fact, it sharply distinguishes him from the other German poets of his time. Yet he always wished to be thought of as a German poet. By reason of his tender melancholy, his study of the popular songs of Germany, and his use of mediæval legends, Heine belongs among the German romanticists; even his devotion to Napoleon and to France was tinged with the spirit of romanticism. But more important to Heine than his lyric power was the cause he championed, of which in his *Memoirs* he wrote: "It has been the great task of my life to work for a sincere understanding between Germany and France and to upset the plots of the enemies of democracy, who exploit international prejudices and animosities for their own uses." To these ends Heine directed all the intensity of his nature — an intensity by which, incidentally, even relatively casual portions of Heine's verse may almost invariably be recognized.

BOOK OF SONGS

from *The Sorrows of Youth*

POOR PETER¹

I

Blithe Hans and his Gretë they dancing
come,

Loud laughing for utter gladness,
Poor Peter stands stock-still and dumb,
As pale as chalk for sadness.

Blithe Hans and his Gretë are bridegroom
and bride,

In wedding finery flaring.
Poor Peter, gnawing his nails aside,
His workday clothes is wearing.

Poor Peter mutters, as on the pair
He looks with eyes of sorrow:
'If I had not too much good sense, I swear 20
I'd go hang myself to-morrow.'

II

'Deep in my breast there sits a woe,
My breast with sorrow riving,
From where I stay, from where I go
'Twill thrust me, ever driving.

'It drives me to my Love, and sighs,
As though the girl could heal it;
But when I look into her eyes,
Thence I must fly, I feel it.

'I climb the mountain summit bare,
Lone tryst with sorrow keeping;
And when I stand in silence there,
I stand there dumbly weeping.'

III

5 Poor Peter he goes tottering by,
So slowly, deadly pale, and shy.
And when folk see him, as they meet,
They're moved to loiter in the street.

10 The girls will whisper: 'Has this man
Come from his grave?' as they him scan.
Nay, pretty maids, he goes instead
Down in the grave to lay his head.

15 He's lost his Sweetheart; for his case,
Therefore, the grave is the best place,
Where best his lodging find he may,
And sleep until the Judgement Day.

(Translated by John Todhunter in *Heine's
Book of Songs*.)

from *Lyrical Intermezzo*

'PROLOGUE'

There once was a Knight, oh, so dismal and
dumb!

25 His cheeks were hollow and haggard;
And sauntering along he would tottering
come,
Bemused with dull dreams, poor lag-
gard.

30 So blocklike he was, so clumsy, so daft,

¹ Lovers of music will remember Schumann's fine musical setting of this series. The deftness of the poet is nowhere so severely tested as in light melancholy pathos.

² The story of the knight who loved a water nymph was a great favorite in the Age of Romanticism. The classic example is Fouqué's *Undine*. Note also the resemblance between the adventure of the knight here and in Keats's *La Belle Dame sans merci*.

The flowers and young girls all around him
they laughed,
As by them he stumbled and staggered.

Then out at once all the lights have gone,
Round his poet's den in his house alone
The Knight forlornly gazes.

(Ibid.)

Crept home, in the darkest nook he would
hide

From all men, in solitude utter.

There longing he stretched his arms and
sighed,

Yet not a word would he mutter.

But when midnight fell on that lonely 10
man,

A marvellous ringing and singing began —
Then — a knock set his heart in a
flutter.

And in his Truelove doth silently glide, 15

In her foam-robe's murmuring mazes,
She blooms like a rosebud, she glows like a
bride,

With jewels her white veil blazes.

Her hair around her sheds golden light, 20
Her eyes allure him with might — sweet
might —

They sink in each others' embraces.

With passion his Love in his arms he 25
takes,

How kindles this block in the fire!

This pale thing is glowing, the dreamer
awakes,

The shy man grows truly no shyer.

But, still tormenting him roguishly,

Her white veil over his head flings she,

With its diamonds like dew on a briar.

To a crystal palace, the waters below,

The Knight is charmed in a twitter.

He marvels, his eyes are bedazzled so,

With all the glamour and glitter.

But his Nymph's white arms are around
him tied, 40

The Knight is bridegroom, the Kelpie¹
is bride,

Her damsels play on the zither.

They play and they sing, and they sing so
sweet, 45

And move in the dance's wild mazes;

The Knight's dazed senses have left their
seat,

Locked fast in his Love's embraces. —

IN THE MONTH OF MAY

In the sweet marvelous month of May,
When all the buds were springing,
There in my heart among them
New-born I found Love singing.

In the sweet marvelous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
I told her all the longings
That my fond heart were wringing.

(Ibid.)

ON WINGS OF SONG

On wings of song, Belov'd One,
Away I'll waft thee, to where
I know in the plains of the Ganges
A secret nook most fair.

There sleeps a rich-blossoming garden,
Calm in the still moonlight:
The lotus-flowers are awaiting
Their dearest Sister to-night.

The violets laugh as they prattle,
And gaze on the stars in their spheres;
Odorous legends the roses
Breathe low in each others' ears.

There bound, and stand shyly listening,
35 The gentle timid gazelles;
Afar, from the sacred river,
The waves' deep murmur swells.

There, under the palms reclining,
40 We'll drink, by the sacred stream,
Of love and rest in full measure,
And blissful dreams will we dream.

(Ibid.)

THE PINE-TREE

A Pine-Tree's standing lonely
In the North on a mountain's brow
Nodding, with whitest cover,
Wrapped up by the ice and snow.

¹ A water spirit.

He's dreaming of a palm-tree,
Which, far in the Morning Land,
Lonely and silent sorrows
Mid burning rocks and sand.

(Translated by Charles G. Leland in *Heine's* 5
Book of Songs.)

•A YOUNG MAN LOVES A MAIDEN

A young man loves a maiden,
Who loves another instead;
That other loves another,
And wins her, and so they are wed.

The maiden is piqued, and to spite him
Goes promptly off to church
With the first good man she falls in with;
The young fellow's left in the lurch.

All this is an old, old story,
Yet somehow always new;
And when you're cast for the hero
Your heart just breaks in two.
(Translated by John Todhunter.)

I DREAMED OF THE FAIREST PRINCESS

I dreamed of the fairest princess seen,
With the palest of tearful faces;
We sat all under the linden green,
Held fast in love's embraces.

"I do not wish thy father's throne,
Nor his sceptre of gold, O dearest,
Nor do I seek his diamond crown,
But thee, and thee only, O fairest!"

"That may not be," said she to me;
"I was laid in my grave too early;
And only by night I come to thee,
Because I love thee so dearly."
(Translated by Charles G. Leland.)

from *Homeward Bound*

•THE LORELEI¹

I know not what spell is o'er me,
That I am so sad to-day;

An old myth floats before me —
I cannot chase it away.

The cool air darkens, and listen,
How softly flows the Rhine!
The mountain peaks still glisten
Where the evening sunbeams shine.

The fairest maid sits dreaming
In radiant beauty there.
10 Her gold and her jewels are gleaming.
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she is combing;
A wondrous song sings she.
15 The music quaint in the gloaming
Hath a powerful melody.

It thrills with a passionate yearning
The boatman below in the night.
20 He heeds not the rocky reef's warning,
He gazes alone on the height.

I think that the waters swallowed
The boat and the boatman anon.
25 And this, with her singing unhallowed,
The Lorelei hath done.

(Translated by Emma Lazarus in *Poems and*
Ballads of Heinrich Heine.)

•THE FISHER MAIDEN

30 Thou fairest fisher maiden,
Row thy boat to the land.
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

35 Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

40 My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow,
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

45 (Ibid.)

THE DOUBLE

The quiet night broods over roof-tree and
steeple;

¹ In German legend a siren who haunted the rock of that name on the right bank of the Rhine, about halfway between Bingen and Koblenz. By her beauty and singing she enticed sailors to destruction on the reef of rocks below.

Within this house dwelt my treasure
rare.
'Tis long since I left the town and its
people,
But the house stands still on the self- 5
same square.

Here stands, too, a man; toward heaven
he gazes,
And he wrings his hands with a wild 10
despair.

I shudder with awe when his face he raises,
For the moonlight shows me mine own
self there.

Oh, pale sad creature! my ghost, my
double,

Why dost thou ape my passion and
tears,

That haunted me here with such cruel 20
trouble,

So many a night in the olden years?

(*Ibid.*)

•DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

Thou seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;

A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair,
Imploring God to keep thee,
So bright, and pure, and fair.

(*Ibid.*)

MAIDEN WITH THE LIPS LIKE ROSEBUDS

Maiden with the lips like rosebuds,
And with eyes both sweet and clear,
15 O my darling little maiden,
In my heart I hold thee here!

Long I find the winter evening,
And I might be with thee there,
20 By thee sitting, with thee chatting
In thy room where comes no care.

To my lips I might be pressing
Rapturously thy small white hand,
25 With my tears that hand bedewing
Tenderly, that small white hand.

(Translated by John Todhunter.)

FRENCH

BÉRANGER

(1780-1857)

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, where until he was nine he lived with his grandfather, a tailor. During the remainder of his childhood he was cared for by his aunt, who gave him a rudimentary education and filled him with patriotic sentiments and ideals. He began writing poetry when he was about sixteen. His talents attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte, who took him under his protection. Béranger's first volume of poetry was published in 1815. The poems were well received by the public, but some of the satirical pieces gave offense to the government. Nothing definite was done at this time, but as Béranger continued in his freedom of expression he was sentenced in 1828 to a prison term and a fine. He was an ardent republican, and it is thought that his poetry contributed considerably to the revolution of 1830. In 1833 he brought out a fifth edition of his poems with a memoir of his life. Elected to the Constitutional Assembly in 1848, Béranger declined to serve, and retired instead into the seclusion of a garret, where he felt himself best able to write.

Quite early in his literary career, Béranger dedicated his talent to the common people; and his songs enjoyed a popularity rivalled only by Hugo. The greatest distinction of his writing was his cultivation of the *chanson* form for contemporary use, — his skillful manipulation of an

undertone of sadness that often marks the songs of the common people, and the amusing lyrical devices that represent popular humour. Béranger was not a profound poet in either thought or feeling; but he was seriously, even passionately, devoted to the laborers of France, and was a conscientious and often extraordinarily fine lyrical craftsman. One might find it interesting to compare him with Villon and with Robert Burns.

In connection with the first of the following selections, which was composed in 1813, Louis XVIII is known to have said, "We must pardon many things to the author of *Le Roi d'Yvetot*." The translation of it used in this volume is that of W. M. Thackeray. The other selections, written in 1823, 1824, and 1829 respectively, are translated by William Young in *Béranger: two hundred of his lyrical poems done in English verse*, New York, G. P. Putnam, 1850.

THE KING OF YVETOT

There was a king of Yvetot
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days in bed;
And every night as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass
That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass
Rode abroad his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless —
Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretence
He sought to make his country great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
'Live and let live' his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die
That his people who stood by
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
5 The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

10

THE OLD SERGEANT¹

From his dearly loved daughter, who spins
at his side,
All the pain of his wounds the old sergeant
15 would hide;
And, with hand that a bullet half useless
has made,
Rocks the cradle in which his twin grand-
sons are laid.
20 Seated tranquilly there at the porch of the
cot,
After combats so many such refuge his lot,
"Nay, to live is not all," he repeats with a
sigh,
25 "O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!"

But what hears he? yes, yes, 'tis the roll
of the drum!
30 A battalion he sees — in the distance they
come.
Through his temples, grey-haired, the hot
blood is astir —
The old racer responds to the prick of the
35 spur.
But alas! in a moment he mournfully cries,
"Ah! the standard they carry seems
strange to these eyes!
Yes, if e'er to avenge your own country
ye fly,

¹ This poem expresses the feeling of regret among the old soldiers who had fought in the Revolution and served under the Empire at the substitution of the white flag of the Bourbons for the tricolor.

O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!

"Who," pursues the old hero, "shall give
us anew,
On the banks of the Rhine, at Jemmappes,
at Fleurus,
Peasants such as of yore the Republic
could rear,
Sons who swarmed at her voice to defend
her frontier?
Starving, barefooted, deaf to all coward
alarms.
How they marched, keeping step, to seek
glory in arms!
To temper our steel the Rhine wave we
must try —
O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!

"How they glittered in battle, our uni-
forms blue,
Though their lustre was tarnished by
conquest, 'tis true!
Then how Liberty mixed with the grape-
shot we poured
Sceptres broken in pieces, chains snapped
by the sword!
Nations then, become queens by those
triumphs of ours;
On the brows of our soldiers hung garlands
of flowers;
Happy he who survived not that jubilee
cry!
O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!

"But such worth all too soon by our Chiefs
was obscured;
To ennoble themselves, from the ranks
they are lured:
And with mouths blackened still by the
cartridge, prepare,
Basely fawning on tyrants, their homage
to swear.
Freedom, too, with her arms has deserted
— they turn

From one throne to another, fresh prizes
to earn:
And our tears flow as fast as our glory ran
high;
O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!"

Here his daughter, to soothe him, was fain
to break in,
And in notes low and soft, without ceasing
to spin,
Sang the airs now proscribed,¹ that were
wont with a start
To awaken all Kings, and chill Royalty's
heart.
"People," softly he murmurs, "ah! would
that these songs
Might in turn — for 'tis time — bid you
heed to your wrongs!"
Then repeats to the babes who yet slum-
bering lie,
"O my children, God grant you with honor
to die!"

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES THE SIMPLE²

Frenchmen, to Rheims who thronging
crowd,
Montjoie, St. Denis! shout aloud!
The holy cruse³ with oil once more
Is filled; and, as in days of yore,
Sparrows by hundreds tossed on high⁴
Through the Cathedral joyous fly —
Vain symbols of a broken yoke,
That from the king a smile provoke.
"Be wiser than ourselves"; the people
cry —
"Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!"

Come, since old usages prevail,
From Charles the Third I'll date my
tale.
He, Charlemagne's successor, rightly
Was called the Simple, for unknighly
His course through Germany he wended,
No laurels gaining, when it ended.

¹ Prohibited.

² This song had much to do with the second prosecution of Béranger. The satire was directed toward Charles X, whose career was similar in many points to that of Charles III (the Simple).

³ Vessel.

⁴ At the coronation of Charles X the ancient custom of setting flights of birds at liberty was renewed.

Still, crowds his coronation throng:
 Flatterers and birds have sung their
 song —
 "No silly songs of joy!" the people cry —
 "Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!" 5

In tawdry lace bedizzened bravely,
 This king, who gulped down taxes
 gravely,
 Walks 'mid his faithful subjects — 10
 they
 Had, in a less auspicious day,
 To rebel standard all adhered,
 By generous usurper reared.
 Their tongues some hundred millions 15
 buy —
 A price for fealty none too high.
 "We're paying for our chains"; the people
 cry —
 "Look well, O birds, look to your 20
 liberty!"

At feet of prelates stiff with gold,
 Charles's *Confiteor*¹ is told;
 He's robed, and kissed, and oiled; and 25
 next,
 With hand upon the Holy Text,
 Whilst sacred anthems fill the air,
 Hears his Confessor whisper, "Swear!"
 Rome, here concerned, is nothing loath 30
 To grant release from such an oath.
 "Mark, how they govern us!" the people
 cry —
 "Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!" 35

In belt of Charlemagne arrayed,
 As though just such a roistering blade,
 Charles in the dust now prostrate lies;
 "Rise up, Sir King," a soldier cries.
 "No," quoth the Bishop, "and by Saint 40
 Peter,
 The Church crowns you; with bounty
 treat her!
 Heaven *sends*, but 'tis the priests who
give; 45
 Long may legitimacy live!"
 "Our ruler's ruled himself"; the people
 cry —
 "Look well, O birds, look to your liberty."

This King, O birds, in wonders dealing,
 Will now the scrofulous be healing:
 But ye, who're all that renders gay
 His weary escort, haste away,
 Or sacrilege² you'll be committing,
 As o'er the altar you are flitting;
 Religion here plants guards — and hers
 Just now are executioners.
 "Your wings we envy you," the people
 cry —
 "Look well, O birds, look to your liberty!"

•THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY•

How the remembrance a poor captive
 charms!
 I, still a boy, for vengeance heard the
 cry,
 "To the Bastille! To arms! haste, haste
 to arms!"
 Art, trade, and labor, all their hosts
 supply.
 Wife, daughter, and mother, in pale groups
 stand round;
 The cannon roar; the rolling drums re-
 sound;
 Lo! the Bastille is theirs; victory the mob
 hath crowned!
 The sun pours forth a brilliant ray,
 To welcome in this glorious day.
 Youth and old age, rich, poor, embrace
 with glee;
 A thousand exploits female tongues
 repeat;
 A soldier passing, clad in blue, they see,
 And him as hero hands and voices greet.
 Harsh on mine ear the *kingly* titles break;
 Now Lafayette their darling theme they
 make:
 France has her freedom gained; my reason
 is awake!
 The sun pours forth a brilliant ray,
 To welcome in this glorious day.

An old man on the morrow, grave and
 wise,
 Guided my steps o'er ruins vast and
 drear:

¹ A form of prayer in which public confession of sins is made: — from its opening word in Latin.

² Until after the July (1830) Revolution there was a severe law against sacrilege.

³ This poem celebrates the fall of the Bastille, July 14, 1789. On the fortieth anniversary of this event the poet was himself in prison because of some of his political satires.

"My son," quoth he, "a slavish people's
cries
Enslaving despots oft have stifled here.
But they, their crowd of captives safe to
keep,
Beneath each tower dug out the earth so
deep
That this, their ancient fort, one shock
could level sweep.
The sun poured forth a brilliant ray, 10
To welcome in that glorious day.

"Ancient and holy rebel, Freedom here,
Grasping for arms the chains our grand-
sires wore,
Triumphant, bids Equality appear,
Who comes, from Heaven descending as
of yore.
Sisters are they: their lightnings hiss and
glow; 20
Against the Court now thunders Mira-
beau¹;
There would his voice to us another Bastille
show!
The sun poured forth a brilliant ray, 25
To welcome in this glorious day.

"Each nation reaps where'er the seed we
sow;

Monarchs by score of all our movements
hear!
Subjects around, of us, are whispering
low;
5 Kings raise their hands to touch their
crowns, in fear.
An era teeming with the Rights of Man
Commences here, and the whole globe
shall span;
God in this wreck marks out for a new
world his plan.
The sun poured forth a brilliant ray,
To welcome in this glorious day."

15 Such was the lesson from that veteran
learned,
Thrown in my mind to heedless slumber
by;
Now forty years are past, and lo! re-
turned
To me, in jail, that epoch of July!
Freedom! my voice they would forbid to
sing;
Yet with thy glory these dull walls shall
ring;
Morning athwart my bars her brightest
smiles can fling!
Still shines the sun with brilliant ray,
To welcome in this glorious day.

LAMARTINE

(1790-1869)

Alphonse Marie Louis Prat de Lamartine was born at Macôn, on the Saône. After going to school at Lyons, he was put in the care of the Pères de la Foi at Belley until 1809. In 1811 he went to Italy, where he spent about two years and fell in love with Graziella, the daughter of a Neapolitan fisherman. She died soon after his return to France. Lamartine filled several diplomatic positions. On his way to become secretary to the French embassy at Florence, he married Miss Marianne Birch, a wealthy Englishwoman. Later he was minister to Greece, but the Revolution of 1830 deprived him of this position. He gradually changed his views, and in 1848 played an important part in the Revolution. Under the provisional government he was Minister of Foreign Affairs and attained such political importance that he became a candidate for the presidency. He was impractical, however, and soon lost all political influence, afterward producing many compositions of mediocre quality. His wife died in 1863. In 1867 the government voted him 20,000 pounds; he died in February, 1869.

Lamartine's earliest works are the *Méditations*, *Nouvelles Méditations*, and *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*. *Les Confidences* and *Raphael* are chiefly autobiographical. His best poem is *Jocelyn*, written in 1836; this was followed in 1838 by *The Fall of an Angel*, a poem far less successful. He wrote also some inaccurate, though interesting histories: *History of the Girondins*, *History of the Revolution of 1848*, and *History of the Restoration*, and one poor drama, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*.

Lamartine's *Méditations* (1820), though largely imitative, restored the ring of great emotion to French literature. The poet had absorbed the spirit of Rousseau (p. 746) and Chateaubriand

¹ French orator and Revolutionary leader, 1749-1791.

(see p. 893), but his intensely personal note and his plaintive sincerity make his work far more than a mere lyrical echo of the past. Some of his later verses partially substitute a happy tone for the old Ossianic melancholy, but, generally speaking, his first *Méditations* reveal all the features that are most characteristic of his work. Refinement, grace, and harmony of expression, delicacy of sentiment, a fine sense for images and for the melancholy of reminiscence, a rare limpidity of style — these are the qualities for which Lamartine was appreciated in his own day, and though the appeal of most of his verse faded gradually before the vigorous, brilliant advance of the full romantic movement, headed by Victor Hugo, Lamartine still touches the sensitive reader by the sincerity of his emotions and the exaltation of his ideals. He has been called, not without reason, the first of the great romantic poets of France.

The Lake, composed in 1817, and usually considered his best short poem, describes his return to Le Bourget after the death of his mistress, with whom he had previously visited that place. The translations of *The Lake* and *The Butterfly* (1823) are by Wilfrid Thorley in *Fleurs de Lys*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co.; *To a Flower* is translated by Lilian White Spencer, *Poet Lore*, XXXVI, 1925.

✓THE LAKE

Thus ever drawn toward far shores un-
charted,

Into eternal darkness borne away,

May we not ever on Time's sea, un-
thwarted,

Cast anchor for a day?

O lake! Now hardly by a year grown
older,

And nigh the well-known waves her
eyes should greet,

Behold! I sit alone on this same boulder
Thou knewest for her seat.

Thus didst thou murmur in thy rocky
haven,

Thus didst thou shatter on its stony
breast;

Thus fell the wind-flung foam on sands
engraven

Where her dear feet had prest.

One ever — rememberest thou? — in si-
lence drifting,

'Twixt deep and sky no sound had echo
save

Afar the rowers dipping oars and lifting
Over thy waters suave.

When all at once a voice that made earth
wonder

From the charmed shore drove all the
echoes wide,

And rapt the wave, not fain as I nor fonder,
And with sweet words did chide:

"Stay thou thy flight, O Time! and happy
hours

Trail by with laggard feet!

Let all the savor of your delight be ours

5 Of all our days most sweet!

"Too many grieving souls to you are
praying;

Nay, leave not these immune;

10 Bear off with thee their sorrows unde-
laying;

Leave happy souls their boon.

"Nay, but in vain I ask one gracious hour;

15 Time flies and will not hark.

I bid the night abide and dawn doth
shower

His splendour down the dark.

20 "Ah! let us love, my Love, for Time is
heartless,

Be happy while you may!

Man hath no Heaven and Time's coast is
chartless.

He speeds; we pass away!"

Churl Time, and can it be sweet moments
cherished,

Wherein love fills our lives with teeming
bliss,

30 Speed far away and be as swiftly perished
As days when sorrow is?

Nay! Ere we go may we not leave sure
traces?

35 Nay! Passed forever? Beyond all
reprieve?

What Time bestows on us, what Time
effaces
He nevermore shall give?

Oh! everlasting night, deep pit unsounded, 5
What dost thou with engulféd days
untold?
Speak! Wilt thou yield us back the bliss
unbounded
Once ravished from our hold? 10

Oh! lake, mute rocks, caves, leafy woodland
shading,
You whom Time spares or clothes with
newer sheen,
Keep of this night, fair Nature, keep un-
fading
The memory ever green!

In all thy calms and all thy tempests 20
blending,
Fair lake, and in thy forelands' smiling
fronts,
In thy dark pines and thy wild cliffs im-
pending
Over thy crystal founts,

In the winds passing, with a trembling
lightness,
Heard in the echoes that thy shores 30
throw far,
Seen in the beams that fall with sheeny
whiteness
Wave-borne from the clear star!

Let moaning breezes thro' the rushes
gliding,
All perfume stirring thy sweet air above,
All seen or heard or breathéd bear this
tiding,
"Hereby they once did love!"

✓THE BUTTERFLY

Coming with the daffodils and dying with
the roses,
Wafted by the zephyr's wing athwart
the spaces high,
Lurking in the flower's bloom or e'er its
breast uncloses,

Reeling with sweet draughts of scent,
and light and deep blue sky;
Shaking wide its dusty wings and like the
breezes breasting
Burdenless and innocent the sky's
eternal steep: —
Thus doth fare the butterfly like hope that,
never resting,
Rifies all but cannot quench desire that,
ever questing,
Bears it home to heaven again for lasting
joy and deep.

15 •TO A FLOWER (PRESSED IN AN ALBUM)

I do remember. It was by the sea
And southern skies had called me there,
Pure skies that arch forever cloudlessly.
I breathed, beneath a verdant canopy,
The sweetness of mild summer air.

The deep extended, blue and limitless,
To the horizon's utmost bound,
25 And on me from a tree of happiness,
Snowed orange blossoms in a pale caress,
While perfumes mounted from the ground.

You twined about a column; whose prone
shaft
Lies near a temple time has felled;
And crowned it with your beauty, as you
laughed
On its dull length, delighting there to
35 . waft
Balm, in your floating tendrils held.

O flower, that adorned this ruined place,
With none to know or to admire,
40 I gathered to my heart your lovely face
And carried off your delicate white grace,
Whose fragrance I would still respire!

But now, the sky, the temple, and the shore
Have vanished in the faraway.
45 The scent has disappeared that once you
bore;
The page on which you lie holds nothing
more
Than traces of a dear dead day.

HUGO

(1802-1885)

Victor Marie Hugo was the son of an army officer, Sigisbert Hugo, who later rose high in military circles, and Sophie Trebuchet, daughter of a royalist ship-owner in Nantes. Hugo was intended for a military career and accompanied his father on his campaigns against Italy and Spain. His first collected verses (*Odes and Ballades*, 1822-26), in which he appears as a loyal Catholic and subject of the king, reveal him even at this early age as a skillful versifier. In 1822, having received a pension of 1000 francs from Louis XVIII, he married Adèle Foucher. In the next two years he produced two novels which showed that he had already abandoned the classical tradition for the romantics. In 1830, with *Hernani*, he announced the departure of drama from the classical tradition. Then followed *The King's Amusement* (1832), *Lucrecia Borgia* (1833), *Mary Tudor* (1833), *Angelo* (1835), and *Ruy Blas* (1838). In these Hugo continued his indifference to the dramatic unities, his free treatment of alexandrines, and his juxtaposition of comic and serious scenes; but he retained the declamatory style. Strong in lyric effect and good in certain separate scenes, his dramas were nevertheless lacking in essentially dramatic qualities, and, except for *Hernani*, never gained great fame on the stage. His novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, with an elastic framework of a story of striking contrasts, presents the cathedral almost as a hero. The July revolution changed Hugo's political and religious views. In *Songs at Twilight* (1835), while he remains loyally royalist he voices objections based on social sympathy. Religious doubts appeared in *Voices from Within* (1837) and in *Lights and Shadows* (1840). When after the July Revolution Hugo was chosen a member of the Constitutional Assembly, he began as a conservative but soon shifted to the extreme Left; for he had always leaned toward freedom of the people and popular sovereignty. In 1851 his political opinions caused his flight to the Island of Guernsey. Returning in 1870, he published *The Legend of the Centuries*, an extraordinary succession of pictures representing the progress of man from earliest times to the present. In 1862 appeared *Les Misérables*, followed four years later by *Toilers of the Sea*. For the rest of his life he was active in politics, holding offices in the National Assembly and in the Senate, and writing enthusiastically.

•Hugo was the leader of the Romantic movement in France. It is doubtful that any other century has had a writer who could make his own time stand out before his contemporaries in such majestic proportions. He represents both the glories and the excesses of romanticism, — the love of humanity and progress, the poetic thinking, the enthusiasm, the polished poetic style, as well as the enormous egotism, the theatricality, and the disregard of reason. It may be said that Hugo was somewhat too much inclined toward flamboyant rhetoric and unwieldy meditations, but even these defects were concomitants of a genius for magnificent sweeping effects and great panoramic pictures.

After the Battle, written ca. 1860, and *Ecstasy* (1828), are from the translation of Lilian White Spencer, *Poet Lore*, XXVI (1925). *The Future* is translated by Algernon Warren, *Poetry Review*, VII (1916). *The Djinn*s (1828) is translated by John L. O'Sullivan, *The Comprehensive Speaker*, ed. Henry T. Coates, the Werner Co., Chicago and New York, 1871, 1894.

AFTER THE BATTLE

My father, of all heroes, kindest,
 Attended by the soldier he loved best
 (Both for his mighty courage and his
 height)
 Rode, where the battle had been fought, as
 night
 Fell on the slain, that cumbered all the
 ground.
 Out of the shadows came a feeble sound.
 A Spaniard of the army put to rout
 Lay by the road, his life blood ebbing out.
 Broken and groaning, on death's very
 brink,

He whimpered: "Pity me! A drink! A
 drink!"

My father offered then, to his hussar,
 A gourd that hung beside his saddle
 bar.

"Poor wounded man! Give this to him,"
 he said.

The soldier bent above the livid head
 Of one, whose mongrel blood had not yet
 tired

Of hate; who clasped a pistol still and
 fired;

With aim directed on my father's brow;
 And cried: "Die, Enemy, I curse you
 now!"

The ball skimmed close — so close his
horse reared — then,
“Give him the drink,” my father said
again.

•ECSTASY

We walked the strand together, night and 5
I;
No sail disturbed the deep, no cloud, the
sky.
My gaze plunged far in infinite mystery
Of wood and hill, and every living thing 10
Appeared to question with faint murmur-
ing
The fires of heaven and the waves of sea.

The voices of these golden stars then cried,
The countless harmonies. Thus, they 15
replied;
With crowns bent downward in a fiery
nod;
While those blue waters that no man ar-
rests 20
Spoke with them, curving back their foamy
crests;
In one great hail: “Behold the Lord, our
God!”

25

THE FUTURE

I

What though the end be nigh, 30
What though life's stream be dry,
Wherefore repine?
Life to the human race
Varies in time and space,
Souls are divine. 35

II

It is your soul that high
Up to the heavenly sky 40
Shortly will soar.
Leaving behind the pain,
Trouble and murm'ring strain,
Free evermore. 45

III

Be like the bird that sings,
Trusting to strength of wings,

Though the twig bend
On which it rests its feet,
Pouring out song so sweet,
Wait for the end.

✓THE DJINNS

Town, tower,
Shore, deep
Where lower
Cliffs steep;
Waves gray,
Where play
Winds gay, —
All sleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night:
High and higher
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on 'tis sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet:
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore, —
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high!

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
 Whistling in their tempest flight;
 Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
 Like a pine-flame crackling bright.
 Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
 Through the heavens rushing loud,
 Like a livid thunder-cloud
 With its bolt of fiery night!

5

Ha! they are on us, close without!
 Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
 With hideous din the monster rout,
 Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
 The loosened rafter overhead
 Trembles and bends like quivering reed; 15
 Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
 As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly!

10

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and
 shriek!
 The horrid swarm before the tempest
 tossed —
 O Heaven! — descends my lowly roof to
 seek:
 Bends the strong wall beneath the furious 25
 host.
 Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf
 shorn
 From autumn bough and on the mad blast
 borne,
 Up from its deep foundations it were 30
 torn
 To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

20

30

O Prophet! if thy hand but now
 Save from these foul and hellish things, 35
 A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
 Laden with pious offerings.
 Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
 Stream on my faithful door in vain, 40
 Vainly upon my blackened pane
 Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

35

40

They have passed! — and their wild
 legion
 Cease to thunder at my door;
 Fleeting through night's rayless re-
 gion,
 Hither they return no more.

45

Clanking chains and sounds of woe
 Fill the forests as they go;
 And the tall oaks cower low,
 Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
 Bears far the fiery fear,
 Till scarce the breeze now brings
 Dim murmurings to the ear;
 Like locusts' humming hail,
 Or thrash of tiny flail
 Plied by the pattering hail
 On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
 Fitful mutterings still;
 As, when Arab horn
 Swells its magic peal,
 Shoreward o'er the deep
 Fairy voices sweep,
 And the infant's sleep
 Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,
 Dark child of fright,
 Of death and sin,
 Speeds the wild flight.
 Hark, the dull moan,
 Like the deep tone
 Of ocean's groan,
 Afar, by night!

More and more
 Fades it now,
 As on shore
 Ripples flow, —
 As the plaint
 Far and faint
 Of a saint
 Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
 Around,
 I list!
 The bounds
 Of space
 All trace
 Efface
 Of sound.

SPANISH

ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

José de Espronceda was son of a colonel in the Spanish army. He was born in a shepherd's cabin while his parents were on the march with the army. He went to school at Madrid, where he showed early promise of poetic ability. As he approached maturity he conceived an ever-increasing love of liberty and hatred of political tyranny that led him into many plots against the existing government, and caused him to spend a great part of his life either as a prisoner or as a refugee. He took part in the Revolution of 1830 in Paris and in the glorious but unsuccessful attempt to dethrone Ferdinand of Spain. The proclamation of amnesty upon the king's death made it possible for him to return openly to Spain in 1833 and take up a calmer life. His literary reputation grew steadily; and in 1840 the publication of a volume of his poems brought him before the reading public as one of the leading poets of his time. Like many other continental poets of this period, Espronceda was an intense admirer of Byron and shows Byron's influence directly or indirectly in many of his poems. In his passionate devotion to humanity, his strong feeling of revolt mingled with despair and disillusion, he is the chief representative of the Spanish romantic school.

The *Hymn to the Sun* (1834) is an example of the great body of European poetry inspired by the Ossianic poems of James Macpherson. It is majestic and powerful in expression and superior in effect to the Ossianic *Hymn to the Sun*, in making no attempt to represent primitive pagan emotions, but aiming rather at an expression of modern reverence for Nature. The translation is that of Ida Farnell in *Spanish Prose and Poetry Old and New*, Oxford, 1920.

• HYMN TO THE SUN

Hail to thee, Sun! Oh, list and stay thy course!

To thee in ecstasy I make my prayer,
The while my soul, aglow with fire like thine,

Uplifts her wings and boldly cleaves the air,

To pay her tribute to thy power divine.

Oh, that this voice of mine in wondrous wise,

Rending the clouds asunder,

To thee, great Sun, might rise,

Drowning with words sublime the dreaded thunder,

And, in the heavens' blue vault,

Bidding thee in thy mighty journey halt!

Oh, that the inner flame which lights the mind

Would lend its virtue to my feeble sight,

So that no longer with thy beams made blind

Mine eager eyes I might undazzled raise,

And on thy radiant face, divinely bright,

Might even dare to rest my constant gaze!

How I have ever loved thee, glorious Sun!

A child, with wondering eyes,

My life but just begun,

How oft I longed to reach thee in the skies;

And on what rapture fed

As thy great chariot on its pathway sped!

From where the Orient rears his golden crest,

Whose borders Ocean girds with many a pearl,

E'en to the limits of the shadowy West

The dazzling hem of thy bright garment gleams,

And thou thy shining banner dost unfurl,

And bathest all the world in thy pure streams.

From thy broad brow the light of day thou sendest,

Great source of life and seat,

And of thy calm, majestic disk thou lendest

The fertilizing heat,

Amid the spheres on high

Rising triumphant in the azure sky.

Calmly thou scal'st the Zenith's golden
 height,
 In Heaven's high hall enthroned supreme
 thou reignest,
 And there with living flames and splendour 5
 dight,
 Thy fiery steeds thou reinest.
 From thence full speedily thy way thou
 takest,
 Till down the steep incline 10
 Thy rich and trailing locks of gold thou
 shakest
 On Ocean's heaving, tremulous floor of
 brine;
 Then in deep, watery bowers
 Thy glory dies away,
 And one more day Eternity devours.

What ages, Sun, what ages hast thou seen,
 Thus swallowed by the gulf no plummet 20
 measures,
 What mighty nations, what imperial pride,
 What pomp and splendour, and what
 heaped up treasures!
 'Fore thee, what were they? Leaves blown 25
 far and wide
 From the great forest — withered, light
 and sear,
 Eddying, all tempest-tossed,
 Till the blast drove them hence, and they 30
 were lost.

And thou, alone from wrath divine exempt,
 Hast seen submerged all the sinful world,
 When driving rains were by Jehovah
 poured
 On man and beast; the pent up winds were
 hurled
 O'er heaving seas, and loud the billows
 roared;
 From rifted cloud the deafening thunder 40
 pealed
 In dreadful menace; and in anguished
 throes
 The Earth upon her diamond axle swayed;
 O'er hill and plain uprose
 One huge, tumultuous sea — a watery
 grave?
 Trembled the mighty deep,
 While thou, our lord, as one awake from
 sleep,
 Above the stormy waste didst build thy
 throne,
 Robed in funeral black,

With face that darkly gleams,
 Till on new worlds thou sendest healing
 beams.

And wilt thou ever see
 The ages rise and fall, and yield their
 place
 In never-ending change like restless waves,
 That, hurrying o'er the Ocean, crowd and
 break, 10
 Recede, then sweep along in their fierce
 chase?
 Whilst thou, O Sun, triumphant and
 sublime,
 15 In lonely splendour dwellest,
 Eternal witness of the march of time.
 And wilt thou unextinguished thus abide,
 And will thy giant furnace burn for aye,
 Its fierceness unconsumed? Wilt thou, O
 Sun,
 Thus proudly through the heavens go thy
 way,
 Watching the myriad ages wax and wane,
 And be alone eternally unmoved,
 Holding for ever undisputed reign?
 Not so — The Conqueror, Death,
 Albeit in hour unknown,
 Will overtake and claim thee for his own.
 Perchance, who knows? Thou art but
 some poor spark
 Of sun more vast, that on another world
 Greater than ours, with light yet more
 divine,
 And splendour unimagined once did shine!

35 Rejoice then, Sun, in this thy strength and
 youth,
 For, when the dreaded day draws nigh at
 last,
 The day when thou from thy great throne
 wilt fall
 (Loosed from the mighty hands
 Of Him that all commands),
 And in eternity shalt hide thy Ball,
 45 In thousand fragments shattered, wrecked
 and torn,
 Immersed in seas of fire,
 Thy course accomplished, and thy strength
 outworn,
 50 Then thy pure flame in darkness, of a truth,
 Will wholly cease, thy glory be o'erpast,
 Shrouded for ever by the pall of night,
 No vestige left of thy refulgent light.

ZORRILLA

(1817-1893)

José Zorrilla was born in Valladolid, where his father had a post in the Royal Chancery. When he was ten years old his parents went to Madrid and he was sent to the Royal School for the Sons of the Noblemen. He read many books by English and French romanticists, and also by the older Spanish writers, and took part in plays by Lope de Vega and Calderón. In 1832 he was sent to the University of Toledo to study law. He took little interest in his law work, preferred the romantic poets and the old Spanish legends and ballads, and soon withdrew from the University and went to Madrid, where he lived in poverty but had time to devote himself exclusively to writing. In 1837 appeared his first volume of poetry, chiefly imitations of Lamartine and Hugo. This volume, although of no special excellence, attracted the principal literary men of the day, including the great poet Espronceda. During the next few years Zorrilla gradually drifted away from the French romantics, and in 1840 published *The Songs of a Troubadour*, in which he sang of Spain and the Catholic faith, subjects that took far deeper hold on him and on his readers than those on which he had previously written. In 1849 appeared his play *Don Juan Tenorio*. In 1852 he brought out the famous *Granada* and in 1867 *The Drama of the Soul*. His life from 1855 to 1866 was saddened by his enforced absence in Mexico, where he had fled from debts and political difficulties. When he returned he was unexpectedly welcomed on all sides as a great literary man, and from that time was the most popular of Spanish poets, was elected a member of the Academia in 1885, and in 1889 was publicly crowned at Granada with magnificent ceremony. The festivities after his coronation no doubt hastened his death, for he fell ill almost immediately and never recovered.

Zorrilla was a prolific writer. Critics have complained that he wrote too much, too hurriedly; his poetry often exhibits the signs of haste — redundancy, verbosity, and a lack of balance and unevenness of finish. Nevertheless, there is irresistible spirit in his enthusiasm for his country and his religion, and great vivacity and richness of language in his verse; and whoever would reproach Zorrilla that he did not distinguish himself for profundity of thought must remember that he was at least profoundly Spanish, and that he belonged to a time that cared more for intensity of personal feeling and for sympathy with human emotion than for thought.

The following translations are by Ella Crosby-Heath, *Poetry Review*, XVI, 1925.

SPAIN! I RETURN TO THEE!

Spain! I return to thee!
So far have I fared away
Ne'er hoped I thy skies to see!
If I die not of ecstasy
Ne'er shall I be death's prey!

Oh! let me kiss thy ground
Humbly, on bended knees!
My happy tears abound
And I yield myself to these;
My joy with prayer is crowned!

Spain of my soul! Ne'er has passed
A day when I pleaded not
That God would hold thee fast
In His love; and now, at long last,
Hast thou thy son forgot?

God sent me with all my load¹
Of sorrow afar to weep;

And from over the sea I bestowed
Upon Spain, in my heart hid deep,
A song with each tear that flowed.

5 God! Who knows how in all my sore
Long exile beyond the sea
I hoped to come home, counting o'er
Each slow hour, forsake not me.
Now I tread Spain's soil once more!

10

from ORIENTALES

Fair Christian captive, dry thine eyes,
I prithee, cease to torture me;
15 Look, my Sultana! A paradise,
A second Eden I give to thee.
Here in Granada my palace lies,
Its gardens full of fragrant flowers,
And from its golden fountains rise
20 A hundred jets in sparkling showers.
And in the city, Genil's queen,
I have a fortress, grey and old,

That first amongst all forts shall reign,
 When it thy beauty shall enfold.
 The lands along the river's side
 Are mine, where swiftly Genil flows;
 Such sovereignty, domain so wide 5
 Nor Cordova nor Seville knows.
 There the tall palm tree lifts its head;
 And the bright-flaming pomegranate,
 With the laden fig-tree's blossoms red,
 Crown hill and dale of my estate. 10

And I will give thee velvets rare,
 And perfumes sweet from Araby,
 And scarves from Greece; and thou shalt
 wear 15
 Shawls brought from far Kashmir to thee.
 With many a soft and snowy plume
 Thy lovely brow I will adorn,
 Whiter and softer than the spume
 That on our Eastern seas is borne. 20
 And pearls thy braided hair shall deck,
 And cooling baths the heat eclipse,
 And necklaces shall clasp thy neck,
 And love shall burn upon thy lips. 25

THE TALE OF LOVE

Past is the burning
 Of summer's heat,
 The poplar leaves 30
 Are reddening;

Clean, threshing floor;
 Grain garnered, sweet;
 Ripe fruits await
 The gathering.

Midst the broad leaves
 Of the fertile vine
 Hang ripening grapes
 In clusters thick;
 Those lately black
 Are ruddy as wine;
 Those white and clear
 Are ready to pick.

Oh! murmuring wind,
 On thy soft wings
 That brush dead leaves,
 There come to me
 Of the spirit-world
 Its secret things;
 My soul responds
 To their mystery.

Spirits these are
 Of life and truth;
 Wind, tell me why
 Within me throng
 The memories sweet
 Of vanished youth,
 Lost dreams and hope
 Delayed too long?

ITALIAN

LEOPARDI

(1798-1837)

The life of Giacomo Leopardi, the greatest Italian poet of the nineteenth century, comprises almost exactly the period usually regarded as the Age of Romanticism (1798-1832) in England. His parents were both of noble birth but limited fortunes. Leopardi was educated during his childhood by private tutors, but, being extraordinarily precocious, he began at the age of ten to study independently, and became so devoted to his books that, unfortunately for his health, he neglected the normal occupations of a young boy. The interests of his earlier years were entirely scientific and gave no prophecy of his future achievements in imaginative literature. His poetic imagination was perhaps first stimulated by his work in translating one of the *Idylls* of Moschus into Italian in 1815. By 1817 Leopardi's attitude toward life had been almost completely altered, partly under the influence of Giordani, an influential man of letters, who helped to confirm him in his change. Leopardi's ill-health prevented his following any of the usual occupations, and the uncertainty of his religious and political views excluded him from appointment to ecclesiastical or government sinecures. His inner revolution left him depressed and hopeless. The great Russian historian Niebuhr procured for him two flattering offers of chairs in great German universities, which he declined because of his health. In spite of obstacles he remained at home under the eye of his father, composing poetry and adjusting himself to life.

In 1822 he was allowed to visit Rome. The visit was not pleasing to him and he was glad to return home in 1823. In 1824 a small volume of his poetry was published. The next year, in Bologna, he was in close touch with a very active group of literary men. In 1827 he went for his health to Florence, and here, as at Bologna, became acquainted with a number of distinguished men of letters, among whom was Manzoni, famous author of *The Betrothed*. For the next six years, although a hopeless invalid, he managed to produce editions of various classical authors, to carry on his studies, and to compose a surprising amount of lyrical poetry. In 1833 his friends took him to Naples. His health improved slightly and he remained there until his death.

Throughout his career Leopardi felt keenly for the welfare of Italy. The contrast between her condition then and her glorious past inspired his bitterest resentment, and many critics see in his national poems only the unworthy complaints of a sick and disappointed man. Whether or not his dark picture of life is justifiable, one cannot deny that it is conceived with remarkable clarity and clothed in verse of the first quality. Leopardi has been called the Byron of Italy. This name may serve as a convenient catch-word, but Leopardi's tortured protest against the pain of life is connected with the Byronic attitude only in so far as it forms a part of a world-wide tendency during the age of Romanticism.

To Italy (1818) and *To Angelo Mai* (1820) are translated by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth in *The Poems of Leopardi*.

TO ITALY

My native land, I do the walls behold,
The arches, columns, statues and deserted
Towers by our forbears builded,
But not the glory, not
The laurel and the weapons that of old
Our fathers bore. Now from thine arm-
mour parted,
Unhelmed thy forehead and thy breast 10
unshielded,
How pale thou art! What blood
Streams from thy wounds! Oh, blasted
with what curse
Do I behold thee, Fairest of the fair!
I cry to Man and God:
Who brought her unto this? To this and
worse,
For lo, with fetters both her arms are
laden;
So that, unveiled and with dishevelled
hair,
She sits upon the ground, forlorn and
sad,
Hiding her face, poor maiden,
Between her knees, and weeps.
Weep on, for well thou mayest, my Italy,
In good days and in bad
Born to subject the nations unto thee.

If, like two living streams, the tears
should break
From out thine eyes, yet know
They ne'er could match thy ruin and thy
shame;

Once mistress, whose is now a handmaid's
lot.
Who write of thee or speak,
Remembering thy pride of long ago,
5 But say: she once was great and now is
not?
Wherefore, oh wherefore? Where is the
old strength,
Where are the arms, the valour, the faith-
fulness?
Who hath ungirt thy brand?
Who sold thee? What craft or what toil
at length
Availed, what strong duress,
15 To strip thee of thy robe and golden
crown?
Thou, who so high didst stand,
How fellst thou to such low estate? Or
when?
20 Will no one fight for thee? None of thine
own
Defend thee? — Arms, bring arms! Alone
will I
Do battle, lone on stricken field expire.
25 Grant heaven my blood may then
In all Italian bosoms burn like fire.

Where are thy sons? A sound is borne
to me
30 Of arms, of wheels, of voices, of drums.
In foreign lands a bitter
War do thy children wage.
Look, look, Italia. I see, or seem to see,
A wave of horse and infantry that
35 comes

Rushing thro' dust and smoke, and blades
that glitter

Like lightning among clouds.

Dost thou not hope? To which side
Victory nods

Darest thou not enquire with tremulous
eyes?

For what cause fight in crowds

Thy young men in yon fields? Ye gods, ye
gods:

For another country fight Italia's sons.¹

Oh, wretched he, who fallen in battle
dies,

Not for his native shores and faithful wife

And cherished little ones,

But slain by the foes of others

For others' cause, nor can in dying say:

Dear mother-land, the life

Thou gav'st me, lo, I give thee back this
day.

Oh, fortune-favoured and belov'd and
blest

The days of old, when men

To die for their dear country rushed in
throngs;

And thou, Thessalian Pass,² which art
with new

Honour and praise addressed

In every age, where strove, but strove in
vain,

Persia and Fate with a free, gallant few!

Methinks that to the traveller evermore

Thy trees and rocks, thy streams and
mountains tell

In murmurous undertone

How in battalions all along that shore

Lay heaped the unconquerable

Corpses devoted to the cause of Greece.

Then, shamed and overthrown,

Fled war-like Xerxes o'er the Hellespont,

A laughing-stock to men till time shall
cease;

And up Anthela's hill whereon by dying

Escaped from death the consecrated
band,

Simonides³ did mount,

Gazing upon the sky and sea and land.

¹ This is a reference to the Italian troops who served in the army of Napoleon when he invaded Russia.

² Thermopylæ, a mountain pass in Thessaly where Leonidas, in 480 B.C., with a force of three hundred Spartans and seven hundred Thespians, withstood Xerxes's Persian army for several days. They fought until all were slain.

³ A Greek poet who composed an epitaph on the Spartans slain at Thermopylæ.

And, as he gazed, both cheeks be-
dewed with tears,

His bosom heaving, scarcely stumbling on,
His fingers swept the lyre:

5 Blest and thrice blest are ye,

Who with your bosoms stemmed the hos-
tile spears

For love of her that gave you to the Sun;

Ye, whom Greece worships and all lands
admire.

10 What love was that which drew

Your young hearts to the perils of the
fray,

Love which deprived death of his bitter
sting?

How was it that to you,

My sons, your last hour seemed a holiday,

So that towards the drear, relentless gate

Ye ran with laughter, as though hurrying

20 Unto a dance or to some banquet splen-
did?

But Tartarus lay in wait

For you, and the dead water;

Beside you wives and sons no vigil kept,

What time your lives were ended

On that harsh shore; ye died un-
kissed, un-
wept.

Ay, but not unavenged, for Persia's
pangs

Were sharp, her grief undying.

Even as a lion among a herd of bulls

Will, look you! leap on one and, leaping,
gore

35 Its back with cruel fangs,

Now at its flank, now thigh, with fury
flying;

So 'mid the droves of Persians with a roar

Of anger leapt each fiery-hearted Greek.

40 See horses upon horsemen tumbled; see

Chariot and fallen tent

Obstruct the vanquished as to escape they
seek,

And of the first to flee

Behold the tyrant's self, dishevelled, pale;

See how with blood besprent,

Barbarians' blood, the Grecian heroes
fight,

Cause to the Persians of unending bale,
Till, little by little yielding to their
 wounds,
One on the other falls. Oh, deathless deed!
While men can speak or write,
Be glory and honour unto you decreed.

Uprooted, seawards hurtling through
 the gloom,
Quenched in the deep the stars shall hissing 10
 fall,
Or ever we allow
Our hearts to forget to love you.
As to an altar, mothers to your tomb
Shall bring their little ones and show them 15
 all
The fair marks of your blood. Behold I
 bow
Myself unto the ground,
Ye blessed, and I kiss this earth, these 20
 stones,
Which shall from pole to pole for evermore
Be lauded and renowned.
Ah, would that mine were mingled with
 your bones,
That this rich soil with my blood too were
 wet.
But if my doom is different and in war
Forbids me close these aged eyes fulfilling
My country's call, may yet
Ev'n so the unpretentious
Fame of your poet all the ages down,
An but the gods be willing,
Endure as long as shall endure your own.

↓ TO ANGELO MAI¹

Upon his Discovery of the Manuscript of
 Cicero's *De Republica*

Dauntless Italian, wilt thou never cease
Thus from their tombs to raise
Our ancestors and summon them to speak
To this dead century, on which there
 weighs
Such leaden lassitude? Why dost thou
 break
So thunderous, so insistent on our ears,
Voice of our sires of old,

That hast so long been dumb? And where-
 fore these
So many resurrections? Parchments find
A sudden eloquence; until these years
5 Lay hidden in cloistral mould
The sacred sayings and golden sentences
Of our forefathers. Hath, then, Fate
 assigned
To thee, O great Italian, a god's own
 strength?
Or met, perchance, in Man her match at
 length?

In sooth unless by deep design of heaven
It could not be that now,
When most profound our desperate
 lethargy,
At every moment, like a repeated blow,
Our sires should shout afresh. To Italy
Heaven, then, is gracious still; even yet
 are we
To some Immortal dear:
For, since 'tis now the hour or ne'er again
To whet by use the long corroded might
25 Of the Italian nature, lo we see
That dead men cry so clear
And loud, and that the very soil would
 fain
Lay bare forgotten heroes to our sight,
30 Asking, my land, if thou e'en yet dost
 please
To play the coward in times so late as
 these.

35 Of us retain ye still, O glorious souls,
Some hope? Nor have we quite
Perished? From you perhaps hath not
 been ta'en
Foreknowledge of events. Me pitchy
40 night
Engulfs, nor have I any shield from pain;
For dark the future is to me, and all
That I can now discern
Makes hope seem empty. Spirits sublime,
45 a base,
Unhonoured mob inheriteth the homes
Once yours. All words and deeds ye used
 to call
Noble, your offspring turn

¹ Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, was the outstanding classical scholar of Leopardi's time. The poem celebrates the discovery of a second-century manuscript containing the greater part of six books of Cicero's works. The manuscript was a palimpsest, in which a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms was written over the work of Cicero.

To mockery; at your deathless fame no
face
Blushes, no heart feels envy; your old
Rome's
Glory is quenched in sloth, and we have
made
Unto ourselves a shame that shall not
fade.

O heaven-born genius, now when others
neglect
Our lofty parentage,
Do thou pay heed thereto — thou, on
whom Fate
So kindly breathes, that by thy hand the
age
Returns once more, when from the insa-
tiate
Gulf of forgetfulness, with all their powers
Of buried learning, rose
The ancient spirits divine, with whom
conversed
Nature, but Nature veiled, whereby they
cheered
In Rome and Athens great men's idle
hours.
Oh, times that now repose
Eternally! when still the future nursed
The ruin of Italy, when still appeared
Foul sloth contemptible, and when the
wind
Blew from this soil sparks unto all man-
kind.

For when thy sacred ashes¹ were still
warm,
Indomitable foe
Of fortune, thou whose proud and an-
guished spirit
Scorned earth and found relief in hell
below,
In hell: and where's the clime that doth
not merit
To be preferred to ours? And thy sweet
strings
Still trembled at the touch
Of thy skilled fingers, O disconsolate
Lover.² Alas, of suffering aye was born
Italian song. And yet no sorrow stings
And burdens us so much

As doth this stifling tedium. Blest thy
fate
Whose life was tears! For tears too weary-
worn
Even as babes were we; and motionless
Above our cradle and grave sits Nothing-
ness.

But thine was life then, star-led mari-
ner,³
Liguria's dauntless child,
When, past the Pillars, past the shores
which heard,
Or seemed to hear, at fall of eve the wild
Waves, as the sun dipped, hiss, thou un-
deterred
By the wide waste of waters didst discover
The set Sun's rays and skies
Reddening with dawn while night invades
our own;
And by thy voyage and perilous return,
All Nature's obstacles now triumphed
over,
Was gained for glorious prize
A great, new land. Ah, but the world,
when known,
Grows not, but rather shrinks, the more
we learn.
Ocean, rich earth, the sounding atmos-
phere
To boys far vaster than to the sage ap-
pear.

Whither have fled our light-winged
phantasies
Of unknown regions haunted
By unknown denizens or of the inn
Where stars are lodged by day, the far
enchanted
Couch of the young Aurora and that un-
seen
Sleep of the largest planet through the
night?
Lo, they have all clean vanished;
Pent in a narrow map the globe is charted;
All things are uniform: discovery
Shows but a widening blank. Comes
truth to light,
Belov'd imagining: our minds are parted
From thee forever; now no longer lie

¹ Dante's.

² Petrarch. Here the poet refers to the famous sonnets of Petrarch to Laura.

³ Columbus.

The years enthralled beneath thy potent
spell;
Fled is the charm that soothed our woes
so well.

Thou wast the while awakening to sweet
dreams,
On thee the first sun shone,
Entrancing bard¹ of loves and armoured
knights,
Which, in an age than ours less frowned
upon
By fortune, peopled life with feigned de-
lights:

New hope of Italy! O towers, O cells,
O dames, O cavaliers,
O palaces, O gardens! Dreaming of you,
My spirit wanders midst a thousand vain
Enchantments. Empty visions, romantic
spells,

Strange joys, delicious fears
Formed then the stuff of human life: we
threw

Them all away: and what doth now re-
main,

When the green tree is dry? The sole
belief,

The certain fact, that all is vain save grief.

O Tasso, Tasso, heaven was then prepar- 30
ing

For thee nought else save wrongs,
For us a poet, sublime as e'er man saw.
O miserable Tasso, thy sweet songs
Availed not to console thee or to thaw
The frost wherewith thine ardent spirit
was seared

By hatred and the fell
Envy alike of prince and courtier. Love,
Love, which is life's supreme and last 40
deceit,

Forsook thee. Nothingness to thee ap-
peared

Shade, which was palpable
And real, the world a wilderness. To move 45
Thy torpor tardy honours availed not.

Sweet,
Not bitter, was thine end. 'Tis not a
wreath

That one who has known our ills desires,
but death.

5 Come back, come back to us, rise from
the dumb

And unrejoicing tomb,
If fain of suffering, O pattern thou
Of woe-begone humanity. The gloom
And crime, which unto thee seemed black
enow,

10 Are blacker far to-day. O poet dear,
Who now for thy distress,
When each man cares for self alone, would
weep?

15 Who would not nowadays call thy mortal
woe

Crazy lamenting, if the great and rare
Be dubbed mere foolishness;

If, tho' no longer envied, genius reap
20 The worse reward of being neglected?

Who,
When men love ledgers more than loftiest
rhyme,

Would offer thee the laurel a second time?

25 From thee, unfortunate spirit, till this
hour

Man hath arisen not one,
Worthy the name Italian, saving only

30 The war-like Allobrogian.² He alone
Matched not his craven age: to him in
lonely

Glory was given by God, not by this tired
And sapless land of mine,

35 Male virtue in his heart. Single, unarmed
(Oh, memorable daring!) with his plays
He warred on tyrants. Let weak wills be
fired —

Such was his great design —
40 At least in this vain strife where none is
harmed,

To learn true warfare. First and alone to
raise

The flag was he; none followed, for we lie
45 Deep drowned in sloth and bestial apathy.

Disdainful and defiant he held straight
on

Through all his life unswerving,

¹ Ariosto.

² Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), Italian dramatist. Perhaps he was not of sufficient literary genius to be classed with Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, but he was interesting to Leopardi as the first modern Italian to preach an Italian national rehabilitation.

And, ere the bad had grown yet worse, he died.	Thus levelling all. O famed discoverer, be
This land, this age, of thee were unde- serving,	Unresting; wake the dead, Since the quick sleep; bid the old heroes
Vittorio mine: let genius be the pride	5 rise
Of other countries, other times, since we	And scourge us with their tongues, until
Lounge thro' existence, led	this vain
By mediocrity; and lo, the wise	And rotting age, revitalised, shall rush
Have sunk, the vulgar mounted, to one	To emulate their deeds, or learn to
plane,	10 blush.

RUSSIAN

PUSHKIN

(1799-1837)

Alexander Pushkin, the most important Russian writer of the Age of Romanticism, was born of a noble family in Moscow. His early education, like that of any young nobleman of his day, was mainly French. He attended the Lyceum at Tsarskoe Selo, a suburb of St. Petersburg. His favorite writer during his school days was Voltaire, and his earliest writings were in French instead of Russian.

In 1817 he joined the government service as a Foreign Official. From 1817 to 1820 he was interested chiefly in the writing of amorous verses and in the humorous treatment of Russian tradition, somewhat in the manner of Ariosto (q.v.) but without Ariosto's irony and emotional power. His best work in this period was the verse romance *Ruslan and Liudmila* (1820).

Unfortunately Pushkin incurred the suspicion of radicalism and was transferred (practically banished) to the Caucasus. This banishment, although it weighed heavily upon his spirit, proved a benefit to literature; for some of his greatest works grew directly or indirectly out of his exile. During this period he learned English and Italian and abandoned Voltaire for Byron, whose influence is seen in *The Prisoner of the Caucasus* (1822). The verse romance, *Eugene Onegin* (1828), really the first Russian novel, grew out of an idea which Pushkin got from Byron's *Beppo*. It would be easy to misrepresent the importance of Pushkin's debt, however, for he was by no means an imitator of Byron; rather, Pushkin found in Byron the key to himself.

Upon Pushkin's return from exile (1824) Byron yielded in his estimation to Shakespeare, the study of whom inspired *Boris Godunov* (1831), usually considered his masterpiece. Later, Pushkin devoted himself to history and to subjects of Russian country life. His short stories, close, moving studies of the rural population, anticipated Gogol. It is characteristic of Pushkin as a literary artist that his prose should be no less notable than his poetry. His work is marked throughout by a fine interweaving of pathos and humor, somewhat in the manner of Byron and the Italian writers, and by a rare combination of excellent craftsmanship and accurate poetic vision. It is likely that Russia owes to him also, more than to anyone else, the sloughing off of theatricality and pompousness from the language of literature.

The Battle of Poltava (ca. 1828) describes the defeat of Charles XII of Sweden by Peter the Great of Russia, whose victory marks the fall of Charles and the rise of Russia to power. The translation is that of the Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., in *Russian Lyrics in English Verse*, London, Trübner & Co., 1878.

THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA¹

I

The east is glowing with the dawn of 15	Rises in circles towards the listening
day!	sky,

But — hark! — far sounds the cannon's
thund'rous roar,

Booming o'er hill and plain; the curling
smoke

¹ The battle took place in the neighborhood of the town of Poltava (Pultowa), in Russia, on the 27th of June, 1709.

And, midway, meets the morning's golden beam.

Each regiment its ranks has firmly closed;
Sharp-shooters, scattered mid the bushes, lie;

The balls begin to roll with whistling sound,

And, fixed on muskets, stand the bayonets.
Those favourite sons of victory — the Swedes —

Burst through the earthworks' fire-encircled mounds;

The horsemen, like the surging tide, sweep on;

With heavy tread the infantry bring up
The rear, and, full of stubborn energy,
Encourage each to more impetuous course.

On ev'ry side the battle's gory field
Rings, and flashes, in the murderous strife;
Yet is it to the keen observer clear
That war's grim fortune is already ours.

By the thick storm of bullets fiercely checked,

The foe, in heaps confused, bestrews the ground;

Rosen retires, the fight abandoning,
And Schlippenbach surrenders to our arms.
The Swedes, file after file, in death borne down,

The glory of their banners fades at length;
And — thanks be to the God of battles given —

Our every step is sealed by victory.

II

But, suddenly, a clarion voice rings out
From higher ground, and Peter, shouting, cries,

"On, on, brave men! with God's help for
your guide!"

And, by a group of valiant warriors girt,
From out his sheltering tent he cometh forth;

His eyes are sparkling mid the battle's
rage,

His countenance is turned every way,
His rapid movements bear him gloriously,
And he is like the incarnate wrath of God.

His horse is brought, led up for him to
mount,

A steed most fiery, yet most docile, too;
Who scents the din of battle from afar,

And rolling round his eyeballs full of fire,
He gallops through the dust of furious strife,

Proud of his mighty master, and himself.
5 The noon approaches: heat oppresses all:

The battle, like tired ploughman, rests a while;

The Cossacks gallop wildly here and there;
10 The troops, refreshed, dress up their ranks once more,

The martial music ceases from its strain,
And angry cannons, posted on the heights,
Have stopped their hungry roaring, and
are dumb.

Then swiftly rolls across the lengthened plain

One deafening shout — one mighty deep
"Hurrah!"

20 The troops of their commander have caught sight.

III

25 And he, before their ranks, now passes on,

Full of rejoicing, as the god of war:

He, with his look, devours the field of fight;

30 Attending him, there moves a circling crowd

Of nestlings, reared in Peter's own bright nest:

They, who through all the changes of the
35 world,

They, who through hardships born in peace, and war,

Have proved themselves his comrades, and his sons.

These were such heroes, as Sheremetef,
And Bruce, and Bauer, and Repnin's
noble form,

And he, the mighty, and all-favoured,
Prince,

45 Of lowly birth, yet fortune's darling child!

IV

But, see! where, borne before the serried
ranks

Of his brave soldiers — his companions
In arms — by faithful followers upheld,
Upon a litter, pale and motionless,

Appears the wounded monarch, Swedish
 Charles.
 His men, of stamp heroic, march behind;
 His brow was furrowed, as by deepest
 thought,
 His features were impressed by frequent
 change
 Of strange emotions, and solicitude:
 'Tis said that he, a prey to doubtful mind,
 Looked on the approaching fight unwill- 10
 ingly;
 Till, suddenly, with feeble wave of hand,
 He moved his troops against the Russian
 host.

And, now, the Imperial soldiers, march-
 ing on,
 Have met their foemen in the battle's 20
 smoke.
 Again Poltava's furious fight begins;
 Wall after wall of living men are crushed,
 Mown down by bayonets. Like some dark
 cloud,
 Moving across the sky, the cavalry
 Rush on, and furrows make in hostile
 ranks;
 The swords clash hand to hand in raging
 strife,
 Thick heaps of corpses upon heaps are
 piled,
 Balls leap along, and tear up the hard
 ground,

Hissing in the warm blood of dying men,
 Swede, and Russian: spears fly, the roll of
 drums
 Is beating, there are hurrying, cries, and
 5 groans,
 The roar of cannon, and the wail of pain,
 And death, and hell, their victims swallow
 up.

VI

Hurrah! hurrah! the Swedes are giving
 way;
 One more attack, and soon the foe will
 15 fly.
 Again, like whirlwind rush the cavalry,
 Their swords are blunted by the blood they
 shed;
 And the whole plain is by the fallen strewn,
 Like to black locusts, by rude peasants
 slain.
 Peter, most proud and happy, keeps the
 feast,
 His eye is beaming with full sense of joy,
 25 And splendid is the banquet he pre-
 pares.
 Amid the loud rejoicings of his host,
 Within his tent, he welcomes to his board
 His own brave warriors, and his prison-
 30 ers;
 Speaking in words of courtesy to *these*,
 He drinks to all, "Good health," and
 frankly owns
 Them as his masters in the art of war.

LERMONTOV

(1814-1841)

Michael Lermontov was born in Moscow and attended school there during his childhood. At seventeen he was sent to the Guards' School in St. Petersburg to be prepared for a military career, and upon his graduation was given a commission in a Hussar regiment. His military career was interrupted by banishment resulting from verses written upon the death of Pushkin. He was sent to the Caucasus for active military service, but in a short time he was pardoned and returned to the Guards. Because of a duel he was again exiled to the Caucasus. At the same time he was doing much writing and so building up a reputation both as a fighter and as a poet. By 1838 his reputation as a writer inspired his friends to arrange for him a visit to St. Petersburg. He remained there but a short time before he returned to his regiment in the Caucasus. A few months after his return in 1841 he was killed in a duel.

Lermontov is considered one of the greatest of Russia's romantic poets. Living a little later than Pushkin, he was influenced as much by the post-Byronic poets, especially Lamartine, as he was by Byron.

The poems which follow were written between 1828 and 1841 and are here given in the translation of C. T. Wilson, *Russian Lyrics in English Verse*, London, Trübner and Co., 1878.

•THE PRISONER

"Open the gates, that I once more be free,
Give back the brightness of the day to me,
Give back the maiden, whom I once have
loved,
Give back the steed, whose swiftness I
have proved.
The tender maiden, with the soft dark
eyes,
Most fondly will I love, most dearly prize;
Upon the horse's saddle borne on high,
Like the simoom,¹ I will o'er deserts fly.

"The prison-window's high above the floor,
The lock hangs heavy on the prison-door,
The dark-eyed maid remains far, far,
away,
Amid the splendours of the harem gay;
The swiftly-footed steed is in the fields,
With the full liberty which freedom yields,
Playfully roaming o'er the ground at ease,
His mane, and tail, are floating on the
breeze.

"Alone am I; the darkling walls look down
Upon me, joyless, with their cold, stern,
frown;
When lurid night succeedeth unto day,
The lamp burns dimly with its flickering
ray:
All, all, is silence — not a sound is stirred,
Only the footsteps echoing are heard
Of tacit sentinel, which, to and fro,
Through the night's stillness loudly pacing
go."

•THE DESERTER

A Legend of the Hills

Swifter than deer, by eager hounds pursued;
More frightened than by eagle coursed the hare,
Harun, in panic, quits the battle field,
Where ran in gory streams Circassia's²
blood.
His father, and his brothers twain, lie
there,
Victims to honour, and to liberty,

Whose severed heads are trampled in the
dust

By barbarous foes, not knowing how to
spare,
5 Their gaping wounds for vengeance crying
loud.

Harun, his duty in his shame forgot,
Has in the *melée*, all-confusing, lost
His musket, and his turban — *and he runs*.
10 Darksome night has fall'n, and the
thick'ning mists,
Robbing the dusky plains, have covered all
The landscape with their own white wind-
ing-sheet.

15 From eastward comes depressing scent of
cold,

And o'er the plains, whereon the Prophet³
dwelt,

In brightness rises full the golden moon.
20 From travel faint — tortured by pain,
and thirst,
And wiping from his forehead blood, and
sweat,

Looking around, amid encircling hills,
25 His native village he, well-knowing, sees:
He steals along unnoticed, and unknown,
While all around reigns quiet solitude.

From desperate tide of battle freed, he
Alone has come, unwounded, and unhurt,
30 And to the hut familiar hurries on.

There gleams a light: the master is at
home:

And, calling all his forces to his aid,
Harun the threshold crosses with a bound.
Selim was formerly his bosom-friend,
But, now, at first scarce recognises him.
Stretched on his couch, in painful agony,
He dying lay — no murmur crossed his
lips:

40 "All-mighty Allah is — all-merciful —
His angels guard thee still for future fame!
What news, my friend, bring'st thou?"
so Selim asks —

His drooping eyeballs lifted up again;
45 And as his look brightens with fire of hope,
Raises himself, and the grim warrior's
blood
Is warmed anew in this his latest hour.

"Two days we fought together in the
50 pass,"

Harun replies. "My father fell in death,

¹ A hot dry dust-laden wind in the deserts of Arabia or Syria.

² A region in the Russian Caucasus.

³ Mohammed.

My brothers with him; I alone escaped,
 Like hunted beast, into the wilderness;
 With feet all bloody from the toilsome
 road,
 By thorny briars torn, and cut with stones, 5
 I fled by paths, unknown to mortal men,
 Frequented by the wild boar, and the wolf.
 Circassia's fallen; Russians are every-
 where.

Oh, take me in, old friend, to thy embrace; 10
 The Prophet evermore shall bless thee; I
 Be grateful to thee till my day of death."

Answers, indignantly, the dying man:
 "Away — depart — thou despicable one!
 Nor aid, nor blessing — neither hearth, nor 15
 home —

Shall *coward* be allowed with me to share."
 Filled with deep shame, and, eke, with
 sorrow filled,

Free from all anger, bearing his reproach, 20
 Harun, again, in solemn silence bowed,
 The threshold leaves, friendly to him no
 more.

And, now, another hut meeting his
 eyes, 25
 He stopped suddenly.

The fleeting dreams of early days gone
 by
 Rush swiftly back to mind, and memory,
 His cold brow warming as with kiss of 30
 love,
 Sweetness, and brightness, filling all his
 soul.

In the dark gloom of overhanging night
 He thought he saw fair eyes' caressing 35
 look

On him, calling him to draw near again;
 And thus he whispers to himself: "Be-
 loved!

She only lives — she only breathes — 40
 for me."

And when in act to enter, hears her sing
 A song he once had loved to listen to,
 Then paler turns he than the pallid moon.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG

"The moon is floating in the sky,
 Brightest radiance throwing;
 The warrior-youth is hurrying by, 50
 To fields of glory going.

The ranks to join he hastens on,
 With sword, and musket, laden;
 When, parted from her much-loved one,
 With spirit sings the maiden.

"Thy prayers, dear youth, to eastward
 be!

From Kismet¹ aid be granted!
 Serve thou the Prophet faithfully!
 With glory grow enchanted!

He who does his friends forego,
 His life's not worth preserving;
 Who does not boldly front the foe
 Of death is well-deserving.

Will come no freshness from the rain
 Upon his body aching;
 From beasts he will no notice gain,
 His bones to burial taking.

No man upon the hills such shame
 Will, sure, be found outliving;
 No more to one, with *coward's* name,
 Shall maid her love be giving."

With head bent low, and quickly-
 pacing step,
 Harun flies swiftly from the hut away,
 From time to time a big tear, rolling down
 From drooping eyelids, falls upon his
 breast:

But, weather-beaten, stained with dust
 and rain,
 He sees before him his own well-known
 home.

With hope still buoying upon his fainting
 soul,

Harun knocks softly at the window-sill.
 Surely, full surely, in this lowly cot
 Are heartfelt prayers for ever breathed
 for him.

The mother old her son's return awaits,
 But waits him not alone, and by himself.
 45 "Open the door, mother, 'tis I am come,
 Your own Harun, your youngest, dearest
 son,

Running the gauntlet of the Russian blows,
 I come to thee."

"Com'st thou alone?"
 "Alone!"

¹ Fate, destiny, a term used by Mohammedans to express man's lot in life, with all its incidents and details.

The mother, in the morning, saw her son's

son's

Dead body lie, and coldly turned away;
And no one took the corpse, despised by
all.

5 all,

To the near grave-yard, to be buried there.

blood from deep wound thickly welling
out

Was lapped by greedy dogs, barking aloud.

The merry children in the village played.

And, naught regarding, revelled all about.

In the recorded page of liberty

The story sad of the deserter lived.

15 His guilty spirit, cowed with horrid fear,
From the near presence of the Prophet
shrank:

And over Eastern mountains wandering,
His ghost to this day is by many seen:

And at the window, towards the early
morn.

son.'

Knocks at the hut, and for admittance
craves:

But as he hears words read from the Koran.

22

He flies into the shadows of the mist.

As, erst, he flew from the death-dealing sword.

¹ A long stout knife, usually without a guard.

CRITICISM

GERMAN

SCHLEGEL

(1767-1845)

August Wilhelm Schlegel was born at Hanover, the son of a well-known German divine, Johann Adolf Schlegel. He studied at the University of Göttingen and later (1797) became professor of Greek and Latin at Jena. About 1798 he and his brother founded the *Athenæum*, a periodical devoted to the principles of the romantic school of writers. He was a careful student of Shakespeare and published (1798-1810) a complete translation of Shakespeare's works in eleven volumes. From 1802 to 1805 he lived in Berlin. Here he became acquainted with Madame de Staël,¹ who engaged him to accompany her as instructor for herself and her children. This association with Madame de Staël extended over a number of years and exercised a strong influence upon her literary style. Schlegel is perhaps best known to English readers for his lectures on Shakespeare, which form a part of a series delivered in 1808. He served as secretary to Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, from 1813 to 1814. In 1819 he became professor of history at Bonn and took up the study of Sanskrit, which enabled him to make a number of significant contributions to Oriental studies.

The following translation is that of John Black in *Lectures on Dramatic Art* by August Wilhelm Schlegel, London, George Bell and Sons, 1909.

LECTURE XXV

Criticisms on Shakspeare's Tragedies

Romeo and Juliet, and *Othello*, differ from most of the pieces which we have hitherto examined, neither in the ingredients of the composition, nor in the manner of treating them: it is merely the direction of the whole that gives them the stamp of Tragedy. *Romeo and Juliet* is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too sharp for this the tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other feel mutual love at the first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible impulse to live in one another; under circumstances hostile in the highest degree to their union, they unite themselves by a secret marriage, relying simply on the protection of an invisible power. Untoward incidents following in rapid succession, their heroic constancy is within a few days put to the proof, till, forcibly separated from each other, by a voluntary death they are united in the grave to meet again in another world. All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to join in one ideal picture purity of heart with warmth of imagination; sweetness and dignity of manners with passionate intensity of feeling. Under his handling, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses into soul, while at the same time it is a melancholy elegy on its inherent and imparted frailty; it is at once the apotheosis and the obsequies of love. It appears here a heavenly spark, that, as it descends to the earth, is converted into the lightning flash, which almost in the same moment sets on fire and consumes

¹ Famous French novelist of the pre-romantic period.

the mortal being on whom it lights. All that is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, — all that is languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, all alike breathe forth from this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, does it from the first timidly-bold declaration and modest return of love hurry on to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; and then hastens, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the fate of the two lovers, who yet appear enviable in their hard lot, for their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained an endless triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest love and hatred, festive rejoicings and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchral horrors, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are here all brought close to each other; and yet these contrasts are so blended into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.

The excellent dramatic arrangement, the significance of every character in its place, the judicious selection of all the circumstances, even the most minute, have already been dwelt upon in detail. I shall only request attention to a trait which may serve for an example of the distance to which Shakspeare goes back to lay the preparatory foundation. The most striking and perhaps incredible circumstance in the whole story is the liquor given by the Monk to Julia, by which she for a number of hours not merely sleeps, but fully resembles a corpse, without however receiving the least injury. How does the poet dispose us to believe that Father Lorenzo possesses such a secret? — At his first appearance he exhibits him in a garden, where he is collecting herbs and descanting on their wonderful virtues. The discourse of the pious old man is full of deep meaning: he sees everywhere in nature emblems of the moral world; the same wisdom with which he looks through her has also made him master of the human heart. In this manner a circumstance of an

ungrateful appearance has become the source of a great beauty.

If *Romeo and Juliet* shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, *Othello* is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture: we might call it a tragical Rembrandt. What a fortunate mistake that the Moor (under which name in the original novel, a baptized Saracen of the Northern coast of Africa was unquestionably meant), has been made by Shakspeare in every respect a negro! We recognize in *Othello* the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most ravenous beasts of prey and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by nobler and milder manners. His jealousy is not the jealousy of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual kind which, in burning climes, has given birth to the disgraceful confinement of women and many other unnatural usages. A drop of this poison flows in his veins, and sets his whole blood in the wildest ferment. The Moor *seems* noble, frank, confiding, grateful for the love shown him; and he is all this, and, moreover, a hero who spurns danger, a worthy leader of an army, a faithful servant of the state; but the mere physical force of passion puts to flight in one moment all his acquired and mere habitual virtues, and gives the upper hand to the savage over the moral man. This tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself even in the expression of his desire of revenge upon Cassio. In his repentance, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife, and in the presence of the damning evidence of his deed, the painful feeling of annihilated honour at last bursts forth; and in the midst of these painful emotions he assails himself with the rage wherewith a despot punishes a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being was divided. — While the Moor bears the nightly colour of suspicion and deceit only on his visage, Iago is

black within. He haunts Othello like his evil genius, and, with his light (and therefore the more dangerous) insinuations, he leaves him no rest, it is as if by means of an unfortunate affinity, founded however in nature, this influence was by necessity more powerful over him than the voice of his good angel Desdemona. A more artful villain than this Iago was never portrayed; he spreads his nets with a skill which nothing can escape. The repugnance inspired by his aims becomes tolerable from the attention of the spectators being directed to his means: these furnish endless employment to the understanding. Cool, discontented, and morose, arrogant where he dare be so, but humble and insinuating when it suits his purposes, he is a complete master in the art of dissimulation; accessible only to selfish emotions, he is thoroughly skilled in rousing the passions of others, and of availing himself of every opening which they give him: he is as excellent an observer of men as any one can be who is unacquainted with higher motives of action from his own experience, there is always some truth in his malicious observations on them. He does not merely pretend an obdurate incredulity as to the virtue of women, he actually entertains it; and this, too, falls in with his whole way of thinking, and makes him the more fit for the execution of his purpose. As in everything he sees merely the hateful side, he dissolves in the rudest manner the charm which the imagination casts over the relation between the two sexes: he does so for the purpose of revolting Othello's senses, whose heart otherwise might easily have convinced him of Desdemona's innocence. This must serve as an excuse for the numerous expressions in the speeches of Iago from which modesty shrinks. If Shakspeare had written in our days he would not perhaps have dared to hazard them; and yet this must certainly have greatly injured the truth of his picture. Desdemona is a sacrifice without blemish. She is not, it is true, a high ideal representation of sweetness and enthusiastic passion like Juliet; full of simplicity, softness, and humility, and

so innocent, that she can hardly form to herself an idea of the possibility of infidelity, she seems calculated to make the most yielding and tenderest of wives. The female propensity wholly to resign itself to a foreign destiny has led her into the only fault of her life, that of marrying without her father's consent. Her choice seems wrong; and yet she has been gained over to Othello by that which induces the female to honour in man her protector and guide, — admiration of his determined heroism, and compassion for the sufferings which he had undergone. With great art it is so contrived that, from the very circumstance that the possibility of a suspicion of her own purity of motive never once enters her mind, she is the less reserved in her solicitations for Cassio, and thereby does but heighten more and more the jealousy of Othello. To throw out still more clearly the angelic purity of Desdemona, Shakspeare has in Emilia associated with her a companion of doubtful virtue. From the sinful levity of this woman it is also conceivable that she should not confess the abstraction of the handkerchief when Othello violently demands it back: this would otherwise be the circumstance in the whole piece the most difficult to justify. Cassio is portrayed exactly as he ought to be to excite suspicion without actual guilt, — amiable and nobly disposed, but easily seduced. The public events of the first two acts show us Othello in his most glorious aspect, as the support of Venice and the terror of the Turks: they serve to withdraw the story from the mere domestic circle, just as this is done in *Romeo and Juliet* by the dissensions between the houses of Montague and Capulet. No eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming force of the catastrophe in *Othello*, — the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity.

Hamlet is singular in its kind: a tragedy of thought inspired by continual and never-satisfied meditation on human destiny and the dark perplexity of the events of this world, and calculated to call forth the very same meditation in the minds of the spectators. This enigmatical work

resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Much has been said, much written, on this piece, and yet no thinking head who expresses himself anew on it will (in his view of the connexion and the signification of all the parts) entirely coincide with his predecessors. What naturally most astonishes us, is the fact that with such hidden purposes, with a foundation laid in such unfathomable depth, the whole should, at a first view, exhibit an extremely popular appearance. The dread appearance of the Ghost takes possession of the mind and the imagination almost at the very commencement; then the play within the play, in which, as in a glass, we see reflected the crime, whose fruitlessly attempted punishment constitutes the subject-matter of the piece; the alarm with which it fills the King; Hamlet's pretended and Ophelia's real madness; her death and burial; the meeting of Hamlet and Laertes at her grave; their combat, and the grand determination; lastly, the appearance of the young hero Fortinbras, who, with warlike pomp, pays the last honours to an extinct family of kings; the interspersions of comic characteristic scenes with Polonius, the courtiers, and the grave-diggers, which have all of them their signification, — all this fills the stage with an animated and varied movement. The only circumstance from which this piece might be judged to be less theatrical than other tragedies of Shakspeare is, that in the last scenes the main action either stands still or appears to retrograde. This, however, was inevitable, and lay in the nature of the subject. The whole is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting; as Hamlet himself expresses it: —

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

With respect to Hamlet's character: I

cannot, as I understand the poet's views, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence upon it as Goethe does. He is, it is true, of a highly cultivated mind, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to an enthusiastic admiration of that excellence in others of which he himself is deficient. He acts the part of madness with unrivalled power, convincing the persons who are sent to examine into his supposed loss of reason, merely by telling them unwelcome truths, and rallying them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces and always leaves unexecuted, his weakness is too apparent: he does himself only justice when he implies that there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely impelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation, he has a natural inclination for crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretexts to cover his want of determination: thoughts, as he says on a different occasion, which have

— but one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward. —

He has been chiefly condemned both for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, which he himself had cherished, and for his insensibility at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others; besides his outward indifference gives us by no means the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy, when he has succeeded in getting rid of his enemies, more through necessity and accident, which alone are able to impel him to quick and decisive measures, than by the merit of his own courage, as he himself confesses after the murder of Polonius, and with respect to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in anything else: from expressions of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts; he believes in the Ghost of his father as long

as he sees it, but, as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception. He has even gone so far as to say, "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so"; with him the poet loses himself here in labyrinths of thought, in which neither end nor beginning is discoverable. The stars themselves, from the course of events, afford no answer to the question so urgently proposed to them. A voice from another world, commissioned, it would appear, by heaven, demands vengeance for a monstrous enormity; and the demand remains without effect; the criminals are at last punished, but, as it were, by an accidental blow, and not in the solemn way requisite to convey to the world a warning example of justice; irresolute foresight, cunning treachery, and impetuous rage, hurry on to a common destruction; the less guilty and the innocent are equally involved in the general ruin. The destiny of humanity is there exhibited as a gigantic Sphinx, which threatens to precipitate into the abyss of scepticism all who are unable to solve her dreadful enigmas.

As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the player's speech about Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators, whether this was borrowed by Shakspeare from himself or from another, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously, or merely meant to ridicule the tragical bombast of his contemporaries. It seems never to have occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it in the play itself as dramatic poetry, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the former in the same proportion that generally theatrical elevation soars above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail,

and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice: overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player practised in artificially calling forth in himself the emotion he is imitating may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art, as not to be aware that a tragedy in which Æneas had to make a lengthy epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy could neither be dramatical nor theatrical.

Of *Macbeth* I have already spoken once in passing, and who could exhaust the praises of this sublime work? Since *The Eumenides* of Æschylus, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been written. The witches are not, it is true, divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be: they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. A German poet, therefore, very ill understood their meaning, when he transformed them into mongrel beings, a mixture of fates, furies, and enchantresses, and clothed them with tragic dignity. Let no man venture to lay hand on Shakspeare's works thinking to improve anything essential: he will be sure to punish himself. The bad is radically odious, and to endeavour in any manner to ennoble it is to violate the laws of propriety. Hence, in my opinion, Dante, and even Tasso, have been much more successful in their portraiture of dæmons than Milton. Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in ghosts and witches is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* he has made of pre-existing traditions. No superstition can be widely diffused without having a foundation in human nature: on this the poet builds; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of superstition; that is, not

the philosopher who denies and turns it into ridicule, but, what is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions. But when he ventures to make arbitrary changes in these popular traditions, he altogether forfeits his right to them, and merely holds up his own idle fancies to our ridicule. Shakspeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: 10 in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary witch-dance. He has been abused for using the names of disgusting objects; but he who 20 fancies the kettle of the witches can be made effective with agreeable aromatics is as wise as those who desire that hell should sincerely and honestly give good advice. These repulsive things, from 25 which the imagination shrinks, are here emblems of the hostile powers which operate in nature; and the repugnance of our senses is outweighed by the mental horror. With one another the witches 30 discourse like women of the very lowest class; for this was the class to which witches were ordinarily supposed to belong: when, however, they address Macbeth they assume a loftier tone: their 35 predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity of oracles.

We here see that the witches are merely 40 instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere. With what intent did Shakspeare assign the same place to them in 45 his play, which they occupy in the history of Macbeth as related in the old chronicles? A monstrous crime is committed: Duncan, a venerable old man, and the best of kings, is, in defenceless sleep, 50 under the hospitable roof, murdered by his subject, whom he has loaded with honours and rewards. Natural motives alone seem inadequate, or the perpetrator must have been portrayed as a hardened villain. Shakspeare wished to exhibit a more sublime picture: an ambitious but noble hero, yielding to a deep-laid hellish temptation; and in whom all the crimes to which, in order to secure the fruits of his first crime, he is impelled by necessity, cannot altogether eradicate the stamp of native heroism. He has, therefore, given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can only be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity of murdering the King immediately offers; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendour over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come, clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the over-ruling destiny of the ancients represented in

perfect accordance with their ideas: the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment, deceive those who confide in them. Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches: his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of *Hamlet*: it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. "Thought, and done!" is the general motto; for as Macbeth says,

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained, — years perhaps, according to the story; but we know that

to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events, — the very inmost recesses in the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal this picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth; what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of *Medusa*.

I wish merely to point out as a secondary circumstance the prudent dexterity of Shakspeare, who could still contrive to flatter a king by a work in every part of whose plan nevertheless the poetical views are evident. James the First drew his lineage from Banquo; he was the first who united the threefold sceptre of England, Scotland, and Ireland: this is foreshown in the magical vision, when a long series of glorious successors is promised to Banquo. Even the gift of the English kings to heal certain maladies by the touch, which James pretended to have inherited from Edward the Confessor, and on which he set a great value, is brought in very naturally. — With such occasional matters we may well allow ourselves to be pleased without fearing from them any danger to poetry: by similar allusions *Æschylus* endeavoured to recommend the Areopagus to his fellow-citizens, and *Sophocles* to celebrate the glory of Athens.

As in *Macbeth* terror reaches its utmost height, in *King Lear* the science of compassion is exhausted. The principal characters here are not those who act, but those who suffer. We have not in this, as in most tragedies, the picture of a

calamity in which the sudden blows of fate seem still to honour the head which they strike, and where the loss is always accompanied by some flattering consolation in the memory of the former possession; but a fall from the highest elevation into the deepest abyss of misery, where humanity is stripped of all external and internal advantages, and given up a prey to naked helplessness. The threefold dignity of a king, an old man, and a father, is dishonoured by the cruel ingratitude of his unnatural daughters; the old Lear, who out of a foolish tenderness has given away everything, is driven out to the world a wandering beggar; the childish imbecility to which he was fast advancing changes into the wildest insanity, and, when he is rescued from the disgraceful destitution to which he was abandoned, it is too late: the kind consolations of filial care and attention and of true friendship are now lost on him; his bodily and mental powers are destroyed beyond all hope of recovery, and all that now remains to him of life is the capability of loving and suffering beyond measure. What a picture we have in the meeting of Lear and Edgar in a tempestuous night and in a wretched hovel! The youthful Edgar has, by the wicked arts of his brother, and through his father's blindness, fallen, as the old Lear, from the rank to which his birth entitled him; and, as the only means of escaping further persecution, is reduced to assume the disguise of a beggar tormented by evil spirits. The King's fool, notwithstanding the voluntary degradation which is implied in his situation, is, after Kent, Lear's most faithful associate, his wisest counsellor. This good-hearted fool clothes reason with the livery of his motley garb; the high-born beggar acts the part of insanity; and both, were they even in reality what they seem, would still be enviable in comparison with the King, who, feels that the violence of his grief threatens to overpower his reason. The meeting of Edgar with the blinded Gloucester is equally heart-rending; nothing can be more affecting than to see the ejected son become the father's guide, and the good angel, who, under the disguise of insanity, saves him by an ingenious and pious fraud from the horror and despair of self-murder. But who can possibly enumerate all the different combinations and situations by which our minds are here as it were stormed by the poet? Respecting the structure of the whole I will only make one observation. The story of Lear and his daughters was left by Shakspeare exactly as he found it in a fabulous tradition, with all the features characteristic of the simplicity of old times. But in that tradition there is not the slightest trace of the story of Gloucester and his sons, which was derived by Shakspeare from another source. The incorporation of the two stories has been censured as destructive of the unity of action. But whatever contributes to the intrigue or the *dénouement* must always possess unity. And with what ingenuity and skill are the two main parts of the composition dovetailed into one another! The pity felt by Gloucester for the fate of Lear becomes the means which enables his son Edmund to effect his complete destruction, and affords the outcast Edgar an opportunity of being the saviour of his father. On the other hand, Edmund is active in the cause of Regan and Goneril, and the criminal passion which they both entertain for him induces them to execute justice on each other and on themselves. The laws of the drama have therefore been sufficiently complied with; but that is the least: it is the very combination which constitutes the sublime beauty of the work. The two cases resemble each other in the main: an infatuated father is blind towards his well-disposed child, and the unnatural children, whom he prefers, requite him by the ruin of all his happiness. But all the circumstances are so different, that these stories, while they each make a correspondent impression on the heart, form a complete contrast for the imagination. Were Lear alone to suffer from his daughters, the impression would be limited to the powerful compassion felt by us for his private misfortune. But two such unheard-of examples taking place at the same time have the appearance of a great commotion in the moral world: the picture becomes

gigantic, and fills us with such alarm as we should entertain at the idea that the heavenly bodies might one day fall from their appointed orbits. To save in some degree the honour of human nature, Shakspeare never wishes his spectators to forget that the story takes place in a dreary and barbarous age: he lays particular stress on the circumstance that the Britons of that day were still heathens, although he has not made all the remaining circumstances to coincide learnedly with the time which he has chosen. From this point of view we must judge of many coarsenesses in expression and manners; for instance, the immodest manner in which Gloster acknowledges his bastard, Kent's quarrel with the Steward, and more especially the cruelty personally inflicted on Gloster by the Duke of Cornwall. Even the virtue of the honest Kent bears the stamp of an iron age, in which the good and the bad display the same uncontrollable energy. Great qualities have not been superfluously assigned to the King; the poet could command our sympathy for his situation, without concealing what he had done to bring himself into it. Lear is choleric, overbearing, and almost childish from age, when he drives out his youngest daughter because she will not join in the hypocritical exaggerations of her sisters. But he has a warm and affectionate heart, which is susceptible of the most fervent gratitude; and even rays of a high and

kingly disposition burst forth from the eclipse of his understanding. Of Cordelia's heavenly beauty of soul, painted in so few words, I will not venture to speak; she can only be named in the same breath with Antigone. Her death has been thought too cruel; and in England the piece is in acting so far altered that she remains victorious and happy. I must own, I cannot conceive what ideas of art and dramatic connexion those persons have who suppose that we can at pleasure tack a double conclusion to a tragedy; a melancholy one for hard-hearted spectators, and a happy one for souls of a softer mould. After surviving so many sufferings, Lear can only die; and what more truly tragic end for him than to die from grief for the death of Cordelia? and if he is also to be saved and to pass the remainder of his days in happiness, the whole loses its signification. According to Shakspeare's plan the guilty, it is true, are all punished, for wickedness destroys itself; but the virtues that would bring help and succour are everywhere too late, or overmatched by the cunning activity of malice. The persons of this drama have only such a faint belief in Providence as heathens may be supposed to have; and the poet here wishes to show us that this belief requires a wider range than the dark pilgrimage on earth to be established in full extent.

PROSE NARRATIVE

GERMAN

GOETHE

One of the prominent features of the Age of Romanticism was its sentimental melancholy. *The Sorrows of Werther* (1774) is perhaps the most famous of the many pieces inspired by this passion; it is also one of the best. So popular did *Werther* become that young men all over Europe cultivated ineradicable sorrows, and the gloomy brow and drooping eye became an almost indispensable part of social equipment. The situation in *Werther* is that Charlotte, beloved by Werther, marries Albert. Werther continues to love Charlotte and also admires and respects Albert. He becomes a member of the family circle, but even this solace is a torture to him, a torture which he hugs to his bosom with painful ecstasy. Like many other eighteenth-century novels, *Werther* is written in the form of a series of letters. For Goethe's life, see p. 800.

The translation is that of R. Dillon Boylan, in *Novels and Tales by Goethe*, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1911.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

July 24th.

You insist so much on my not neglecting my drawing, that it would be as well for me to say nothing as to confess how little I have lately done.

I never felt happier; I never understood nature better, even down to the veriest stem, or smallest blade of grass; and yet I am unable to express myself; my powers of execution are so weak, everything seems to swim and float before me, so that I cannot make a clear, bold outline; but I fancy I should succeed better if I had some clay or wax to model. I shall try, if this state of mind continues much longer, and will take to modelling, if I only knead dough.

I have commenced Charlotte's portrait three times, and have as often disgraced myself. This is the more annoying, as I was formerly very happy in taking likenesses. I have since sketched her profile, and must content myself with that.

July 25th.

Yes, dear Charlotte! I will order and arrange everything. Only give me more commissions, — the more the better. One

thing, however, I must request. Use no more writing-sand with the dear notes you send me. To-day I raised your letter hastily to my lips, and it set my teeth on edge.

July 26th.

I have often determined not to see her so frequently. But who could keep such a resolution? Every day I am exposed to the temptation, and promise, faithfully, that to-morrow I will stay really away; but, when to-morrow comes, I find some irresistible reason for seeing her; and, before I can account for it, I am with her again. Either she has said on the previous evening, "You will be sure to call to-morrow!" — and who could stay away then? — or she gives me some commission, and I find it essential to take her the answer in person; or the day is fine and I walk to Walheim, and when I am there it is only half a league further to her. I am within the charmed atmosphere, and soon find myself at her side. My grandmother used to tell us a story of a mountain of loadstone. When any vessels came near it, they were deprived instantly of their ironwork, the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amongst the disjointed planks.

July 30th.

Albert is arrived and I must take my departure. Were he the best and noblest of men and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of such a perfect being. Possession! — enough, Wilhelm; her betrothed is here! A fine worthy fellow, whom one cannot help liking. Fortunately I was not present at their meeting. It would have broken my heart! And he is so considerate; he has not given Charlotte one kiss in my presence. Heaven reward him for it! I must love him for the respect with which he treats her. He shows a regard for me, but for this I suspect I am more indebted to Charlotte than to his own fancy for me. Women have a delicate tact in such matters; and it should be so. They cannot always succeed in keeping two rivals on terms with each other; but when they do, they are the only gainers.

I cannot help esteeming Albert. The coolness of his temper contrasts strongly with the impetuosity of mine, which I cannot conceal. He has a great deal of feeling, and is fully sensible of the treasure he possesses in Charlotte. He is free from ill-humour, which you know is the fault I detest most.

He regards me as a man of sense, and my attachment to Charlotte, and the interest I take in all that concerns her, augment his triumph and his love. I shall not inquire whether he may not at times tease her with some little jealousies, as I know that, were I in his place, I should not be entirely free from such sensations.

But be that as it may, my pleasure with Charlotte is over. Call it folly, or infatuation, what signifies a name? The thing speaks for itself. Before Albert came, I knew all that I know now. I knew I could make no pretensions to her, nor did I offer any; that is, as far as it was possible in the presence of so much loveliness, not to pant for its enjoyment. And now, behold me, like a silly fellow, staring with astonishment when another comes in and deprives me of my love.

I bite my lips and feel infinite scorn for those who tell me to be resigned, because there is no help for it. Let me escape

from the yoke of such silly subterfuges! I ramble through the woods, and when I return to Charlotte, and find Albert sitting by her side in the summer-house in the garden, I am unable to bear it; behave like a fool; and commit a thousand extravagancies. "For Heaven's sake," said Charlotte to-day, "let us have no more scenes like those of last night. You terrify me when you are so violent." Between ourselves, I am always away now when he visits her, and I feel delighted when I find her alone.

August 8th.

Believe me, dear Wilhelm, I did not allude to you when I spoke so severely of those who advise resignation to inevitable fate. I did not think it possible for you to indulge such a sentiment. But in fact you are right. I only suggest one objection. In this world one is seldom reduced to make a selection between two alternatives. There are as many varieties of conduct and opinion as there are turns of feature between an aquiline nose and a flat one.

You will, therefore, permit me to concede your entire argument, and yet contrive means to escape your dilemma.

Your position is this: "Either you have hopes of obtaining Charlotte, or you have none. Well, in the first case, pursue your course, and press on to the fulfilment of your wishes. In the second, be a man, and shake off a miserable passion, which will enervate and destroy you." My dear friend, this is well and easily said.

But would you require a wretched being, whose life is slowly wasting under a lingering disease, to despatch himself at once by the stroke of a dagger? Does not the very disorder which consumes his strength deprive him of the courage to effect his deliverance?

You may answer me, if you please, with a similar analogy. "Who would not prefer the amputation of an arm to the perilling of life by doubt and procrastination?" But I know not if I am right, and let us leave these comparisons.

Enough! — There are moments, Wilhelm, when I could rise up and shake it all

off, and when, if I only knew where to go, I could fly from this place.

The same evening.

My diary, which I have for some time neglected, came before me to-day, and I am amazed to see how deliberately I have entangled myself step by step. To have seen my position so clearly, and yet to have acted so like a child! Even still I behold the result plainly, and yet have no thought of acting with greater prudence.

August 10th.

If I were not a fool, I could spend the happiest and most delightful life here. So many agreeable circumstances, and of a kind to ensure a worthy man's happiness, are seldom united. Alas! I feel it too sensibly — the heart alone makes our happiness. To be admitted into this most charming family, to be loved by the father as a son, by the children as a father, and by Charlotte! — then the noble Albert, who never disturbs my happiness by any appearance of ill-humour, receiving me with the heartiest affection, and loving me next to Charlotte, better than all the world! Wilhelm, you would be delighted to hear us in our rambles and conversations about Charlotte; nothing in the world can be more absurd than our connection, and yet the thought of it often moves me to tears.

He tells me sometimes of her excellent mother — how upon her death-bed she had committed her house and children to Charlotte, and had given Charlotte herself in charge to him — how since that time a new spirit had taken possession of her — how in care and anxiety for their welfare she became a real mother to them — how every moment of her time was devoted to some labour of love in their behalf — and yet her mirth and cheerfulness had never forsaken her. I walk by his side, pluck flowers by the way, arrange them carefully into a nosegay, then fling them into the first stream I pass, and watch them as they float gently away. I forget whether I told you that Albert is to remain here. He has received a government appointment, with a very good salary, and I

understand he is in high favour at court. I have met few persons so punctual and methodical in business.

August 12th.

Certainly Albert is the best fellow in the world. I had a strange scene with him yesterday. I went to take leave of him, for I took it into my head to spend a few days in these mountains, from whence I now write to you. As I was walking up and down his room, my eye fell upon his pistols. "Lend me those pistols," said I, "for my journey." "By all means," he replied, "if you will take the trouble to load them, for they only hang there for form." I took down one of them, and he continued: "Ever since I was near suffering for my extreme caution, I have had nothing to do with such things." I was curious to hear the story. "I was staying," said he, "some three months ago, at a friend's house in the country. I had a brace of pistols with me unloaded, and I slept without any anxiety. One rainy afternoon I was sitting by myself, doing nothing, when it occurred to me — I do not know how — that the house might be attacked — that we might require the pistols — that we might — in short, you know how we go on fancying, when we have nothing better to do. I gave the pistols to the servant to clean and load. He was playing with the maid, and trying to frighten her, when the pistol went off — God knows how! — the ramrod was in the barrel, and it went straight through her right hand, and shattered the thumb. I had to endure all the lamentation and the surgeon's bill to pay; so since that time I have kept all my weapons unloaded. But, my dear friend, what is the use of prudence? We can never be on our guard against all possible dangers. However," — now you must know I can tolerate all men till they come to "however," for it is self-evident that every universal rule must have its exceptions. But he is so exceedingly accurate, that if he only fancies he has said a word too precipitate, or too general, or only half true, he never ceases to qualify, to modify, and extenuate, till at last he appears to have said nothing at all. Upon

this occasion Albert was deeply immersed in his subject; I ceased to hear him, and became lost in reverie. With a sudden motion I pointed the mouth of the pistol to my forehead, over the right eye. "What do you mean?" cried Albert, turning back the pistol. "It is not loaded," said I. "And even if not," he answered with impatience, "what can you mean? I cannot comprehend how a man can be so mad as to shoot himself, and the bare idea of it shocks me."

"But why should any one," said I, "in speaking of an action, venture to pronounce it mad, or wise, or good, or bad? What is the meaning of all this? Have you carefully studied the secret motives of our actions? Do you understand — can you explain the causes which occasion them, and make them inevitable? If you can, you will be less hasty with your decision."

"But you will allow," said Albert, "that some actions are criminal, let them spring from whatever motives they may." I granted it, and shrugged my shoulders.

"But still, my good friend," I continued, "there are some exceptions here too. Theft is a crime, but the man who commits it from extreme poverty, with no design but to save his family from perishing, is he an object of pity or of punishment? Who shall throw the first stone at a husband, who, in the heat of just resentment, sacrifices his faithless wife and her perfidious seducer? or at the young maiden, who in her weak hour of rapture, forgets herself in the impetuous joys of love? Even our laws, cold and cruel as they are, relent in such cases, and withhold their punishment."

"That is quite another thing," said Albert; "because a man under the influence of violent passion loses all power of reflection, and is regarded as intoxicated or insane."

"Oh! you people of sound understandings," I replied, smiling, "are ever ready to exclaim, 'Extravagance and madness, and intoxication!' You moral men are so calm and so subdued! You abhor the drunken man, and detest the extravagant; you pass by like the Levite, and thank

God, like the Pharisee, that you are not like one of them. I have been more than once intoxicated, my passions have always bordered on extravagance; I am not ashamed to confess it, for I have learnt, by my own experience, that all extraordinary men, who have accomplished great and astonishing actions, have ever been decryd by the world as drunken or insane. And in private life, too, is it not intolerable that no one can undertake the execution of a noble or generous deed, without giving rise to the exclamation that the doer is intoxicated or mad? Shame upon you, ye sages!"

"This is another of your extravagant humours," said Albert; "you always exaggerate a case, and in this matter you are undoubtedly wrong, for we were speaking of suicide, which you compare with great actions, when it is impossible to regard it as anything but a weakness. It is much easier to die than to bear a life of misery with fortitude."

I was on the point of breaking off the conversation, for nothing puts me so completely out of patience as the utterance of a wretched common-place, when I am talking from my inmost heart. However, I composed myself, for I had often heard the same observation with sufficient vexation, and I answered him, therefore, with a little warmth: "You call this a weakness — beware of being led astray by appearances. When a nation which has long groaned under the intolerable yoke of a tyrant rises at last and throws off its chains, — do you call that weakness? The man who, to rescue his house from the flames, finds his physical strength redoubled, so that he lifts burdens with ease, which in the absence of excitement he could scarcely move; he who under the rage of an insult attacks and puts to flight half a score of his enemies — are such persons to be called weak? My good friend, if resistance be strength, how can the highest degree of resistance be a weakness?"

Albert looked steadfastly at me, and said, "Pray forgive me, but I do not see that the examples you have adduced bear any relation to the question." "Very

likely," I answered, "for I have often been told that my style of illustration borders a little on the absurd. But let us see if we cannot place the matter in another point of view, by inquiring what can be a man's state of mind, who resolves to free himself from the burden of life — a burden often so pleasant to bear, — for we cannot otherwise reason fairly upon the subject."

"Human nature," I continued, "has its limits. It is able to endure a certain degree of joy, sorrow, and pain, but becomes annihilated as soon as this measure is exceeded. The question, therefore, is, not whether a man is strong or weak, but whether he is able to endure the measure of his sufferings? The suffering may be moral or physical; and in my opinion it is just as absurd to call a man a coward who destroys himself as to call a man a coward who dies of a malignant fever."

"Paradox, all paradox!" exclaimed Albert. "Not so paradoxical as you imagine," I replied. "You allow that we designate a disease as mortal, when nature is so severely attacked, and her strength so far exhausted, that she cannot possibly recover her former condition, under any change that may take place."

"Now, my good friend, apply this to the mind; observe a man in his natural isolated condition, consider how ideas work, and how impressions fasten upon him, till at length a violent passion seizes him, destroying all his powers of calm reflection, and provoking his utter ruin."

"It is in vain that a man of sound mind and cool temper understands the condition of such a wretched being, in vain he counsels him! He can no more communicate his own wisdom to him than a healthy man can instil his strength into the invalid, by whose bed-side he is seated."

Albert thought this too general. I reminded him of a girl who had drowned herself a short time previously, and I related her history.

She was a good creature, who had grown up in the narrow sphere of household industry and weekly-appointed labour; one who knew no pleasure beyond indulging in a walk on Sundays, arrayed in her best attire, accompanied by her friends,

or perhaps joining in the dance now and then at some festival, and chatting away her spare hours with a neighbour, discussing the scandal or the quarrels of the village — trifles sufficient to occupy her heart. At length the warmth of her nature is influenced by certain new and unknown wishes. Inflamed by the flatteries of men, her former pleasures become by degrees insipid, till at length she meets with a youth to whom she is attracted by an indescribable feeling: upon him she now rests all her hopes; she forgets the world around her; she sees, hears, desires nothing but him, and him only. He alone occupies all her thoughts. Uncorrupted by the idle indulgence of an enervating vanity, her affection moving steadily towards its object, she hopes to become his, and to realise in an everlasting union with him all that happiness which she sought, all that bliss for which she longed. His repeated promises confirm her hopes; embraces and endearments, which increase the ardour of her desires, overmaster her soul. She floats in a dim delusive anticipation of her happiness, and her feelings become excited to their utmost tension. She stretches out her arms finally to embrace the object of all her wishes — and her lover forsakes her. Stunned and bewildered, she stands upon a precipice. All is darkness around her. No prospect, no hope, no consolation — forsaken by him in whom her existence was centred! She sees nothing of the wide world before her, thinks nothing of the many individuals who might supply the void in her heart; she feels herself deserted, forsaken by the world; and blinded and impelled by the agony which wrings her soul, she plunges into the deep, to end her sufferings in the broad embrace of death. See here, Albert, the history of thousands, and tell me, is not this a case of physical infirmity? Nature has no way to escape from the labyrinth, her powers are exhausted, she can contend no longer, and the poor soul must die.

Shame upon him who can look on calmly and exclaim, "The foolish girl! she should have waited; she should have allowed time to wear off the impression; her de-

spair would have been softened, and she would have found another lover to comfort her." One might as well say, "The fool, to die of a fever! — why did he not wait till his strength was restored, till his blood became calm? — all would then have gone well, and he would have been alive now."

Albert, who could not see the justice of the comparison, offered some further objections, and, amongst others, urged that I had taken the case of a mere ignorant girl. But how any man of sense, of more enlarged views and experience, could be excused, he was unable to comprehend. "My friend," I exclaimed, "man is but man, and whatever be the extent of his reasoning powers, they are of little avail when passion rages within, and he feels himself confined by the narrow limits of nature. It were better, then — But we will talk of this some other time," I said, and caught up my hat. Alas! my heart was full; and we parted without conviction on either side. How rarely in this world do men understand each other!

August 15th.

There can be no doubt that in this world nothing is so indispensable as love. I observe that Charlotte could not lose me without a pang, and the very children have but one wish; that is, that I should visit them again to-morrow. I went this afternoon to tune Charlotte's piano. But I could not do it, for the little ones insisted on my telling them a story; and Charlotte herself urged me to satisfy them. I waited upon them at tea, and they are now as fully contented with me as with Charlotte, and I told them my very best tale of the princess who was waited upon by dwarfs. I improve myself by this exercise, and am quite surprised at the impression my stories create. If I sometimes invent an incident which I forget upon the next narration, they remind me directly that the story was different before; so that I now endeavour to relate with exactness the same anecdote in the same monotonous tone, which never changes. I find by this how much an author injures his works by altering them, even though they be improved in a poetical point of view. The

first impression is readily received. We are so constituted, that we believe the most incredible things, and once they are engraved upon the memory, woe to him who would endeavour to efface them.

August 18th.

Must it ever be thus — that the source of our happiness must also be the fountain of our misery? The full and ardent sentiment which animated my heart with the love of nature, overwhelming me with a torrent of delight, and which brought all paradise before me, has now become an insupportable torment — a demon which perpetually pursues and harrasses me. When in bye-gone days I gazed from these rocks upon yonder mountains across the river, and upon the green flowery valley before me, and saw all nature budding and bursting around — the hills clothed from foot to peak with tall, thick forest trees — the valleys in all their varied windings, shaded with the loveliest woods, and the soft river gliding along amongst the lispings reeds, mirroring the beautiful clouds which the soft evening breeze wafted across the sky, — when I heard the groves about me melodious with the music of birds, and saw the million swarms of insects dancing in the last golden beams of the sun, whose setting rays awoke the humming beetles from their grassy beds, whilst the subdued tumult around directed my attention to the ground, and I there observed the arid rock compelled to yield nutriment to the dry moss, whilst the heath flourished upon the barren sands below me, — all this displayed to me the inner warmth which animates all nature, and filled and glowed within my heart. I felt myself exalted by this overflowing fullness to the perception of the Godhead, and the glorious forms of an infinite universe became visible to my soul! Stupendous mountains encompassed me, abysses yawned at my feet, and cata-racts fell headlong down before me; impetuous rivers rolled through the plain, and rocks and mountains resounded from afar. In the depths of the earth I saw innumerable powers in motion, and multiplying to infinity, whilst upon its surface, and beneath the heavens, there teemed ten

thousand varieties of living creatures. Everything around is alive with an infinite number of forms, while mankind fly for security to their petty houses, from the shelter of which they rule in their imaginations over the wide-extended universe. Poor fool! in whose petty estimation all things are little. From the inaccessible mountains, across the desert which no mortal foot has trod, far as the confines of the unknown ocean, breathes the spirit of the eternal Creator, and every atom to which he has given existence finds favour in his sight. Ah, how often at that time has the flight of a bird, soaring above my head, inspired me with the desire of being transported to the shores of the immeasurable waters, there to quaff the pleasures of life from the foaming goblet of the Infinite; and, to partake, if but for a moment, even with the confined powers of my soul, the beatitude of that Creator, who accomplishes all things in himself, and through himself.

My dear friend, the bare recollection of those hours still consoles me. Even this effort to recall those ineffable sensations, and give them utterance, exalts my soul above itself, and makes me doubly feel the intensity of my present anguish.

It is as if a curtain had been drawn from before my eyes; and, instead of prospects of eternal life, the abyss of an ever open grave yawned before me. Can we say of anything that it exists when all passes away — when time, with the speed of a storm, carries all things onward — and our transitory existence, hurried along by the torrent, is either swallowed up by the waves or dashed against the rocks. There is not a moment but preys upon you, and upon all around you — not a moment in which you do not yourself become a destroyer. The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of poor insects; one step destroys the fabric of the industrious ant, and converts a little world into chaos. No; it is not the great and rare calamities of the world, the floods which sweep away whole villages, the earthquakes which swallow up our towns, that affect me. My heart is wasted by the thought of that destructive power which

lies concealed in every part of universal nature. Nature has formed nothing that does not consume itself, and every object near it; so that, surrounded by earth and air, and all the active powers, I wander on my way with aching heart, and the universe is to me a fearful monster, for ever devouring its own offspring.

August 21st.

In vain do I stretch out my arms towards her when I awaken in the morning from my weary slumbers. In vain do I seek for her at night in my bed, when some innocent dream has happily deceived me, and placed her near me in the fields, when I have seized her hand and covered it with countless kisses. And when I feel for her in the half confusion of sleep, with the happy sense that she is near me, tears flow from my oppressed heart, and bereft of all comfort, I weep over my future woes.

August 22nd.

What a misfortune, Wilhelm! My active spirits have degenerated into contented indolence. I cannot be idle, and yet I am unable to set to work. I cannot think: I have no longer any feeling for the beauties of nature, and books are distasteful to me. Once we give ourselves up, we are totally lost. Many a time and oft I wish I were a common labourer; that, awakening in the morning, I might have but one prospect, one pursuit, one hope, for the day which has dawned. I often envy Albert when I see him buried in a heap of papers and parchments, and I fancy I should be happy were I in his place. Often impressed with this feeling, I have been on the point of writing to you and to the minister, for the appointment at the embassy, which you think I might obtain. I believe I might procure it. The minister has long shown a regard for me, and has frequently urged me to seek employment. It is the business of an hour only. Now and then the fable of the horse recurs to me. Weary of liberty, he suffered himself to be saddled and bridled, and was ridden to death for his pains. I know not what to determine upon. For is

not this anxiety for change the consequence of that restless spirit which would pursue me equally in every situation of life?

August 28th.

If my ills would admit of any cure, they would certainly be cured here. This is my birthday, and early in the morning I received a packet from Albert. Upon opening it, I found one of the pink ribands which Charlotte wore in her dress the first time I saw her, and which I had several times asked her to give me. With it were two volumes in duodecimo of Wetstein's Homer, a book I had often wished for, to save me the inconvenience of carrying the large Ernestine edition with me upon my walks. You see how they anticipate my wishes, how well they understand all those little attentions of friendship, so superior to the costly presents of the great, which are humiliating. I kissed the riband a thousand times, and in every breath inhaled the remembrance of those happy and irrevocable days, which filled me with the keenest joy. Such, Wilhelm, is our fate. I do not murmur at it: the flowers of life are but visionary! How many pass away, and leave no trace behind — how few yield any fruit — and the fruit itself, how rarely does it ripen! And yet there are flowers enough! — and, is it not strange, my friend, that we should suffer the little that does really ripen, to rot, decay, and perish unenjoyed? Farewell! It is a glorious summer. I often climb into the trees in Charlotte's orchard and shake down the pears that hang on the highest branches. She stands below, and catches them as they fall.

August 30th.

Unhappy being that I am! Why do I thus deceive myself? What is to come of all this wild, aimless, endless passion? I cannot pray except to her. My imagination sees nothing but her, all surrounding objects are of no account, except as they relate to her. In this dreamy state I enjoy many happy hours, till at length I feel compelled to tear myself away from her. Ah! Wilhelm, to what does not my heart often compel me! When I have spent

several hours in her company, till I feel completely absorbed by her figure, her grace, the divine expression of her thoughts, my mind becomes gradually excited to the highest excess, my sight grows dim, my hearing confused, my breathing oppressed as if by the hand of a murderer, and my beating heart seeks to obtain relief for my aching senses. I am sometimes unconscious whether I really exist. If in such moments I find no sympathy, and Charlotte does not allow me to enjoy the melancholy consolation of bathing her hand with my tears, I feel compelled to tear myself from her, when I either wander through the country, climb some precipitous cliff, or force a path through the trackless thicket, where I am lacerated and torn by thorns and briars, and thence I find relief. Sometimes I lie stretched on the ground, overcome with fatigue and dying with thirst; sometimes late in the night, when the moon shines above me, I recline against an aged tree, in some sequestered forest, to rest my weary limbs; when, exhausted and worn, I sleep till break of day. O Wilhelm! the hermit's cell, his sackcloth, and girdle of thorns would be luxury and indulgence compared with what I suffer. Adieu! I see no end to this wretchedness except the grave.

September 3rd.

I must away. Thank you, Wilhelm, for determining my wavering purpose. For a whole fortnight I have thought of leaving her. I must away. She is returned to town, and is at the house of a friend. And then, Albert — yes, I must go.

September 10th.

Oh, what a night, Wilhelm! I can henceforth bear anything. I shall never see her again. Oh, why cannot I fall on your neck, and, with floods of tears and raptures, give utterance to all the passions which distract my heart! Here I sit gasping for breath, and struggling to compose myself. I wait for day, and at sunrise the horses are to be at the door.

And she is sleeping calmly, little suspecting that she has seen me for the last

time. I am free. I have had the courage, in an interview of two hours' duration, not to betray my intention. And oh! Wilhelm, what a conversation it was!

Albert had promised to come to Charlotte in the garden, immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the tall chestnut-trees, and watched the setting sun, — I saw him sink for the last time beneath this delightful valley and silent stream. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and witnessed that glorious sight, and now — I was walking up and down the very avenue which was so dear to me. A secret sympathy had frequently drawn me thither, before I knew Charlotte, and we were delighted when, in our early acquaintance, we discovered that we each loved the same spot, which is indeed as romantic as any that ever captivated the fancy of an artist.

From beneath the chestnut-trees there is an extensive view. But I remember that I have mentioned all this in a former letter, and have described the tall mass of beech-trees at the end, and how the avenue grows darker and darker as it winds its way among them, till it ends in a gloomy recess which has all the charm of a mysterious solitude. I still remember the strange feeling of melancholy which came over me, the first time I entered that dark retreat, at bright midday. I felt some secret foreboding that it would, one day, be to me the scene of some happiness or misery.

I had spent half an hour struggling between the contending thoughts of going and returning, when I heard them coming up the terrace. I ran to meet them; I trembled as I took her hand and kissed it. As we reached the top of the terrace, the moon rose from behind the wooded hill. We conversed on many subjects, and without perceiving it, we approached the gloomy recess. Charlotte entered and sat down. Albert seated himself beside her; I did the same, but my agitation did not suffer me to remain long seated. I got up and stood before her, then walked backwards and forwards, and sat down again. I was restless and miserable. Charlotte drew our attention to the beautiful effect

of the moonlight, which threw a silver hue over the terrace, in front of us beyond the beech-trees. It was a glorious sight, and was rendered more striking by the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were. We remained for some time silent, when Charlotte observed: "Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all my beloved and departed friends, and I am filled with thoughts of death and futurity. We shall live again, Werther!" she continued, with a firm but feeling voice; "but shall we know one another again — what do you think, what do you say?"

"Charlotte!" I said, as I took her hand in mine, and my eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again — here and hereafter we shall meet again." I could say no more. Why, Wilhelm, should she put this question to me, just at the moment when the fear of our cruel separation filled my heart?

"And oh! do those departed ones know how we are employed here, do they know when we are well and happy, do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers round me; when, seated in the midst of my children, I see them assembled near me as they used to assemble near her! and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us and witness how I fulfil the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place. Alas! I do my utmost; they are clothed and fed, and still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwells amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'" Thus did she express herself, but O Wilhelm! who can do justice to her language, how can cold and passionless words convey the heavenly expressions of the spirit? Albert interrupted her gently. "This affects you too deeply, my dear

Charlotte: I know your soul dwells on such recollections with intense delight, but I implore" — "O Albert," she continued, "I am sure you do not forget the evenings when we three used to sit at the little round table, when papa was absent, and the little ones had retired. You often had a good book with you, but seldom read it; the conversation of that noble being was preferable to everything — that beautiful, bright, gentle, and yet ever-toiling woman. God alone knows how I have supplicated with tears on my nightly couch that I might be like her."

I threw myself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, bedewed it with a thousand tears. "Charlotte!" I exclaimed, "God's blessing and your mother's spirit are upon you." "Oh! that you had known her," she said, with a warm pressure of the hand; "she was worthy of being known to you." I thought I should have fainted; never had I received praise so flattering. She continued: "And yet she was doomed to die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was but short, but she was calm and resigned — and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed, the younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed, and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them, then, kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my child,' she said, 'a mother's fondness, and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness; show it to your brothers and sisters, and be dutiful and

faithful to your father as a wife: you will be his comfort.' She inquired for him. He had retired to conceal his intolerable anguish — he was heartbroken.

"Albert! you were in the room. She heard some one moving, she inquired who it was, and desired you to approach. She surveyed us both with a look of composure and satisfaction expressive of her conviction that we should be happy — happy with one another." Albert fell upon her neck, and kissed her, and exclaimed, "We are so, and we shall be so." Even the composure of Albert was moved, and I was excited beyond expression.

"And such a being," she continued, "was to leave us, Werther! Great God, must we thus part with everything we hold dear in this world? Nobody felt this more acutely than the children; they cried and lamented for a long time afterwards, complaining that black men had carried away their dear mamma."

Charlotte stood up. It aroused me, but I continued sitting, and held her hand. "Let us go," she said; "it grows late." She attempted to withdraw her hand; I held it still. "We shall see each other again," I exclaimed, "we shall recognise each other under every possible change. I am going," I continued, "going willingly, but should I say for ever, perhaps I may not keep my word. Adieu, Charlotte! adieu, Albert; we shall meet again." "Yes, to-morrow, I think," she answered, with a smile. To-morrow! how I felt the word! Ah! she little thought, when she drew her hand away from mine. They walked down the avenue. I stood gazing after them in the moonlight. I threw myself upon the ground, and wept; I then sprang up, and ran out upon the terrace, and saw, under the shade of the linden-trees, her white dress disappearing near the garden gate. I stretched out my arms, and she vanished.

FRENCH CHATEAUBRIAND

(1768-1848)

François Auguste de Chateaubriand was born at Saint-Malo in Brittany. He was educated at Dol and Rennes in ancient languages and mathematics. It was expected that he would prepare for the church, but in 1786 he entered the army. Visiting the United States in 1791 he became acquainted with Washington, and gathered, as well, the romantic impressions of Indian life which are to be found in his romance *Atala*. He returned to France in 1792. The failure of the royalist cause, with which he was sympathetic, rendered him an exile in England from 1793 to 1800. During the hardships of this time he composed the famous *Genius of Christianity* (1798). In 1800 he returned to France and in the next year published his romance *Atala*. The publication in 1802 of the *Genius of Christianity*, accompanied by the romance *René*, placed him at once in the front rank of French writers. In 1806-07 he toured the Mediterranean countries and the Holy Land, with the result that a prose epic, *The Martyrs, or the Triumph of the Christian Religion*, appeared in 1809. In 1811 he was elected to the French Academy. During the political disturbances from 1814 to 1824 he proved an enthusiastic royalist. In 1820 he was made ambassador to Berlin, and embarked upon some dozen years of political activity, ending with imprisonment because of his loyalty to the exiled Bourbons. His experience in politics, instead of settling the lifelong battle between his royalist and revolutionary sympathies, made him more wayward and inconsistent. His last years were passed in retirement and despondency.

The romance *Atala*, inspired by the ideal state of the American Indian, is brilliantly illustrative of the romantic tendencies in narrative. The subtitle, "The Loves of Two Savages¹ in the Wilderness," identifies the tale at once with solitude and a natural environment — elements requisite for the perfect romantic setting; and "natural" protagonists are already upon the scene. Chateaubriand, with an artist's eye for color and detail in nature, and with an artist's ear for the marvelous harmonies to be drawn from prose, achieved at times a magnificent, sensuous prose poem. But along with Chateaubriand's magnificence, as with Hugo's, there are serious faults. One of the most striking incongruities in *Atala* results from the fact that the Indian lovers are represented as typical romantic characters of extremely refined sentiments.

from ATALA

It is a strange fate, my son, that brings us together. I see in you a civilised man turned savage, whom the Great Spirit (I know not to what end) has chosen to civilise. We started upon the race of life from two different points. Thou hast sought rest in my seat, and I have sat in thine. We must needs look upon the world with very different eyes. Which of us has gained or lost the most by the change? That can be known only to the spirits, of whom the least wise has more wisdom than all mankind.

In the next moon of flowers it will be seven times ten snows, and three snows more, since my mother brought me into the world on the shores of the Mississippi. The Spanish had been a short while settled in the bay of Pensacola, but as yet no white

man dwelt in Louisiana. Scarce seventeen times since my birth had the leaves fallen, when I marched with my father, the warrior Outalissi, against the Muskogees, a mighty tribe of Florida. We joined our allies the Spaniards, and a battle took place on one of the branches of the Mobile river. Areskwe and the Manitos were against us. The enemy gained the day; my father was killed, and I was wounded in his defence. Oh, why went I not then down to the world of spirits! Then should I have escaped the sorrows that awaited me on earth. The spirits ordered otherwise; I was hurried in the crowd of fugitives to St. Augustine.

In this town, newly built by the Spaniards, I ran the risk of being pressed for the mines in Mexico, when an old Castilian, named Lopez, touched by my youth and innocence, offered me a home and brought

¹ The term "savage" here reflects, of course, the notion of the "noble savage," which had become popular during the eighteenth century.

me to his sister, with whom he lived, as he was unmarried.

Both grew fond of me, and brought me up with much care, giving me teachers of every kind. But after passing thirty moons at St. Augustine I was seized with dislike to the life of cities. I fell into a rapid decline. I would stand for hours together motionless, gazing at the tops of the distant forest. Sometimes they found me sitting by a stream sadly watching the waves flow by. I pictured to myself the forests through which the waters had passed, and my soul was wholly given to solitude.

Unable to withstand my longing to return to the wilderness, I went one morning to Lopez, clothed in my native dress and carrying my bow and arrows in one hand, and, in the other, my European clothes, which I returned to my kind protector. I fell at his feet in floods of tears. I gave myself hard names; I confessed my ingratitude. 'But still,' I said, 'O my father, thou canst see it thyself; I shall die if I go not back to the life of my own people.' Lopez, struck with amazement, tried to turn me from my plan. He set before me the dangers I would run of falling again into the hands of the Muskogees. But seeing that I was ready to run every risk, he burst into tears and clasped me in his arms. 'Go, child of nature,' he cried, 'take back the independence of man; Lopez will not withhold thee. Were I younger, I would go with thee myself into the wilderness, where I too have sweet memories, and give thee into the arms of thy mother. When thou art in the forest, think sometimes of the old Spaniard who gave thee shelter, and remember that thy first experience of the heart of man was in its favour.' Lopez ended with a prayer to the God of the Christians, whose religion I had refused to adopt, and we parted weeping.

It was not long before I was punished for my ingratitude. My ignorance bewildered me in the woods, and I was taken by a party of Muskogees and Seminoles, as Lopez had foretold. I was known for a Natchez by my dress and by the feathers on my head. They chained me, but lightly

because of my youth. Simaghan, the chief, wished to know my name. I answered, 'My name is Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, who took more than a hundred scalps from the heroes of the Muskogees.' Simaghan said: 'Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, rejoice; you will be burned at the great village.' I answered, 'That is good,' and sang my death-song.

Prisoner though I was, during the first days I could not help admiring my enemies. The Muskogee, and, even more, his ally the Seminole, breathes gaiety, love, and contentment. His bearing is light, his countenance open and serene. He talks much and freely; his language is easy and sweet sounding. Even age cannot rob the Sachem of this joyful simplicity; like the aged birds of our woods, who mingle their carols with the new airs of their young broods.

The women who accompanied the tribe showed a tender pity for my youth, and a kindly curiosity. They asked me about my mother, about the early days of my life — they wished to know whether my cradle of moss had been hung on the flowering branches of the maple, whether the breezes had swung me toward the nests of little birds. There were also a thousand other questions on the state of my heart — they asked me, had I seen a white roe in my dreams, and had the trees of the secret valley counselled me to love. I answered frankly to the mothers, daughters, and wives of the braves. I said to them, 'You are the graces of the day, and night loves you as the dew. Man is born of you, to hang on your breast and on your lips; you know the magic words that put to sleep all pain. Hear what she said to me, who brought me into the world, and whom I shall never see more. She told me that a maiden was a flower full of mystery, found in solitary places.'

These praises pleased the women greatly. They loaded me with all kinds of presents. They brought me nut-milk, maple-sugar, cakes of Indian-corn, bear-hams, beaver-skins, shells to adorn me, and mosses for my bed. They sang, they

laughed with me, and shed tears to think that I was to be burned.

One night, when the Muskogees had pitched their camp on the edge of a forest, I was sitting by the campfire with the hunter appointed to guard me. Suddenly I heard the murmur of a garment on the grass, and a woman, half veiled, came and seated herself by my side. Her eyes were full of tears; in the glare of the fire a little crucifix of gold shone on her breast. She had beautiful, regular features. There was in her face an unspeakable look of virtue and passion, irresistibly attractive. To these she added the most gentle grace; an extreme tenderness, joined to a deep sadness, looked from out her eyes. Her smile was heavenly.

I believed her to be the Maiden of Last Love, that maiden whom they send to a captive to charm his latest hours. So thinking, I said to her, stammering and troubled, but not from any fear of death, 'Maiden, thou art worthy of first love — thou wast not made for the last. The beating of a heart soon to cease will answer ill to the beatings of thine own. How can I mingle death with life? Thou wilt make me mourn the light overmuch. May another be more fortunate than I, and may a long embrace unite the tendril with the oak.'

Then the maiden said to me: 'I am not the Maiden of Last Love. Art thou a Christian?'

I replied that I had never forsaken the spirits of my hearth. At these words she started, and said:

'I pity thee for a poor worshipper of images. My mother made me a Christian. They call me Atala, daughter of Simaghan of the golden bracelets, and chief of the warriors of this tribe. We are going to Apalachicola, where thou wilt be burned.' With these words she rose and went away.

Here Chactas was forced to break off his story. Memories pressed in crowds upon his soul. His lightless eyes flooded his withered cheeks with tears, as two springs, hidden in the earth's deep night, betray themselves by the waters they let trickle through the rocks. He went on at last:

O my son, thou seest that Chactas is little wise despite his fame for wisdom. Alas, dear child, men can weep for what they can no longer see. Several days passed. Every evening came the daughter of the sachem and spoke with me. Sleep had fled from my eyes, and Atala was in my heart as the memory of the couch of my fathers.

On the seventeenth day of the march, at the time when the dragon-fly rises from the waters, we entered the great savannah of Alachua. It is ringed with hills which, running one behind the other, bear to the clouds forests of palms, lemon-trees, magnolias, and evergreen oaks. The chief cried a halt, and his tribe camped at the foot of the hills. They put me at some distance, by one of the natural wells so famous in Florida. I was tied at the foot of a tree, and a warrior grudgingly kept guard near me. I had not been there long when Atala appeared, under the balsams of the spring.

'Hunter,' she said to the Muskogee brave, 'if thou wouldst follow the deer, I will keep watch over thy captive.' The warrior leapt for joy at the words of the chief's daughter, darted down the hill, and turned his steps to the plain.

Strange perversity of the heart of man! I, who had so longed to say secret words to her whom I loved already as the sun, now was dumb and ill at ease! I believe that I would rather have been thrown to the alligators of the spring than be left alone with Atala. The desert maiden was as troubled as her captive. We kept a deep silence: the spirits of love had robbed us of our speech. At last Atala, with an effort, said:

'Warrior, thou art chained but lightly. Thou couldst easily escape.'

At these words courage came back to my tongue. I replied, 'Lightly chained, O woman —!' I knew not how to finish. Atala hesitated a moment, and said:

'Fly! Save yourself!' She untied me from the tree. I seized the cord and thrust it into the strange maiden's hand, forcing her pretty fingers to close upon my fetters.

'Take it back, take it back!' I cried.

'Thou art mad,' said Atala with a

troubled voice. 'Unhappy man, dost thou not know thou wilt be burned? What canst thou do? Knowest thou that I am the daughter of a mighty chief?'

'Time was,' I answered weeping, 'when I was carried in a beaver-skin on the shoulders of my mother. My father too had a fine lodge, and his deer drank the waters of a thousand streams; but now I wander homeless. When I shall be no more, no friend will strew grass upon my body to guard it from the flies. No one cares for a hapless stranger's corpse.'

These words moved Atala. Her tears fell into the spring. 'Ah,' I went on eagerly, 'if thy heart but spoke as mine does! Is not the wilderness free? Have not the forests many folds wherein to hide us? Do the children of the wigwam need so much to make them happy? O maid, more lovely than the first dream of the bridegroom! O my well-beloved, take courage and follow my steps.' Such were my words. Atala made answer in a tender voice:

'Young friend, thou hast learned the language of the whites. It is easy to deceive an Indian maiden.'

'What!' I cried, 'you call me your young friend! Ah, if a poor slave —'

'Well,' she said, leaning towards me, 'a poor slave —'

I went on with ardour:

'Assure him of your faith with a kiss!'

Atala heard my prayer. As a fawn seems to hang from the rosy flowers of the bindweed that it seizes with its delicate tongue, in the crags of the mountains, so hung I on the lips of my beloved.

Alas, my dear son, how nigh is joy to sorrow. Who could have foretold that the same moment when Atala gave me the first proof of love would be that in which she should destroy my hopes? White hairs of ancient Chactas, what was your surprise when the daughter of the sachem said these words:

'Fair prisoner, I have foolishly yielded to thy desire, but whither will this passion lead us? My religion parts me from thee for ever. O my mother, what hast thou done?' Suddenly Atala was silent, seeking some fatal secret ready to spring from

her lips. Her words filled me with despair.

'Well!' I cried, 'I will be cruel, even as thou art. I will not fly. Thou wilt see me in the ring of flame, and hear my flesh seethe in the fire, and thou wilt be filled with gladness.' Atala seized my hand in both her own.

'Poor young worshipper of idols,' she cried, 'you make me grieve for you. Would you have me weep my heart out? Pity it is that I cannot fly with you. Unhappy she that bare thee, Atala. Why dost thou not throw thyself to the alligators of the spring?'

The sun was setting, and the noise of the alligators began to be heard. Atala said to me, 'Let us fly.' I took the daughter of Simaghan to the foot of the hills, where bays of green verdure were formed between head-lands running out into the savannah. Everything in that wilderness was calm and glorious. The swan called from her nest, the woods echoed with the monotonous cry of the quail, the whistle of the parrot, the lowing of the bison, and the neighing of the mares of the Seminoles.

Our walk was almost silent. I stepped by Atala's side; she held the end of the cord I had forced upon her. At times we shed tears, then tried to smile, glanced at the starry heavens, or dropped our gaze to earth. Together we listened to the song of a bird or turned toward the setting sun; hand tenderly pressing hand, hearts fluttering and then at rest; the names of Chactas and of Atala softly repeated at whiles. . . . O first walk of love, strong must be your memory, since, after so many years of sorrow, you yet can move the aged heart of Chactas!

How hard to understand are men when moved by passion. I had left my generous friend Lopez, I had risked all dangers for freedom — in one moment the sight of a woman had changed my desires, my will, my thoughts. Forgetful of my country, of my mother, of my home, and of the frightful death that awaited me, I had become careless of everything but Atala. Without strength to summon to my aid the sense of a man, I had fallen all at

once into a sort of childishness, and instead of being able to do anything to escape the ills that awaited me, I had almost need of some one to feed me and put me to sleep.

So after our wanderings in the savannah, it was in vain that Atala, throwing herself at my feet, begged me to leave her. I said that I would return alone to the camp unless she would bind me again to my tree-trunk. She was forced to do what I wanted, hoping to win me over another time.

On the morrow of that day which had decided my fate, the tribe pitched their tents in a valley not far from Cuscowilla, head village of the Seminoles, the tribe which, with the Muskogees, formed the federation of the Crees. The daughter of the land of palms came to me at midnight. She led me into a great forest of pines and again besought me to fly. Not answering, I took her hand in my hand, and I forced that wild doe to wander with me in the forest. The night was delicious. The spirit of night shook his blue tresses, sweet with the scent of pines, and a faint odour of amber from the alligators asleep breathed beneath the tamarinds by the streams. The moon shone amid a flawless blue, and its pearly light fell on the dim edge of the forest. No sound was heard, except a strange far-away music, that filled the depths of the woods; as if the spirit of loneliness breathed in the wide expanse of the wilderness.

Among the trees we saw a youth carrying a torch; he looked like the spirit of spring, threading the woods to reawaken earth. It was a lover, hastening to the tent of his mistress to learn his fate. If the maid puts out the torch she accepts his offered vows; if she veils herself and does not quench it she spurns a husband. The warrior, gliding among the trees, sang in a low voice these words:

'Before the footsteps of day I went upon the mountains, to seek my lonely dove among the oaks of the forest.

'I hung upon her neck a chain of shells: there are three red beads for my love, three violet for my fears, three blue for my hopes.

'Mila has the eyes of an ermine and the soft hair of a rice-field; her mouth is a rosy shell decked with pearls; her breasts are like two young kids without a blemish, born the same day of one mother.

'O may Mila quench this torch! May her lips pour a sweet darkness upon it. I will make her fruitful; the hope of our country shall hang on her abundant breast, and I will smoke the pipe of peace over the cradle of my son.

'O let me go before the footsteps of day upon the peaks of the mountains, to seek my lonely dove among the oaks of the forest.'

So sang the young man, and his voice brought fear into the depth of my soul, and a change over the face of Atala. Our joined hands trembled together, but we were turned from this scene by one no less dangerous for us.

We passed by the grave of a child, a boundary mark between two tribes. They had put it by the wayside so that young women, going to the well, might draw into their breast the soul of the blameless being, and give it back to their nation. We saw young wives who, wishing for the sweets of motherhood, sought, through half-open lips, to gather the soul of the little child which they thought they could see hovering among the flowers. The child's own mother came soon to lay on the grave a sheaf of maize and some white lilies; she spilt some drops of her milk on the ground, and sat down upon the grass, talking to her child in a tender voice.

'Why do I weep thee in thy earthen cradle, O my newly born? When the little bird is grown he must seek his food, and in the desert he needs must find many a bitter berry. Thou, at least, hast not known tears; thy heart, at least, has not been bared to the wasting breath of men. The bud that withers in its sheath passes away with all its sweetness, like thee, O my son, with all thine innocence. Happy are they who die in their cradle, who have known nothing but the kisses and smiles of a mother.'

Overcome as we already were by our own hearts, we were quite overwhelmed by these sights of love and of motherhood,

which seemed to follow us among the magic solitudes. I carried Atala in my arms deeper into the forest, and said to her things which I might search for in vain on my lips to-day. The south wind, my son, loses its heat in passing over frozen mountains. Memories of love in the heart of an old man are like the sun's fires, thrown back by the calm face of the moon, when the sun is set and silence lies on the lodges 10 of the forest-dwellers.

What could save Atala? What could hinder her from yielding to nature? Nothing but a miracle, no doubt, and the miracle was sent! The daughter of Simag- 15 han turned to the God of the Christians: she threw herself on the ground, and uttered a burning prayer to her mother and to the queen of virgins. From that moment, René, I formed a wonderful idea of 20 that religion which, in the forest, among all the hardships of life, can fill the unhappy with a thousand gifts — that religion which, setting its power against the flood of the passions, alone is able to with- 25 stand them, when all is in their favour — the mystery of woods, the solitude far from men, and the secrecy of shadows. Ah, how divine she seemed to me, the blameless Indian maiden, the innocent 30 Atala, as she knelt before an ancient fallen pine, as at the foot of an altar, offering to her God prayers for her heathen lover. Her eyes lifted to the dome of night, and her cheeks, glistening with tears of faith 35 and love, gave her the beauty of the immortals. Time and again it seemed to me as though she were on the point of taking flight towards heaven; time and again I seemed to see in the rays of the 40 moon, and to hear in the branches of the trees, those spirits whom the God of the Christians sends down to hermits among the rocks when He wishes to recall them to Himself. The thought grieved me, for 45 I feared that Atala had but a short time to spend on earth.

Meantime she shed so many tears, and seemed so full of woe, that I would perhaps have agreed to leave her, when the 50 death-cry sounded in the forest. Four armed men threw themselves upon me. We had been found. The chief of the

warriors had given the word to follow us. Atala, like a queen in the pride of her bearing, did not stoop to speak to the warriors; she threw them a haughty glance 5 and went into the presence of Simaghan. She could get nothing from him. They doubled my guards, they put more chains upon me, and they took away my love. Five nights passed, and we saw Apalachi- 10 cola on the banks of the Chattahoochee river. Then forthwith they crowned me with flowers, painted my face blue and scarlet; they hung beads in my ears and nose, and in my hand they put an instru- 15 ment of music.

So adorned for sacrifice, I entered Apalachicola, amid the shouts of the crowd. My end was at hand, when on a sudden the noise of a conch was heard, and the chief of the tribe gave the word to 20 assemble.

Thou knowest, son, the torments which the Indians inflict on their prisoners. The Christian missionaries, at risk of their 25 lives, and with untiring charity, had succeeded in making many tribes substitute a milder slavery for the horrors of the stake. The Muskogees had not yet adopted that custom, but a large part of 30 the tribe was in favour of the change. It was to decide this weighty matter that the mico called the sachems together. They led me to the spot where the debate was to be held.

Not far from Apalachicola, on an isolated hillock, rises the council-tent. Three 35 circles of columns formed the graceful structure of the building. The columns were of cypress, polished and carved; they were taller and thicker, but fewer in 40 number as they approached the centre, which was marked by a single pillar. From the top of this, cords of bark were stretched to the tops of the other pillars, 45 and made a covering to the tent like an outspread fan.

On the banks of the river Chattahoochee there was a wild fig-tree consecrated by the worship of the people. The maidens 50 used to wash their garments of bark in that place before hanging them to the wind on the branches of the ancient tree. There they had dug a deep grave. They

left the hall of the dead, singing the death-song: each family carried some sacred remains. At the tomb, the relics were laid down, stretched out on couches, each separately wrapped in bear and beaver-skins; the mound was piled above, and on it was planted the tree of weeping and of sleep.

My son, pity mankind! These same Indians, whose customs were so touching, those same women who had shown such a tender interest in me, now asked for my death with loud cries, and whole tribes delayed their departure that they might have the pleasure of seeing a young man suffer the most terrible tortures.

In a valley to the north, at some distance from the great village, there rose a wood of cypresses and firs, called the Grove of Blood. The way to it led by one of those monuments whose origin is unknown, the work of a forgotten people. In the midst of the wood there was a ring where prisoners of war were sacrificed. Thither they led me in triumph, and everything was made ready for my death. They planted the stake of Areskwe. Pines, elms, cypresses fell beneath the hatchet, and the pyre was raised. The onlookers built seats around it with the branches and trunks of the trees. Each one invented a torture — one proposed to scalp me, another to blind me with a red-hot axe. I began my death-song.

'I fear no torments. I am brave, O Muskogees; I set you at nought. I hold you of less account than women. My father, Outalissi, son of Miscou, drank from the skulls of your most mighty warriors. Ye will tear no sigh from my heart.' Provoked by my song, a warrior pierced my arm with an arrow. I said, 'I thank thee, brother.'

Despite the activity of the executioners, the preparations for my death could not be finished before the setting of the sun. The counsel of the medicine-man was asked; he forbade them to trouble the spirits of darkness, and my death was put off till the morrow. But in their haste to enjoy the sight, and to be the sooner ready when the sun should rise, the Indians did not

leave the Grove of Blood. They lit large fires, and began to feast and to dance.

Meanwhile they had laid me on my back, and cords were fastened from my neck, arms, and legs to stakes in the ground. Braves lay on each of the cords, so that I could not move unknown to them. The night was far spent. By degrees the songs and dancing stopped. The fires cast only a dull reddish glow, against which I saw now and then the form of an Indian; everything slumbered. As the noise of men became quieter, that of the wilderness increased, and the babel of voices gave place to the complaints of the winds in the forest.

The council assembled. Fifty old men in beaver cloaks took their places on tiers of seats facing the door of the tent. The great chief sat in the midst of them, holding in his hand the pipe of peace, and wearing part of his war-paint. On the right of the old men there were fifty women, in robes of swan's feathers. The war-chiefs, tomahawk in hand and plumes on their heads, and arms and breast smeared with blood, were on the left. At the foot of the central pillar burned the fire of the council. The chief medicine-man, surrounded by the eight guardians of the temple, dressed in long robes and wearing stuffed owls on their heads, threw coco-nut milk on the flame, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The threefold ranks of old men, squaws, and warriors, the priests, the clouds of incense, the sacrifice, all served to give the council an aspect of solemnity.

I stood bound in the midst of the gathering. The sacrifice ended, the chief spoke, and clearly set forth the reason for the assembly. He threw a blue necklace into the midst as witness of what he had said. Then a sachem of the tribe of the Eagle rose and spoke thus:

'My father the mico, sachems, squaws, braves of the four tribes of the Eagle, the Beaver, the Serpent, and the Terrapin, let us not change the manners of our fathers. Let us burn our prisoners, and not soften our hearts. It is a custom of the whites that is being proposed to you — it can

only be bad. Who thinks with me, give a red necklace. I have spoken.'

A woman arose and said: 'My father the Eagle, ye have the wisdom of the fox, and the careful slowness of the terrapin. I would brighten the chain of friendship with you, and we will plant together the tree of peace. But let us change the customs of our fathers in that which is evil. Let us have slaves to dig our fields, and let us no longer hear the shrieks of prisoners, troubling the hearts of those of us who are mothers.'

As the billows of the sea break in a storm, as the dried leaves of autumn are whirled by a hurricane, as the reeds of Mississippi bend and arise again in sudden flood, as a great herd of deer bell in the depths of the forest, so the assembly murmured and was moved. Sachem, 20 braves, squaws, spoke in turn and all together. Interests clashed, opinions were divided, and the council was on the point of breaking up; but in the end the old use remained, and I was condemned to the stake.

Only one thing delayed my torture: the Feast of the Dead or Feast of Souls approached, and it is not their custom to kill any captive during the days devoted to that ceremony. They gave me over to a strict guard, and doubtless the sachems spirited away the daughter of Simaghan, for I saw her no more.

Meantime the tribes from more than 35 three hundred leagues round came in numbers to hold the Feast of Souls. A long shed had been built near by. On the appointed day each family brought forth the remains of the forefathers from their own graves, and hung the bones in order, each family apart, in the Hall of the Ancestors. A tempest had arisen, and the winds, the forest, and the waters murmured outside, while the ancients of many 45 tribes made treaties of peace and friendship over the bones of their fathers.

They held funeral games — races, ball-play, and knucklebones. Two maidens tried to wrest a willow-wand one from the 50 other. Their breasts touched, their hands hovered over the switch, which they lifted above their heads. Their pretty

bare feet turned together, their mouths met, and their sweet breaths were mingled; they stooped, and their hair was intertwined; they looked at their mothers, blushing, and the company applauded. The medicine-man invoked Michabou, the spirit of the waters. He told the tale of the wars between the great Hare and Machimanito, the god of evil; of the first man and Athaensic the first woman, thrown out of heaven for having lost their innocence; of the ground red with the blood of brothers; of the wicked Jouskeka murdering the just Tahouistsaron; of the floods that came down at the word of the Great Spirit; of Massou, saved alone in his canoe of bark, and of the crow sent out to seek the land. He told also of beautiful Endaé brought back from the land of souls by the sweet songs of her husband. After these games and stories, they prepared to give their fathers an everlasting burial.

It was the hour when the young Indian mother wakes at midnight with a start, thinking she hears the cry of her first-born asking for sweet nourishment. With my eyes fixed on the sky, where the crescent moon was wandering among the clouds, I thought of my fate. Atala seemed to me a monster of ingratitude, to forsake me in the moment of my death; me, who had given myself to the flames rather than leave her. And even yet I felt that I loved her still, and that I would joyfully die for her.

In the keenest pleasures there is a sting that awakens us, as if in warning to make use of the fleeting moment. In deep distress, on the other hand, a strange heaviness puts us to sleep. Eyes wearied with tears tend naturally to close, and thus, even in our sorrows, the goodness of Providence is felt. In spite of myself, I yielded to the heavy sleep that the miserable sometimes taste. I dreamed that bonds were being loosed. I thought I felt that solace known when, after being straitly bound, a succouring hand re- 50 moves our chains.

This feeling became so strong that it made me raise my eyelids. By the light of the moon, of which one ray pierced the

clouds, I saw a tall figure in white, bending over me, and silently untying my bonds. I would have uttered a cry, but a hand, which I knew at once, closed my mouth. Only one cord remained, but it seemed impossible to cut it without awakening the warrior whose body entirely covered it. Atala touched it, the Indian brave half woke and sat up. Atala stood motionless and looked at him; the Indian thought he saw the spirit of the ruins and lay down again, calling on his manito. The cord was cut, I arose, and followed my liberator, who gave me the end of a bow, while she held the other end of it. But what dangers encircled us! Now we nearly stumbled over sleeping Indians, then we were questioned by a sentry, whom Atala answered in a feigned voice. Children cried, hounds bayed. We were hardly outside the hideous place when shouts rang through the forest. The camp was awake, a thousand fires were lit, and we saw Indians with torches, running in all directions. We hastened our steps.

When morning rose on the Appalachian mountains, we were far away. How happy was I, when I found myself once again in the wilds with Atala, with Atala my rescuer, Atala who had given herself to me for ever. Words failed my tongue. I fell on my knees and said to the daughter of Simaghan, 'Men are little worth, but when spirits visit them, then they are indeed nothing. Thou art a spirit, thou hast visited me, and I cannot speak before thee.' Atala held out her hand with a smile.

'I must needs follow thee,' she said,

'seeing that thou wouldst not fly without me. To-night I bribed the medicine-man with gifts. I made the torturers drunk with fire-water, and I owed it to risk my life for thee, because thou hadst given thine for me. Yes, young worshipper of idols,' she added, in a tone that frightened me, 'the sacrifice will be repaid.'

Atala restored me my weapons, which she had been careful to bring, and she bound my wound. As she wiped it with a leaf, her tears fell and moistened the place.

'It is a balm that thou spreadst on my wound,' I said.

'I fear it may rather be a poison,' she replied. She tore one of the garments on her bosom and made of it a bandage, which she fastened with a tress of her hair.

Drunkenness, which lasts long with the Indians and affects them like a kind of disease, doubtless prevented them from following us for the first few days. If they did at length seek us, it may have been towards the setting sun, thinking that we should make for the Mississippi. But we had taken our way towards the star that never moves, guiding our steps by the moss on the tree-stems.

It was not long before we saw that we had gained little by my freedom. The boundless solitudes of the wilderness now stretched before us. Unskilled in the life of the woods, far removed from our right road, and travelling at hazard, what was to become of us? Often looking at Atala, I thought of that ancient tale that Lopez had made me read, of Hagar who was in the desert of Beersheba long ago, when men lived thrice the lifetime of an oak.

RUSSIAN

PUSHKIN¹

•THE POSTMASTER

Who has not cursed postmasters, who has not quarrelled with them? Who, in a moment of anger, has not demanded from

them the fatal book in order to record in it unavailing complaints of their extortions, rudeness and unpunctuality? Who does not look upon them as monsters of the human race, equal to the defunct attorneys, or, at least, the brigands of Mou-

¹ For biographical sketch see p. 868.

room!¹ Let us, however, be just; let us place ourselves in their position, and perhaps we shall begin to judge them with more indulgence. What is a postmaster? A veritable martyr of the fourteenth class,² only protected by his rank from blows, and that not always (I appeal to the conscience of my readers). What is the function of this dictator, as Prince Viazemsky jokingly calls him? Is he not an actual galley-slave? He has no rest either day or night. All the vexation accumulated during the course of a wearisome journey the traveler vents upon the postmaster. Should the weather prove intolerable, the road abominable, the driver obstinate, the horses ungovernable — the postmaster is to blame. Entering into his poor abode, the traveler looks upon him as an enemy, and the postmaster is fortunate if he succeeds in soon getting rid of his uninvited guest; but if there should happen to be no horses! . . . Heavens! what volleys of abuse, what threats are showered upon his head! In rain and sleet he is com-
pelled to go out into the courtyard; during times of storm and nipping frost, he is glad to seek shelter in the vestibule, if only to enjoy a minute's repose from the shouting and jostling of incensed travelers.

30 A general arrives: the trembling postmaster gives him the two last *troikas*,³ including that intended for the courier. The general drives off without uttering a word of thanks. Five minutes afterwards — a bell! . . . and a courier throws down upon the table before him his order for fresh post-horses! . . . Let us bear all this well in mind, and, instead of anger, our hearts will be filled with sincere com-
passion. A few words more. During a period of twenty years I have traversed Russia in every direction; I know nearly all the post roads, and I have made the acquaintance of several generations of
drivers. There are very few postmasters that I do not know personally, and few with whom I have not had business rela-

tions. In the course of time I hope to publish some curious observations that I have noted down during my travels. For the present I will only say that the body of 5 postmasters is presented to the public in a very false light. These much-calumniated officials are generally very peaceful persons, obliging by nature, disposed to be sociable, modest in their pretensions and not too much addicted to the love of money. From their conversation (which traveling gentlemen very unreasonably despise) much may be learnt that is both interesting and instructive. For my own 10 part, I confess that I prefer their talk to that of some official of the sixth class traveling on government business.

It may easily be supposed that I have friends among the honorable body of 15 postmasters. Indeed, the memory of one of them is dear to me. Circumstances once brought us together, and it is of him that I now intend to tell my amiable readers.

25 In the month of May of the year 1816, I happened to be traveling through the Government of N—, upon a road now destroyed. I then held an inferior rank, and traveled by post stages, paying the fare for two horses. As a consequence, the postmasters treated me with little ceremony, and I often had to take by force what, in my opinion, belonged to me by right. Being young and passionate, I was indignant at the baseness and cowardice of the postmaster, when the latter harnessed to the calèche⁴ of some official noble the horses prepared for me. It was a long time, too, before I could get accustomed to being served out of my turn by a discrimi-
nating servant at the governor's dinner. Today the one and the other seem to me to be in the natural order of things. In-
deed, what would become of us, if, instead of the generally observed rule: "Let rank honor rank," another were to be brought into use, as for example: "Let mind honor mind?" What disputes would

¹ A town of Russia.

² The official nobles of Russia were divided into fourteen classes, the fourteenth being the lowest. The members of this latter class were formerly little removed from serfs.

³ A vehicle drawn by three horses abreast.

⁴ A light carriage.

arise! And with whom would the servants begin in serving the dishes? But to return to my story.

The day was hot. About three versts from A——, a drizzling rain came on, and in a few minutes it began to pour down in torrents and I was drenched to the skin. On arriving at the station, my first care was to change my clothes as quickly as possible, my second to ask for some tea.

"Hi! Dounia!" cried the postmaster: "prepare the tea-urn and go and get some cream."

At these words, a young girl of about fourteen years of age appeared from behind the partition, and ran out into the vestibule. Her beauty struck me.

"Is that your daughter?" I inquired of the Postmaster.

"That is my daughter," he replied, with a look of gratified pride; "and she is so sharp and sensible, just like her late mother."

Then he began to register my traveling passport, and I occupied myself with examining the pictures that adorned his humble abode. They illustrated the story of the Prodigal Son. In the first, a venerable old man, in a night-cap and dressing-gown, is taking leave of the restless youth, who is eagerly accepting his blessing and a bag of money. In the next picture, the dissipated life of the young man is depicted in vivid colors: he is represented sitting at a table surrounded by false friends and shameless women. Further on, the ruined youth, in rags and a three-cornered hat, is tending swine and sharing with them their food: on his face is expressed deep grief and repentance. The last picture represented his return to his father: the good old man, in the same night-cap and dressing-gown, runs forward to meet him; the prodigal son falls on his knees; in the distance the cook is killing the fatted calf, and the elder brother is asking the servants the cause of all the rejoicing. Under each picture I read some suitable German verses. All this I have preserved in my memory to the present day, as well as the little pots of balsams,

the bed with speckled curtains, and the other objects with which I was then surrounded. I can see at the present moment the host himself, a man of about fifty years of age, fresh and strong, in his long green surtout¹ with three medals on faded ribbons.

I had scarcely settled my account with my old driver, when Dounia returned with the tea-urn. The little coquette saw at the second glance the impression she had produced upon me; she lowered her large blue eyes; I began to talk to her; she answered me without the least timidity, like a girl who has seen the world. I offered her father a glass of punch, to Dounia herself I gave a cup of tea, and then the three of us began to converse together, as if we were old acquaintances.

The horses had long been ready, but I felt reluctant to take leave of the Postmaster and his daughter. At last I bade them good-bye, the father wished me a pleasant journey, the daughter accompanied me to the *telega*.² In the vestibule I stopped and asked her permission to kiss her; Dounia consented. . . . I can reckon up a great many kisses since that time, but not one which has left behind such a long, such a pleasant recollection.

Several years passed, and circumstances led me to the same road, and to the same places.

"But," thought I, "perhaps the old Postmaster has been changed, and Dounia may already be married."

The thought that one or the other of them might be dead also flashed through my mind, and I approached the station of A—— with a sad presentiment. The horses drew up before the little post-house. On entering the room, I immediately recognized the pictures illustrating the story of the Prodigal Son. The table and the bed stood in the same places as before, but the flowers were no longer on the windowsills, and everything around indicated decay and neglect.

The Postmaster was asleep under his sheepskin pelisse; my arrival awoke him, and he rose up. . . . It was certainly

¹ An overcoat.

² A rude four-wheeled springless wagon

Simeon Virin, but how aged! While he was preparing to register my traveling passport, I gazed at his gray hairs, the deep wrinkles upon his face, that had not been shaved for a long time, his bent back, and I was astonished to see how three or four years had been able to transform a strong and active individual into a feeble old man.

"Do you recognize me?" I asked him; 10 "we are old acquaintances."

"May be," replied he mournfully; "this is a high road, and many travelers have stopped here."

"Is your Dounia well?" I continued. 15

The old man frowned.

"God knows," he replied.

"Probably she is married?"

The old man pretended not to have heard my question, and went on reading 20 my passport in a low tone. I ceased questioning him and ordered some tea. Curiosity began to torment me, and I hoped that the punch would loosen the tongue of my old acquaintance.

I was not mistaken; the old man did not refuse the proffered glass. I observed that the rum dispelled his mournfulness. At the second glass he began to talk; he remembered me, or appeared as if he 30 remembered me, and I heard from him a story, which at the time, deeply interested and affected me.

"So you knew my Dounia?" he began. "But who did not know her? Ah, Dounia, 35 Dounia! What a girl she was! Everybody who passed this way praised her; nobody had a word to say against her. The ladies used to give her presents — now a handkerchief, now a pair of earrings. 40 The gentlemen used to stop intentionally, as if to dine or to take supper, but in reality only to take a longer look at her. However angry a gentleman might be, in her presence he grew calm and spoke 45 graciously to me. Would you believe it, sir: couriers and Court messengers used to talk to her for half-hours at a stretch. It was she who kept the house; she put everything in order, got everything ready, 50 and looked after everything. And I, like an old fool, could not look at her enough,

could not idolize her enough. Did I not love my Dounia? Did I not indulge my child? Was not her life a happy one? But, no, there is no escaping misfortune: 5 there is no evading what has been decreed."

Then he began to tell me his sorrow in detail. Three years before, one winter evening, when the Postmaster was ruling a new book, and his daughter behind the partition was sewing a dress, a *troika* drove up, and a traveler in a Circassian cap and military cloak, and enveloped in a shawl, entered the room and demanded horses. 15 The horses were all out. On being told this, the traveler raised his voice and whip; but Dounia, accustomed to such scenes, ran out from behind the partition and graciously inquired of the traveler whether he would not like something to eat and drink.

The appearance of Dounia produced the usual effect. The traveler's anger subsided; he consented to wait for horses, 25 and ordered supper. Having taken off his wet shaggy cap, and divested himself of his shawl and cloak, the traveler was seen to be a tall young Hussar with a black moustache. He made himself comfortable with the Postmaster, and began to converse in a pleasant manner with him and his daughter. Supper was served. Meanwhile the horses returned, and the Postmaster ordered them, without being fed, 35 to be harnessed immediately to the traveler's *kibitka*.¹ But on returning to the room, he found the young man lying almost unconscious on the bench; he had come over faint, his head ached, it was impossible for him to continue his journey. What was to be done? The Postmaster gave up his own bed to him, and it was decided that, if the sick man did not get better, they would send next day to C— 45 for the doctor.

The next day the Hussar was worse. His servant rode to the town for the doctor. Dounia bound round his head a handkerchief steeped in vinegar, and sat with her needlework beside his bed. In the presence of the Postmaster, the sick man sighed and scarcely uttered a word; but

¹ A rude Russian vehicle on wheels or runners with a round cover of cloth or leather.

he drank two cups of coffee, and, with a sigh, ordered dinner. Dounia did not quit his side. He constantly asked for something to drink, and Dounia gave him a jug of lemonade prepared by herself. The sick man moistened his lips, and each time, on returning the jug, he feebly pressed Dounia's hand in token of gratitude.

About dinner time the doctor arrived. He felt the sick man's pulse, spoke to him in German, and declared in Russian that he only needed rest, and that in about a couple of days he would be able to set out on his journey. The Hussar gave him twenty-five roubles for his visit, and invited him to dinner; the doctor accepted the invitation. They both ate with a good appetite, drank a bottle of wine, and separated very well satisfied with each other.

Another day passed, and the Hussar felt quite himself again. He was extraordinarily lively, joked unceasingly, now with Dounia, now with the Postmaster, whistled tunes, chatted with the travelers, copied their passports into the post-book, and so won upon the worthy Postmaster, that, when the third day arrived, it was with regret that he parted with his amiable guest.

The day was Sunday; Dounia was preparing to go to mass. The Hussar's *kibitka* stood ready. He took leave of the Postmaster, after having generously recompensed him for his board and lodging, bade farewell to Dounia, and offered to drive her as far as the church, which was situated at the end of the village. Dounia hesitated.

"What are you afraid of?" asked her father. "His Excellency is not a wolf: he won't eat you. Drive with him as far as the church."

Dounia seated herself in the *kibitka* by the side of the Hussar, the servant sprang upon the box, the driver whistled, and the horses started off at a gallop.

The poor Postmaster could not understand how he could have allowed his Dounia to drive off with the Hussar, how he could have been so blind, and what had become of his senses at that moment. A

half-hour had not elapsed, before his heart began to grieve, and anxiety and uneasiness took possession of him to such a degree that he could contain himself no longer, and started off for mass himself. On reaching the church, he saw that the people were already beginning to disperse, but Dounia was neither in the churchyard nor in the porch. He hastened into the church: the priest was leaving the altar, the clerk was extinguishing the candles, two old women were still praying in a corner, but Dounia was not in the church. The poor father was scarcely able to summon up sufficient resolution to ask the clerk if she had been to mass. The clerk replied that she had not. The Postmaster returned home neither alive nor dead. One hope alone remained to him: Dounia, in the thoughtlessness of youth, might have taken it into her head to go on as far as the next station, where her godmother lived. In agonizing agitation he awaited the return of the *troika* in which he had let her set out. The driver did not return. At last, in the evening, he arrived alone and intoxicated, with the terrible news that Dounia had gone on with the Hussar at the other station.

The old man could not bear his misfortune: he immediately took to that very same bed where, the evening before, the young deceiver had lain. Taking all the circumstances into account, the Postmaster now came to the conclusion that the illness had been a mere pretense. The poor man fell ill with a violent fever; he was removed to C—, and in his place another person was appointed for the time being. The same doctor, who had attended the Hussar, attended him also. He assured the Postmaster that the young man had been perfectly well, and that at the time of his visit he had suspected him of some evil intentions, but that he had kept silent through fear of his whip. Whether the German spoke the truth or only wished to boast of his perspicacity, his communication afforded no consolation to the poor invalid. Scarcely had the latter recovered from his illness, when he asked the Postmaster of C— for two months' leave of

absence, and without saying a word to anybody of his intentions, he set out on foot in search of his daughter.

From the traveling passport he found out that Captain Minsky was journeying from Smolensk to St. Petersburg. The *yemshik*¹ who drove him said that Dounia had wept the whole of the way, although she seemed to go of her own free will.

"Perhaps," thought the Postmaster, "I shall bring back home my erring ewe-lamb."

With this thought he reached St. Petersburg, stopped at the barracks of the Ismailovsky Regiment, in the quarters of a retired non-commissioned officer, an old comrade of his, and then began his search. He soon discovered that Captain Minsky was in St. Petersburg, and was living at the Demoutoff Hotel. The Postmaster resolved to call upon him.

Early in the morning he went to Minsky's ante-chamber, and requested that His Excellency might be informed that an old soldier wished to see him. The military servant, who was cleaning a boot on a boot-tree, informed him that his master was still asleep, and that he never received anybody before eleven o'clock. The Postmaster retired and returned at the appointed time. Minsky himself came out to him in his dressing-gown and red skull-cap.

"Well, my friend, what do you want?" he asked.

The old man's heart began to boil, tears started to his eyes, and he was only able to say in a trembling voice:

"Your Excellency! . . . do me the divine favour! . . ."

Minsky glanced quickly at him, grew confused, took him by the hand, led him into his cabinet and locked the door.

"Your Excellency!" continued the old man: "what has fallen from the load is lost; give me back at least my poor Dounia. You have made her your plaything; do not ruin her entirely."

"What is done cannot be undone," said the young man, in the utmost confusion; "I am guilty before you, and am ready to ask your pardon, but do not think that

I could forsake Dounia; she shall be happy, I give you my word of honour. Why do you want her? She loves me; she has become disused to her former existence. Neither you nor she will forget what has happened."

Then, pushing something up the old man's sleeve, he opened the door, and the Postmaster, without remembering how, found himself in the street again.

For a long time he stood immovable; at last he observed in the cuff of his sleeve a roll of papers; he drew them out and unrolled several fifty rouble notes. Tears again filled his eyes, tears of indignation! He crushed the notes into a ball, flung them upon the ground, stamped upon them with the heel of his boot, and then walked away. . . . After having gone a few steps, he stopped, reflected, and returned . . . but the notes were no longer there. A well-dressed young man, observing him, ran towards a *droshky*,² jumped in hurriedly, and cried to the driver: "Go on!"

The Postmaster did not pursue him. He resolved to return home to his station, but before doing so he wished to see his poor Dounia once more. For that purpose, he returned to Minsky's lodgings a couple of days afterwards, but the military servant told him roughly that his master received nobody, pushed him out of the ante-chamber and slammed the door in his face. The Postmaster stood waiting for a long time, then he walked away.

That same day, in the evening, he was walking along the Liteinaia, having been to a service at the Church of the Afflicted. Suddenly a stylish *droshky* flew past him, and the Postmaster recognized Minsky. The *droshky* stopped in front of a three-storeyed house, close to the entrance, and the Hussar ran up the steps. A happy thought flashed through the mind of the Postmaster. He returned, and, approaching the coachman:

"Whose house is this, my friend?" asked he. "Doesn't it belong to Minsky?"

"Exactly so," replied the coachman: "what do you want?"

"Well, your master ordered me to carry

¹ Driver.

² A low four-wheeled open carriage.

a letter to his Dounia, and I have forgotten where his Dounia lives."

"She lives here, on the second floor. But you are late with your letter, my friend; he is with her himself just now."

"That doesn't matter," replied the Postmaster, with an inexplicable beating of the heart. "Thanks for your information, but I shall know how to manage my business." And with these words he ascended the staircase.

The door was locked; he rang. There was a painful delay of several seconds. The key rattled, and the door was opened.

"Does Avdotia Simeonovna live here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied a young female servant: "what do you want with her?"

The Postmaster without replying walked into the room.

"You mustn't go in, you mustn't go in!" the servant cried out after him: "Avdotia Simeonovna has visitors."

But the Postmaster, without heeding her, walked straight on. The first two rooms were dark; in the third there was a light. He approached the open door and paused. In the room, which was beautifully furnished, sat Minsky in deep thought. Dounia, attired in the most elegant fashion, was sitting upon the arm of his chair, like a lady rider upon her English saddle. She was gazing tenderly at Minsky, and winding his black curls round her sparkling fingers. Poor Postmaster! Never had his daughter seemed to him so beautiful; he admired her against his will.

"Who is there?" she asked, without raising her head.

He remained silent. Receiving no reply, Dounia raised her head . . . and with a cry she fell upon the carpet. The alarmed Minsky hastened to pick her up, but suddenly catching sight of the old Postmaster in the doorway, he left Dounia and approached him, trembling with rage.

"What do you want?" he said to him, clenching his teeth. "Why do you steal after me everywhere, like a thief? Or do you want to murder me? Be off!" and with a powerful hand he seized the old

man by the collar and pushed him down the stairs.

The old man returned to his lodging. His friend advised him to lodge a complaint, but the Postmaster reflected, waved his hand, and resolved to abstain from taking any further steps in the matter. Two days afterwards he left St. Petersburg and returned to his station to resume his duties.

"This is the third year," he concluded, "that I have been living without Dounia, and I have not heard a word about her. Whether she is alive or not — God only knows. So many things happen. She is not the first, nor yet the last, that a traveling scoundrel has seduced, kept for a little while, and then forsaken. There are many such young fools in St. Petersburg, today in satin and velvet, and tomorrow sweeping the streets along with the wretched hangers-on of the dramshops. Sometimes, when I think that Dounia also may come to such an end, then, in spite of myself, I sin and wish her in her grave. . . ."

Such was the story of my friend, the old Postmaster, a story more than once interrupted by tears, which he picturesquely wiped away with the skirt of his coat, like the zealous Terentitch in Dmitrieff's beautiful ballad. These tears were partly induced by the punch, of which he had drunk five glasses during the course of his narrative, but for all that, they produced a deep impression upon my heart. After taking leave of him, it was a long time before I could forget the old Postmaster, and for a long time I thought of poor Dounia. . . .

Passing through the little town of — a short time ago, I remembered my friend. I heard that the station, over which he ruled, had been abolished. To my question: "Is the old Postmaster still alive?" nobody could give me a satisfactory reply. I resolved to pay a visit to the well-known place, and, having hired horses, I set out for the village of N——.

It was in autumn. Gray clouds covered the sky; a cold wind blew across the reaped fields, carrying along with it the red and yellow leaves from the trees that

it encountered. I arrived in the village at sunset, and stopped at the little post-house. In the vestibule (where Dounia had once kissed me) a stout woman came out to meet me, and in answer to my questions replied, that the old Postmaster had been dead for about a year, that his house was occupied by a brewer, and that she was the brewer's wife. I began to regret my useless journey, and the seven 10 roubles that I had spent in vain. .

"Of what did he die?" I asked the brewer's wife.

"Of drink, little father," replied she.

"And where is he buried?"

"On the outskirts of the village, near his late wife."

"Could somebody take me to his grave?"

"To be sure! Hi, Vanka¹; you have 20 played with that cat long enough. Take this gentleman to the cemetery, and show him the Postmaster's grave."

At these words a ragged lad, with red hair, and a cast in his eye, ran up to me 25 and immediately began to lead the way towards the burial-ground.

"Did you know the dead man?" I asked him on the road.

"Did I know him! He taught me how 30 to cut blow-pipes. When he came out of the dram-shop (God rest his soul!) we used to run after him and call out: 'Grandfather! grandfather! some nuts!' and he used to throw nuts to us. He always 35 used to play with us."

"And do the travellers remember him?"

"There are very few travellers now; the assessor passes this way sometimes, but he doesn't trouble himself about dead people. 40

Last summer a lady passed through here, and she asked after the old Postmaster, and went to his grave."

"What sort of a lady?" I asked with 5 curiosity.

"A very beautiful lady," replied the lad. "She was in a carriage with six horses, and had along with her three little children, a nurse, and a little black dog; and when they told her that the old Postmaster was dead, she began to cry, and said to the children: 'Sit still, I will go to the cemetery.' I offered to show her the way. But the lady said: 'I know 15 the way.' And she gave me a five-copeck piece . . . such a kind lady!"

We reached the cemetery, a dreary place, not inclosed in the least; it was sown with wooden crosses, but there was not a single tree to throw a shade over it. Never in my life had I seen such a dismal cemetery.

"This is the old Postmaster's grave," said the lad to me, leaping upon a heap of sand, in which was planted a black cross with a copper image.

"And did the lady come here?" asked I.

"Yes," replied Vanka; "I watched her from a distance. She lay down here, and remained lying down for a long time. Then she went back to the village, sent for the pope, gave him some money and drove off, after giving me a five-copeck piece . . . such an excellent lady!"

And I, too, gave the lad a five-copeck piece, and I no longer regretted the journey nor the seven roubles that I had spent on it.

(The translation is that of T. Keane in *The Prose Tales of Pushkin*, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1914.)

¹ One of the many diminutives of Ivan.

THE MODERN PERIOD

What we call for lack of a better name the Modern Period begins, like all other periods, at different times in different countries and different fields of literary activity. It is more difficult to define than earlier periods for two reasons: first, it is still in progress, and, second, it lacks, so far at least, any real unity of character. It is compact of nearly everything that has gone before. Each succeeding age, of course, imparts to literary consciousness characteristics that are to remain fixed in the fabric of thought; thus much writing of the Modern Period is indistinguishable in form and spirit from that of the Romantic Age. There is, on the other hand, much that could not have been written in the age of Shelley and Heine. The profound change in economic and industrial conditions, the rapid development of individual liberty, the expansion of scientific knowledge, all have altered the attitude toward life. Although an indifference toward the ameliorating flourishes of Romanticism was by no means new, an increasing emphasis on that tendency to which we give the name of Realism is undoubtedly one of the most distinctive characteristics of the Modern Age.

The two forms best suited to realism, the novel and the drama, especially the former, have developed enormously. •Although generalizations about such a complex age must be quite insufficient, it seems safe to say that writers have been more concerned with a faithful analysis of life than with the creation of beauty, — except where the romantic tendency lingers, as in lyric and dramatic poetry. While Ibsen, on the one hand, is searching for the answer to riddles of life in a business-like fashion, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, and others are writing poetic dramas full of the mystery of life and the charm of far-away lands and bygone days. It is almost impossible to characterize in general terms an age in which one of its prominent writers (Hauptmann) composes pieces as utterly diverse as *The Sunken Bell* and *Before Sunrise*.

National differences, which we are apt to imagine as growing less with every century, are still noticeable. The realism of Russia is far different from the realism of France. The beliefs, the situations, the materials tend to draw together, but the treatment is widely diversified.

Realism as a systematic program has had far-reaching results. It has brought into literary use many features of civilization that formerly belonged simply to statistics and legal records. Workers in the industries, farmers, tradesmen, although not newcomers in the realm of prose fiction and drama, appear in greater numbers and with new importance. The drama and the novel present and interpret not only the problems of the individual but of society. Economic and political questions, problems of race relations, mass psychology, and religion in all their complicated ramifications have been visualized as they affect typical sets of individuals.

Along with this prevailing realism there persist influences and interests that this age has inherited from its predecessors: the interest in classical antiquity, the susceptibility to the charms of the Orient and to the romance of districts yet in the frontier stage of civilization, the revelling in fantasy and in art for its own sake.

In a volume of this size it is impossible to present material fully representative of the age. The following survey, however, may indicate the significance of various characteristic writers: romance of the Middle Ages, D'Annunzio (p. 929); realism, Ibsen (p. 966) and most of the narrative writers in the volume, although we may think of Zola (p. 1150) as representing a more particularized realism, and of Keller (p. 1178), as inclined rather toward the romantic; confidence in Man's possibilities, Nietzsche (p. 1045); symbolic realism, Andreyev (p. 948) and Hauptmann (p. 910); loss of confidence in man, Schopenhauer (p. 1036), Baudelaire (p. 1070); interest in classical antiquity, Carducci (p. 1089), Louys (p. 1082); art for art's sake, Mallarmé (p. 1075); continuation of romanticism, Musset (p. 1065), Leconte de Lisle (p. 1068), Freiligrath (p. 1059); metrical innovation and experiment, Dehmel (p. 1062).

DRAMA

GERMAN

HAUPTMANN

(1862-)

Gerhart Hauptmann was born in Salzbrunn in Silesia, where he attended school until he was twelve years of age. Next he went to Breslau, but a turn in the family fortunes called him back home to take up farming. In 1880 he again went to Breslau to study sculpture, but progressed slowly. Feeling in need of a wider range of experience, he went, with the assistance of a rich patron, to the university of Jena, where his brother Karl was already studying philosophy. Here he eagerly absorbed the modern ideas of natural science and philosophy. He went south in 1883, and after visiting many Mediterranean cities stopped at Rome and occupied a studio until illness forced him to return home. In 1885 he married Marie Thienemann, the third of three sisters, the other two having married his brothers George and Karl. His wife's considerable means enabled Hauptmann to continue his studies in natural and social sciences, and in 1888 he withdrew to a beautiful country place to write. In 1889 he brought out *Before Sunrise*, a play which stimulated much discussion, especially among critics; *Hannele*, with which he was introduced to the Berlin stage, appeared in 1893; *The Weavers* (1896) brought him his greatest triumph in drama. Besides his plays Hauptmann wrote numerous novels, criticisms, and poems, and won prize after prize, including the Nobel prize for literature in 1912.

To Hauptmann is given the credit for introducing naturalism to the German stage. Being exceptionally fond of his Silesian home; he presented in fine detail the milieu of his youth; his love for the poor and oppressed is one of the vital motives of his life and writing. Though he began as a disciple of naturalism, the theme of romantic love and the mission of the poet began to take its place; symbolical forms began to flow into his naturalism. Beneath both moods one feels the strong current of a poet's awe before life in all its manifestations, an awe often tinged with irony because life is not always just. Hauptmann's characters are not moulded after a fixed conception of life in the author's mind, but create themselves.

Hannele grows out of great pity for the poor and a deep longing for beauty. Perhaps its greatest power lies in the development from the portrayal of misery to the vision of a new and marvelous beauty, in which dream and reality are mingled. It is no modern miracle or mystery play; it carries with it no religious propaganda; it is a poem of pity; "It is only the heart of humanity that can cure the sorrows of mankind."

The following translation is that of Charles H. Melzer in *The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann*, New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1914.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HANNELE

A Dream Poem

CHARACTERS

HANNELE

GOTTWALD (*afterwards THE STRANGER*), a
Schoolmaster

SISTER MARTHA, a Deaconess

TULPE

HETE (HEDWIG)

PLESCHKE

HANKE

} *Inmates of an almshouse*

SEIDEL, a Woodcutter

BERGER, a Magistrate

SCHMIDT, a Police Official

DR. WACHLER

APPARITIONS INTRODUCED DURING HANNELE'S DELIRIUM

MATTERN (*a Mason*), supposed to be HANNELE'S
Father

THE FORM OF HANNELE'S DEAD MOTHER

A GREAT DARK ANGEL

THREE ANGELS OF LIGHT

THE DEACONESS
 THE STRANGER
 GOTTWALD'S PUPILS
 PLESCHKE
 HANKE and OTHER PAUPERS
 SEIDEL
 A VILLAGE DOCTOR
 FOUR YOUTHS, *clad in white*
 NUMEROUS BRIGHT ANGELS, *great and small*
 MOURNERS, WOMEN, *etc.*

ACT I

A room in the almshouse of a village in the mountains. Bare walls. A door at centre, back. To the left of this door is a small window. Before the window are a rickety table and a bench. Near the table and to the left of it is a stove. To the right of the door is a pallet with a straw mattress and a few ragged coverlets. It is a stormy December evening. At the table, seated and singing a hymn which she reads from a hymn book, by the light of a tallow candle, sits TULPE, an old ragged pauper.

TULPE. (*Sings in a cracked quavering voice.*)

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the waves of trouble . . . "

(*Enter HEDWIG, familiarly known as HETE, a disreputable woman of about thirty with curly hair. Round her head is wrapped a thick cloth. She carries a bundle under her arm. Her dress is light and shabby.*)

HETE. (*Blowing on her fingers.*) Mercy on us, nice weather we're havin'. (*Drops her bundle on the table and goes on blowing her fingers, standing alternately on each of her feet, which are shod in worn-out old boots.*) We ain't had such weather for an age.

TULPE. What have yer got in there?

HETE. (*Grinning and whining with pain, sits on the bench by the stove and tries to take off her boots.*) Oh, Lord! My blessed toes are just burnin'!

TULPE. (*Unties HETE'S bundle, in which are seen a loaf, a packet of chicory, a bag of coffee, a few pairs of stockings, etc.*) Ain't there nothin' for me in your bundle?

HETE. (*At first too busy with her boots*

to mind TULPE. Suddenly snatches at the bundle and collects its contents.) Tulpe! (*One of HETE'S feet is bare. She piles her belongings together and carries them off to the pallet.*) Now you'd best leave my things alone — D'you think I've been trampin' about and freezin' all the bones in my body for you, eh?

TULPE. Ah, yer needn't make such a fuss about it, you fool! (*Rises, closes her hymn book, and wipes it carefully with her skirt.*) I don't want none of the rubbish you've been beggin' for.

HETE. (*Hiding her property under the mattress.*) Beggin'? I'd like to know who's done most beggin' — you or me! You've done nothin' else all your life. And you're no chicken, neither.

TULPE. Don't you fly out about it. We know the sort er life you've led. Pastor told you what he thought of you, he did. I didn't tramp about the streets when I was a girl. I was respect'ble.

HETE. I s'pose that's why you were sent to jail!

TULPE. You'll get there fast enough, don't you fear, my beauty. Just you let me get a sight of a gendarme, that's all. I could tell him a thing or two about you, 's sure's yer live!

HETE. Oh, shut up! I don't care for your gendarmes. Let 'em come and see if I don't tell 'em somethin' as'll make you feel uncomf'ble.

TULPE. Yer can't say nothin' against me!

HETE. Oh, I can't, can't I? Who stole the overcoat from the innkeeper's little boy, eh? (*TULPE makes as though to spit at HETE.*) That's what you call manners, I s'pose? Yer shan't have nothin' now, just to spite yer.

TULPE. Ah, go on! I wouldn't take anythin' from the likes er you, anyhow.

HETE. No, and you won't get nothin'.

(*PLESCHKE and HANKE appear outside the open door, against which they have been literally blown by the howling wind. PLESCHKE, a scrofulous, childish old man, in rags, bursts out laughing. HANKE, a good-for-nothing blackguard, blasphemes. They are seen to shake the snow off their hats and cloaks. Each carries a bundle.*)

PLESCHKE. Lord, how it do blow! One er these 'ere nights, you see if the old shanty ain't smashed to bits!

(*At sight of the newcomers, HETE hurriedly drags her bundle from beneath the mattress, picks it up and runs past the men into the courtyard and up a flight of stairs.*)

PLESCHKE. (*Calling after HETE.*) Hey! Hulloo! Yer in a hurry! Wot are yer 10 runnin' away fur? We won't hurt yer, will we, Hanke?

TULPE. (*Busy at the stove with a sauce-pan.*) Oh, she ain't right in her head. She thinks you'll steal her bundle.

PLESCHKE. (*Enters.*) Lord save us! That's rough on us, that is! Evenin'! G'd evenin'! Good Lord, what weather! Hang me if I wasn't a'most blown off my feet!

(*Limps to the table, lays his bundle down, and wags his white-haired, feeble head at TULPE. Pants from fatigue, coughs and tries to warm himself. Meanwhile, HANKE enters, lays his beggar's bag against the door 25 and shivers with cold as he puts fuel into the stove.*)

TULPE. Where er you been?

PLESCHKE. (*Stuttering.*) Where — where have I been? Quite a way, quite a 30 way. Up in the hills.

TULPE. Brought anythin' back?

PLESCHKE. Lots — lots of things. Th' priest giv' me this 'ere five-pfenniger, and down at th' inn they give me — er — give 35 me — er — a bowl er soup —

TULPE. Hand it over, and I'll warm it up.

(*Takes a pot out of the bundle, sets it on the table and stirs the contents of the sauce- 40 pan.*)

PLESCHKE. I — I've got somethin' else in here — sausage. The butcher give it to me. Ay, the butcher.

TULPE. Where's the money?

PLESCHKE. Oh, the money's all right. Here's the money.

TULPE. Give it t' me. I'll take care of it for yer.

HETE. (*Re-enters.*) Yer blamed old 50 fool, why d' yer let her have it?

(*She goes to the stove.*)

TULPE. You mind yer own business.

HANKE. Don't worry. He's her sweet-heart.

HETE. Saints alive!

HANKE. It's only right he should bring 5 her home a trifle now and then, ain't it?

PLESCHKE. (*Stammering.*) You — you ought — oughter know — better, you ought. Can't yer leave a poor old man alone an' — n — not make game of him?

HETE. (*Mimicking PLESCHKE.*) W — why d — don't yer l — let the poor old man alone? Pleschke, yer gettin' shaky. You won't last much longer.

PLESCHKE. (*Threatening her with a 15 stick.*) Y — you'd best c — clear outer this!

HETE. I'd like to see you make me clear out.

PLESCHKE. Clear out! D'ye hear?

TULPE. Catch her one on the head. It'll do her good.

PLESCHKE. Clear out!

HANKE. Oh, drop it! Leave her alone.

(*HETE, taking advantage of HANKE'S having turned his back to defend her from PLESCHKE, makes a grab at his bag and tries to steal something from it. TULPE 25 sees her and shakes with laughter.*)

HANKE. I don't see much to laugh 30 about.

TULPE. (*Still laughing.*) He don't see nothin' to laugh at!

PLESCHKE. Oh, Lord, just look at her!

TULPE. Yer'd best look arter yer bag, or maybe you'll miss somethin'.

HANKE. (*Turns and sees that he has been tricked.*) You would, would you, you devil! (*Rushes after HETE.*) Just you let me get at you!

(*Tramping of feet, as HANKE runs up the staircase after HETE. Smothered cries.*)

PLESCHKE. Well, well, well! She's a smart 'un.

(*He laughs.*)

45 (TULPE joins in his laughter, which is interrupted by the sound of the sudden opening and shutting of a door.)

W — what was that?

(*Howling wind heard outside. Snow dashes against the window-panes. Then all is quiet for a moment. The schoolmaster, GOTTWALD, a man of two-and-thirty, with a dark beard, enters, carrying HANNELE*

MATTERN, a girl of about fourteen. The child whimpers. Her long red hair streams over the schoolmaster's shoulders, her face is pressed against his throat, her arms hang straight and limp. The rags in which she is clothed barely cover her. GOTTWALD takes no notice of PLESCHKE and TULPE, carries the child in tenderly, and lays her on the bed, which stands on the right near the wall. He is followed by SEIDEL, a woodcutter, who carries a lantern in one hand. He also carries a saw, an axe, and a bundle of rags. On his grey head he wears a shabby old hat.)

PLESCHKE. (Staring stupidly at the newcomers.) Hulloo, hulloo, hulloo! W— what's the matter?

GOTTWALD. (Laying his overcoat and some blankets over HANNELE.) Hot bricks, Seidel! Quick.

SEIDEL. (To TULPE.) Don't stand there doin' nothin'. Heat some bricks. Look sharp!

TULPE. What's the matter with the girl?

SEIDEL. I've no time for talkin'.

(Exit with TULPE.)

GOTTWALD. (Trying to soothe HANNELE.) There, there, don't you fear. We'll soon put you right.

HANNELE. (Her teeth chattering.) I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

GOTTWALD. Fear nothing. We won't let any harm come to you.

HANNELE. It's father! It's father!

GOTTWALD. Why, he's not here, my dear.

HANNELE. I'm afraid of father. Oh, if he should come!

GOTTWALD. Ssh! Ssh! He won't come.

(Hurried steps are heard on the staircase.)

HETE bustles in, with an iron grater in her hand.)

HETE. (Holding up the grater.) Just look what Hanke's got!

(HANKE rushes in after HETE and tries to take the grater from her. She flings it into the middle of the room.)

HANNELE. (Screams with terror.) He's coming! He's coming!

(She half rises, leans forward, with anguish on her pale, sick, pinched little face, and stares at the place from which the noise comes. HETE dodges away from

HANKE and runs into the back room. HANKE goes to pick up the grater.)

HANKE. (Astonished.) I'll give you a taste of it presently, you slut, you!

GOTTWALD. (To HANNELE.) It's all right, my child. (To HANKE.) What are you doing here?

HANKE. What am I doin' here?

HETE. (Putting her head in at the back door.) 'Tain't his! He stole it!

HANKE. (Threatening.) You wait a bit! I'll get even with you.

GOTTWALD. I beg you to be quiet. The child's ill.

HANKE. (Picks up the grater and draws back abashed.) Why, what's the matter?

SEIDEL. (Enters with two bricks.) These ought to do.

GOTTWALD. (Examining the bricks.) Are they warm enough?

SEIDEL. Oh, they'll warm her.

(He puts one of the bricks under HANNELE'S feet.)

GOTTWALD. Put the other one there. (Points to another place.)

SEIDEL. She don't seem much warmer yet.

GOTTWALD. The child's shivering with cold.

(TULPE has entered, following SEIDEL. Behind her enter HETE and PLESCHKE and several other paupers, who stand in the doorway whispering and fussing about inquisitively. TULPE moves to the bedside and stands there with her arms akimbo.)

TULPE. Brandy and hot water 'ud do her good.

SEIDEL. (Pulls out a flask. So do PLESCHKE and HANKE.) There's just a

drop left.

TULPE. (At the stove.) Bring it here.

SEIDEL. Is the water hot?

TULPE. Scaldin'!

GOTTWALD. You'd better put in a lump of sugar.

HETE. Where d'yer s'pose we'd get sugar from?

TULPE. Ah, shut up! Yer know yer've got some stowed away.

HETE. Yer lie. I ain't got no sugar.

(Laughs nervously.)

TULPE. It's you that's lyin'. I saw yer bring it in.

SEIDEL. (*To HETE.*) Run and get it, can't you?

HANKE. (*To HETE.*) What are yer waitin' for?

HETE. (*Doggedly.*) Fetch it yerself.

PLESCHKE. Get the sugar!

HETE. Yer can get all yer want at the grocer's. (*Exit.*)

SEIDEL. And if you don't get some at the grocer's, double quick time — Well, you'll see! That's all I've got to say. You won't want more nor I'll give you, my lass.

PLESCHKE. (*Who has been out, returns.*) Ah, she's a bad lot, she is.

SEIDEL. I'd like to have the handlin' of her. I'd take her down a bit, I would, if I was the Burgomaster. She's got no business to be in an almshouse — a great, big, healthy slut like her. Why don't she work?

PLESCHKE. H — here's a — b — b — bit of sugar.

HANKE. (*Sniffing the aroma of the grog.*) I'd like to be ill myself, I would!

(SCHMIDT enters with a lantern. His manner is important and impressive.)

SCHMIDT. Now then, make room there. The judge'll be here in a moment.

(BERGER, the magistrate, enters. His manner stamps him as a retired officer. He wears a short beard. Although his hair is grizzled, he seems still youthful and good-looking. He wears a well-cut, long overcoat. His cocked hat is set jauntily on his head. One of his characteristics is a boyish swag.)

THE PAUPERS. Evenin', Judge. Evenin', Captain!

BERGER. Evenin'. (*Takes off his hat and cloak and puts them down with his stick. With a commanding gesture.*) Out with you, the whole lot of you!

(SCHMIDT hustles THE PAUPERS into the back room.)

BERGER. Evenin', Schoolmaster. How are you getting on?

GOTTWALD. We've just pulled the child out of the water!

SEIDEL. (*Stepping forward.*) Excuse me, Judge. (*Makes a military salute.*) I was working later than usual down at t' smithy. You see, I was puttin' a new

clamp round my axe — and just as I was comin' out er — t' smithy — down yonder by the pond, Judge — you know the big pond — it's pretty nigh as big as a lake — 5 (*BERGER makes an impatient gesture.*) Yes, Judge. Well, there's a corner in that pond as never freezes over — I can call to mind when I was a boy —

BERGER. Never mind that. Go on with your story.

SEIDEL. (*Saluting again.*) Yes, Cap'n. Well — as I was sayin', I'd just come out o' t' smithy and was standin' in th' moonlight, when I heard someone cryin'. At first I thought it was only someone makin' believe, as you might say. But happenin' to look toward the pond, I saw somethin' in the water! Yes, Judge. Where it never freezes over. I called out to say I 20 was a-comin', but she'd fainted! Well, I just ran back and fetched a plank from t' smithy and laid it over the hole — and in a moment I had brought her safe to land again.

BERGER. Bravo, Seidel. We don't hear that sort of tale every day. We hear more about quarrelling and fighting, and head-breaking, down in the village. . . . And then, I suppose, you brought her straight up here?

SEIDEL. Excuse me, Judge. It was the teacher —

GOTTWALD. I happened to be passing by on my way home from a lecture. So I took her to my house first and got my wife to find some warm clothes for her.

BERGER. What do you make of the affair?

SEIDEL. (*Hesitating.*) Well, you see — h'm. She's Mattern's stepdaughter.

BERGER. (*Seems shocked.*) That ragged little thing Mattern's stepdaughter?

SEIDEL. Ay. Her mother died six weeks ago. . . . There ain't much more to tell. She kicked and scratched because she thought I was her stepfather.

BERGER. (*Thinking of MATTERN, mutters.*) The scoundrel!

SEIDEL. He's bin sittin' at the inn, drinkin' hard, ever since yesterday. It takes a cask to fill him up, it does.

BERGER. He'll have a score to settle with me, for this job. (*Bends over HAN-*

NELE.) Now, my child. Listen. You needn't cry about it. What's the girl looking at me like that for? . . . I won't hurt you. What's your name? . . . A little louder, please. I can't hear you — (*He rises.*) The child seems very stubborn.

GOTTWALD. She's only frightened . . . Hannele!

HANNELE. (*Gasping.*) Yes, sir!

GOTTWALD. Do as the Judge bids you, 10 child.

HANNELE. (*Shivering.*) Dear Lord, I'm freezing!

SEIDEL. (*Bringing in the grog.*) There. Take a drop o' this, my lass.

HANNELE. (*As before.*) Dear Lord, I'm hungry!

GOTTWALD. (*To the Magistrate.*) It's no use. We can't make her drink.

HANNELE. It hurts!

GOTTWALD. Where does it hurt you, little one?

HANNELE. Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

BERGER. Who's frightening you, my dear? Come, come, now. Tell us all about 25 it. Don't be afraid. What was that? — I can't understand a word you're saying. Try and remember how it happened. Did your stepfather ill-treat you? — Did he beat you or lock you up or — turn you out 30 into the street? — It's hard to get anything out of her —

SEIDEL. Ay! She ain't fond er chat-
terin'! Choppin' trees is easier nur makin'
her talk. She's as still as a mouse, *she is.* 35

BERGER. If we only had facts to go on — we might have the fellow locked up.

GOTTWALD. She's terribly afraid of him.

SEIDEL. 'Tain't the first time, neither, 40 as he's been caught at this sort of game. Jest you ask the folks about him. They'll tell you what sort of man he is. It's a wonder she wasn't killed years ago. '

BERGER. What has he done to her? 45

SEIDEL. Done? — Druv her out o' doors o' nights. That's what he's done to her. Sent her out a-beggin' in the snow. That's what he's done. And if she didn't bring him back enough to get him roarin' 50 drunk, out she'd have to go agen. That's what he's done. Many's the night she's froze and cried her eyes out, she has.

GOTTWALD. It wasn't quite so bad while her mother lived.

BERGER. Well, anyhow, we'll have the man arrested. He's a notorious drunkard. 5 Now, my little maid, just look me straight in the face.

HANNELE. (*Imploringly.*) Oh, please, please, please!

SEIDEL. 'Tain't no use your askin' questions. You won't get nothin' out o' her.

GOTTWALD. (*Gently.*) Hannele!

HANNELE. Yes, sir.

GOTTWALD. Do you know me?

15 HANNELE. Yes, sir.

GOTTWALD. Who am I?

HANNELE. Teacher, sir — Teacher Gottwald.

GOTTWALD. That's right. We're get-
ting along famously. Now, my dear child,
tell us all about it. Don't be afraid. How
is it you did not stay at home instead of
going down to the pond by the black-
smith's? Eh?

HANNELE. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

BERGER. We'll go away, and you can say all you have to say to the school-
master.

HANNELE. (*Shyly and mysteriously.*)
He called me!

GOTTWALD. Who called you, my dear?

HANNELE. The Lord Jesus.

GOTTWALD. Where did the Lord Jesus
call you?

35 HANNELE. From the water.

GOTTWALD. Where?

HANNELE. Why, from the bottom of
the water.

BERGER. (*Changing his mind and put-
ting on his overcoat.*) We'd better have
the doctor fetched. I daresay he's not
left the inn yet.

GOTTWALD. I have sent for one of the
Sisters. The child needs very careful
nursing.

BERGER. I'll go for the doctor at once.
(*To SCHMIDT.*) Bring the policeman to me
at the inn, Schmidt. We'll have the fellow
locked up. Good-night, Schoolmaster.

(*BERGER and SCHMIDT exeunt. HAN-
NELE falls asleep.*)

SEIDEL. (*After a pause.*) He won't lock
him up. Not much.

GOTTWALD. Why not?

SEIDEL. He knows why, *he* does. *Who's the girl's father, eh?*

GOTTWALD. Stuff, Seidel. That's all gossip.

SEIDEL. All right. I knows what I knows.

GOTTWALD. You mustn't mind what people say. Half are lies. — I only wish the doctor would make haste.

SEIDEL. (*Sofly.*) She won't get over it. You'll see.

(*Enter DR. WACHLER, a grave-looking man of four-and-thirty.*)

DR. WACHLER. Good evening!

GOTTWALD. Good evening, Doctor.

SEIDEL. (*Helping the DOCTOR to take off his fur overcoat.*) Good evening, Doctor.

DR. WACHLER. (*Warming his hands at the stove.*) I should like another candle. (*The sound of a barrel-organ comes from the adjoining room.*) They must have lost their wits!

SEIDEL. (*At the half-closed door of the back room.*) Can't you keep quiet in there?

(*Noise ceases. SEIDEL goes into the back room.*)

DR. WACHLER. Mr. Gottwald, I be-

lieve?

GOTTWALD. That is my name.

DR. WACHLER. I hear she tried to

drown herself?

GOTTWALD. She saw no other way out

of her troubles, poor child.

(*Short pause.*)

DR. WACHLER. (*Watching HANNELE*

beside her bed.) Has she been talking in her

sleep?

HANNELE. Millions and millions of

stars! (*DR. WACHLER and GOTTWALD watch the child. Through the window the moonlight streams on the group.*) Why are you pulling at my bones? Don't! Don't!

It hurts, oh, it *does* hurt so!

DR. WACHLER. (*Carefully loosening the collar of HANNELE's chemise.*) Her body is a mass of bruises!

SEIDEL. Ah, and that's how her mother

looked when she was put in her coffin!

DR. WACHLER. Shocking! Shocking!

HANNELE. (*In a changed, peevish voice.*)

I won't go home. I won't! I want to go to Dame Holle. — Let me go to the pond. — Let me go! — Oh, that dreadful, dreadful smell! — Father, you've been drinking brandy again! — Hark! how the wind blows in the wood! — There was a storm in the hills this morning. — Oh, I do hope there won't be a fire. — Do you hear? Oh, what a storm! — It'll blow the tailor away, if he hasn't put his goose in his pocket!

(*Enter SISTER MARTHA.*)

GOTTWALD. Good evening, Sister.

(*SISTER MARTHA bends her head in response. GOTTWALD joins her at the back of the stage, where she is getting everything ready for nursing.*)

HANNELE. Where's mother? In heaven? How far away it is! (*She opens her eyes, stares about her in a dazed way, rubs her eyes slowly and says in an almost inaudible voice:*) Where am I?

DR. WACHLER. (*Bending over her.*) You're with friends, Hannele.

HANNELE. I'm thirsty.

DR. WACHLER. Water!

(*SEIDEL, who has brought in another candle, goes out to get some water.*)

DR. WACHLER. Does it pain you anywhere? (*HANNELE shakes her head.*) No. That's first-rate. We'll soon put you right.

HANNELE. Please, sir, are you the doctor?

DR. WACHLER. Yes, my dear.

HANNELE. Am I very, very ill?

DR. WACHLER. No, no! Not *very* ill.

HANNELE. Are you going to make me well again?

DR. WACHLER. (*Examining her quickly.*) Does that hurt? No! Does that? Ah, this is the place! — Don't be frightened! I won't hurt you. Is this where the pain is?

GOTTWALD. (*Returning to the bedside.*) Answer the doctor, Hannele.

HANNELE. (*Earnestly, imploringly, tearfully.*) Oh, dear Teacher Gottwald!

GOTTWALD. Come, come! Attend to what the doctor says and answer his questions. (*HANNELE shakes her head.*)

No? Why not?

HANNELE. Oh, do, do let me go to mother!

GOTTWALD. (*Deeply moved — strokes*

her hair gently.) Don't, don't say that, my child.

(Short pause.)

(The DOCTOR lifts his head, draws a long breath and reflects for a moment. SISTER MARTHA has brought the lighted candle from the table and stands near by, holding it.)

DR. WACHLER. (Beckons to SISTER MARTHA.) One moment, Sister.

(The DOCTOR and SISTER MARTHA retire to the table. The DOCTOR gives the SISTER some instructions in an undertone. GOTTWALD glances at HANNELE, the SISTER, and the DOCTOR alternately. He stands waiting, hat in hand. DR. WACHLER ends his quiet talk with SISTER MARTHA.)

DR. WACHLER. I'll look in again later on. I'll have the medicine sent round. (To GOTTWALD.) It seems they have arrested the man at the inn.

SISTER MARTHA. Yes. So they say.

DR. WACHLER. (Putting on his overcoat. To SEIDEL.) You'd better come to the apothecary's with me.

(The DOCTOR, GOTTWALD and SEIDEL take leave of SISTER MARTHA quietly as they move toward the door.)

GOTTWALD. (In a casual way.) What do you think of the case, Doctor?

(DOCTOR, GOTTWALD and SEIDEL exeunt.)

(SISTER MARTHA, who is now alone with HANNELE, pours some milk into a bowl. Meanwhile, HANNELE opens her eyes and watches her.)

HANNELE. Have you come from Jesus?

SISTER MARTHA. What did you say, dear?

HANNELE. Have you come from the Lord Jesus?

SISTER MARTHA. Why, Hannele, have you forgotten me? I'm Sister Martha. Don't you remember coming to see us one day and praying and singing those beautiful hymns?

HANNELE. (Nodding joyfully.) Oh, yes, yes. Such beautiful, beautiful hymns!

SISTER MARTHA. I've come to nurse you, in God's name, till you get well.

HANNELE. I don't want to get well.

SISTER MARTHA. (Bringing her the milk.) The doctor says you must take a little of this milk, to make you strong again.

HANNELE. (Turns away.) I don't want to get well.

SISTER MARTHA. Don't want to get well? That's not sensible, my dear. There, let me tie your hair up.

(She ties her hair.)

HANNELE. (Crying quietly.) I don't want to get well.

SISTER MARTHA. Well, I declare! Why not?

HANNELE. Oh, how I long to go to heaven, Sister.

SISTER MARTHA. We all long for that, darling. But we must be patient and wait until God calls us, and then, if we repent of our sins —

HANNELE. (Eagerly.) I do repent, Sister! Indeed, indeed I do!

SISTER MARTHA. — and if we believe in the Lord Jesus —

HANNELE. I do believe in Him!

SISTER MARTHA. Then you may wait in peace, my child. — Let me smooth your pillow for you. — There. Now go to sleep.

HANNELE. I can't sleep.

SISTER MARTHA. Oh, yes, you can, if you try.

HANNELE. Sister Martha!

SISTER MARTHA. Well, dear?

HANNELE. Sister! Are there any — any unpardonable sins?

SISTER MARTHA. We won't talk about that now. You must not excite yourself.

HANNELE. Please, please, please! Won't you tell me?

SISTER MARTHA. Yes, yes. There are sins that God won't pardon — sins against the Holy Ghost!

HANNELE. Oh, do you think I've committed one?

SISTER MARTHA. Nonsense. Why, only very, very wicked people, like Judas, who betrayed our Lord, could commit those sins.

HANNELE. You don't know — you don't know.

SISTER MARTHA. Hush. You must go to sleep.

HANNELE. I'm so afraid.

SISTER MARTHA. You need not be.

HANNELE. But if I have committed one?

SISTER MARTHA. Oh, but you haven't.

HANNELE. (*Clings to the SISTER and stares into the darkness.*) Sister! Sister!

SISTER MARTHA. Hush, dear, hush!

HANNELE. Sister!

SISTER MARTHA. What is it?

HANNELE. He's coming. Can't you hear him?¹

SISTER MARTHA. I hear nothing.

HANNELE. That's his voice — outside! 10
Hark!

SISTER MARTHA. Whose voice?

HANNELE. Father's! Father's! There he is!

SISTER MARTHA. Where? I don't see 15
him.

HANNELE. Look!

SISTER MARTHA. Where?

HANNELE. At the foot of the bed!

SISTER MARTHA. It's only this coat and 20
hat, darling. We'll take the nasty things away and give them to Daddy Pleschke. And then I'll bring some water and we'll make a compress for you. You won't be afraid if I leave you alone for a few mo- 25
ments, will you? Lie quite still till I come back.

HANNELE. Was it really only the coat and hat, Sister? How silly of me.

SISTER MARTHA. Keep quite still. I'll 30
be back directly. (*She goes out, but returns, as the courtyard is pitch dark.*) I'll put the candle outside in the courtyard for a minute. (*Shaking her finger tenderly at*
HANNELE.) Now mind! Keep still!

(*She goes out.*)

(*It is almost dark in the room. As soon as the SISTER has gone, the figure of MAT-
TERN, the mason, appears at the foot of the bed. He has a drunken and un- 40
kempt look, tangled red hair, and a shabby old soldier's cap. In his left hand he holds his tools. Round his right wrist is a cord. He stares threateningly at HANNELE as if about to strike. A pale light envelopes the*
apparition and streams on to the bed. HANNELE covers her face with her hands in terror. She writhes and moans piteously.)

THE APPARITION. (*In a hoarse and exasperated voice.*) Where are you? Loafin' 50
agen, as usual, eh? I'll teach yer to skulk, you little devil, you. So you've been tellin' tales, have you? Tellin' the

folks I ill-uses you, eh? I beats you, eh? Aren't you ashamed to tell such lies? You ain't no child of mine. Get up, you lazy baggage. I don't want to have nothin' 5
more to do with you. I've half a mind to turn you out into the gutter. Get up and light the fire. D' ye hear? If I keeps you it's out o' charity. Now then, up with you! You won't, won't you? Well then, look out —

(HANNELE, with an effort, rises. Her eyes remain closed. She drags herself to the stove, opens the stove door, and falls senseless as SISTER MARTHA returns with a lighted 10
candle and a jug of water. The apparition vanishes. SISTER MARTHA staggers, stares at HANNELE as she lies among the ashes, and exclaims.)

SISTER MARTHA. Saints alive! (*She 15
puts down the candle and the jug, hastens to HANNELE, and lifts her from the floor. Hearing her cry, the inmates of the alms-house rush in.*) I just left her for a moment to fetch some water and she got out 20
of bed. Here, Hedwig, give me a hand!

HANKE. You'd best be careful, or you'll hurt her.

PLESCHKE. It d — don't seem nat'ral to me, Sister. Someone must a bewitched 25
the girl.

TULPE. That's what's wrong wi' her.

HANKE. (*Loudly.*) She won't last long, she won't.

SISTER MARTHA. (*When with HED- 35
WIG'S assistance she has put HANNELE to bed again.*) That may be all very true, my good man, but you really must not excite the child.

HANKE. You're makin' quite a fuss 40
about her, ain't you?

PLESCHKE. (*To HANKE.*) You're a bad lot you are — a reg'lar out an' out bad lot. Ain't you got sense enough to know — as — as — sick folk mustn't be ex- 45
cited?

HETE. (*Mimicking him.*) S — sick folk mustn't be excited —

SISTER MARTHA. I really must request you —

TULPE. Quite right, Sister. — You get out o' here!

HANKE. When we wants to go, we'll go, and not before.

HETE. The stable's good enough for the likes of us.

PLESCHKE. Don't you make no fuss — you'll find a place to sleep in, you will.

(The inmates of the almshouse go out.)

HANNELE. *(Opens her eyes. She seems terrified.)* Has he gone?

SISTER MARTHA. They've all gone, Hannele. Did they frighten you?

HANNELE. *(Still terrified.)* Has father gone?

SISTER MARTHA. He hasn't been here.

HANNELE. Oh yes, he has, Sister!

SISTER MARTHA. You dreamed it, my dear.

HANNELE. *(Sighing deeply.)* Oh, dear Lord Jesus! Dear, dear Lord Jesus! Won't you please, please, take me away from here!

(Her tone changes.)

"Oh, would He but come
And guide my way home!
I'm worn and I'm weary,
No more can I roam!"

Yes, yes. I'm sure He will, Sister.

SISTER MARTHA. What, dear?

HANNELE. He's promised to take me to Him, Sister.

SISTER MARTHA. H'm. *(Coughs.)*

HANNELE. He's promised.

SISTER MARTHA. Who has promised?

HANNELE. *(Whispering mysteriously into the SISTER'S ear.)* The dear Lord — Gottwald!

SISTER MARTHA. Get off to sleep again, Hannele, that's a good girl.

HANNELE. Isn't he handsome, Sister? Don't you think teacher's handsome? His name is Heinrich! — Did you know that? What a beautiful name! *(Fervently.)* Dear, good, kind Heinrich! Sister, when I grow up, we're going to be married!

"And when the priest had made them one,

Away they went together.
They rested on a snow-white bed
Within a darkened chamber."

He has such a lovely beard. *(Entranced.)*

And, oh, his head's covered with such sweet white clover! — Hark! He's calling me! Don't you hear?

SISTER MARTHA. Do go to sleep, my pet. No one is calling.

HANNELE. It was the voice of — Jesus. Hark! He's calling me again. Oh, I hear Him quite plainly. "Hannele!" "Hannele!" — Let us go to Him!

SISTER MARTHA. When God calls He will find me ready!

HANNELE. *(Her head is now bathed in moonlight. She makes a gesture as though she were inhaling some sweet perfume.)* Don't you smell them, Sister?

SISTER MARTHA. No, Hannele.

HANNELE. Lilacs! *(Her ecstasy increases.)* Listen! Listen! *(A sweet voice is faintly heard in the far distance.)* Is that the angels singing? Don't you hear?

SISTER MARTHA. Yes, dear, I hear. But now you must turn round and have a good long sleep.

HANNELE. Can you sing that, too?

SISTER MARTHA. Sing what, my child? Hannele. "Sleep, darling, sleep!"

SISTER MARTHA. Would you like me to?

HANNELE. *(Lies back and strokes the SISTER'S hand.)* Mother, mother! Sing to me!

SISTER MARTHA. *(Extinguishes the light, bends over the bed, and softly intones the following verses to the accompaniment of distant music:)*

"Sleep, darling, sleep!

In the garden goes a sheep.

(She sings the rest in darkness.)

A little lamb with thee shall play,
From dawn to sunset, all the day.
Sleep, darling, sleep!"

(Twilight fills the room. SISTER MARTHA has gone. The pale and ghostly form of a woman appears and seats itself on the side of the bed. She is slightly bent and seems to rest on her thin bare arms. Her feet are bare. Her long white locks stream over her shoulders and upon the bed. Her face seems worn and wasted. Her sunken eyes, though closed, seem fixed on HANNELE. Her voice sounds as the voice of one speaking in her sleep. Before she speaks, her lips are seen to

move, as though it cost her a great effort to get the words out. She is prematurely aged. Her cheeks are hollow, and she is clad in miserable clothes.)

THE FEMALE APPARITION. Hannele!

HANNELE. (*Her eyes, also, are closed.*) Mother, dearest mother! Is it you?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. It is I. — I have washed the feet of my Saviour with my tears, and I have dried them with my hair.

HANNELE. Do you bring me good tidings?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. Yes!

HANNELE. Have you come far?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. Hundreds of thousands of miles, through the night!

HANNELE. How strange you look, mother!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. As the children of earth look, so I look!

HANNELE. There are buttercups and daisies on your lips. Your voice rings out like music.

THE FEMALE APPARITION. It is no true ring, my child.

HANNELE. Mother, dear mother, your beauty dazzles me!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. The angels in heaven are a thousandfold more radiant!

HANNELE. Why are you not like them?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. I suffered for your sake.

HANNELE. Mother mine, won't you stay with me?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. (*Rising.*) I cannot stay!

HANNELE. Is it beautiful where you have come from?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. There the wide meadows are sheltered from the wind and storm and hail. God shields them.

HANNELE. Can you rest there when you are tired?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. Yes!

HANNELE. Can you get food to eat there, when you are hungry?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. There is meat and fruit for all who hunger, and golden wine for those who thirst.

(*She shrinks away.*)

HANNELE. Are you going, mother?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. God calls me!

HANNELE. Does He call loudly?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. He calls me loudly!

HANNELE. My heart is parched within me, mother!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. God will cool it with roses and with lilies.

HANNELE. Mother, will God redeem me?

THE FEMALE APPARITION. Do you know this flower I hold here in my hand?

HANNELE. It's golden sesame! The key of heaven!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. (*Puts it into HANNELE's hand.*) Take it and keep it as God's pledge. Farewell!

HANNELE. Mother! Mother, don't leave me!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. (*Shrinks away.*) A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me.

HANNELE. I'm afraid!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. (*Shrinking still farther away.*) Even as the snowdrifts on the hills are swept away by the winds, so shall thy troubles be lifted from thee.

HANNELE. Don't go!

THE FEMALE APPARITION. The Children of Heaven are as lightnings in the Night. Sleep!

(*The room gradually grows dark. Pretty voices of young children are heard singing the second verse of "Sleep, darling, sleep."*)

"Sleep, darling, sleep!

Bright guests their vigils keep —

(*A gold-green light suddenly floods the room. Three radiant ANGELS, crowned with roses, and having the forms of beautiful winged youths, appear and take up the song. In their hands they hold music. THE FEMALE APPARITION has vanished.*)

The guests who guard thee thro' the night

Are angels from the realms of Light.
Sleep, darling, sleep!"

HANNELE. (*Opens her eyes and gazes rapturously at the ANGELS.*) Angels! (*Her joy and her amazement grow, but she seems still in doubt.*) Angels!! (*Triumphantly.*) Angels!!!

(*Short pause. Then the ANGELS sing the following strophes from the music in their hands.*)

FIRST ANGEL

The sunlight that gleamed on the mountains

Gave nothing to thee of its gold.
The wavering green of the valleys
For thee ne'er its wealth would unfold.

SECOND ANGEL

The life-giving grain as it ripened
Thy craving for bread did not heed.
The kine as they grazed in the meadows
Denied thee their milk in thy need.

THIRD ANGEL

The buds and the blossoms around thee,
Whose sweetness delighted the day,
Their glory of azure and purple
Ne'er shed on the shards of thy way.

(*Brief pause.*)

FIRST ANGEL

A heavenly greeting we bring thee
From out of the darkness of space,
And the tips of our radiant pinions
Are touched with God's grace.

SECOND ANGEL

In the hem of our raiment we bear thee
The fragrance and joy of the Spring.
The rose of the morn, newly born,
On our lips we bring.

THIRD ANGEL

The mystic, green glow of our Home-land
Illumines our feet in the skies.
The spires of The City Eternal
Shine deep in our eyes.

ACT II

The scene is as it was before the appearance of the ANGELS.

5 THE DEACONESS (SISTER MARTHA) sits beside HANNELE'S bed. She lights the candle again and HANNELE awakes. Her inward rapture is still shown in the expression of her face. As soon as she recognises
10 SISTER MARTHA she breaks into joyous talk.

HANNELE. Sister! Sister Martha! Do you know who has been here? Angels! Angels, Sister!

15 SISTER MARTHA. Aha! You're wide awake again.

HANNELE. Yes, yes. Only think of it. (*Impulsively.*) Angels! Angels! Real angels, from heaven, Sister Martha, with
20 great, big wings!

SISTER MARTHA. What sweet dreams you must have had, dear.

HANNELE. Why do you speak of dreams? Look, look! See what I have in
25 my hand!

(*She holds out an imaginary flower to her.*)

SISTER MARTHA. What is it, dearest?

HANNELE. Can't you see?

SISTER MARTHA. H'm.

30 HANNELE. Look at it, Sister. Only look!

SISTER MARTHA. I see, dear.

HANNELE. Smell how sweet it is!

SISTER MARTHA. (*Pretending to smell.*)
35 Beautiful!

HANNELE. Take care, take care. You'll crush it.

SISTER MARTHA. Oh, no, I mustn't do that, my dear. What do you call this
40 wonderful flower?

HANNELE. Why, golden sesame, of course!

SISTER MARTHA. Oh!

HANNELE. Of course it is. Can't you
45 see? Bring the light here. Quick! Quick!

SISTER MARTHA. Ah! Now I see.

HANNELE. Isn't it beautiful?

SISTER MARTHA. Yes, yes. But you musn't talk so much, my child. You must
50 keep quite, quite still, or else the doctor will be angry. Now you must take the medicine he sent for you.

HANNELE. Oh, Sister, why will you

worry so much about me? You don't know what has happened — do you, now? Who do you think it was gave me this lovely golden sesame? Guess, guess. — What's sesame for? Don't you know, 5 Sister?

SISTER MARTHA. Ssh! You can tell me all about it in the morning, when you are strong, and bright, and well again.

HANNELE. I am well.

(She tries to rise and puts her feet out of bed.)

SISTER MARTHA. You mustn't do that, Hannele dear.

HANNELE. (Waving her away, gets out 15 of bed and walks a few steps.) Please — please do leave me alone. I must go — away. (She starts and stares fixedly at something.) Oh, dear Lord Jesus!

(The figure of an ANGEL, clad in black and 20 with black wings, appears. The ANGEL is tall, majestic and beautiful. In his hands he holds a long, wavy sword, the hilt of which is wrapped in crape. The ANGEL is seated near the stove. He is silent and serious. He gazes steadily and calmly at HANNELE. A supernatural white light fills the room.)

Who are you?

(Pause.)

Are you an angel? (No answer.) Is it 30 me you want? (No answer.) I am Hannele Mattern. Have you come for me? (Again no answer.)

(During this incident, SISTER MARTHA has stood looking on, perplexed and thoughtful, with folded hands. She slowly passes 35 out of the room.)

Has God made you dumb? Are you an angel? (No answer.) Are you one of God's good angels? (No answer.) Will 40 you be kind to me? (No answer.) Are you an enemy? (No answer.) Why have you hidden that sword in the folds of your dress? (Silence.) I'm so cold, so cold. Your look chills me. You're icy cold. 45 (Still silence.) Who are you?

(No answer. Terror suddenly overmasters her. She screams and turns as if appealing for help to someone behind her.)

Mother! Mother!

(A figure, dressed like the DEACONESS, but younger and more beautiful, and with great white wings, enters the room. HAN-

NELE hurries toward the figure, and clutches at her hand.)

Mother, mother! There's someone in the room!

DEACONESS. Where?

HANNELE. There — there!

DEACONESS. Why do you tremble so?

HANNELE. I'm afraid.

DEACONESS. Fear nothing. I am with 10 you.

HANNELE. My teeth are chattering. I can't help it, mother! He terrifies me!

DEACONESS. Fear not, my child. He is your friend.

HANNELE. Who is it, mother?

DEACONESS. Do you not know him?

HANNELE. Who is he?

DEACONESS. He is Death!

HANNELE. Death! (She stares fixedly 20 and fearfully at the ANGEL for a moment.) Must it — must it be?

DEACONESS. Death is the gate, Hannele!

HANNELE. Is there no other, mother 25 dear?

DEACONESS. There is no other.

HANNELE. Will you be cruel to me, Death? — He won't answer! Why won't he answer any of my questions, mother?

DEACONESS. The voice of God has answered you already.

HANNELE. Oh, dear Lord God, I have so often longed for this. But now — now I am afraid!

DEACONESS. Get ready, Hannele.

HANNELE. For death, mother?

DEACONESS. For death.

HANNELE. (Timidly, after a pause.) Shall I have to wear these ragged clothes, 40 when they put me into the coffin?

DEACONESS. God will clothe you.

(She produces a small silver bell and rings it. In response there enters — silently, like all the following apparitions — a little humpbacked VILLAGE TAILOR, carrying on his arm a bridal dress, a veil and a wreath. In one hand he has a pair of crystal slippers. He has a comical, seesaw gait, bows silently to the ANGEL and the 50 DEACONESS, and lastly, and obsequiously, to HANNELE.)

THE VILLAGE TAILOR. (Bobbing and bowing.) Johanna Katherina Mattern,

your most obedient. (*Clears his throat.*) Your father, his Excellency the Count, has done me the honour of ordering this bridal robe for you.

DEACONESS. (*Takes the dress from the TAILOR, and attires HANNELE.*) I will help you to put it on, Hannele.

HANNELE. (*Joyfully.*) Oh, how it rustles.

DEACONESS. It's white silk, Hannele.

HANNELE. Won't the people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin!

THE VILLAGE TAILOR. Johanna Katharina Mattern — (*He clears his throat.*) The village is full of it. (*He clears his throat.*) It's full of the good luck your death is bringing you. (*Clears his throat.*) Your father, his Excellency the Count — (*coughs*) has just been talking to the Burgo-

DEACONESS. (*Puts wreath on HANNELE'S head.*) Lift up your head, you heavenly bride!

HANNELE. (*Trembling with childish pleasure.*) Oh, Sister Martha, I'm so glad I am to die. (*Breaking off suddenly and doubtfully.*) You are Sister Martha, are you not?

DEACONESS. Yes, my child.

HANNELE. No, no. You're not Sister Martha. You are my mother!

DEACONESS. Yes.

HANNELE. Are you both of them?

DEACONESS. The children of heaven are all one in God.

THE VILLAGE TAILOR. If I may say so, Princess Hannele — (*he kneels to put on the slippers*) these slippers are the smallest in the land. Hedwig, and Agnes, and Liese, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Käthe, and Gretchen, and the rest of them all have such very large feet. (*He puts on the slippers.*) But they fit you — they fit you! We've found the bride! Princess Hannele's feet are the smallest! — Is there anything else I can do for you? (*Bows and scrapes.*) Your servant, Princess. Your servant. (*He goes.*)

HANNELE. Who would have dreamed it, mother?

DEACONESS. Now you need not take any more of that nasty physic.

HANNELE. No.

DEACONESS. Soon you will be as bright and blithe as a lark, now, darling.

HANNELE. Oh, yes!

DEACONESS. Come dear, and lie down on your death-bed.

(*She takes HANNELE by the hand, leads her gently to the bed and waits while HANNELE lies down.*)

HANNELE. Now I'll soon know what death is, won't I?

DEACONESS. You will, Hannele.

HANNELE. (*Lying on her back and playing with an imaginary flower.*) I have a pledge here!

DEACONESS. Press it closely to your breast.

HANNELE. (*Growing frightened again and glancing at the ANGEL.*) Must it — must it be?

DEACONESS. It must.

(*Sounds of a funeral march heard in the remote distance.*)

HANNELE. (*Listening.*) That's Master Seyfried and the musicians announcing the funeral.

(*The ANGEL rises.*)

Oh, he's getting up!

(*The storm outside gains strength. The ANGEL draws nearer to HANNELE.*)

Sister! Mother! He's coming to me! Where are you? I can't see you! (*Appealing to the ANGEL.*) Make haste, thou dark and silent spirit! (*Speaking as though a heavy weight oppressed her.*) He's pressing me down! (*The ANGEL solemnly lifts up his sword.*) He'll crush me to pieces! (*With anguish.*) Help, Sister, help!

(*The DEACONESS steps majestically between the ANGEL and HANNELE, and lays her hands protectingly on the child's heart. She speaks loftily, impressively and with authority.*)

DEACONESS. He dare not. I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart.

(*The dark ANGEL vanishes. Silence.*)

(*The DEACONESS lapses into meditation and her lips move as if in prayer. The sound of the funeral march has continued through this scene. A noise as of many tramping feet is heard. The form of the schoolmaster, GOTTWALD, appears in the central doorway. The funeral march ceases.*)

GOTTWALD is dressed in mourning and bears a bunch of lovely bluebells in his hand. He takes off his hat reverently, and on entering makes a gesture as though he would have silence. Behind him are ranged his pupils — boys and girls, in Sunday clothes. At the gesture of the SCHOOLMASTER, they stop chattering, and seem afraid to cross the threshold. GOTTWALD approaches the DEACONESS with a radiant look upon his face.)

GOTTWALD. Good day, Sister Martha.

DEACONESS. Good day, Teacher Gottwald.

GOTTWALD. (*Shakes his head sadly as he looks at HANNELE.*) Poor little maid.

DEACONESS. Why are you so sad, Teacher Gottwald?

GOTTWALD. Is she not dead?

DEACONESS. Is that a thing to grieve over? She has found peace at last. I 20 envy her.

GOTTWALD. (*Sighing.*) Ay, she is free from care and sorrow now. It is all for the best.

DEACONESS. (*Looking steadfastly at HANNELE.*) How fair she seems.

GOTTWALD. Yes, very fair. Death seems to have clothed her with beauty.

DEACONESS. God has made her beautiful, because she loved Him.

GOTTWALD. Yes, she was always good and pious.

(*Sighs heavily, opens his hymn book, and peers into it sadly.*)

DEACONESS. (*Peering into the same hymn book.*) We should not repine. We must be patient.

GOTTWALD. And yet my heart is heavy.

DEACONESS. You do not mourn to 40 know that she is saved?

GOTTWALD. I mourn to think that two fair flowers have withered.

DEACONESS. I do not understand you.

GOTTWALD. I have two faded violets in 45 this book. How like they are to the dead eyes of my poor little Hannele.

DEACONESS. They will grow bright and blue again in Heaven.

GOTTWALD. Oh, Lord, how long must 50 we still wander in this vale of tears! (*His tone changes abruptly. He becomes bustling and business-like. Produces a hymn book.*)

I thought it would be a good idea to sing the first hymn here — in the house — "Jesus, my Guide —"

DEACONESS. It is a beautiful hymn and 5 Hannele Mattern was a pious child.

GOTTWALD. And then, you know, when we get to the churchyard, we can sing, "Now lettest Thou thy servant." (*He turns to the school children and addresses them.*) Hymn No. 62! (*Intones hymn, slowly beating time.*) "Now let-test-Thou-thy-servant, De-pa-ar-art-in-peace —" (*The children chime in.*) Children, have

you all warm clothes on? It will be cold 15 out yonder in the churchyard. Come in and take one last look at our poor Hannele.

(*The children enter and range themselves about the bed.*)

See how beautiful death has made the child. Once she was clad in rags. Now she wears silken raiment. She went barefooted once. Now she has crystal slippers on her feet. Ere very long she will be taken to a house all built of gold, where she will never more know thirst or hunger.

Do you remember how you used to mock at her and call her Princess Rag-Tag? — Now she is going away from us to be a real princess in Heaven. If any of you have 30 offended her, now is the time to beg for her forgiveness. If you do not, she will tell her Heavenly Father how unkind you were to her, and it will go hard with you.

A CHILD. (*Stepping forward.*) Dear Princess Hannele, please, please forgive me and don't tell God that I used to call you Princess Rag-Tag.

ALL THE CHILDREN. (*Together.*) We 40 are all very, very sorry.

GOTTWALD. That's right, children. Hannele will forgive you. Now, boys and girls, go inside and wait till I join you.

DEACONESS. Come into the back room with me and I will tell you what you must all do if you want to join the bright angels some day, like Hannele.

(*She goes out. THE CHILDREN follow. The door closes.*)

GOTTWALD. (*Alone with HANNELE. He lays his flowers at her feet.*) My dear, dear Hannele, here are the violets I have brought you. (*Kneels by the bedside. His*

voice trembles.) Do not forget me in your new felicity. *(He sobs and lays his head against the folds of her dress.)* My heart is breaking at the thought of parting from you.

(Voices are heard without. GOTTWALD rises and lays a covering over HANNELE. Two aging women, dressed as if for a funeral, and with handkerchiefs and yellow-edged hymn books in their hands, push their way into the room.)

FIRST WOMAN. *(Glancing round.)* We're ahead of them all.

SECOND WOMAN. No, we ain't. There's the Teacher. Good day, Teacher.

GOTTWALD. Good day.

FIRST WOMAN. You're takin' it to heart, Teacher. Well, well, I allow she was a sweet child. My, what a busy little thing she was, to be sure.

SECOND WOMAN. Say, Teacher, we've heard as how she killed herself. It ain't true, is it?

THIRD WOMAN. *(Appears.)* 'T'ud be a mortal sin!

SECOND WOMAN. Ay, that it would.

THIRD WOMAN. The minister, he says, there ain't no pardon for it.

GOTTWALD. The Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

FOURTH WOMAN. *(Enters.)* Dear, dear, what weather we're havin'. We'll all be froze, I guess, before we've done. I hope the parson won't keep us long in the churchyard. The snow's a foot deep in the churchyard.

FIFTH WOMAN. *(Enters.)* Th' parson won't have no prayers read over her. He says as how consecrated ground ain't no place for the likes er her.

PLESCHKE. *(Enters.)* Ha' yer heard the news? A grand stranger's bin to see the parson. He says that Mattern's Hannele's a saint.

HANKE. *(Hurrying in.)* They're bringin' her a crystal coffin.

SEVERAL VOICES. *(Together.)* A crystal coffin!

HANKE. Reckon it'll cost a pretty sum.

SEVERAL VOICES. *(Together.)* A crystal coffin!

SEIDEL. *(Enters.)* There's strange

goin's on down in the village. An angel's bin there — an angel as big's a poplar, they do say. An' there's more of 'em down at th' blacksmith's — little uns, they be, no bigger nor babies. *(Looking at HANNELE.)* She don't look like a beggar, she don't.

SEVERAL VOICES. *(Scattered.)* No, she don't like a beggar —

A crystal coffin! — Did you ever hear the like! — And angels in the village!

(FOUR YOUTHS clad in white enter, bearing a crystal coffin, which they put down close to HANNELE'S bed. They whisper to each other excitedly and curiously.)

GOTTWALD. *(Slightly raising the cloth.)* Would you like to have a look at the dead child?

FIRST WOMAN. *(Peeping at HANNELE.)* Just look at her hair. Why, if it ain't shinin' just like gold.

GOTTWALD. *(Drawing the cloth completely from the body which is flooded with a pale light.)* Have you seen her silk dress and crystal slippers?

(All utter exclamations of surprise, and draw back.)

SEVERAL VOICES. *(Confusedly.)* Lord, how beautiful! — Why, that ain't our Hannele! — That can't be Mattern's Hannele! — Well, if it ain't wonderful!

PLESCHKE. She's a saint, sure enough. *(The FOUR YOUTHS lay HANNELE reverently in the crystal coffin.)*

HANKE. I told you there wouldn't be no buryin' for her.

FIRST WOMAN. I reckon they'll put her into the church.

SECOND WOMAN. I don't believe the girl's dead at all. She looks too lifelike for that.

PLESCHKE. G — gi' me — gi' me — a feather. — We'll soon see if she's dead. — Just gi' me a feather — *(They give him a feather. He holds it before her lips.)* It don't stir! The girl's dead, sure enough, she is. There ain't no life left in her.

THIRD WOMAN. I'd kinder like to give her this bit o' rosemary.

(She puts a sprig into the coffin.)

FOURTH WOMAN. She can have my lavender, too.

FIFTH WOMAN. Why, where's Mattern?

FIRST WOMAN. Ay, where's Mattern?

SECOND WOMAN. Where he allus is, drinkin' down at th' inn.

FIRST WOMAN. May be he don't know what's happened?

SECOND WOMAN. He don't know nothin' when he's full o' drink.

PLESCHKE. Wot? Ain't no one told him there's a dead body in the house?

THIRD WOMAN. He might er found that 10 out for hisself.

FOURTH WOMAN. I'm not accusin' anyone, I ain't. But it *do* seem odd the man who killed the child, as you might say, shouldn't know nothin' about it. 15

SEIDEL. That's what I say, and everyone in th' village 'ud say the same. Why, she's got a bruise on her as big as my fist.

FIFTH WOMAN. He's the devil's own 20 child, is Mattern.

SEIDEL. I saw that there bruise when I was helpin' to put her to bed. I tell yer, it was as big as my fist. That's what settled her business.

FIRST WOMAN. He's the man as done it.

ALL. (*Whispering angrily to one another.*) That's what he is.

SECOND WOMAN. I call him a murderer. 30

ALL. He's a murderer, a murderer!

(*The drunken voice of MATTERN, the mason, is heard without.*)

MATTERN. (*Without.*) Lemme in, d'ye hear? Lemme in! I ain't done no harm 35 to nobody. (*He appears in the doorway and bawls:*) Where are you hidin', you good-for-nothin' hussy? (*He staggers.*) I'll give you till I count five. Then look out. Now then. One — two — three — 40 and one makes — Come out, damn you, you hussy. What d' ye mean by makin' me lose my temper? Lemme get a sight of you, that's all, and I'll break every bone in your body. (*He stumbles, recovers and 45 stares stupidly at the silent bystanders.*) What are you starin' at me for? (*No answer.*) What d' ye want? Devil take you all. I ain't done nothin' to the girl. Come out, d' ye hear? And mighty quick 50 about it, too. (*He chuckles to himself.*) I know what I'm about, if I *have* had a drop too much. What, you ain't gone yet —

(*Savagely.*) Don't stand there glarin' at me or I'll —

(*A man wearing a long, shabby, brown robe enters. He is about thirty years old. 5 His hair is long and dark. His face is the face of the schoolmaster, GOTTWALD. In his left hand he holds a soft hat. He has sandals on his feet. He seems weary and travel-stained. He interrupts the mason by laying his hand gently on his arm. MATTERN turns round roughly. The stranger looks him steadily and calmly in the face.*)

THE STRANGER. (*Gently.*) Mattern, the mason, God's peace be with thee.

MATTERN. Where do you come from? What do you want?

THE STRANGER. (*Appealing.*) My feet are weary and blood-stained. Give me water wherewith to wash them. The burning sun has parched my tongue. Give me wine, wherewith to cool it. No food has passed my lips since early morn. Give me bread wherewith to still my hunger.

MATTERN. It's none of my business. 25 If you'd been working, like an honest man, instead o' trampin' up and down the country roads, you'd be all right. I have to work for my livin'.

THE STRANGER. I am a workman.

MATTERN. You're a vagabond, you are. Honest workmen don't starve.

THE STRANGER. For my work no man pays me.

MATTERN. You're a yagabond.

THE STRANGER. (*Faintly, submissively, but pressingly.*) I am a physician. Hast thou not need of me?

MATTERN. Not I. I'm not sick. No doctors for me.

THE STRANGER. (*His voice trembling with emotion.*) Mattern, the mason, bethink thee! Though thou hast denied me water, I will heal thee. Though thou hast refused me bread, yet I can make thee well. God is my witness.

MATTERN. Be off with you, d' ye hear? Be off. My bones are sound. I don't want nothin' to do with doctors. Will you clear out?

THE STRANGER. Mattern, the mason, bethink thee well. I will wash thy feet. I will give thee wine. Thou shalt have sweet, white bread to eat. Set thy foot

upon my head, and I will still heal thee, as God liveth.

MATTERN. You won't go, won't you, eh? I'll have to throw you out?

THE STRANGER. (*Impressively.*) Mattern, the mason, dost thou not know what lies within this house?

MATTERN. There ain't nothin' lyin' here but what belongs to the place, 'ceptin' you. Off you go, damn you!

THE STRANGER. (*Simply.*) Thy daughter lies here, sick.

MATTERN. She don't want no doctors to cure her complaint. She's lazy. That's wot's the matter with her. I'll cure her, and mighty quick, too, if she don't stop skulkin'.

THE STRANGER (*Loftily.*) Mattern, the mason, I come to thee as a messenger.

MATTERN. A messenger? Who sent you, eh?

THE STRANGER. I come from the Father, and I go unto the Father. What hast thou done with His child?

MATTERN. P'raps you know where she's hidin' herself better than I do. What are His children to me? He don't seem to trouble Himself much about them.

THE STRANGER. (*Directly.*) There is one dead within these walls.

MATTERN. (*Sees HANNELE, approaches the coffin silently, and looks in, muttering.*) Where the devil did she get all them fine clothes and that ere crystal coffin? (*The coffin-bearers whisper together angrily, "Murderer!" "Murderer!"*) MATTERN, *surly and stammering:*) I — n-never did ye n-no harm. I was kind to you, I was. I didn't deny you nothin' — (*Brutally, to the STRANGER.*) Wot d' yer want? Come, speak out and ha' done with it? 'Tain't no business of mine.

THE STRANGER. Mattern, the mason, hast thou nothing to say to me? (*The coffin-bearers grow more and more excited, and frequent exclamations of "Murderer!" "Murderer!" are heard.*) Hast thou not sinned? Hast thou never dragged her from her sleep at night and beaten her till she grew faint with pain and anguish?

MATTERN. (*Frenzied with excitement.*) May Heaven strike me dead if I have! (*Faint blue lightning and distant thunder.*)

ALL. (*Scattered voices.*) It's thundering! — Thunder in mid-winter! — He's perjured himself! — The murderer's perjured himself!

THE STRANGER. (*Gently and persuasively.*) Hast thou still nothing to confess, Mattern?

MATTERN. (*Panic-struck.*) Those whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth. That's what I did to the girl. I treated her as though she was my own child, I did.

THE WOMEN. (*Rushing at him.*) Murderer! Murderer!

MATTERN. She lied to me and cheated me.

THE STRANGER. Is this the truth?

MATTERN. So help me God!

(*The golden sesame appears in HANNELE'S clasped hands. A mystic greenish-yellow light streams from it. The sight dismays MATTERN, who recoils in terror.*)

THE STRANGER. Mattern, the mason, thou hast lied to me.

ALL. (*Scattered voices.*) A miracle! A miracle!

PLESCHKE. The girl's a saint, sure. He's perjured hisself, he has.

MATTERN. (*Shouting.*) I'll go hang myself!

(*He presses his hands to his temples and goes.*)

THE STRANGER. (*Advances to the coffin and turns to the bystanders, who draw back in awe of his now noble and imposing form.*) Be not afraid! (*He stops and presses HANNELE'S hand. Then in a gentle tone.*) The maiden is not dead. She sleepeth. (*Earnestly.*) Johanna Mattern!

(*A golden-green light steals into the room. HANNELE opens her eyes and, with the help of THE STRANGER'S hand, rises, not yet daring to fix her eyes on him. She leaves the coffin and sinks upon her knees before THE STRANGER. The bystanders flee in consternation. THE STRANGER and HANNELE remain alone. THE STRANGER'S shabby gown falls from his shoulders. Beneath it is a robe of white and gold.*)

THE STRANGER. (*Tenderly.*) Hannele!

HANNELE. (*With rapture, bending her head low.*) 'Tis he!

THE STRANGER. Dost thou know me?

HANNELE. I have waited for thee.

THE STRANGER. Canst thou name my name?

HANNELE. (*Trembling with awe.*) Holy! Holy! Holy!

THE STRANGER. I know thy sorrow and thy pain.

HANNELE. I have longed for thy coming.

THE STRANGER. Arise!

HANNELE. Thy dress is spotless. I am ashamed.

THE STRANGER. (*Laying his right hand on HANNELE'S head.*) Thy shame I take from thee. (*He lifts her face gently and touches her eyelids.*) I fill thine eyes with everlasting light. Thy soul shall be all sunshine. Eternal brightness shall be thine, from dawn till eve and then till dawn again. Receive all radiant things, and feast thine eyes on all the glories of the deep blue sea and azure sky and fair green trees, forever and forever. (*He touches her ears.*) Let thine ears be opened to the music of the millions upon millions of God's angels. (*He touches her lips.*) Thus do I loose thy stammering tongue and quicken it with the life of thine own soul and my soul, and the soul of God Almighty.

(HANNELE, *trembling convulsively with rapture, tries to rise, but cannot. She sobs and buries her head in THE STRANGER'S robe.*)

With these thy tears I cleanse thee from the dust and stain of earth. I will raise thee high above the stars of God.

(THE STRANGER *lays his hand on the child's head and speaks the lines following to the accompanying strains of soft music. As he speaks, the forms of many angels appear, crowding through the doorway. Some are tall, some short. Some are radiant winged boys and girls. They swing incense-censers and strew flowers, and spread rich stuffs on the floor.*)

THE STRANGER. The Realm of Righteousness is filled with light and joy. God's everlasting peace reigns there without alloy.

(*Harp is heard, at first played softly, then gradually swelling louder and louder.*)

Its mansions are marble, its roofs are of gold,

Through its rivulets ripple wines ruddy and old.

5 In its silver-white streets blow the lily and rose,

In its steeples the chiming of joy-bells grows.

The beautiful butterflies frolic and play
10 In its ramparts, rich-robed in the mosses of May.

Swans, twelve, soft as snow, ring them round in the sky,

And their wings thrill the air with sweet sounds as they fly.

And louder and louder the symphonies swell

Till their resonance reaches from heav'n to hell.

20 Forever and ever, through æons unending, With music majestic their progress attending,

They soar above Zion and meadow and sea, And their path is made lambent with mystery.

The blessed below, in the regions of Light, Wander on, hand in hand, and rejoice in their flight.

In the depths of the radiant, the ruby-red waves,

Swan dives down after swan, as its plumage it laves.

So they wash themselves clean in the clear, deep red

35 Of the blood that the Lord, their dear Saviour, had shed,

And they pass from the glory of flood and of foam,

To the rest and the bliss of their heavenly home.

(THE STRANGER *turns to the ANGELS, who have ended their work. With timid joy they draw near and form a semi-circle round HANNELE and THE STRANGER.*)

45 Bring hither finest linen, children mine — My fair, my pretty turtle-doves, come hither.

Surround her weak and wasted little frame With comfort and with warmth, to keep her free

From frost and fever, pain and weary woe. Be tender with her. Shield her from rude touch,

And bear her swiftly up, on pinions light. Beneath her feet spread velvets, richly
 Above the waving grasses of the lea, wrought,
 Beyond the shimmering wastes of moonlit And strew her path with daffodils and
 space, tulips.
 Beyond the meads and groves of Para- 5 To fan her cheek let palms in cadence
 dise, sway
 Into the cool and shade of boundless peace. And make her life unceasing holiday.
 Then, while she rests upon her silken bed, Where the red poppies rear their beauteous
 Prepare for her, in alabaster bath, heads
 Water from mountain brook, and purple 10 And happy children dance to meet the day.
 wine, and milk of antelope, Bid her repose, free now from tear and
 To wash away the stain of earthly ill! sigh,
 From off the bushes break the budding And witch her soul with gentle harmony.
 sprays,

Lilac and jessamine, with dew bent low, 15
 And let their moisture from the petals flow
 Softly upon her, as the showers in May.
 Take linen rare and fine, to dry her limbs
 With loving hands, as ye would lily-leaves.
 From jewell'd chalices pour the reviving 20
 wine,
 Pressed from the patient heart of fragrant
 fruit.

Delight her lips with sweets, her heart 25
 delight
 With all the dazzling splendours of the
 morn.
 Enchant her eyes with stately palaces.
 Let humming-birds, in iris hues arrayed, 30
 From walls of malachite flash gold and
 green.

THE ANGELS

(Sing in chorus.)

We bear thee away to the Heavenly Rest,
 Lullaby, into the Land of the Blest,
 Lullaby, into the Land of the Blest!

(The stage grows gradually dark, as the
 ANGELS sing. Out of the darkness the
 sound of their song is heard more and
 more faintly. Then the stage grows light.)

The interior of the almshouse is seen, exactly
 as before the first apparition. HANNELE,
 a poor, sick child, once more lies on the bed.
 DOCTOR WACHLER bends over her, with a
 stethoscope. The DEACONESS (SISTER
 MARTHA) stands by, watching anxiously,
 and holding a candle in her hand. The
 ANGELS' song ceases.)

ITALIAN

D'ANNUNZIO

(1863-)

The Italian writer and soldier Gabriele d'Annunzio, prince of Monte Nevoso, was born in Pescara (Abruzzi). As a boy he published (1879) a volume of verse, *Primo Vere*. Later he went to Rome, where he joined a group of well-known literary men. He published *Canto Nuovo* (1882), *Terra Vergine* (1882), *L'Intermezzo di Rime* (1883), *Il Libro delli Vergini* (1884), and most of the stories later collected under the title *San Pantaleone* (1886). As a member of the staff of the *Tribuna* he did some of his most brilliant work. It was during this period that he wrote what many consider his best poem, *Il Libro d'Isotta* (1886). His first novel *Il Piacere* (translated as *Child of Pleasure*) was written in 1889. Then came *L'Innocente* (translated as *The Intruder*) in 1891. These two with *Giovanni Episcopo* (1891) caused a great sensation in Italian literary circles. Among the poetic works of this period should be noticed *Il Trionfo della Morte* (1894), *Le Vergini delle Rocce* (1896), and *Il Fuoco* (1900) — a glorification of Venice. D'Annunzio began writing for the stage in 1897. In 1898 he composed *La Città Morta* for Sarah Bernhardt, and in the same year the famous *La Gioconda* for Eleonora Duse. In 1899 came *La*

Glorie, a contemporary political tragedy, and then in 1901 *Francesca da Rimini*, a magnificent reconstruction of mediæval atmosphere and emotion. The play is unusually preoccupied with color, sound, and movement. From 1908 to 1921 D'Annunzio as writer and as soldier led an extravagantly romantic career. Books and battles followed each other in fantastic profusion. In the disputes of the boundary settlements after the World War he defied his own government and half of Europe besides; and finally, wounded and weary, he was forced to seek retirement at Gardone on the Lake of Garda. For a time the psychological inspiration of his earlier writing, borrowed almost entirely from contemporary foreign writers, seemed to denote a lack of originality. His creations were narrow, personal, often monotonous. It is in his later work, which drew on the traditions of Italy's glorious past, and represented their beauties with all the brilliance and perfection of truly inspired art, that his real genius is to be found.

The following translation is that of Arthur Symons, New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1902.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

CHARACTERS

OSTASIO	Sons and Daughters of GUIDO MINORE DA POLENTA	GIOVANNI, "The Lame,"	Sons of MALATESTA DA VERUCCHIO
BANNINO		known as GIANCIOTTO	
FRANCESCA		PAOLO, "The Beautiful"	
SAMARITANA		MALATESTINO, "The One-eyed"	Partisans of MALATESTA
BIANCOPIORE		ODDO DALLE CAMINATE	
ALDA	FRANCESCA'S Women	FOSCOLO D'OLNANO	
GARSENDA		ARCHERS	
ALTICHIARA		MEN-AT-ARMS	
ADONELLA			
THE SLAVE			
SER TOLDO BERNARDENGO	Partisans of GUIDO		
ASPINELLO ARSENDI			
VIVIANO DE' VIVII			
BERTRANDO LURO			
AN ARCHER			

(OSTASIO, in order to gain the military support of the powerful GIOVANNI MALATESTA, decides to give him in marriage his sister FRANCESCA. GIOVANNI sends his younger brother PAOLO to fetch her. FRANCESCA and PAOLO fall in love with each other but they go on to Rimini and the marriage of FRANCESCA and GIOVANNI takes place as planned. Almost immediately PAOLO is called away to Florence. Later he returns, and the two lovers are suddenly swept together as they read the romance of Lancelot of the Lake. As Act IV opens MALATESTINO, the other brother of GIOVANNI, is making love to FRANCESCA.)

ACT IV

An octagonal hall, of grey stone, with five of its sides in perspective. High up, on the bare stone, is a frieze of unicorns on a gold background. On the wall at the back is a large window with glass panes, looking out on the mountain, furnished with benches in the recess. On the wall at right angles to it, on the right, is a grated door leading to the subterranean prison. Against the opposite wall, to the left, is a long wooden seat with a high back, in front of which is a long narrow table laid with fruit and wine. In each of the other two sides facing, is a door; the left, 15

near the table, leads to the room of FRANCESCA, the right to the corridor and stairs. All round are placed torchbearers of iron; on brackets are hung shoulder-belts, waist-belts, quivers, and different portions of armour; pikes, lances, halberds, spears, axes, balistas lean against them.

(FRANCESCA is seated at the window, and MALATESTINO stands at her feet.)

FRANCESCA. You would be justicer, Malatestino!

Your cradle, of a surety, was hewn out
From some old tree-trunk by a savage axe
That had cut many heads off before then.
MALATESTINO. (Laughs convulsively.)

Kinswoman, do I fright you?
And should I please you better
If I had had my cradle in the rose
Of a calm lute?

FRANCESCA. You are a cruel boy to
take revenge

Upon a falcon!

Why did you kill him, if you held him dear?

MALATESTINO. Merely for justice's
sake.

See, I had let him loose upon a crane,
The crane went up, the falcon followed him
And went up far above him, and under
him

Saw a young eagle flying, and he took him
And struck him to the ground, and held
him so

Till he had killed him.

I ran to take him, thinking him the crane,
But found it was an eagle.

Then I was angry, and struck off the head
Of the fair falcon who had killed his lord.

FRANCESCA. It was a foolish deed.

MALATESTINO. But he had killed
His lord. I did but justice.

FRANCESCA. It was a wicked folly,
Malatestino.

MALATESTINO. The fool shall pass, and
with the fool his folly,

And the time passes, but not every time.

FRANCESCA. Why do you speak so
strangely?

You are athirst for blood

Always, always at watch,

The enemy of all things. In all your words

There is a secret menace;

Like a wild beast you bite

And tear and claw whatever comes your
way.

Where were you born? Your mother gave
you milk

As to another? And you are so young!
The down is scarcely shadowed on your
cheek.

MALATESTINO. (*With sudden violence.*)

You are a goad to me,

The thought of you is like a goad to me,

Always. You are my wrath.

(FRANCESCA rises and moves away from
the window, as if to escape from a snare.
She stands near the wall against which arms
are heaped up.)

FRANCESCA. Malatestino, enough!

Have you no shame?

Your brother will be here.

MALATESTINO. (*Following her.*) You
strain me like a bow,

That vibrates in an hour

A thousand times, and pierces at a venture.

Your hand is terrible,

That holds my force in it,

And casts it out to wound where it has
flown.

I fly you, and you follow.

You are with me suddenly,

Like a sharp storm of rain,

In the fields and on the ways,

When I go out

Against the enemy.

I breathe you when I breathe the dust of
battles.

The cloud that rises from the trampled
earth

Takes on your very form,

And you live and breathe and you dissolve
again

Under the pawing of the panting horses

In the tracks that redden and fill up with
blood.

I will clasp you, I will clasp you now at
last!

(FRANCESCA retreats along the wall until
she comes to the grated door.)

FRANCESCA. You do not touch me,
madman, or I call

Your brother! Get you gone. I pity you.

You are a boy. If you would not be
whipped,

Get you gone. You are a boy,

A wicked boy.

MALATESTINO. Whom would you call?

FRANCESCA. Your brother.

MALATESTINO. Which?

(FRANCESCA starts, hearing a cry rise up
from below, through the door against which
she is standing.)

FRANCESCA. Who cried there? Did
you not hear it?

MALATESTINO. One

Who has to die.

FRANCESCA. Montagna

Dei Parciatadi?

(Another cry comes from the prison.)

MALATESTINO. I too will say: Enough!
Enough, Francesca, to-day you seal your
fate.

FRANCESCA. Ah, now I cannot hear him; but at night
He howls, howls like a wolf;
His crying rises to me in my room.
What have you done to him?
Have you put him to the torture?

MALATESTINO. Listen to me. Giovanni
Sets out at Vespers for the Podesteria
Of Pesaro. You have prepared for him 10
Food for the journey.

(He points to the table.)

Listen. I can give him
Food for another journey.

FRANCESCA. What do you mean? 15

MALATESTINO. Look well at me. I
can still see with one.

FRANCESCA. What do you mean? You
threaten me? You net
Some treachery against your brother.

MALATESTINO. Treachery?
I would have thought, kinswoman, that
such a word

Had burnt your tongue; I see
Your lips are scathless, though
A little paler. I but spoke at random.
My judgment was at fault. Only I say
This one time more . . .

(The crying of the PRISONER is again heard.)

FRANCESCA. *(Trembling with horror.)*

How he cries! How he cries!

Who tortures him, or what new agony
Have you found out for him?
Have you walled him up alive? Will he 35
cry so

All his life long? Go, put an end to it,
And take him from his torture.

I will not hear his crying any more.

MALATESTINO. Well, I will go. I will 40
see that you shall have

A quiet night and an untroubled sleep,
Because to-morrow you must sleep alone,
While my good brother rides to Pesaro.

*(He goes up to the wall and chooses an axe 45
from among the weapons piled up against it.)*

FRANCESCA. What are you doing?

MALATESTINO. I?

I would be justicer,
And by your wish and will, *
Kinswoman.

(He examines the blade of the weapon;

*then unbolts the barred door, which opens
upon black darkness.)*

FRANCESCA. You are going to kill him?

Ah,

5 Wild beast, but you have lived too long, I
think,

Since I bound up your wound for you, and
you

Raved at your father. Still I hear you.

Then

You bit the hand that gave you medicine,
Cared for you in your sickness, soothed
your pain.

Accursed be the hour in which I bent
Over your pillow to give ease to you!

MALATESTINO. Francesca, listen, Fran-
cesca: even so sure

As death is in the point of this good weapon
I hold here in my hand, so sure is life

20 In that one word

You still may say to me,

Full-blooded life, do you not understand?
And full of winds, and full of conquering
days.

25 *(FRANCESCA replies slowly, in an equable
voice, as in a momentary respite from horror
and anxiety.)*

FRANCESCA. What is the word? Who
is there that could say it?

30 You live in a loud noise,

But where I live is silence. The prisoner
Is not so far and lonely

As you are far and lonely, O poor blind
Slaughterman, drunk with shoutings, and
with blows!

But fate is very silent.

MALATESTINO. Ah, if you could but see
the countenance

Of the overhanging fate!

There is a wretched knot within my head,
A knot of thoughts like pent-up lightnings:
soon

They will break out. But listen,

Listen! If your hand will but touch my
hand,

If your hair will lean over me again,
Over my fever, and . . .

*(A more prolonged cry is heard from
below.)*

50 FRANCESCA. O horror! horror!

*(She moves back to the embrasure of the
window, sits down, and puts her elbows on
her knees, and her head between her hands.)*

MALATESTINO. (*Looking aside at her.*)
This shall be from you.

(*He takes down a torch, puts the axe on the ground, takes the steel, strikes it, and lights the torch, while he speaks.*)

I go. You will not hear him any more.

I will see that you shall have

A quiet night and an untroubled sleep,

And I will give my father quiet too;

He fears his flight. And I would have 10

Giovanni,

In passing by Gradara, give him this

Most certain token.

O kinswoman, good vespers!

(FRANCESCA remains motionless as if 15
hearing nothing.)

He picks up the weapon and goes into the darkness with his silent cat-like step, holding the lighted torch in his left hand. The little door remains open. FRANCESCA rises 20 and watches the light fade away in the opening; suddenly she runs to the door, and stops, shuddering. The barred door grates in the silence. She turns, and moves away with slow steps, her head bent, as if under a heavy 25 weight.)

FRANCESCA. (*In a low voice, to herself.*)
And an untroubled sleep!

(*Through the great door on the right is heard the harsh voice of* GIANCIOTTO. 30
FRANCESCA stops suddenly.)

GIOVANNI. Look you for Messer Paolo
my brother,

And tell him I set out for Pesaro

In an hour's time from now,

And that I wait him.

(*He enters fully armed. Seeing his wife, he goes up to her.*)

Ah my dear lady, you are waiting me!

Why do you tremble, why are you so pale? 40

(*He takes her hands.*)

And you are cold too, cold as if with
fear.

But why?

FRANCESCA. Malatestino
Had scarcely entered when I heard again
The crying of the prisoner,
Who cries these many days so horribly
Out of the earth; and, seeing me
distraught,

Flamed into anger and went suddenly
Down to the prison by the door there,
armed

With a great axe, saying that he would kill
him,

Against the express commandments of his
father

5 That fretted him too much.

Cruel he is, your brother, my good lord,

And does not love me.

GIANCIOTTO. Do not tremble, lady.
Where has your valiance gone? But now
you were

Fearless among the fighters,

And saw men fall with arrows in their
throats,

And flung about the Greek fire in your
hands.

Why does the life then of an enemy

So greatly trouble you? and a cry affright
you,

Or an axe brandished?

FRANCESCA. To fight in battle is a
lovely thing,

But secret slaying in the dark I hate.

GIANCIOTTO. Malatestino tired of
keeping watch

So long, and so long waiting for the ran-
som

That the old Parcitade would not pay,

The old foul miser that in taking flight

Took with him certain rights and privi-
leges

Of the Commune at Rimino. . . . But
why

Do you say he does not love you?

FRANCESCA. I do not know. It seems
so. 35

GIANCIOTTO. Is he unkind with you?

FRANCESCA. He is a boy, and like

Young mastiffs, he must bite. But come,
my lord,

Take food and drink

Before you go your journey.

GIANCIOTTO. But perhaps
Malatestino . . .

FRANCESCA. Come, why do you think
45 Of what I said but lightly? "Heart of
metal,

Tough liver": I remember your own word,
And when you said it. He will love his
horse

50 Until the horse falls sick;

His armour, till the steel begins to wear.

I have no mind to trouble you with him,

My lord. 'Tis almost vespers.

Come, here is food and drink. Do you mean to go

The way of the seashore?

(GIANCIOTTO is moody, while he follows FRANCESCA towards the spread table. He takes off his basnet, unclasps his gorget,¹ and gives them to his wife, who sets them down on a seat, with sudden graceful movements, talking rapidly.)

You will have all the freshness of the night.

It is September, and the nights are soft; Just before midnight the moon rises.

When

Do you reach Pesaro,
Messere il Podestà?

GIANCIOTTO. To-morrow at the third hour,

For I must stay a little with my father
In passing through Gradara.

(He unbuckles his sword-belt and gives it to his wife.)

FRANCESCA. Is it for long that you must stay at Pesaro,

Before you come again?

(The terrible cry of MONTAGNA is heard from below. FRANCESCA shudders, and lets fall the sword, which slips from its scabbard.)

GIANCIOTTO.

It is done now.

Do not be frightened, lady. There will be Nothing but silence now. May God so take

The heads of all our enemies! From this forth

There shall no wind root into Rimino
This evil seed between the stones of it.
And may God scatter it out of all Romagna
In this most bloody year, if it so be
He wills to have his holy Easter held
By the Guelfs of Calboli with the Ghibel-
line blood

Of Aldobrandin degli Argogliosi!

(He stoops and picks up the bare blade.)

Pope

Martino is dead and good King Carlo went
Before him into paradise. That's ill!
As for this Pietro di Stefano that Onorio
Sends us for governor,
I doubt him, he's no friend,
He's not a Polentani, not your father's,

Francesca. We shall still have need to keep

Our swords unsheathed, and eyes in all our swords.

(He puts himself on guard, then looks along the blade from the hill.)

This is inflexible!

(He puts it back in its scabbard.)

FRANCESCA. Give it to me, my lord,

I will not let it fall

Twice over. And sit down, take food and drink.

(He gives her the sword and sits down on the bench before the table.)

15 GIANCIOTTO. Good so, my own dear lady.

I talk of war to you, and now I think

That I have never given you a flower.

Ah, we are hard. I give you arms in heaps

20 To hold in those white hands,

Malatestino gave to you at least

A falcon. Paolo gives you

Flowers perhaps. The Captain of the People

25 Learnt all the courteous virtues in his Florence,

But left his force upon the banks of Arno

And now is more in love with idleness

Than any labour. He is always with

30 His music-makers.

(He breaks the bread and pours out the wine, while FRANCESCA sits beside him, at the table, with her hands on the hill of the sword.)

35

But you,

Francesca, love your chamber-music too.

Are not your women ever tired of singing?

Their voices must have covered

40 The cries of Parcitade,

Surely? You turn the tower

Of the Malatesti

Into a singing wood of nightingales.

(He eats and drinks.)

45

FRANCESCA. I and Samaritana,

My sister, at Ravenna, in our home,

Lived always, always in the midst of singing.

Our mother had indeed a throat of gold.

50 From our first infancy

Music flowed over us and bent our souls

¹ A basnet is a simple helmet sometimes worn beneath a battle helmet. A gorget is a piece of armor designed to protect the throat.

As the water bends the grass upon the bank.

And our mother said to me:

Sweet singing can put out all harmful things.

GIANCIOTTO. My mother said to us,
Do you know what woman is a proper woman?

She that in spinning thinks upon the spindle,

She that in spinning spins without a knot,
She that in spinning lets not fall the spindle,

She that winds thread in order about thread,

She that knows when the spindle is full or half-way.

FRANCESCA. Then why did you not seek for such a woman,

My lord, through all the country?

(A knocking is heard at the little barred door. FRANCESCA rises to her feet, drops the sword on the table and turns to go out.)

Malatestino back!

I will not wait to see him.

THE VOICE OF MALATESTINO. Who has shut it?

Kinswoman, are you there? Have you shut me in?

(He kicks at the door.)
GIANCIOTTO. Wait, wait, and I will open!

THE VOICE OF MALATESTINO. Ah, Giovanni!

Open, and I will bring you

A good ripe heavy fruit,

Food for your journey:

A ripe September fig.

And how it weighs!

(GIANCIOTTO goes to the door to open it. 40
FRANCESCA follows his limping steps for some instants with her eyes, then moves towards the door that leads to her rooms, and goes out.)

Be quick!

GIANCIOTTO. Why, here I am.

(He opens the door, and MALATESTINO appears in the narrow doorway holding in his left hand the lighted torch, in his right, by a knotted cord, the head of MONTAGNA 50 wrapped in a cloth.)

MALATESTINO. (Handing the torch to his brother.) Here, brother, put it out.

(GIOVANNI stamps out the flame under his foot.)

Was not your wife

With you?

5 GIANCIOTTO. (Roughly.) She was with me.

What do you want of her?

MALATESTINO. Ah, then you know

What fruit it is I am bringing to your table?

10 GIANCIOTTO. Did you not fear to disobey our father?

MALATESTINO. Feel how it weighs! now feel!

15 (He hands the bundle to GIOVANNI, who weighs it in his hand, and lets it fall on the pavement with a dull thud.)

It is yours; it is the head
Of Montagna dei Parcitadi; take it.

20 It is for your saddle bow,

For you to carry with you to Gadara

And leave it with our father, and say to him:

"Malatestino sends you

25 This token, lest you doubt his guardianship,

And pledges you his word

He will not let the prisoner escape;

And asks you in return

30 The three foot black white-spotted horse
you said

That you would give him,
With saddle set with gold."

How hot it is!

35 (He wipes the sweat from his forehead.
GIANCIOTTO has seated himself again at the table.)

I tell you,

When the light struck upon his eyes, he snorted,

As a horse does when it shies. Give me to drink.

(He drains a cup that stands full. GIANCIOTTO seems gloomy, and chews in silence, 45 without swallowing, like an ox ruminating. The slayer of MONTAGNA sits where FRANCESCA had been sitting. The blood-stained bundle lies on the pavement; through the window can be seen the sun as it sets behind the Apennines, crimsoning the peaks and the clouds.)

You are not wroth with me?

You did not want to have us wait a year

In hopes of ransom from the Perdecit-
tade?

I tell you we should not have had the
ransom,

Sure as a florin's yellow.

From this day backwards

The Malatesti never have given quarter,
Since they first cut their teeth.

It is not two months now, at Cesena, our
father

Just saved his skin by a mere miracle
From the clutches of Corrado Montefeltvo,
And the bastard Filipuccio is still living!
Heaven bless and save

Frate Alberigo,

Who knows full well the way to spare at
once

Both trunk and branches!

It is time now for every Ghibelline

To come to his desert,

As the gay Knight would have us.

*(He takes the sword lying across the
table, and strikes the scabbard with his
hands.)*

And here is the dessert for every feast
Of peace and amity.

Do not be wroth with me,

Giovanni, I am yours.

Are you not called the Lamester

And am I not the One-eyed? . . .
(He is silent an instant, deceitfully.)

But Paolo is the Beautiful!

*(GIANCIOTTO lifts his head and gazes
fixedly at MALATESTINO. In the silence is
heard the jingling of his spurs as he moves
his foot restlessly on the floor.)*

GIANCIOTTO. You are a babbler too?

*(MALATESTINO is about to pour out more
wine. His brother arrests his hand.)*

No, do not drink,

But answer me. What is it you have done
To vex Francesca?

What have you done to her?

MALATESTINO. I! What is it she says?

GIANCIOTTO. You have changed
colour.

MALATESTINO. What is it she says?

GIANCIOTTO. Answer me now!

MALATESTINO. *(Pretending to be con-
fused.)* I cannot answer you.

GIANCIOTTO. What do you harbour
against her in your mind?

MALATESTINO. *(With a gleam in his eye.)*

She told you this? And did she not change
colour

While she was saying it?

GIANCIOTTO. Enough, Malatestino!

5 Look at me in the eyes.

I limp in going, but I go straight before
me.

You go a crooked way, and you smooth
out

10 The sound your feet have made. Only,
take heed

I do not set my hand upon you. There
You would writhe your best in vain.

So now I say to you:

15 Woe to you if you touch my lady! You,
You should know, having seen me at the
work,

That a less time it is

20 Between the touch of the spur and the first
leap

Of the Barbary horse

Than between my saying and doing.
Think of it.

MALATESTINO. *(In a low voice, with
downcast eye.)* And if the brother sees that
there is one

That touches of a truth his brother's wife,
And is incensed at it, and stirs himself

To wipe the shame out, does he therefore
30 sin?

And if, for this, he is accused to have
Harboured ill thought against the woman,
say:

Is the accusation just?

35 *(GIANCIOTTO springs up and raises his
fists as if to crush the youth. But he restrains
himself, his arms fall.)*

GIANCIOTTO. Malatestino, scourge of
hell, if you

40 Would have me not put out

The other eye by which your blinking soul
Offends the world, speak now,

And tell me what it is that you have seen.

*(MALATESTINO rises and goes with his
silent, cat-like steps to the door near the
table. He listens for some instants; then
opens the door suddenly with a swift move-
ment, and looks. He sees no one. He goes
back to his brother's side.)*

50 Speak.

MALATESTINO. Not for threats. You
frighten me, I say.

Because I wore no visor, I was made

Blind of one eye; but you must wear in-
doors
Visor and headpiece, chin-piece, eye-piece,
all
Of tempered steel, without a flaw in it!
You will see nothing, nothing can come
through
The iron-barred approaches to your brain.
GIANCIOTTO. Come, come, the thing!
None of your talk! The thing! 10
Tell me what you have seen! Tell me the
man!
MALATESTINO. Were you nowise sur-
prised
When some one who had gone away from 15
here
No later than December suddenly
Gave up his post at Florence
And was already back by February?
(*One of the silver cups is heard to crack, as 20*
it is crushed in GIANCIOTTO'S hand.)
GIANCIOTTO. Paolo? No, no. It is
not.
(*He rises, leaves the table, and walks to*
and fro in the room, grimly, with overclouded 25
eyes. He stumbles against the blood-stained
bundle. He goes towards the window, whose
panes glitter in the light of the setting sun.
He sits down on the window-seat, and takes
his head between his hands, as if to collect 30
his thoughts. MALATESTINO plays with the
sword, drawing it half in and half out of the
scabbard.)
Malatestino, here!
(*The youth comes across to him swiftly, 35*
almost without sound, as if his feet were
shod with felt. GIANCIOTTO enfolds him in
his arms, and holds him tightly between his
armoured knees, and speaks to him breath
to breath.)
Are you sure? Have you seen this?
MALATESTINO. Yes.
GIANCIOTTO. How and when?
MALATESTINO. I have seen him often
enter . . .
GIANCIOTTO. Enter where? 45
MALATESTINO. Enter the room.
GIANCIOTTO. Well? That
is not enough.
He is a kinsman. They might talk to- 50
gether.
There are the women. . . . You have seen
him go

With the musicians, it may be. . . .
MALATESTINO. At night.
For God's sake, do not hurt me! Not so
hard!
5 You have your iron gauntlets. Let me go.
(*He writhes in his grasp.*)
GIANCIOTTO. Have I heard right?
You said . . .
Say it again.
10 MALATESTINO. At night.
At night, I say, I have seen him.
GIANCIOTTO. If you should lie, I will
break
Your body in two.
MALATESTINO. At night,
I have seen him enter, and go out at dawn.
You were in arms against the Urbinati.
GIANCIOTTO. I will break you, if you lie.
MALATESTINO. Would you like to see
and feel?
GIANCIOTTO. I must do so,
If you have any will to go alive
Out of these mortal pincers.
MALATESTINO. Then, to-night?
GIANCIOTTO. To-night, then.
MALATESTINO. But can you find out
the way
To cheat, to smile? Ah, no, you cannot
smile.
GIANCIOTTO. Let my revenge teach
me the way to smile,
If my delight could never.
MALATESTINO. Can you kiss
Both, one after the other, and not bite
Instead?
GIANCIOTTO. Yes, I will kiss them,
thinking them
Already dead.
MALATESTINO. You must put both
your arms
40 About them, you must talk to them, and
not
Tremble.
GIANCIOTTO. Ah, you are playing with
my sorrow!
Beware! it has two edges.
MALATESTINO. Do not hurt me,
For God's sake!
GIANCIOTTO. Good; but tell me how
you think:
The way, and speedily.
MALATESTINO. You must take your
leave,

And go from here, take horse, and by the gate

Of San Genesio with all your escort
Set out for Pesaro. I will come with you.

You will say you are wroth with me
For the Parcitade's head's sake, and desire
To take me to our father at Gradara,
That he may punish me or pardon me.
So they will think

That they are left alone. Do you understand?

Then, half-way through the night,
We will leave the escort, and come back again,

And enter by the gate of the Gattolo
Before the moon is up. We will give the signal

To Rizio. But let me dispose of that.
Saddle your swiftest horse, and take with you

A little linen
To bind about his hoofs, in case of need,
Because at night the stones
Upon the noisy way
May well be traitors, brother.

GIANCIOOTTO. Then shall I see?
You are sure? Then I shall take them in the act . . .

MALATESTINO. Not so hard! Now I think,
There is the slave, there is the Cyprian slave . . .

She is their go-between.
Sly is she, works with charms. . . .
I have seen her as she goes

Snuffing the wind. . . . I must find a way to lead her

Into a snare, and blindfold her. But this,
Leave this to me: you need not think of anything

Till you are at the door.

GIANCIOOTTO. On your life now, shall I take them in the act?

MALATESTINO. Enough of this, by God!

Let me go, now, let me go! I am not Your prey.

(Through the door is heard the voice of PAOLO.)

PAOLO. (Outside.) Where is Giovanni?

(GIANCIOOTTO lets MALATESTINO go, and rises with a white face.)

MALATESTINO. Look to it now.
Look to it; no suspicion!

(As PAOLO opens the door and enters, MALATESTINO pretends to be angry with GIANCIOOTTO.)

Ah, at last

You have let me go!

(He pretends to suffer in his wrists.)

By God, it is well for you
You were born my elder brother, otherwise . . .

Ah, Paolo, well met!

(PAOLO wears a long rich surtout falling below his knees nearly to the ankle, girl at the waist by a jewelled belt through which is thrust a beautiful damascened dagger. His curled hair, not parted, but waving in a mass, surrounds his face like a cloud.)

PAOLO. What is the matter?

MALATESTINO. See,
Giovanni is enraged
Because I have lost all patience at the last

And have struck dumb Montagna, being weary

Of listening to his cries (Francesca too
Could get no sleep) and weary too of hearing

My father say twice over,
By word of mouth and message:

"Will you keep watch on him?
Are you sure you can keep watch?
I know he will escape;

I know that you will let him go, and then,
When he has gone, you will not bring him back!"

By God, I was tired of it. There is his head.

PAOLO. You cut it off yourself?

MALATESTINO. Yes, I myself,
And neatly.

(PAOLO looks at the bundle, but draws back so as not to stain himself with the dripping blood.)

Ah, you draw back, it seems
You fear to stain your garments?
I did not know I had

Two sisters, both so dainty!

GIANCIOOTTO. Enough of jesting! Paolo,
I have to take him with me to Gradara,
To our father; he must plead

His cause himself,
For disobeying. What do you say to it?

PAOLO. I say that it is well for him to go,
 Giovanni.
 MALATESTINO. I am content.
 But I must bear the token;
 I will hang it to my saddle: that is staunch.
(He takes up the bundle by the cord.)
 I have no fear our father will be angry.
 He will be filled with joy,
 I tell you, when the knots are all untied.
 And he will give me the black horse for war,
 And maybe the grey jennet for the chase.
 GIANCIOTTO. Get ready then, and without lingering,
 It is already evening.
(MALATESTINO takes up the bundle to carry it away.)
 PAOLO. *(To GIOVANNI.)* I see your men are armed at front and back,
 And wait the clarion.
(The two brothers go towards the window lit up by the sunset, and sit down.)
 MALATESTINO. *(Going.)* Ah, but how heavy! and without a helmet!
 The Parcitadi always were gross oxen,
 Fatted for slaughtering, great horned heads.
 Ah, Paozzo, where you go
 You leave behind a scent of orange-water.
 Take care, a drop may drip upon your clothes.
(He goes out.)
 PAOLO. He is all teeth and claws,
 ready for biting.
 Our men at arms used once
 To say he always slept with one eye closed
 And one eye open, even in his sleep.
 Now I believe he never sleeps at all,
 Nor slacks the sinews of his cruelty.
 He was made to conquer lands, and die some day
 Of extreme cold, God keep him, our good brother!
 So you are Podestà of Pesaro!
 Our father from Gradara scans the hill
 Of Pesaro as if he watched his prey.
 You, with your strength and wisdom,
 Should give it to him soon,
 Giovanni.
 GIANCIOTTO. It is not a year yet since

You went to Florence, Captain of the People,
 And now I go as Podestà. Not long
 You stayed at Florence. I shall stay there long,
 Because it is not well for me to yield
 The office to another. Yet to leave
 Francesca for so long
 Goes to my heart a little.
 PAOLO. You can come back again from time to time,
 Pesaro is not far.
 GIANCIOTTO. The Podestà is not allowed to leave
 His post, so long as lasts
 His office, as you know, nor bring with him
 His wife. But I will leave her in your care,
 Brother, my most dear wife; you will be here.
 PAOLO. I have held her always
 As a dear sister might be held.
 GIANCIOTTO. I know,
 Paolo.
 PAOLO. Be very sure
 That I will guard her for you well.
 GIANCIOTTO. I know,
 Paolo. You from Ravenna
 Brought her a virgin to your brother's bed,
 And you will keep her for me from all harm.
 PAOLO. I will tell Orabile
 To leave Ghaggiolo and come
 To Rimino to keep her company.
 GIANCIOTTO. See that they love each other, Paolo,
 For they are kinswomen.
 PAOLO. Francesca often
 Sends gifts to her.
 GIANCIOTTO. Go, call her. It is late.
 The sun has set, and I shall have to rest
 A little at Gradara,
 And yet be at the gates
 Of Pesaro before the third hour. Go,
 Go you yourself and call her. She has gone
 Back to her room, because Malatestino
 Frighted her with his cruelty. Go you,
 Comfort her, tell her not to be afraid
 Of being left alone, and call her here.
(He rises and puts his hand lightly on his brother's shoulder as if to urge him.) PAOLO goes towards the door. GIOVANNI stands

motionless, and follows him with murderous eyes. As he goes out, GIOVANNI stretches out his hand as if to swear an oath. Then he moves towards the table, and takes up the cracked cup, wishing to hide it. He turns, sees the little barred door still open, throws the cup into the darkness, and closes the door. At the other door FRANCESCA appears by the side of PAOLO.)

FRANCESCA. Pardon me, my dear lord, 10 If I have left you hastily. You know The reason.

GIANCIOTTO. My dear lady, I know well

The reason, and I am sorry
That you have had to suffer by the fault
Of this sad brother. And I go to see
Both to your peace and to his punishment,
For I intend to take him to our father,
For judgment at Gradara. He prepares
Already to set forth. Within a little
We shall have left the city.

FRANCESCA. He will bear
Ill-will against me, if you should accuse
him

Before his father. Pardon him, I pray.
He is a boy.

GIANCIOTTO. Yet, lady, it is better,
For your sake, that he comes with me. I
leave

Paolo with you. Trust Paolo. His Orabile
Will come to stay with you at Rimino,
And keep you company: he promises.
Often from Pesaro
I mean to send you messages, and hope
Often to have the like from Rimino.

FRANCESCA. Surely, my lord. You
need not fear for me.

GIANCIOTTO. Put every trouble freely
from your mind,
Let songs and music give you joy, and have
Beautiful robes, and lovely odours. Not
To Guido's daughter suits the spinning
wheel.

I know it. And I say
My mother's saying but to make you smile.
You are not angry with me?

FRANCESCA. In your saying
There seems to lie secret rebuke for me,
My lord.

GIANCIOTTO. A good old saying, that
was born
Within the dark walls of Verrucchio,

That now are grown too narrow to hem in
The Malatesti in our house to-day.

If any spin, they spin

Only the purple, and with golden distaffs.

5 Come to my arms, my most dear lady!

(FRANCESCA goes up to him; he takes her in his arms and kisses her. PAOLO stands silent in the doorway.)

Now

10 I have to say farewell. Never so fair
You seemed to me, never so sweet. And
yet

I leave you.

*(He smooths her hair with his hand; then
15 looses her.)*

Oh, my brother,

Keep her in safety and heaven keep you
both.

Come, and pledge faith with me.

20 *(PAOLO goes up to him, and they embrace.)*

Where is my gorget?

FRANCESCA. Here it is.

(She gives it to him.)

25 GIANCIOTTO. *(Putting it on.)* Paolo,
buckle it for me.

*(PAOLO buckles it on. FRANCESCA hands
him the basnet.)*

Do you remember, brother,

30 That night before the Mastra Tower, that
bolt

Out of a crossbow? You,

Francesca, do you remember?

It was at just this hour.

35 Cignatta was killed then. To-day Mon-
tagna

Joins him. 'Tis not a year.

The house is silent now; then, all the
towers

40 Were crackling to the sky.

*(FRANCESCA takes the sword from the
table and buckles his sword-belt.)*

Francesca, do you remember? Then you
gave us

45 Wine, Scian wine, to drink. We drank
together

Out of one cup.

(He is fully armed.)

Now let me drink again!

50 FRANCESCA. One of the cups is missing.
There were two.

Where is the other?

(She looks to see if it has fallen.)

GIANCIOOTTO. One will do for us
Still.
(He pours out the wine and offers it to
FRANCESCA.)

And good luck God give you!

FRANCESCA. I cannot drink
This wine, my lord. I am not used to it.

GIANCIOOTTO. Drink as you drank then,
and pass on the cup
That your kinsman may drink also, as he
drank then.

(FRANCESCA drinks and offers the cup to
PAOLO, who takes it.)

PAOLO. Good luck to the Podestà of
Pesaro!

(He drinks throwing back his curled head.
Through the door is heard the voice of
MALATESTINO, who throws open the door,
and appears in full armour. From the
court is heard the sound of bugles.)

MALATESTINO. Ready, Giovanni?
Hark, the clarion!
To horse! To horse!

ACT V

The room with the curtained alcove, the
musicians' gallery, the lectern with the book
closed. Four waxen torches burn in
the iron candlestick; two tapers on the
small table. The compartments of the long
window are almost all open to the peaceful
night air. The pot of basil is on the window-
sill, and beside it is a gilt plate heaped with
bunches of early grapes.

(FRANCESCA is seen through the half-
drawn curtains of the alcove, lying on the bed,
on which she has laid herself without un-
dressing. The WOMEN, who wear white
fillets, are seated on low stools; they speak
quietly, so as not to disturb their mistress.
Near them, on a stool, are laid five silver
lamps, which have gone out.)

ADONELLA. She has fallen asleep. She
dreams.

(BIANCOFIORE rises and goes softly up to
the alcove, looks, then turns, and goes back to
her seat.)

BIANCOFIORE. How beautiful she is!

ALTICHIARA. Summer is come; she
grows

In beauty with the summer.

ALDA. Like ears of corn.

GARSENDA.
Poppies.

And like

BIANCOFIORE. O beautiful
Summer, go not away!
5 The nights begin to grow a little cool.
Do you feel the breeze?

ALDA. It comes
From the sea. Oh, the delight!
(With her face to the window, she draws
in a long breath.)

ADONELLA. Lord Autumn comes our
way
With grass and figs in his lap.

BIANCOFIORE. September! Grape and
fig begin to droop.

ALTICHIARA. *(Pointing to the plate.)*
Here, Adonella, take
A bunch of grapes to strip.

ADONELLA. You are too greedy.
ALTICHIARA. Come, come, your mouth
is watering for them.

(ADONELLA takes a bunch of grapes from
the plate, and goes back to her seat, holding
the bunch in the air, while the others strip it of
25 its grapes.)

BIANCOFIORE. It is like sweet mus-
catel.

ALDA. Don't throw away the skin!

ALTICHIARA. It is all good to eat, kernel
and skin.

GARSENDA. Here is a bitter kernel.

BIANCOFIORE. Grown on the shady
side.

ADONELLA. How still it is!

ALDA. How tranquil!

GARSENDA. Listen! I hear a galley

Weigh anchor.

BIANCOFIORE. For to-night

Madonna has no singing.

ALTICHIARA. She is weary.

ALDA. Why does the prisoner

Cry out no more?

GARSENDA. Messer Malatestino has
cut off
45 His head.

ALDA. Is that the truth?

GARSENDA. The truth; to-day, at
Vespers.

ALDA. How do you know?

GARSENDA. Smaragdi told it me,
And had seen him, too,

Tie something huddled in a cloth to his
saddle,

When, with Messer Giovanni
He mounted in the court. It was the head,
The prisoner's head.

ADONELLA. Where do they carry it?

ALTICHIARA. To whom do they carry it?

BIANCOFIORE. Now they are riding
By the seashore,
Under the stars,
They and the murdered
Head!

ADONELLA. Where will they have come?

ALDA. They should have come
To hell, and stayed there!

GARSEDA. One can breathe
in the house

Now they are here no longer,
The lame man and the blind man!

ALTICHIARA. Hush! hush! let not Ma-
donna

Hear you.

GARSEDA. She is hardly breathing.

ALDA. Messer Paolo

Is back again?

ALTICHIARA. Hush!

(FRANCESCA groans in her sleep.)

ADONELLA. She is wakening.

(She throws the grape-stalk out of the
window. BIANCOFIORE again rises, and
goes up to the alcove, and looks.)

BIANCOFIORE. No,

She is not awake; she is crying in her sleep.

ADONELLA. She is dreaming.

ALDA. O Garsenda, does she know
The prisoner is not crying any more
Because they have cut his head off?

GARSEDA. Certainly
She knows.

BIANCOFIORE. Perhaps she is dream-
ing of it now.

ADONELLA. We must sit up to-night,
Who knows to what hour?

ALDA. Are you sleepy, Adonella?

ALTICHIARA. Simonetto, the fifer, is
waiting on the stairs!

ADONELLA. Who waits for you, then?

Suzzo, the falconer,
With lure of pretty leather?

ALDA. Hush! She is wakening.

BIANCOFIORE. And did it bleed, Gar-
senda?

GARSEDA. Bleed? What?

BIANCOFIORE. That bun-
dle at the saddle bow?

GARSEDA. I saw but dimly, for the
court was dark.

But this I know: Smaragdi had to wash
The pavement, there, in the hall.

BIANCOFIORE. Now they are nearing
the Cattolica.

GARSEDA. God keep them far away,
and let them never

Find their way back again!

BIANCOFIORE. Think of the frightened
horse

Feeling the dead thing dangle in the night!

ADONELLA. How sweetly the sweet
basil smells by night!

ALTICHIARA. How thick it grows; the
pot

No longer holds it.

BIANCOFIORE. You know, Garsenda,
tell us

The story of Lisabetta of Messina,
That loved a youth of Pisa, and how her
brothers

Killed him in secret, and she found his
body

And cut the head away

From off the shoulders, set it in a pot,

And earth with it, and planted

A sprig of basil plant,

And watered it with her tears,

And saw it blossom so, out of her weeping.

Tell us, Garsenda, very quietly

While we are waiting.

(FRANCESCA gives a deeper groan, and
turns as if half stifled on the bed. The
WOMEN shiver.)

ALDA. Listen,

She is crying in her sleep. It is some bad
dream.

GARSEDA. She is sleeping on her
back; the nightmare weighs

Upon her breast.

ALTICHIARA. Shall we awake her?

BIANCOFIORE. Evil
It is too suddenly

To rouse the heart that sees.

How should we know

What truth she sees revealed?

ADONELLA. The Slave interprets all
her dreams to her.

(FRANCESCA utters a cry of terror, springs
from the bed, and seems in the act to fly from

some savage pursuit, throwing out her hands as if to unloose herself from some grasp.)

FRANCESCA. No, no, it is not I, it is not I!

Ah, ah, they seize me with their teeth! 5
Help! help!

They snatch my heart. Help, help!
Paolo!

(She shudders, slops, and turns on herself, pale, and breathing with difficulty, while her 10 WOMEN surround her in consternation, trying to comfort her.)

GARSENDA. Madonna, Madonna, we are here, see, see,

We are here, Madonna.

ALTICHIARA. Do not be afraid!

ADONELLA. There is no one here; there is no one here but us,

Madonna. No one is harming you, Madonna.

FRANCESCA. *(Shivering.)* What have I said? Did I call?

O God, what have I done?

ALDA. You have had some discomfortable dream,

Madonna.

GARSENDA. Now it is finished. We are here.

All's quiet.

FRANCESCA. Is it late?

BIANCOFIORE. The sweat is standing out upon your forehead.

(She wipes it off.)

FRANCESCA. Is it night yet? Garsenda, Biancofiore, Alda, you are all in white.

GARSENDA. It might perhaps be four hours after midnight,

Madonna.

FRANCESCA. Have I slept so long? Smaragdi,

Where is Smaragdi?

She has not come back yet?

BIANCOFIORE. She has not come back.

FRANCESCA. Why has she not come back?

BIANCOFIORE. When did you send her, Madonna?

FRANCESCA. Are you not mistaken?

Sleep,

Perhaps, deceived you, and you did not see 50 her

When she came in.

GARSENDA. Madonna,

No, none of us closed eyelid;

We watched beside you all the night.

ADONELLA.

Perhaps

She has come back, and waits, as she is wont,

Lying without the door.

FRANCESCA.

Look out and see,

Adonella, see if she is there.

(ADONELLA draws back the folds of the curtain, opens the door, and looks out.)

ADONELLA.

Smaragdi!

Smaragdi! There is no answer.

No one is there. It is all dark.

FRANCESCA.

But call,

15 Call her again.

ADONELLA. Smaragdi!

FRANCESCA.

Take a light.

(GARSENDA takes one of the lamps, lights it at a taper, and goes to the door. She and 20 her companion look around.)

She should have been here now some time ago.

What harm can have befallen her? God knows what;

25 It can be no good thing.

BIANCOFIORE.

You have not yet

Come quite out of the horror of the dream, Madonna.

ALTICHIARA. Breathe the air, the night

30 is fresh,

The night is still.

FRANCESCA. The moon

Is risen?

ALDA. It must be rising on the hills,

35 But there is yet no dawn upon the sea.

(ADONELLA and GARSENDA re-enter. One of them puts out the lamp.)

FRANCESCA. *(Anxiously.)* Well? Is she there?

40 GARSENDA. Madonna, there is no one.

ADONELLA.

Nothing but silence

And darkness everywhere; the whole house sleeps.

GARSENDA. We only saw . . .

45 *(She hesitates.)*

FRANCESCA. You only saw . . . whom did you see?

GARSENDA. *(Hesitating.)* Madonna, Some one was there . . . some one was

standing there,

Leaning against the wall . . .

Still as a statue . . . all alone . . . his girdle

- Shining . . . Madonna, do not be
afraid . . .
(*Goes near to her and lowers her voice.*)
- It was Messer Paolo!
- FRANCESCA. (*Startled.*) Oh, why?
- ADONELLA. Madonna
- Will have her hair made ready for the
night?
- FRANCESCA. No, no, I am not sleepy.
I will wait.
- BIANCOFIORE. Her shoes unloosed?
- ALDA. The perfumes?
- FRANCESCA. I will wait
- A little more. I am no longer sleepy.
I will wait until Smaragdi comes.
- ALTICHIARA. Let me go
And seek her.
- GARSENDA. The poor thing is tired
perhaps,
At the day's end, and sleeps where she has
dropped.
Perhaps she is lying now
Upon the stairs.
- FRANCESCA. Go, go, and I will read
Till you return. Bring me a taper, Alda.
- (*ALDA takes a taper and fixes it at the
head of the reading-desk.*)
- Go now. You are all in white!
The Summer is not dead?
When it was evening, did you see the
swallows
Begin to fly away?
I was elsewhere,
I was looking on the hills,
When the sun set to-night.
They have not all flown yet, have they?
But perhaps
To-morrow all the other flocks will fol-
low.
I will go up on the tower, to see them go,
And you will sing me a merry song, men
dance to,
As if 'twere the March calends. Have you
still
The flight of swallows painted, as you had?
- ALDA. Yes, Madonna.
- FRANCESCA. To-morrow at the dance
You will put on
Over these white
Dresses a vest of black.
You will be like
"The creature of delight."
- BIANCOFIORE. Yes, Madonna.
- FRANCESCA. Go, go!
(*She opens the book.*)
(*Each of the WOMEN takes her silver lamp,
which swings from a curved handle. First
ADONELLA goes to the tall candlestick, and,
standing on tiptoe, lights her lamp at one of
the torches. She bows, and goes out, while
FRANCESCA follows her with her eyes.*)
Go, too, Adonella!
(*GARSENDA does the same.*)
And you, Garsenda.
(*ALTICHIARA does the same.*)
And you, too, Altichiara.
(*ALDA does the same.*)
And you, Alda.
(*The four have gone out, one by one.*)
BIANCOFIORE remains, and she also is about
to light her lamp, but as she is shorter than
the others she cannot reach the flame.)
Oh, Biancofiore, what a little one!
You will not ever reach to light your lamp.
You are the gentlest of them. Little dove,
(*BIANCOFIORE turns smiling.*)
Come!
(*BIANCOFIORE goes up to her. FRAN-
CESCA caresses her hair.*)
It is all of gold. You are, I think,
A little like my sister; you remember her,
Samaritana?
- BIANCOFIORE. Yes, indeed, Madonna.
Such sweetness cannot be forgot. I have
her
Here, in my heart, with the angels.
- FRANCESCA. She was sweet,
My sister; was she not sweet, Biancofiore?
Ah, if she were but here, if she might make
Her little bed beside my bed to-night!
If I might hear again
Her little naked feet run to the window,
If I might hear her run with naked feet,
My little dove, and say, and say to me:
"Francesca, now the morning-star is born,
And it has chased away the Pleiades!"
- BIANCOFIORE. You weep, Madonna.
- FRANCESCA. You tremble, Biancofiore.
She too was frightened of a sudden; I
heard
Her heart beat; and she said to me: "O
sister,
Listen to me: stay with me still, oh, stay
With me! we were born here:
Do not forsake me!"
And I said to her: "Oh, take me,

And let me be with you,
And let one covering cover us!"

BIANCOFIORE. O Madonna,
Your words pierce through my heart,
What melancholy holds you
Still?

FRANCESCA. No, no, do not weep:
Gentle you are. But come, light your lamp
here.

BIANCOFIORE. May I not stay with you? May I not sleep
Here, at the foot of the bed?

FRANCESCA. No, Biancofiore. Light
your lamp, and go,
And God go with you. Now Samaritana, 15
It may be, is thinking of her sister.

(BIANCOFIORE lights her lamp at the
taper, and bends to kiss FRANCESCA's hand.)
Go,

Go, do not weep. Let all sad thoughts go 20
by.

To-morrow you shall sing to me. Now go.

(BIANCOFIORE turns and walks slowly
towards the door. As she is going out, FRAN-
CESCA gives way to her presentiment.)

You are not going, Biancofiore?

BIANCOFIORE. No,
I will stay with you, Madonna. Let me stay
At least until Smaragdi has come back.

FRANCESCA. (Hesitates an instant.) Go! 30

BIANCOFIORE. God keep you, Ma-
donna.

(She goes out, closing the door behind her.)

(Left alone, FRANCESCA makes several
steps towards the door; then stands still, 35
listening.)

FRANCESCA. And let it be so if it is my
fate.

(Goes resolutely up to the door.)

I will call him.

(Hesitates and draws back.)

He is still there, and he stands
Leaning against the wall;
Still as a statue, all alone; his girdle
Shining in the shadow. Who said that to 45
me?

Who was it? Was it not said long ago?
Within the helmet all the face like fire . . .

(Visions pass before her soul in a flash.)

He is silent, and the lances
Of the spearmen round him.
He stands, and the arrow whistles through
his hair.

He is cleansed from the pollution of the
guile.

He drains the long draught, throwing back
his head.

5 Ah, now all's gone again!

The enemy holds fast

The secret and the sword.

"The executioner

I make me of your will."

But iron shall not divide the lips, but flame
Shall not divide the lips.

(She wanders to and fro, wretched and
feverish.)

The utmost flame of fire shall not divide
them.

(She takes up the silver mirror and looks
at herself in it.)

O silence, and still water, sepulchre,
Pale sepulchre of my face!

What is this voice that says

I never was more beautiful than now?

"And in the solitude that was on fire

With your eyes, I have lived

With so swift energy,

25 Travailing secretly." . . .

One voice alone cries out

On the topmost of my heart,

And all the blood flies. . . . Ah!

(She starts, hearing a light knocking at
the door. She puts down the mirror, blows
out the taper with a breath, goes to the door,
tottering, and calls, in a low voice.)

Smaragdi! Smaragdi!

PAOLO. (Voice heard.) Francesca!

(She flings the door open vehemently.
With a craving as of thirst she throws herself
into the arms of her lover.)

FRANCESCA. Paolo! Paolo!

(He is dressed as at Vespers; his head is
40 bare.)

PAOLO. Life of my life, never was my
desire

So ardent for you. In my heart I felt
A dying down

Of the bright spirits that live within your
eyes.

My forces ebbed away into the night,

Out of my breast, a flood

Terrible, clangorous,

50 And fear took hold upon my soul, as when,
In that sealed hour,

You put me to the test, God witnessing,
The test of the arrow,

And raised me there whither although he
wills it

No man returns by willing to return.

Is it not morning, is it not morning yet?

The stars have all gone down into your
hair,

Scattered about the confines of the shades,
Where life may never find them!

(*He kisses her hair passionately again and again.*)

FRANCESCA.

Pardon me,

Pardon me! Far away

You come before me,

Far off and silent,

With fixed, dry eyeballs, as upon that day
Between the inflexible lances of the fight.

A hard sleep falling on me like a blow

Scattered my soul

As a stem breaks, and then I seemed to lie

Lost on the stones. And then there came
to me

The dream that long while now

I have seen in sleep, the strange

Dream that has tortured me;

And I was full of many terrors, full

Of terrors; and my women

Saw me, and how I trembled,

And how I wept . . .

PAOLO.

Oh, wept!

FRANCESCA. Pardon me, pardon me,
Sweet friend! You have awakened me

from sleep,

Freed me from every anguish.

It is not morning yet,

The stars have not gone down into the sea,

The summer is not over, and you are mine,

And I, I am all yours,

And this is perfect joy

The passion of the ardour of our life.

(*PAOLO kisses her insatiably.*)

PAOLO. You shivered?

FRANCESCA.

See, the door

Is open, and there passes

The breath of the night. Do you not feel
it too?

This is the hour,

The hour of silence,

That sheds the dew of night

Upon the manes

Of horses on the roads.

But shut the door.

(*PAOLO shuts the door.*)

Paolo, did you see with your own eyes

The horsemen as they went away?

PAOLO.

Yes, yes,

I watched them from the tower, for a long
while

5 Until the last lance faded

Into the dark, and I could see no more.

Come, come, Francesca! Many hours of
gladness

We have before us,

10 With the wild melody of unknown winds

And the swift ravishment of solitude

In fire, and the violent

River without a goal,

And the immortal thirst;

15 But now this hour that flies

Fills me with lust to live

A thousand lives,

In the quiver of the air that kisses you,

In the short breath of the sea,

20 In the fury of the world,

That not one thing

Of all the infinite things

That are in you

Lie hid from me,

25 And I die not before I have ploughed up

Out of your depths

And relished to its infinite root in you

My perfect joy.

(*He draws her towards the cushions by the
30 windows.*)

FRANCESCA. Kiss me upon my eyes,

upon my brow,

Upon my cheeks, my throat,

So . . . so . . .

35 Stay, and my wrists, my fingers . . .

So . . . so . . . And take my soul and
pour it out,

Because the breath of the night

Turns back my soul again

40 To things of long ago,

And the low voices of the night turn back

My soul to things that were,

And joys enjoyed are they that now weigh
down

45 My heart, and as you were

I see you still, and not as you shall be,

My fair friend, my sweet friend.

PAOLO. I will carry you where all
things are forgot,

50 And no more time made slave

Is lord of our desire.

Then shall the day and night

Be mingled even as one

Upon the earth as upon one sole pillow;
Then shall the hands of dawn
No more unclasp from one another's hold-
ing

The dusky arms and the white arms of
them,

Nor yet untwist

The tangles of their hair and veins.

FRANCESCA. It says

Here in the book, here where you have not
read:

"We have been one life; it were a seemly
thing

That we be also one death."

PAOLO.

Be closed!

*(He rises, closes the book on the reading-
desk, and blows out the taper.)*

And read in it no more. Not

there

Our destiny is written, but in the stars,

That palpitate above

As your throat palpitates,

Your wrists, your brow,

Perhaps because they were your garland
once,

Your necklet when you went

Burningly through the ways of heaven?

From what

Vineyard of earth were these grapes gath-
ered in?

They have the smell

Of drunkenness and honey,

They are like veins, they are swollen with
delight,

Fruits of the night! The flaming feet of
Love

Shall tread them in the winepress. Give
me your mouth

Again! again!

*(FRANCESCA lies back on the cushions,
forgetful of everything. All at once, in the
dead silence, a violent shock is heard on the
door, as if some one hurled himself against
it. The lovers start up in terror, and rise to
their feet.)*

THE VOICE OF GIANCIOTTO. Fran-
cesca, open! Francesca!

(The WOMAN is petrified with terror.

PAOLO looks round the room, putting his
hand to his dagger. He catches sight of the
bolt of the trap-door.)

PAOLO. *(In a low voice.)* Take heart,

take heart, Francesca! I will get
down

By the way of the trap-door.

Go, go, and open to him.

But do not tremble.

*(He lifts the trap-door. The door seems to
quiver at the repeated blows.)*

THE VOICE OF GIANCIOTTO. Open,
Francesca, open!

PAOLO. Open to him! Go now.

I wait beneath. If he but touches you

Cry out and I am with you.

Go boldly, do not tremble!

*(He begins to go down, while the WOMAN,
in obedience to him, goes to open the door,
tollering.)*

THE VOICE OF GIANCIOTTO. Open!
upon your life, Francesca, open!

*(The door being opened GIANCIOTTO,
armed, and covered with dust, rushes fur-
iously into the room, looking for his brother in
every direction. Suddenly he catches sight of
PAOLO, standing head and shoulders above
the level of the floor, struggling to free him-
self from the bolt of the trap-door, which has
caught in a corner of his cloak. FRANCESCA
utters a piercing cry, while GIANCIOTTO falls
upon his brother, seizing him by the hair, and
forcing him to come up.)*

GIANCIOTTO. So, you are caught in a
trap,

Traitor! They are good to have you by
the hair,

Your ringlets!

FRANCESCA. *(Rushing forward.)* Let
him go!

Let him go! Me, take me!

*(The husband loosens his hold. PAOLO
springs up on the other side of the trap-door,
and unsheathes his dagger. GIANCIOTTO,
drawing back, bares his sword, and rushes
upon him with terrible force. FRANCESCA
throws herself between the two men; but as
her husband has leant all his weight on the
blow, and is unable to draw back, her breast
is pierced by the sword, she staggers, turns on
herself, towards PAOLO, who lets fall his
dagger, and catches her in his arms.)*

FRANCESCA. *(Dying.)* Ah, Paolo!

*(GIANCIOTTO pauses for an instant. He
sees the woman clasped in the arms of her
lover, who seals her expiring life with his
lips. Mad with rage and sorrow, he pierces*

his brother's side with another deadly thrust. The two bodies sway to and fro for an instant without a sound. Then, still linked together, they fall at full length on the

pavement. GIANCIOTTO stoops in silence, bends his knee with a painful effort, and, across the other knee, breaks his blood-stained sword.)

RUSSIAN

ANDREYEV

(1871-1919)

Leonid Nicolaievich Andreyev, Russian novelist and dramatist, was born in Orel. He attended a government school and suffered throughout his schooldays from poverty and ill-health. During his earlier years he wrote for the newspapers and magazines. In 1901, when his first series of stories appeared in book form, he was given an enthusiastic welcome by some of the leading critics. In fact Andreyev was one of the few modern Russian writers who dealt frankly with the less hopeful aspects of human life and won great popularity in time to enjoy it. His plays were widely performed and his novels were read everywhere, especially in America. Andreyev does not regard life with great optimism, and yet his pessimism is softened by a tender and humane sympathy for mankind. After the Great War he refused to accept the favors of the Bolshevik government, declined an opportunity to spend his last years in comparative affluence, and went into voluntary exile in Finland, where he died poor and neglected in 1919.

The translation of *The Life of Man* (1906) is that of Clarence L. Meader and Fred N. Scott in *Plays by Leonid Andreyev*, New York, Charles Scribners Sons, 1918.

THE LIFE OF MAN

(In Act I a crowd of Old Women await the birth of Man, hailing with ironical delight every sound from within that betokens the mother's anguish. Then Man is born, and the Relatives give the customary timeworn greetings to the Father. During the scene the Being in Grey stands at the back of the stage in a corner, holding a candle which springs into flame at the birth of Man. This figure remains on the stage during the entire play. In Act II, which is printed here in full, Man appears in youth. In Act III, which is omitted, there is presented the maturity and prosperity of Man. He lives in a rich and gorgeous house surrounded by music and dancing. In this act is shown the fickleness of those who subsist on his bounty. Acts IV and V are given in full.)

ACT II

LOVE AND POVERTY

The scene is flooded with a bright, warm light. A large, very high, and very bare room. The walls, of a light rose-colour, are perfectly smooth and covered in places with a fantastic and beautiful lacework of damp lines and spots. In the right

wall are two tall windows, each with eight panes of glass and without curtains. The night looks in through them. There are two wretched beds, two chairs, and a table without a spread. On the table stands a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers and a half-broken pitcher containing water.

In one corner, which is darker than the other corners, stands the BEING IN GREY. The candle in his hand is diminished by one third, but the white flame is still bright and high and throws brilliant spots of light on his stony face and chin.

The NEIGHBOURS enter, dressed in bright, gay garments. Their hands are filled with flowers and grasses and fresh, green branches of oak and birch. They move about the room. Their faces are open, cheerful, and kindly.

CONVERSATION OF THE NEIGHBOURS

5 How poor they are! Just see, they haven't a single extra chair!

Nor curtains at the windows —

Nor pictures on the walls —

How poor they are! See, they have

10 nothing to eat but stale bread —

And nothing but water to drink — cold water from a well.

And they have no extra clothing, either.

She always wears her rose-coloured dress with the open neck, which makes her look like a young girl.

And he always wears his blouse and his fantastic necktie, which makes him look like an artist and causes all the dogs to bark angrily at him —

And offends all proper people.

Dogs hate shabby people. Only yesterday I saw three dogs attack him, and as he drove them away with a stick he cried: "Don't you dare touch my trousers! They are my only trousers!" Then he laughed, and the dogs showed their teeth and rushed at him and howled with anger.

And to-day I saw two very respectable-looking people, a gentleman and a lady, who, frightened by him, crossed to the other side of the street. "He will ask us for money in a minute," said the gentleman. "He will kill us!" piped the lady. So they crossed the road, looking about and holding their pockets. But he shook his head and laughed.

He is so cheerful.

They are always laughing.

And singing.

It's he who sings; she dances.

In her rose-coloured dress with the open neck.

It is a delight to look at them. They are so young and radiant.

But I am so sorry for them. They are hungry. Just think of it, hungry!

Yes, that is so. They used to have much furniture and clothing, but they have sold all and now they have nothing left to sell.

I remember she had beautiful earrings, and she sold them to buy bread.

And he had a handsome, black dress coat — his wedding-coat — and he sold it.

They have nothing left but their wedding-rings. How poor they are!

That's nothing, that's nothing! I was young myself once and I know what it means.

What's that you say, grandfather?

That's nothing, that's nothing!

Just see, merely thinking of them makes grandfather want to sing!

And dance!

Laughter.

He is so kind. He made my boy a bow and arrows.

And she wept with me when my daughter was sick.

He helped me mend my broken fence. He is a strong young fellow.

It's a delight to have such good neighbours. Their youth warms our cold age; their light-heartedness drives away our cares.

But their room is like a prison: it's so empty.

No, it is like a temple: it's so bright.

See, they have flowers on the table. She gathered them while she was walking about the fields in her rose-coloured dress with the open neck. Here are lilies-of-the-valley. The dew is not yet dry on them.

And here is flaming scarlet lychnis.

And here are violets.

And here is just green grass.

Don't touch them, girls! Don't touch the flowers! Don't drop them on the floor — her kisses are on them. Don't breathe on them with your breath — her breath is on them. Don't touch them, girls! Don't touch the flowers!

He will come and see the flowers.

He will take the kisses.

He will drink in her breath —

How poor they are! Yet how happy!

Let's go. Let's go away.

But has none of us brought anything for our dear neighbours? That would be too bad!

I have brought a piece of fragrant, warm bread and a bottle of milk.

(She puts it on the window-sill.)

And I have brought some soft, tender grass. When it is scattered about the floor, the room is like a blossoming meadow and smells like spring.

(She strews the grass on the floor.)

And I have brought flowers.

(Strewing them.)

And we have brought branches of birch and oak with green leaves. When the walls are hung with them the room will look like a cheery, green forest.

They decorate the room, filling the dark windows and covering the bare, rose-coloured walls with leaves.

I have brought a fine cigar. It is a very

cheap one, but it is strong and fragrant and will bring delightful dreams.

(He lays it on the window-sill.)

I have brought a rose-coloured ribbon. When you tie it in your hair it makes you gay and beautiful. My lover gave it to me, but I have many ribbons and she has none at all.

(She lays it on the window-sill.)

How about you, grandfather? Haven't 10 you brought something?

Nothing. Nothing. I brought only my cough, and they don't need that, do they, neighbour?

No more than my crutches — Say, girls, 15 who needs my crutches?

Do you remember, neighbour —?

And do you remember, neighbour —?

Let's go to bed, neighbour. It's already late.

They sigh and go out, one of them coughing and the other's crutches clattering on the floor.

Let's go! Let's go!

God grant them happiness. They are 25 such good neighbours.

God grant they may always be healthy and cheerful, and love each other, and that no ugly black cat may ever run between them.

And that the young man may find work. It is bad when a man has no work.

They withdraw, and immediately the WIFE OF MAN enters, very beautiful, graceful, tender, and delicate, with flowers in her splendid, half-dishvelled hair. She is very sad. She seats herself in a chair and, laying her hands on her knees, speaks sorrowfully, her face toward the audience:

I have just been to town and have been 40 hunting. I don't know what I was hunting for. We are so poor. We have nothing. It is very hard for us to live. We need money, but I don't know how to get it. If you ask it of people, they won't 45 give it; and I haven't the strength to take it from them. I was hunting for work, but no one gave me any work. They all said to me: "There are so many people and so little work." I kept my eyes on the 50 road, thinking perhaps some rich people might have dropped a purse, but either they did not drop one or some one more

fortunate than I had already picked it up. And I am so sad. You see my husband will soon come back from his hunt for work, tired out and hungry, and what can 5 I give him except my kisses? He cannot satisfy his hunger with kisses, can he? I feel so sad. I'd like to cry.

I can go without eating for a long time. I don't mind it. But he cannot. He has a large body which demands nourishment, and when he has not eaten for some time he becomes pitifully pale, and sick, and irritable. He scolds me, but afterward he kisses me and asks me not to be angry. But I never get angry, because I love him so. I am only sad.

My husband is a very talented architect; I even think he is a genius. His parents died very early and left him an orphan. 20 For some time after the death of his parents his relatives supported him, but, since he was always very independent in character and brusque, and often said unpleasant things, and did not express his gratitude, they cast him off. But he continued to study, supporting himself by giving lessons, and often going hungry. And so he finished his course in the university. He was often hungry, my poor 30 husband. Now he is an architect and makes designs of beautiful buildings, but no one will buy them, and lots of stupid folks even laugh at them. In order to get on one must have either a patron or a stroke of good fortune. But he has neither patron nor good fortune. He goes about, hunting for some opportunity or, perhaps, looking on the ground for money as I did. He is still very young and is simple as a 40 child.

Of course, fortune will come to us sometime, but when? Meanwhile, it is very hard to keep alive. When we were married we had a little dowry, but we quickly used it up. We always went to the theatre and ate candy. He still is hopeful, but I sometimes lose all hope and weep by myself. My heart sinks when I think that he may be here at any moment and again 50 find nothing except my poor kisses.

O God, be a kind and merciful father to us! Thou hast so much of everything — bread and work and money. Thy earth

is so rich. It bears fruits and grain in the fields and covers the meadows with flowers. From its dark depths it yields up gold and beautiful precious stones. And thy sun is so warm, and there is so much quiet joy in thy pensive stars. Give us a little bread from thy bounty — even a very little — only so much as thou givest thy birds, that my dear, good husband may not be hungry; a little warmth, that he may not be cold, and a little work, that he may proudly hold up his beautiful head. And pray do not be angry with my husband because he scolds and laughs, or even sings and makes me dance. He is so young and so light-hearted.

Now that I have prayed I feel better and again I have hope.

Really, why should God not give when we pray like this? I will go out and hunt a little. Perhaps some one has dropped a purse or a sparkling diamond.

(She goes out.)

THE BEING IN GREY. She does not know that her wish is already fulfilled. She does not know that this morning two men, in a costly house, bending over a design of Man's, eagerly scanned it and were delighted with it. All day they have been hunting in vain for Man. Wealth has been seeking him, as he is seeking wealth, and to-morrow morning, when the neighbours go away to work, an automobile will come to the house and two gentlemen, bowing low, will enter the bare room and bring wealth and fame. But they do not know this — neither he nor she. Thus fortune and happiness come to Man, and thus they leave him.

MAN and his WIFE enter. MAN has a handsome, proud head, with flashing eyes and high forehead. His dark brows divide above his nose and spread like two bold wings. His wavy, black hair is carelessly thrown back. His low, soft, white collar displays a shapely neck and part of his chest. His movements are light and swift like those of a young animal, but the attitudes he takes are peculiar to MAN alone; they are masterful, free, and proud.

MAN. Again nothing. Pretty soon I shall go to bed and lie there all day long. The people that need me can come and

find me. I shall not go to find them. To-morrow I am going to lie abed.

WIFE. Are you tired?

MAN. Yes, I am tired and hungry. Like Homer's hero, I could eat a whole bull, and here I have to be satisfied with a crust of stale bread. Do you know that a man cannot always live on bread alone? I want to gnaw, tear, bite!

WIFE. I am so sorry for you, dear.

MAN. Yes, I am sorry for myself, but that doesn't satisfy my hunger. To-day I stood for a whole hour in front of a lunch-room and gazed on the chickens and the tarts and the sausages, just as people view works of art. And oh, the signs! They can paint ham so exquisitely that one could eat it, iron and all.

WIFE. I like ham, too.

MAN. Is there anybody who doesn't like ham? Do you like lobsters?

WIFE. Yes, I do.

MAN. Oh, what a lobster I saw! Though he was only a painted lobster, he was more handsome than a live one. Red as a cardinal, majestic, severe. One might kneel to him for a blessing. I think that I could eat two such cardinals and a carp thrown in.

WIFE. (Sadly.) Didn't you notice my flowers?

MAN. Flowers! Can you eat flowers?

WIFE. You don't love me.

MAN kisses her.

MAN. Forgive me, but really I am so hungry. See how my hands shake. I haven't strength enough to throw a stone at a dog.

WIFE kisses his hand.

WIFE. Poor dear!

MAN. How did these leaves come to be on the floor? How sweet they smell! Did you put them there, too?

WIFE. No; probably it was our neighbours.

MAN. Our neighbours are dear people. Strange that with so many good people in the world a man can die of hunger. Why is it?

WIFE. You have become gloomy; you frown. Do you see anything?

MAN. Yes, before me, across my humorous fancies, a hideous image of poverty

glided stealthily and rose up yonder in the corner. Do you see her? The pitiful, outstretched hands — like those of a child lost in the woods — the voice appealing to the silence of the human desert: "Help me!" No one hears. "Help me, I am dying!" No one hears. Look, Wife, look! Look! The black shadows, trembling, float apart like wraiths of black smoke from the long, dreadful chimney that leads down to hell. Look! I, too, am in the midst of them!

WIFE. You terrify me. I cannot look in that dark corner. Did you see all this on the street?

MAN. Yes, I saw it all on the street, and soon it will be here.

WIFE. No, God will not let it come to us.

MAN. Why does he let it come to us?

WIFE. We are better than others. We are good people. We do not anger him in any way.

MAN. Do you think so? But I often scold.

WIFE. You are not wicked.

MAN. Yes, I am wicked, I am wicked. When I walk along the street and look at the things that are not ours, I grow boar's tusks. Oh, how much money there is that is not mine! Listen, my dear little Wife. This evening I was walking in the park, in that lovely park where the roads are straight as arrows and the beautiful beech-trees are like crowned kings —

WIFE. And I was walking along the city streets, where there were stores and stores, such beautiful stores —

MAN. Well-dressed people with canes passed me, and I thought: "I have none of that."

WIFE. Handsomely gowned women in well-fitting boots which make the foot charming, in rustling silk skirts, and in elegant hats from beneath which their eyes sparkled mysteriously, passed by me, and I thought: "I have no fine hat, I have no silk skirt."

MAN. One awkward fellow shouldered me aside, but I showed him my tusks and he slunk cowardly behind the others.

WIFE. A finely dressed lady jostled me,

but I was so embarrassed that I did not even look at her.

MAN. Riders swept by me on proud and fiery horses, but I have no horse.

WIFE. And such diamonds were in her ears! I wanted to kiss them.

MAN. Red and green automobiles glided by noiselessly like phantoms with blazing eyes, and people were sitting in them laughing and listlessly glancing from side to side, but I have no automobile.

WIFE. And I have neither diamonds nor emeralds — not even a pure white pearl.

MAN. On the shore of the lake glittered a luxurious restaurant with lights like the kingdom of heaven, and people were eating there. There were high officials in dress suits, and angels with white wings who distributed beer and bread and butter, and people were eating and drinking. Oh, I want to eat, little Wife, I want to eat!

WIFE. My dear boy, if you keep running about you will increase your hunger. Come, sit down, and I will sit on your knees. Now, take a paper and draw a beautiful, beautiful building.

MAN. But my genius is hungry, too, and it won't sketch anything but edible landscapes. For a long time my palaces have looked like big dumplings stuffed with fat and my churches like sausages. But there are tears in your eyes. What is the matter, little Wife?

WIFE. I am sad because I cannot help you.

MAN. You make me ashamed. Though I am a strong man, intelligent, talented, and healthy, I can do nothing, while my little wife, my fairy, weeps because she is not strong enough to help me. When woman weeps, man is disgraced. I am ashamed of myself.

WIFE. You are not to blame if people cannot appreciate you.

MAN. I am blushing to the tips of my ears. I feel like a child whose ears have been pulled. You, too, are hungry, and I, selfish creature that I am, had not noticed it. I'm a brute.

WIFE. But, my dear, I am not hungry.

MAN. It is disgraceful, cowardly. That rude fellow who jostled me was right. He saw that I was nothing but a fat pig, a boar with sharp tusks and a stupid head.

WIFE. If you are going to scold yourself so unfairly. I shall begin to cry again.

MAN. No, no. Don't cry. When I see tears in your eyes I am always terrified. I am afraid of those bright crystal drops. It is as if they were shed not by you but by some one else, some frightful being. I won't let you cry. True, we have nothing, we are miserably poor; but I will tell you what we are going to have. I will charm you with a beautiful story. I will enwreath you, my queen, with rose-coloured dreams.

WIFE. You need not fear. You are strong and talented and you will succeed. The moment of depression will pass, and a divine inspiration will again throw its halo over your proud head.

MAN. (*Assumes an attitude of bold and proud defiance, and, throwing an oak spray into the corner where the UNKNOWN stands, he cries.*) Ho, you, whatever your name may be — Destiny, the Devil, Life — I throw down the gauntlet to you. I challenge you to battle. The faint-hearted bend their knees before your mysterious power. Your stony face fills them with horror. In your silence they hear the coming to birth of misfortune and its ominous approach. But I am bold and strong, and I challenge you to battle. Let our swords flash, let our shields ring, let the blows fall on our heads — blows that will shake the earth. Come forth to battle!

WIFE. (*Approaching and standing close behind his left shoulder, speaks earnestly.*) Bolder, my dear, still bolder!

MAN. To your inertness, sinister being, I oppose my bold, living strength. To your gloom I oppose my clear and ringing laughter. Parry the blows! Against your stony face, in which there is no light of reason, I hurl the projectile of my glowing thought. You have a heart of stone that knows no pity. Stand aside! or I will pour into it the seething poison of rebellion. The black cloud of your fierce wrath has darkened the sun. We will light up the

darkness with our swords. Ho! Parry the blows!

WIFE. Bolder, still bolder! Behind you stands your armour-bearer, my proud knight.

MAN. If I conquer, I shall sing songs which all the world will echo; and if I fall dumbly under your blows, then I shall think only of how I may rise again and rush to battle. There are weak spots in my armour, I know, but, though covered with wounds and dripping with crimson blood, I shall yet gather strength to cry: "You have not yet conquered, malicious enemy of mankind!"

WIFE. Bolder, my knight! I will wash your wounds with my tears. With my kisses I will stanch the flow of your crimson blood.

MAN. And dying on the field of battle as brave men do, I shall mar your brute pleasure with one last cry: "I have conquered!" I have conquered, malicious foe, for with my last breath I shall refuse to acknowledge your supremacy.

WIFE. Bolder, my knight, bolder! I will die with you.

MAN. Ho! Come forth to battle! Let our swords flash, let out shields ring, let the blows fall on our heads, blows that will shake the earth. Ho! Come forth!

For some time MAN and his WIFE remain in the same attitudes, and then they turn to each other and kiss.

MAN. Thus we shall share life together, my little Wife, shall we not? Let life blink like an owl blinded by the sunshine, we will force her to smile.

WIFE. And to dance to our songs — we two together!

MAN. We two. You are a good wife and a faithful friend. You are a brave little woman, and as long as you and I are together nothing can terrify us. What is poverty? To-day we are poor, and to-morrow we are rich.

WIFE. And what is hunger? To-day we are hungry, to-morrow we are filled.

MAN. Oh, you think so, do you? Perhaps, but it will take a great deal to fill me. My hunger isn't easily satisfied. Do you think this will be plenty? In the morning, tea, coffee, chocolate — take your choice

— and then, after that, breakfast — three courses — then lunch; then dinner, then —

WIFE. Lots of fruit. I am so fond of fruit.

MAN. All right. I will buy it in baskets in the market. It is cheaper there and fresher; though, to be sure, we shall have our own orchard.

WIFE. But we have no land.

MAN. I'll buy some. For a long time I have wanted a little plot of my own, and, by the way, I'll build a house on it after my own design. I'll show the rascals what sort of architect I am!

WIFE. I want to live in Italy, right by the sea, in a white-marble villa set in a grove of lemon-trees and cypresses; and I'd like some white-marble steps leading straight down to the blue water.

MAN. I see. Good! But besides that I mean to build a castle in Norway among the mountains: far below, the fiord; high up on the steep cliff, the castle. — Haven't we any paper? No matter, the wall will do. Here is the fiord. Do you see it?

WIFE. Yes — how lovely!

MAN. The water is sparkling and deep. Here it reflects the tender, green grass and there the red and black and brown stone. And see, here in the opening, right where this spot is, a touch of deep-blue sky and a quiet, white cloud —

WIFE. Look! A white boat is reflected in the water. It is like two white swans, breast to breast.

MAN. And see, here the mountain rises from the cheerful green meadows and forests, and, as it mounts, becomes more and more gloomy, more and more severe. There are sharp cliffs, black shadows, precipices, ragged clouds —

WIFE. It is like a ruined fortress.

MAN. And see, on this fortress, right on this spot here in the centre, I will build a castle fit for an emperor.

WIFE. How cold it is there, and how the wind blows!

MAN. Oh, but I'll have thick stone walls, and there will be huge windows of one large pane, and on winter nights, when the blizzard rages and the fiord is roaring

below, we will draw the curtains and kindle a fire in the huge fireplace. There will be great andirons on which will burn whole logs — whole forests of pitchy pine.

5 WIFE. Oh! How warm!

MAN. And see, how still! Everywhere rugs, and lots and lots of books which radiate silent yet living warmth and comfort, and we two together. Outside 10 roars the storm, but here we are together in front of the fireplace on a white bear's skin. You say, "Shall we take a peek at what's going on outside?" and I say, "Very well," and we go to the largest 15 window and draw the curtain. Heavens! What's that?

WIFE. Whirling snow!

MAN. It sweeps by like white horses. Look, myriads of little frightened spirits, 20 white with terror, seeking refuge from the night! And the whistling and the roaring —

WIFE. Oh, it's cold! I am shivering.

MAN. Quick! Back to the fire. Here, give me my ancestral beaker. No, not that one, the gold one that the vikings drank from. Fill it with golden wine — more — let the fiery liquid rise to the very brim. There's a chamois roasting on the spit. Bring it here; I will eat it. Quick, or I will eat you instead! I'm starved! I'm hungry as the devil!

WIFE. There, now; they've brought it. What are you going to do next?

MAN. What next? Why, eat it, of course. What else could be next? But what are you doing with my head, little Wife?

WIFE. I am the Goddess of Fame. I have twined for you a wreath of the oak leaves which our neighbours strewed, and I am crowning you. Fame has come — glorious fame!

(*She puts the wreath on his head.*)

MAN. Yes, fame, loud-voiced, echoing fame. Look at the wall. See, here I go, and do you know who is by my side?

WIFE. Why, that's me.

MAN. See, people are bowing to us. They are whispering about us. They are pointing at us. See that respectable-looking old gentleman who falls a-weeping and says: "Blessed is our native land to have

such children!" See that pale young man who is looking at us. Fame has smiled upon him, also. By this time I have built the People's Palace of which our whole country is so proud.

WIFE. You are my glorious hero! The oak wreath becomes you, but a laurel wreath would be even better.

MAN. Look! look! Here are representatives of the city where I was born coming to me. They bow low and say: "Our city is proud of the honour —"

WIFE. Oh!

MAN. What's the matter?

WIFE. I have found a bottle of milk!

MAN. Impossible!

WIFE. And bread — soft, fragrant bread — and a cigar!

MAN. Impossible! You have made a mistake. What you think is milk is only the dampness from this accursed wall.

WIFE. No, indeed!

MAN. A cigar! Cigars don't grow on window-sills. They sell them at ridiculously high prices in the stores. This is probably just a black, broken twig.

WIFE. But, do look! Ah, now I understand! Our dear neighbours brought it.

MAN. Neighbours! Upon my word, they are angels. And even if the devil himself had brought these things — bring them here quick, my little Wife. *(The Wife of Man sits on his knees and they eat, she breaking the pieces of bread and putting them in his mouth while he gives her milk from the bottle.)* It looks like cream.

WIFE. No, it's milk. Chew your bread more slowly or you'll choke yourself.

MAN. Give me the crust. It is so nicely browned.

WIFE. There, didn't I tell you you would choke yourself?

MAN. It's all right: got it down.

WIFE. The milk's running down my neck and my chin — oh, it tickles!

MAN. Here, let me drink it up. *(He drinks it off her neck and chin.)* We mustn't waste a drop.

WIFE. What a mischief you are!

MAN. There, everything's eaten up. That was quick work. Everything that is good comes soon to an end. This bottle must have a double bottom. To look at it,

you would think it was deeper. What cheats these bottle makers are! *(He lights the cigar, and assumes an attitude of supreme contentment. She ties the rose-coloured ribbon in her hair, using the black window for a mirror.)* This seems to be an expensive cigar. It is very fragrant and strong. I am always going to smoke that kind.

WIFE. You're not looking at me.

MAN. Yes, I am. I see everything. I see the ribbon, and I see that you want me to kiss your throat.

WIFE. I won't let you, you silly man.

MAN. You can smoke your cigar if you like, but as for my throat —

MAN. What, isn't it mine? The deuce! That is a violation of property rights. *(She runs away. He catches her and kisses her.)* There, the right is restored, and now, my little Wife, dance for me. Just imagine that this is a magnificent, luxurious, astounding, miraculously beautiful palace.

WIFE. I've imagined it.

MAN. Now imagine that you are the queen of the ball.

WIFE. It's done.

MAN. And that marquises and counts and lord mayors are asking you to dance with them, but you decline them all and select the — what do you call him — the fellow in tights? Oh, yes, the prince. Why! What's the matter?

WIFE. I don't like princes.

MAN. Oh, that's it! Well, what sort do you like?

WIFE. I like talented artists.

MAN. Good! Here's your artist. Oh, heavens! Look at you there flirting with empty space! Oh, woman!

WIFE. But I was just imagining.

MAN. Oh, all right. Now imagine a wonderful orchestra. See, here's a big Turkish drum — boom, boom, boom!

(He pounds his fist on the table in imitation of a drum.)

WIFE. My dear, it is only in a circus that they call the crowd together with a drum; in a palace —

MAN. Oh, the deuce! Stop the picture. Now imagine again. Listen! The singing violins are pouring forth their melody, and here sounds the tender voice of a flute.

Listen! The fat bass viol is booming like a beetle — (MAN, wearing the oak wreath, sits and strikes up the tune of the dance, beating time with the palms of his hands. The tune is the same as that which is played in the following act, at the ball of MAN. The WIFE dances gracefully.) Ah, my little gazelle!

WIFE. I am the queen of the ball.

The song and dance become more and more lively. Presently MAN gets up, begins to dance where he stands, and finally seizes his WIFE and dances with her, the oak wreath slipping to one side.

The BEING IN GREY watches them with indifference, holding in his stony hand the brightly blazing candle.

Curtain.

ACT IV

MISFORTUNE

A large, rectangular room of a gloomy aspect. The walls, ceiling, and floor are smooth and dark. In the rear wall are two tall, eight-paned, curtainless windows, between which is a low door. Two similar windows are in the right wall. Night is looking in at the windows, and when the door is open the same deep blackness peers quickly into the room. In general, however much light there may be in the rooms of MAN, the large, dark windows seem to devour it.

The left wall is pierced by a single low door leading into the inner apartments. Against this wall stands a broad divan covered with dark cloth. At the window on the right is the work-table of MAN, very plain and cheap. On it is a dimly burning lamp with a dark shade, under which a design spread out on the table makes a yellow square. On the table also are a child's toys — a little soldier cap, a wooden horse without a tail, and a red, long-nosed clown with bells. Against the wall between the windows is a shabby old bookcase, entirely empty. On the shelves can be seen streaks of dust, showing that the books have been recently removed. There is but one chair.

In a corner darker than the other corners stands the BEING IN GREY, called HE. The candle in his hand is no higher than it is broad. It is only a stub and is beginning to flatten out as it melts. It burns with a reddish, flickering light and casts red spots upon the BEING's stony face and chin.

MAN's only servant, an OLD WOMAN, is seated in the chair. She speaks in a monot-

onous voice, addressing an imaginary companion:

MAN is poor again. He had many valuable things — horses, and carriages, and even an automobile — but everything is gone now, and of all his servants I alone am left. In this room and in two others there are still some fine things, like the divan there and the bookcase, but in the remaining twelve rooms there is nothing. They stand empty and dark. Day and night the rats run about in them and fight and shriek. People are afraid of the rats, but I am not. It's all the same to me.

For a long time an iron plate has been hanging at the carriage entrance with a notice that the house is for sale, but nobody buys. The plate is rusty and the letters on it are worn away by the rains, but no one comes and no one buys. No one has use for the old house. But perhaps some one will buy some day. Then we shall go and hunt for another place, and the new place will seem very strange. My mistress will begin to weep, and perhaps even the old gentleman will weep. But not I. It's all the same to me.

You wonder where the wealth has gone? I don't know. Perhaps you are surprised at that, but, you see, all my life I have worked in private families and I frequently have seen their money disappear quietly through some crevice or other. So it was with this family. At first there was much; then there was less; then nothing at all. Customers used to come and give orders, and then they stopped coming. Once I asked the lady why this was so, and she answered: "They cease to like what they used to like. They cease to love what they used to love." I asked: "How can it be that people cease to like a thing when once they have come to like it?" She did not answer and began to cry. But I didn't. It's all the same to me. It's all the same to me.

As long as they pay me, I will live with them. If they stop paying, I will go somewhere else and live with others. I have cooked for them; when I leave, I shall cook for others; and, after a while, I'll stop entirely; for I shall be old and my eyesight poor. Then they will drive me

away and say: "Go where you like. We will hire some one else." But what of that? I'll go. It's all the same to me.

People are surprised at me. They say it is frightful to live here; that it is frightful to sit evenings with only the wind whistling in the chimney and the rats shrieking and gnawing.

I don't know; perhaps it is frightful, only I don't think about it. Why should I? They sit quietly and look at each other and listen to the wind, and I sit by myself alone in the kitchen and also listen to the wind. Isn't it the same wind that whistles in our ears? Young people used to come and visit their son, and then they would all laugh and sing and go into the empty rooms and chase away the rats. But no one comes to me and I sit alone, all alone. There is no one to talk with, so I talk to myself. It's all the same to me.

And so they are in straits. Three days ago another misfortune came. The young gentleman went out for a walk. He put his hat on one side of his head and smoothed back his hair, as young men do. But a wicked man threw a stone at him from behind a corner and cracked his skull like a nut. They brought him home and laid him down, and he is lying there now, dying—or perhaps he will live. Who knows? The master and the mistress wept, and then they took all the books and loaded them on a dray and sold them; and now they have hired a nurse with the money and bought medicine. They even bought some grapes. So the books were of some use after all. However, he can't eat the grapes. He can't even look at them. So they lie there by him on a plate—just lie there.

DOCTOR *enters by the outside door. He is gloomy and much worried.*

DOCTOR. Am I in the right house? Do you know, old lady? I am the doctor. I make many calls and often I go to the wrong place. They call me here, they call me there; but all the houses look alike and the people are tiresome in all of them. Is this the right place?

OLD WOMAN. I don't know.

DOCTOR. Just let me look in my note-

book. Is there a child here with sore throat—choking?

OLD WOMAN. No.

DOCTOR. Young man choking on a bone?

OLD WOMAN. No.

DOCTOR. Man here who suddenly went crazy from poverty and killed his wife and two children with an axe? There ought to be four in all.

OLD WOMAN. No.

DOCTOR. Young girl whose heart has stopped beating? Don't lie to me, old woman. I think she is here.

OLD WOMAN. No.

DOCTOR. No? I believe you. You seem to speak sincerely. Have you a young man whose skull was broken with a stone and who is dying?

OLD WOMAN. Yes. Go through that door at the left into the next room; but don't go farther, or the rats will eat you.

DOCTOR. Very well. They're always ringing my door-bell, day and night. See, it's night now. The street lights are all put out, but I am still on the go. I often make mistakes, old woman.

He goes out through the door which leads to the inner part of the house.

OLD WOMAN. One doctor attended him but didn't cure him, and now there is another, and probably he won't cure him, either. But what's the odds? Their son will die and we shall be left alone in the house. I shall sit in the kitchen and talk to myself, and they will sit in this room in silence, thinking, and there will be one more room for the rats to run and fight in. Let them run and fight. It's all the same to me. It's all the same to me.

You ask me why the wicked man hit the young master? I don't know. How should I know why people kill one another?

One threw a stone from behind a corner and ran away, and the other fell down, and now he is dying. That's all I know. They say that our young master was kind and brave and always took the part of the wretched. I don't know. It's all the same to me. Good or bad, young or old, alive or dead, it's all the same to me. It's all the same to me.

As long as they pay me, I'll stay. If they stop paying, I'll go somewhere else and cook for others; and after a while I'll stop entirely; for I shall be old, and my eyesight poor, and I shan't be able to tell salt from sugar. Then they will drive me away, and say: "Go where you like. We will hire some one else." But what of that? I'll go. It's all the same to me. Here or there or nowhere — it's all the same to me, all the same to me.

Enter DOCTOR, MAN, and his WIFE. MAN and his WIFE have perceptibly aged, and are entirely grey. MAN's long hair, rising high above his head, and his large beard make his head resemble that of a lion. Though he walks slightly bent, he holds his head erect and looks out sternly and resolutely from beneath his grey brows. When he looks at anything near, he puts on large spectacles with silver rims.

DOCTOR. Your son has fallen into a sound sleep. Don't wake him up. Perhaps the sleep will do him good. You go to sleep, too. If a man has time to sleep, he ought to sleep, and not to walk about and talk.

WIFE. Thank you, doctor. You have so reassured us. Will you not come again to-morrow?

DOCTOR. I will come to-morrow and the day after to-morrow. You go to sleep, too, old woman. It's already night and time for every one to sleep. Do I go through this door? I frequently make mistakes.

He goes out. The OLD WOMAN also goes out. MAN and his WIFE remain.

MAN. See, Wife, here is a design I began before our son was hurt. When I had drawn this line I stopped and said to myself: "After I have rested a little I will go to work again." How simple a line it is; how quiet and yet how frightful! Perhaps it is the last that I shall draw while our son is alive. How calm, how simple it is, and yet how full of foreboding!

WIFE. Don't worry, my dear. Dismiss these apprehensions. I believe that the doctor told the truth and that our son will recover.

MAN. But are you not worried? Look at yourself in the mirror. You are as white as your hair, my dear companion.

WIFE. Of course I am a little anxious; still I am sure there is no danger.

MAN. My poor armour-bearer! Steadfast guardian of my blunted sword! Now, as always, you beguile and cheer me by your sincerity and devotion. Your old knight is now broken and his withered hand cannot long hold his weapon. But what is this? Our son's toys! Who put them here?

WIFE. My dear, you forget. You put them here yourself some time ago. You said then that you could work better with these simple child's toys lying before you.

MAN. Oh, yes; I had forgotten. But now they are like instruments of torture and execution to a man condemned to death. When a child dies, his toys become a curse to the living. Oh, Wife, Wife! The very sight of them is terrible!

WIFE. We bought them when we were poor. It saddens me to look at them. Poor, dear toys!

MAN. I cannot bear it. I must take them in my hands. See, here is the horse with the broken tail. "Gid-ap, gid-ap, horsie! Where are you galloping?" "Far, papa, far away into the fields and the green woods." "Take me with you, horsie." "Gid-ap, gid-ap! Climb on, dear papa —" And here's the soldier's cap made of pasteboard. Poor little cap, which I myself tried on laughingly when I bought it in the shop: "Who are you?" "I am a knight, papa. I am the strongest, bravest knight that ever was." "Where are you going, my little knight?" "I am going to kill the dragon, dear papa. I am going to free the captives, papa." "Ride on, ride on, my little knight!" (*The WIFE of MAN weeps.*) And see, here is our clown, just as he always looked, with his dear, stupid grin. He is as tattered as if he had been through a hundred fights, but he is still laughing and his nose is as red as ever. Come, ring your bells, my friend, as you used to ring them. You can't? Only one bell left, you say? Well, then, I'll throw you on the floor. (*He throws the toy down.*)

WIFE. What are you doing? Remember how often our child has kissed his funny little face.

MAN. Yes, I was wrong. Forgive me,

my dear, and you, little toy, forgive me, too. (*He picks up the toy, bending his knees with difficulty.*) Still smiling! Come, I will lay you a little farther away. Don't be angry; I cannot look at your smile just now. Go and smile somewhere else.

WIFE. Your words wring my heart. Believe me, our son will recover. Would it be just for the young to die before the old?

MAN. Where have you ever seen justice in this world, Wife?

WIFE. My beloved, I beg you, kneel with me in prayer to God.

MAN. It is hard for my old knees to bend.

WIFE. Bend them — it is your duty.

MAN. God will not hear me, for never yet have I troubled his ear either with praise or with petition. Do you pray; you are the mother.

WIFE. No, you must pray; you are the father. If a father doesn't pray for his son, who will? To whose hands will you commit him? Could I speak alone as we two can speak together?

MAN. Let it be as you say. Perhaps, if I bend my aged knees, eternal justice will answer.

They both fall on their knees, their faces turned toward the corner where the UNKNOWN stands motionless, and their hands folded on their breasts in attitude of prayer.

PRAYER OF THE MOTHER

O God, I beseech you, let my son live. That is all I know, that is all I can say — only this one thing: "God, let my son live." I cannot frame other words. All about me is dark. All is falling away. I understand nothing, and my soul is so filled with horror, O Lord, that I can say only one thing. O God, let my son live, let my son live! Let him live! Forgive me for uttering so poor a prayer, but I cannot do otherwise, O Lord; you know I cannot. Look upon me, only look upon me. Do you see, do you see how my head trembles? Do you see how my hands shake? And what are my hands, O Lord? Have mercy upon him! He is so young. He has a birthmark on his right arm. Let

him live, if only a little while, only a little while! He is only a child, and so innocent. He still loves sweets, and I bought him some grapes. Have mercy, have mercy!

She weeps silently, covering her face with her hands. Without looking at her MAN speaks.

PRAYER OF THE FATHER

See, I am praying to you. I have bent my aged knees. I have fallen in the dust before you. See, I kiss the earth. Perhaps I have sometimes offended you. In that case, pardon me, pardon me. It is true that I have been presumptuous and overbold, that I have demanded instead of beseeching, and that I have often reproached you for your acts. Pardon me. If you desire, if such is your will, punish me. Only spare my son; spare him, I pray you. I do not beg for mercy or for pity; no, I beg only for justice. You are old and I, too, as you see, am old. You will understand my prayer the better for that. Wicked people tried to kill him, people who by their evil deeds insult you and pollute the earth — malicious, brutal, villainous people, who throw stones from behind corners — from behind corners, the villains! Let not this wicked thing be done. Stanch his blood. Bring back his life, bring back life to my fine boy. You have taken everything from me, but have I ever importuned you? Have I said, Restore my wealth, restore my friends, restore my genius? No, never. I never asked you even for my genius, and you know what genius means — how it is more to one than life itself. It is the will of fate, I thought, and I bore everything, I bore everything, I bore it proudly. But now, on my knees in the dust, kissing the earth, I beg of you, bring back life to my son. I kiss the earth.

They rise. The BEING called HE listens with indifference to the prayer of the father and the mother.

WIFE. I fear that your prayer, my dear, was not sufficiently humble. There seemed to be a note of pride in it.

MAN. No, no, Wife. I said what was right, just as a man should speak. Should

He love cringing flatterers more than bold, proud people who speak the truth? No, Wife, you don't understand. Now I have faith, now I am calm, even cheerful. I feel that I am still of some service to my son, and that heartens me. See whether he is sleeping. He ought to be sleeping soundly.

The WIFE goes out. MAN casts a friendly glance into the corner where the BEING IN GREY stands. He takes up the toy clown, plays with it, and gently kisses its long, red, nose. At this moment the WIFE comes in and MAN, somewhat embarrassed, says: "I offended this poor fool, but now I have begged pardon for everything. Well, how is our dear son?"

WIFE. He is very pale.

MAN. That's nothing. It will pass. He has lost a great deal of blood.

WIFE. His pale, shaved head is so pitiful to see. He had such beautiful golden curls.

MAN. They cut them off in order to wash the wound. But never mind, Wife, never mind. They will grow out still finer. Did you gather them up? They must be gathered up and preserved. His precious blood is on them, Wife.

WIFE. Yes, I have laid them away in the jewel box, all that is left of our wealth.

MAN. Do not lament the loss of our wealth. Wait until our son begins to work. He will win back all that we have lost. Now I am cheerful, my dear, I have faith in our future. Do you remember our poor rose-tinted room? The good neighbours strewed oak leaves about it, and you made a wreath for my head and said I was a genius.

WIFE. And I say it even now, my dear. If other people have ceased to value you, I have not.

MAN. No, my dear little Wife, you are wrong. The creations of genius live longer than this wretched old garment that we call our body, but even during my lifetime my works are —

WIFE. No, they are not dead and will never die. Recall the house on the corner which you built ten years ago. Every evening at sunset you go to look at it. Is

there in the whole city a building more beautiful, more meaningful?

MAN. True. I so built it that the last rays of the setting sun might fall upon it and set its windows ablaze. After the whole city is in darkness, my building is still bidding farewell to the sun. That was work well done, and perhaps it will outlive me, if only a little. Don't you think so?

WIFE. Of course it will, my dear.

MAN. One thing grieves me, Wife. Why am I so soon forgotten? I might have been remembered a little longer, my dear, a little longer.

WIFE. People forget what they once knew. They cease to love what they once loved.

MAN. They might have remembered me somewhat longer, somewhat longer.

WIFE. I saw a young artist near the house. He was studying the building carefully and was making a sketch of it in his note-book.

MAN. Why did you not tell me of that, my dear? That is significant, very significant. It means that my thoughts will pass on to others, and even though I am forgotten, yet my thoughts will live on. That is very important, extremely important.

WIFE. They have certainly not forgotten you, my dear. Think of the young man who bowed to you so respectfully on the street.

MAN. True, Wife. A fine young man, very. He had a glorious young face. It is well that you remind me of this. It has filled my soul with sunshine. But I feel sleepy. I am probably tired. Yes; and I am old. My grey little Wife, do you see that I am old?

WIFE. You are still as handsome as ever.

MAN. And my eyes shine?

WIFE. Yes, your eyes shine.

MAN. And my hair is black as pitch?

WIFE. It is as white as snow, which is even more handsome.

MAN. And I have no wrinkles?

WIFE. There are a few little wrinkles, but —

MAN. Of course. I know that I am a

handsome fellow. To-morrow I will buy a uniform and enter the light brigade. Won't that be fine?

WIFE. (*Smiling.*) Now you are joking as you used. Well, lie down, my dear, and take a short nap and I will go to our son. Rest quietly; I will not leave him until he wakes, and then I will call you. You don't like to kiss my wrinkled old hand, do you?

MAN. Nonsense! You are the most beautiful woman in the world.

WIFE. But the wrinkles?

MAN. Wrinkles? I see a dear, kind, good, intelligent face; nothing more. 15 Don't be angry with me for my harshness. Go to our son. Guard him. Sit by him like a quiet shadow of tenderness and comfort. And if he grows restless in his sleep, sing him a little song as of old. And set 20 the grapes nearer so that he can reach them.

The WIFE goes out. MAN lies on the lounge with his head toward the corner where the BEING IN GREY stands motionless. 25 MAN'S position is such that the hand of the BEING almost touches his grey, dishevelled hair. He quickly falls asleep.

THE BEING IN GREY. Man, flattered by his hopes, has fallen into a deep and 30 grateful sleep. His breathing is as quiet as a child's, and his aged heart, resting from its sufferings, beats calmly and evenly. He does not know that in a few moments his son will die. And, as he 35 sleeps, in his mysterious fancies an impossible happiness rises before him.

He dreams that he is riding with his son in a white boat over a beautiful, smooth river. He dreams that it is a beautiful day 40 and that he sees the blue sky and the transparent, crystal water. He hears the reeds rustle as they part before the boat. He is filled with joy and he fancies that he is blessed. All his emotions are deceiving 45 him.

But suddenly he becomes restless. The terrible truth, penetrating the dense veil of his dreams, has seared his thought.

"Why is your golden hair cut so short, 50 my boy; why is it?"

"My head ached, father, and that is why my hair was cut so short."

And again deceived, Man is happy and sees the blue sky and hears the reeds rustling as they part.

He does not know that his son is already 5 dying. He does not hear how in a last wild hope, with childish faith in the power of older persons, his son calls him, without words, with the cry of his heart, "Papa, papa, I am dying! I am slipping away! Hold me!" Man's sleep is deep and joyous, and in his mysterious and deceiving visions an impossible happiness rises before him.

Awake, Man! Your son is dead!

MAN. (*Terrified, raises his head and gets up.*) Ah! Did some one call me?

At the same moment the weeping of many women is heard in the next room. With high-pitched voices they are uttering long-drawn-out lamentation over the dead. Enter the WIFE, pale as death.

MAN. Is our son dead?

WIFE. Yes, he is dead.

MAN. Did he call me?

WIFE. No, he did not wake. He called no one. He is dead, my son, my precious child!

She falls on her knees before MAN and sobs, throwing her arms about his knees. MAN places his hand upon her head, and, in a voice choked with sobs but threatening, he speaks, his face toward the corner where the BEING IN GREY stands, indifferent.

MAN. You have offended a woman, 35 villain! You have killed our boy. (*The WIFE sobs. MAN with trembling hand quietly smooths her hair.*) Don't weep, my dear, don't weep. He will laugh at our tears, as he laughed at our prayers. But you (I know not who you are, God, the Devil, Fate, or Life) — I curse you.

He speaks the following with a loud, strong voice, with one hand held over his wife, as if to defend her, the other threateningly extended toward the UNKNOWN.

THE CURSE OF MAN

I curse all that you have given me! I curse the day on which I was born! I curse the day on which I shall die! I curse my whole life, my joys, and my grief! I curse myself! I curse my eyes, my ears, my

tongue! I curse my heart, my head! And I hurl all back into your cruel face, senseless Fate! Be accursed, be accursed for ever! Through my curse I rise victorious above you. What more can you do to me? Hurl me upon the ground, yes, hurl me down! I shall only laugh and cry out, "Be accursed!" Fetter my lips with the clamps of death, and my last thought shall be a cry into your ass's ears, "Be accursed, be accursed!" Seize upon my corpse, gnaw it like a dog, worry it in the darkness, — I am not within it. I have vanished and, vanishing, I repeat the curse, "Be accursed, be accursed!" Over the head of the woman whom you have offended, over the body of the boy whom you have killed, I hurl upon you the curse of Man!

He stands in silence with his hand raised in a threatening attitude. The BEING IN GREY listens with indifference to the curse, and the flame of the candle flutters as if blown by the wind. For some time the two stand facing each other in a tense silence — MAN and the BEING IN GREY. The crying in the next room becomes louder and more prolonged and gradually passes into a rhythmical wailing.

Curtain.

ACT V

THE DEATH OF MAN

A vague, wavering, flickering, dim light through which one can at first make out nothing. When the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom the following scene is disclosed:

A long, wide, basement room with a very low ceiling and without windows. A flight of stairs leads from the room to the entrance, somewhere above. The walls are smooth, gloomy, and dirty, like the coarse, spotted hide of some huge beast. The rear wall, as far as to the steps, is occupied by a large, flat buffet with a mirror. The buffet is filled with straight rows of bottles containing liquids of various colours. Behind a low counter sits the BARTENDER, perfectly motionless, with his hands folded across his stomach. He has a white face with red nose and cheeks, a bald head, and a large, sandy beard, and wears an expression of complete calm and indifference. He remains the same through the entire scene, not once moving from his place or changing his attitude. At small tables sit the DRUNKARDS, on wooden stools.

The number of the people is seemingly increased by their shadows, which rove along the walls and ceiling.

The scene presents an endless variety of the disgusting and the horrible. The faces resemble masks, the parts of which are disproportionately large or small. Some have large noses, others are entirely noseless. The eyes roll wildly, almost bursting from their sockets, or are nearly closed so that they are reduced to scarcely visible slits and points. There are prominent Adam's apples and diminutive chins. All have tangled, shaggy, and dirty hair, which in some cases half conceals the face. In spite of their variety, all the faces have a hideous resemblance, which consists in a sallow, grave-like colour and an expression now of frightful laughter and now of insane and gloomy horror.

The DRUNKARDS are dressed in rags of one colour, which expose a sallow, bony hand, or a sharp knee, or a sunken, frightful chest. Some are nearly naked. The women are scarcely distinguishable from the men and are even uglier. The hands and heads of all tremble, and their gait is unsteady, as if they were walking on very slippery or boggy or moving surfaces. Their voices, too, are alike in that they are wheezing, whimpering, and as unsteady as the gait. They utter their words with lips which do not obey them and which are, as it were, stiffened with cold.

In the centre of the group, at a separate table, sits MAN, resting his grey, dishevelled head upon his hands. He remains throughout in the same position, except for the moment that he speaks. He is shabbily dressed.

In one corner the BEING IN GREY with the nearly burned-out candle stands motionless. The narrow, blue flame flutters, now bending to one side and now reaching upward with a sharp tongue, throwing livid spots of light on His stony face and chin.

CONVERSATION OF THE DRUNKARDS

My God! My God!

Listen! How strangely everything shakes! You cannot fix your eyes on anything.

Everything trembles as in a fever: people, chairs, and the ceiling.

Everything sways as if it were afloat.

Don't you hear a noise? I hear a noise as if iron wheels were rumbling or stones were falling from a cliff — huge stones, falling like rain.

That is the noise in your ears.

That is the noise of the blood. I can

feel my blood, thick, black, and smelling of rum. It rolls heavily along the veins, and when it comes to the heart everything seems to fall and terror seizes me.

I seem to see lightning flashes.

I see huge, red bonfires and people burning in them. There's a disgusting smell of burning flesh! Black shadows whirl about the bonfires, drunken shadows. Ho, there! Let me have a dance 10 with you!

My God! My God!

I, too, am cheerful. Who will laugh with me? No one wants to. Then I will laugh alone. *(He laughs alone.)* 15

A charming woman is kissing my lips. She smells of musk and her teeth are like a crocodile's. She is trying to bite me. Away, you slattern!

I am not a slattern. I am an old, pregnant serpent. For an hour I have been watching the little serpents issuing from my body and crawling about. Take care! Don't crush my little snakes!

Where are you going?

Who's walking about there? Sit down! The whole house shakes when you walk.

I can't sit still. It is frightful when I sit still.

It is frightful for me, too. When I sit 30 still I can feel horror running through my body.

So can I. Let me go!

Three or four drunkards wander aimlessly about with unsteady steps, stumbling 35 among the tables.

See what it is doing! For two hours it has been trying to jump onto my knees. It comes within an inch of it. I drive it away, but it comes back. That's a queer 40 sort of game.

Black cockroaches are creeping about under my skull, making a crawling noise.

My brain is falling to pieces. I can feel one grey fragment separate from the 45 other. My brain is like spoiled cheese — it smells.

It smells like carrion here.

My God! My God!

To-night I will crawl to her on my knees 50 and butcher her. Blood will flow. It is flowing now — red blood.

Three people are continually following

me. They are calling me into a dark, lonely corner. They want to butcher me there. They are gathered about the door now.

5 Who is that walking along the walls and ceiling?

My God! They have come — they're after me!

Who?

They.

My tongue is numb. What shall I do? My tongue is numb. I will weep.

(He weeps.)

Everything in me is coming out. I shall turn inside out in a moment and be red.

Listen, listen! Ho, somebody! A monster is coming upon me. It is raising its hand. Help! Oh!

What's this? Help! A spider!

Help!

(For some time they cry with hoarse voices: "Help!")

We are all drunkards. Let's call everybody down here. Up yonder it is nasty.

25 No, don't. When I go out on the street, the street rushes about like a wild beast and quickly throws me to the ground.

We have all come here from the street.

We drink alcohol and it makes us happy.

It makes us miserable. All day I tremble with horror.

Better this horror than life. Who wants to go back there?

Not I.

Nor I. I'd rather die here. I don't want to live.

Nobody wants to live.

My God! My God!

Why does Man come here? He drinks little and sits long. We do not need him.

Let him go home. He has a home.

He has fifteen rooms.

Don't touch him! He has nowhere else 50 to go.

He has fifteen rooms.

But they are empty, except for the rats. The rats run about in them and fight.

But his wife?

He has nobody. Probably his wife is dead.

His wife is dead.

His wife is dead.

During this conversation and that which follows, the OLD WOMEN in strange garments enter noiselessly and without attracting attention replace the quietly withdrawing DRUNKARDS. They mingle in the conversation, but so gradually that no one notices it.

CONVERSATION OF THE DRUNKARDS
AND THE OLD WOMEN

OLD WOMAN. He will soon die. He is so feeble he can scarcely walk.

DRUNKARD. He has fifteen rooms.

OLD WOMAN. Listen to his heart. How unevenly and feebly it beats. It will soon stop.

DRUNKARD. Invite us to your house, Man. You have fifteen rooms.

OLD WOMAN. It will soon stop — the big, old, feeble heart of Man.

DRUNKARD. He is asleep, the drunken fool. It is frightful to sleep, and yet he sleeps on. He might die in his sleep. Hey, there! Wake him up!

OLD WOMAN. Do you recall how his heart used to beat — fresh and strong?

Subdued laughter.

DRUNKARD. Who's laughing? There are intruders here.

DRUNKARD. Only in your imagination. There is no one here but us — us drunkards.

DRUNKARD. I will go out on the street and raise a disturbance. I have been robbed. I am completely naked. I have a green skin.

OLD WOMAN. Good evening.

DRUNKARD. Again the wheels are rumbling. My God! They will crush me. Help!

No one answers.

OLD WOMAN. Good evening.

OLD WOMAN. Do you remember how he was born?

OLD WOMAN. I think you were there.

DRUNKARD. It must be I am dying. My God! My God! Who will carry me to the grave? Who will bury me? I shall lie about like a dog in the street. People will walk over me. Carriages will ride over me. They will crush me. My God! My God! *(He weeps.)*

OLD WOMAN. Allow me to congratulate

you, my dear kinsman, on the birth of your son.

DRUNKARD. I am firmly convinced that there is an error here. A straight line that presents the form of a closed circle is simply ridiculous.

DRUNKARD. I will prove it to you in a jiffy.

DRUNKARD. You are quite right.

DRUNKARD. My God! My God!

DRUNKARD. Only people who are ignorant of mathematics will admit it. I won't admit it. Do you hear? I won't admit it.

OLD WOMAN. Do you remember the rose-coloured dress and the naked throat?

OLD WOMAN. And the flowers — the lilies-of-the-valley on which the dew had not yet dried, and the violets, and the green grass?

OLD WOMAN. Don't touch them, girls! Don't touch the flowers!

Subdued laughter.

DRUNKARD. My God! My God!

The DRUNKARDS are all gone. Their places are occupied by the OLD WOMEN with strange garments. The light, though very faint, becomes steady. The figure of the UNKNOWN comes sharply out as does also the grey head of MAN, upon which from above falls a feeble light.

CONVERSATION OF THE OLD WOMEN

Good evening.

Good evening. What a glorious night!

Well, we are together again. How are you?

I have a cough.

Subdued laughter.

It won't be long now. He will soon die. Look at the candle. The flame is blue and narrow and droops toward the sides. There is no wax left now — only the wick is burning.

It does not want to go out.

When did you ever see a flame that wanted to go out?

Stop quarrelling! Stop quarrelling! Whether it wants to go out or not, time is passing.

Do you remember his automobile? Once it almost crushed me.

And his fifteen rooms?

I have just been there. I was nearly eaten by the rats, and I caught cold from the draughts. Now that some one has stolen the windows, the wind sweeps through the whole house.

Did you lie on the bed where his wife died? How soft it is, isn't it?

Yes, I went through all the rooms and mused a bit. They have such a dear nursery. Only it is too bad that the windows 10 are broken there, too, and the wind rustles amid the dust. The child's little bed is so dear! The mice have now built their nests in it and are raising their families.

Such dear little naked micelets.

Subdued laughter.

And in the study on the table lie the toys — the horse without a tail, the soldier cap, and the red-nosed clown. I played a 20 bit with them. I put on the cap. It quite becomes me. But there's a terrible lot of dust on them. I was just covered with dirt.

But were you not in the hall where 25 the dance took place? It is so cheerful there!

Yes, I was there, but just imagine what I saw. It was dark. The panes were all broken and the wind was rustling in the 30 wall-paper —

It makes a sound like music.

And along the wall in the darkness were squatted the guests. Oh, if you only knew how they looked!

We know!

And with grinning teeth they barked abruptly: "How costly! How gorgeous!" Surely you are joking!

Of course I am joking. You know how 40 jolly I am.

How costly! How luxurious!

How gorgeous!

Subdued laughter.

Remind him.

How costly! How gorgeous!

Do you remember the music at your ball?

He will soon die.

The dancers circled about and the music 50 played so tenderly, so beautifully. This is the way it played.

They form a semicircle about MAN and

in a low voice hum the tune that was played at the ball.

Let's have a ball. It is so long since I have danced.

5 Just imagine that this is a palace, a miraculously beautiful palace.

Call the musicians! You cannot have a good dance without music.

Musicians!

Do you remember?

They strike up the tune and at the same moment the three musicians who played at the ball descend the stairs. The one with a violin carefully spreads the handkerchief 15 over his shoulder, and all three begin to play with extreme painstaking, though the sounds are low, soft, and sad as in a dream.

Now we have a ball!

How costly! How gorgeous!

How brilliant!

Do you remember?

Humming in a low tone in time with the music, they begin to circle about MAN, posturing and repeating with wild distortions the movements of the girls in white robes who danced at the ball. During the first musical phrase they circle about, and during the second they approach each other and then draw apart gracefully and silently. They whisper in low voices.

Do you remember?

You will soon die, but do you remember?

Do you remember?

Do you remember?

35 You will soon die, but do you remember?

Do you remember?

The dance becomes swifter and the movements more jerky. Through the voices of the OLD WOMEN who are singing there glide strange, whimpering notes; and the same strange laughter, as yet subdued, runs like a low rustling through the dancers. As they sweep past MAN they discharge, as it were, into his ears abrupt whispers:

45 Do you remember?

Do you remember?

How tender! How fine!

How restful to the soul!

Do you remember?

You will soon die. You will soon die.

You will soon die —

Do you remember?

The whirling dance becomes swifter and

the movements still more abrupt. Suddenly all is silent and motionless. The musicians become rigid, with their instruments in their hands. The dancing women are motionless in the same attitudes in which the oncoming of silence found them.

MAN rises, straightens himself, throws back threateningly his beautiful grey head, and cries out in a challenging voice, unexpectedly loud and full of sorrow and anger. After each brief utterance there is a short but profound silence.

MAN. Where is my armour-bearer? Where my sword? Where is my shield? I am weaponless. Come hither quickly, quickly. Be accurs—

(He sinks upon a chair with head thrown back and dies.)

At the same instant the candle, flaring up, goes out, and a deep gloom envelops all objects. It is as though the gloom were pouring down the stairway and gradually spreading over everything. Only the face of MAN is illuminated. Low, indistinct conversation of the OLD WOMEN, whispering and interchanging laughter.

THE BEING IN GREY. Silence! Man is dead.

Profound silence, during which the same cold, indifferent voice repeats the words from the far distance like an echo: "Silence! Man is dead." Profound silence. Slowly the gloom becomes thicker, but the mice-like figures of the OLD WOMEN watchers can still be seen. Now quietly and silently they begin to circle about the corpse. Then they begin to hum in a low tone, and the musicians begin to play. The gloom becomes still more dense, and as the music and singing become louder and louder the wild dance becomes more unrestrained. They are no longer dancing but wildly whirling about the corpse, stamping and shrieking with continuous, wild laughter. Absolute darkness ensues. The face of the dead is still illumined, but presently that also vanishes. Black, impenetrable darkness.

In the darkness one can hear the movements of the wild dancers, the shrieking, the laughter, and the discordant and desperately loud sounds of the orchestra. Having attained their greatest intensity, all these sounds quickly withdraw somewhere and die away. Silence.

Curtain.

NORWEGIAN

IBSEN

(1828-1906)

Henrik Johan Ibsen, Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skein, the son of a merchant. When he was eight years old the family was impoverished by his father's failure in business. At fifteen Henrik became an apothecary's assistant, and at nineteen began to write poetry. When he was twenty-two he left the apothecary's shop to go as a student to Christiania. In that year (1850) two of his plays (*Cataline* and *The Viking's Barrow*) were performed at the Christiania theater. A year later he became director of the theater in Bergen. During the six years of his directorship he wrote *St. John's Night* (1853), *Lady Inger of Østrol* (1855), *The Feast of Solhaug* (1856), and *Oleff Liljekrans* (1857). In 1857 he left Bergen to become manager of a theater in Christiania. In *Love's Comedy* (1862) he began his life-long fight against the majority. The public indignantly misunderstood him. His theater failed in 1862 and he took charge of another in the same city, for which he wrote *The Pretenders* (1864). In the same year his application for a poet's pension was rejected, and, deeply resentful, Ibsen departed for Italy. After the publication of *Brand* (1866) the poet's pension was granted. The climax of his early work was *Peer Gynt* (1867). In 1867 he also began writing prose dramas with *The League of Youth*. He returned to the poetic vein in 1873 with the impassioned prose of *Emperor and Galilean*. From 1868 to 1891 Ibsen lived in Germany, then returned to Christiania, where he remained until his death. The best-known plays of the later period are *A Doll's House* (1879), *Ghosts* (1881), *An Enemy of the People* (1882), *The Wild Duck* (1884), *Rosmersholm* (1886), *Hedda Gabler* (1890), and *The Master Builder* (1892).

• One of the first in his time to perceive or at least to expose the diseases of modern society, Ibsen was persistently misunderstood and reviled. His clarity of vision was labeled not only morbidity but immorality, and the fine restraint of his art, coldness. Later years have discarded these tags and recognized the superb technical skill of the poet, his devotion to humanity, his passionate faith in the rights of the individual against the unenlightened majority. Of the time in which he lived he was undoubtedly the leading dramatist.

GHOSTS

CHARACTERS

MRS. ALVING, *a widow.*

OSWALD ALVING, *her son, an artist.*

MANDERS, *the Pastor of the parish.*

ENGSTRAND, *a carpenter.*

REGINA ENGSTRAND, *his daughter, in Mrs. ALVING'S service.*

(The action takes place at Mrs. Alving's house on one of the larger fjords of western Norway.)

ACT I

SCENE. — *A large room looking upon a garden. A door in the left-hand wall, and two in the right. In the middle of the room, a round table with chairs set about it, and books, magazines and newspapers upon it. In the foreground on the left, a window, by which is a small sofa with a work-table in front of it. At the back the room opens into a conservatory rather smaller than the room. From the right-hand side of this a door leads to the garden. Through the large panes of glass that form the outer wall of the conservatory, a gloomy fjord landscape can be discerned, half obscured by steady rain.*

ENGSTRAND is standing close up to the garden door. His left leg is slightly deformed, and he wears a boot with a clump of wood under the sole. REGINA, with an empty garden syringe in her hand, is trying to prevent his coming in.

REGINA (*below her breath*). What is it you want? Stay where you are. The rain is dripping off you.

ENGSTRAND. God's good rain, my girl.

REGINA. The Devil's own rain, that's what it is!

ENGSTRAND. Lord, how you talk, Regina. (*Takes a few limping steps forward.*) What I wanted to tell you was this —

REGINA. Don't clump about like that, stupid! The young master is lying asleep upstairs.

ENGSTRAND. Asleep? In the middle of the day?

REGINA. Well, it's no business of yours.

ENGSTRAND. I was out on the spree last night —

5 REGINA. I don't doubt it.

ENGSTRAND. Yes, we are poor weak mortals, my girl —

REGINA. We are indeed.

ENGSTRAND. — and the temptations 10 of the world are manifold, you know — but, for all that, here I was at my work at half-past five this morning.

REGINA. Yes, yes, but make yourself scarce now. I am not going to stand here 15 as if I had a *rendez-vous* with you.

ENGSTRAND. As if you had a what?

REGINA. I am not going to have any one find you here; so now you know, and you can go.

20 ENGSTRAND (*coming a few steps nearer*). Not a bit of it! Not before we have had a little chat. This afternoon I shall have finished my job down at the school house, and I shall be off home to town by to-night's boat.

REGINA (*mutters*). Pleasant journey to you!

ENGSTRAND. Thanks, my girl. To-morrow is the opening of the Orphanage, and I expect there will be a fine kick-up here and plenty of good strong drink, don't you know. And no one shall say of Jacob Engstrand that he can't hold off when temptation comes in his way.

35 REGINA. Oho!

ENGSTRAND. Yes, because there will be a lot of fine folk here to-morrow. Parson Manders is expected from town, too.

REGINA. What is more, he's coming to-day.

ENGSTRAND. There you are! And I'm going to be precious careful he doesn't have anything to say against me, do you see?

45 REGINA. Oh, that's your game, is it?

ENGSTRAND. What do you mean?

REGINA (*with a significant look at him*).

What is it you want to humbug Mr. Manders out of, this time?

ENGSTRAND. Sh! Sh! Are you crazy? Do you suppose I would want to humbug Mr. Manders? No, no — Mr. Manders has always been too kind a friend for me to do that. But what I wanted to talk to you about, was my going back home to-night.

REGINA. The sooner you go, the better I shall be pleased.

ENGSTRAND. Yes, only I want to take you with me, Regina.

REGINA (*open-mouthed*). You want to take me —? What did you say?

ENGSTRAND. I want to take you home with me, I said.

REGINA (*contemptuously*). You will never get me home with you.

ENGSTRAND. Ah, we shall see about that.

REGINA. Yes, you can be quite certain we shall see about that. I, who have been brought up by a lady like Mrs. Alving? — I, who have been treated almost as if I were her own child? — do you suppose I am going home with you? — to such a house as yours? Not likely!

ENGSTRAND. What the devil do you mean? Are you setting yourself up against your father, you hussy?

REGINA (*mutters, without looking at him*). You have often told me I was none of yours.

ENGSTRAND. Bah! — why do you want to pay any attention to that?

REGINA. Haven't you many and many a time abused me and called me a —? For shame!

ENGSTRAND. I'll swear I never used such an ugly word.

REGINA. Oh, it doesn't matter what word you used.

ENGSTRAND. Besides, that was only when I was a bit fuddled — hm! Temptations are manifold in this world, Regina.

REGINA. Ugh!

ENGSTRAND. And it was when your mother was in a nasty temper. I had to find some way of getting my knife into her, my girl. She was always so precious genteel. (*Mimicking her*). "Let go,

Jacob! Let me be! Please to remember that I was three years with the Alvings at Rosenvold, and they were people who went to Court!" (*Laughs*.) Bless my soul, she never could forget that Captain Alving got a Court appointment while she was in service here.

REGINA. Poor mother — you worried her into her grave pretty soon.

ENGSTRAND (*shrugging his shoulders*). Of course, of course; I have got to take the blame for everything.

REGINA (*beneath her breath, as she turns away*). Ugh — that leg, too!

ENGSTRAND. What are you saying, my girl?

REGINA. *Pied de mouton*.¹

ENGSTRAND. Is that English?

REGINA. Yes.

ENGSTRAND. You have had a good education out here, and no mistake; and it may stand you in good stead now, Regina.

REGINA (*after a short silence*). And what was it you wanted me to come to town for?

ENGSTRAND. Need you ask why a father wants his only child? Ain't I a poor lonely widower?

REGINA. Oh, don't come to me with that tale. Why do you want me to go?

ENGSTRAND. Well, I must tell you I am thinking of taking up a new line now.

REGINA (*whistles*). You have tried that so often — but it has always proved a fool's errand.

ENGSTRAND. Ah, but this time you will just see, Regina! Strike me dead if —

REGINA (*stamping her foot*). Stop swearing!

ENGSTRAND. Sh! Sh! — you're quite right, my girl, quite right! What I wanted to say was only this, that I have put up a tidy penny out of what I have made by working at this new Orphanage up here.

REGINA. Have you? All the better for you.

ENGSTRAND. What is there for a man to spend his money on, out here in the country?

REGINA. Well, what then?

ENGSTRAND. Well, you see, I thought

¹ Leg of mutton.

of putting the money into something that would pay. I thought of some kind of an eating-house for seafaring folk —

REGINA. Heavens!

ENGSTRAND. Oh, a high-class eating-house, of course, — not a pigsty for common sailors. Damn it, no; it would be a place ships' captains and first mates would come to; really good sort of people, you know.

REGINA. And what should I —?

ENGSTRAND. You would help there. But only to make a show, you know. You wouldn't find it hard work, I can promise you, my girl. You should do exactly as you liked.

REGINA. Oh, yes, quite so!

ENGSTRAND. But we must have some women in the house; that is as clear as daylight. Because in the evening we must make the place a little attractive — some singing and dancing, and that sort of thing. Remember they are seafolk — wayfarers on the waters of life! (*Coming nearer to her.*) Now don't be a fool and stand in your own way, Regina. What good are you going to do here? Will this education, that your mistress has paid for, be of any use? You are to look after the children in the new Home, I hear. Is that the sort of work for you? Are you so frightfully anxious to go and wear out your health and strength for the sake of these dirty brats?

REGINA. No, if things were to go as I want them to, then —. Well, it may happen; who knows? It may happen!

ENGSTRAND. What may happen?

REGINA. Never you mind. Is it much that you have put by, up here?

ENGSTRAND. Taking it all around, I should say about forty or fifty pounds.

REGINA. That's not so bad.

ENGSTRAND. It's enough to make a start with, my child.

REGINA. Don't you mean to give me any of the money?

ENGSTRAND. No, I'm hanged if I do.

REGINA. Don't you mean to send me as much as a dress-length of stuff, just for once?

ENGSTRAND. Come and live in the town

with me and you shall have plenty of dresses.

REGINA. Pooh! — I can get that much for myself, if I have a mind to.

ENGSTRAND. But it's far better to have a father's guiding hand, Regina. Just now I can get a nice house in Little Harbour Street. They don't want much money down for it — and we could make it like a sort of seamen's home, don't you know.

REGINA. But I have no intention of living with you! I have nothing whatever to do with you. So now, be off!

ENGSTRAND. You wouldn't be living with me long, my girl. No such luck — not if you knew how to play your cards. Such a fine wench as you have grown this last year or two —

REGINA. Well —?

ENGSTRAND. It wouldn't be very long before some first mate came along — or perhaps a captain.

REGINA. I don't mean to marry a man of that sort. Sailors have no *savoir-vivre*.¹

ENGSTRAND. What haven't they got?

REGINA. I know what sailors are, I tell you. They aren't the sort of people to marry.

ENGSTRAND. Well, don't bother about marrying them. You can make it pay just as well. (*More confidentially.*) That fellow — the Englishman — the one with the yacht — he gave seventy pounds, he did; and she wasn't a bit prettier than you.

REGINA (*advancing towards him*). Get out!

ENGSTRAND (*stepping back*). Here! here! — you're not going to hit me, I suppose?

REGINA. Yes. If you talk like that of mother, I will hit you. Get out, I tell you! (*Pushes him up to the garden door.*) And don't bang the doors. Young Mr.

Alving —

ENGSTRAND. Is asleep — I know. It's funny how anxious you are about young Mr. Alving. (*In a lower tone.*) Oho! is it possible that it is *he* that —?

REGINA. Get out and be quick about it! Your wits are wandering, my good man. No, don't go that way; Mr.

¹ Good manners.

Manders is just coming along. Be off down the kitchen stairs.

ENGSTRAND (*moving towards the right*). Yes, yes — all right. But have a bit of a chat with him that's coming along. He's the chap to tell you what a child owes to its father. For I am your father, anyway, you know. I can prove it by the Register. (*He goes out through the farther door which REGINA has opened. She shuts it after him, looks hastily at herself in the mirror, fans herself with her handkerchief and sets her collar straight; then busies herself with the flowers. MANDERS enters the conservatory through the garden door. He wears an overcoat, carries an umbrella, and has a small traveling-bag slung over his shoulder on a strap.*)

MANDERS. Good morning, Miss Engstrand.

REGINA (*turning round with a look of pleased surprise*). Oh, Mr. Manders, good morning. The boat is in, then?

MANDERS. Just in. (*Comes into the room.*) It is most tiresome, this rain every day.

REGINA (*following him in*). It's a splendid rain for the farmers, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Yes, you are right. We town-folk think so little about that. (*Begins to take off his overcoat.*)

REGINA. Oh, let me help you. That's it. Why, how wet it is! I will hang it up in the hall. Give me your umbrella, too; I will leave it open, so that it will dry. (*She goes out with the things by the farther door on the right. MANDERS lays his bag and his hat down on a chair. REGINA re-enters.*)

MANDERS. Ah, it's very pleasant to get indoors. Well, is everything going on well here?

REGINA. Yes, thanks.

MANDERS. Properly busy, though, I expect, getting ready for to-morrow?

REGINA. Oh, yes, there is plenty to do.

MANDERS. And Mrs. Alving is at home, I hope?

REGINA. Yes, she is. She has just gone upstairs to take the young master his chocolate.

MANDERS. Tell me — I heard down at the pier that Oswald had come back.

REGINA. Yes, he came the day before yesterday. We didn't expect him until 5 to-day.

MANDERS. Strong and well, I hope?

REGINA. Yes, thank you, well enough. But dreadfully tired after his journey. He came straight from Paris without a stop — I mean, he came all the way without breaking his journey. I fancy he is having a sleep now, so we must talk a little bit more quietly, if you don't mind.

MANDERS. All right, we will be very 15 quiet.

REGINA (*while she moves an armchair up to the table*). Please sit down, Mr. Manders, and make yourself at home. (*He sits down; she puts a footstool under 20 his feet.*) There! Is that comfortable?

MANDERS. Thank you, thank you. That is most comfortable. (*Looks at her.*) I'll tell you what, Miss Engstrand, I certainly think you have grown since I saw you last.

REGINA. Do you think so? Mrs. Alving says, too, that I have developed.

MANDERS. Developed? Well, perhaps a little — just suitably. (*A short pause.*)

REGINA. Shall I tell Mrs. Alving you are here?

MANDERS. Thanks, there is no hurry, my dear child. — Now tell me, Regina my dear, how has your father been getting on 35 here?

REGINA. Thank you, Mr. Manders, he is getting on pretty well.

MANDERS. He came to see me, the last time he was in town.

REGINA. Did he? He is always so glad 40 when he can have a chat with you.

MANDERS. And I suppose you have seen him pretty regularly every day?

REGINA. I? Oh, yes, I do — whenever I have time, that is to say.

MANDERS. Your father has not a very strong character, Miss Engstrand. He sadly needs a guiding hand.

REGINA. Yes, I can quite believe 50 that.

MANDERS. He needs some one with him that he can cling to, some one whose judgment he can rely on. He acknowledged

that freely himself, the last time he came up to see me.

REGINA. Yes, he has said something of the same sort to me. But I don't know whether Mrs. Alving could do without me — most of all just now, when we have the new Orphanage to see about. And I should be dreadfully unwilling to leave Mrs. Alving, too; she has always been so good to me.

MANDERS. But a daughter's duty, my good child —. Naturally we should have to get your mistress' consent first.

REGINA. Still I don't know whether it would be quite the thing, at my age, to keep house for a single man.

MANDERS. What!! My dear Miss Engstrand, it is your own father we are speaking of!

REGINA. Yes, I dare say, but still —. Now, if it were in a good house and with a real gentleman —

MANDERS. But, my dear Regina —

REGINA. — one whom I could feel an affection for, and really feel in the position of a daughter to —

MANDERS. Come, come — my dear good child —

REGINA. I should like very much to live in town. Out here it is terribly lonely; and you know yourself, Mr. Manders, what it is to be alone in the world. And, though I say it, I really am both capable and willing. Don't you know any place that would be suitable for me, Mr. Manders?

MANDERS. I? No, indeed I don't.

REGINA. But, dear Mr. Manders — at any rate don't forget me, in case —

MANDERS (*getting up*). No, I won't forget you, Miss Engstrand.

REGINA. Because, if I —

MANDERS. Perhaps you will be so kind as to let Mrs. Alving know I am here?

REGINA. I will fetch her at once, Mr. Manders. (*Goes out to the left. MANDERS walks up and down the room once or twice, stands for a moment at the farther end of the room with his hands behind his back and looks out into the garden. Then he comes back to the table, takes up a book and looks at the title page, gives a start, and looks at some of the others.*)

MANDERS. Hm! — Really! (*MRS. ALVING comes in by the door on the left. She is followed by REGINA, who goes out at once through the nearer door on the right.*)

MRS. ALVING (*holding out her hand*). I am very glad to see you, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. How do you do, Mrs. Alving. Here I am, as I promised.

MRS. ALVING. Always punctual!

MANDERS. Indeed, I was hard put to it to get away. What with vestry meetings and committees —

MRS. ALVING. It was all the kinder of you to come in such good time; we can settle our business before dinner. But where is your luggage?

MANDERS (*quickly*). My things are down at the village shop. I am going to sleep there to-night.

MRS. ALVING (*repressing a smile*). Can't I really persuade you to stay the night here this time?

MANDERS. No. No; many thanks all the same; I will put up there, as usual. It is so handy for getting on board the boat again.

MRS. ALVING. Of course you shall do as you please. But it seems to me quite another thing, now we are two old people —

MANDERS. Ha! ha! You will have your joke! And it's natural you should be in high spirits to-day — first of all there is the great event to-morrow, and also you have got Oswald home.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, am I not a lucky woman! It is more than two years since he was home last, and he has promised to stay the whole winter with me.

MANDERS. Has he, really? That is very nice and filial of him; because there must be many more attractions in his life in Rome or in Paris, I should think.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, but he has his mother here, you see. Bless the dear boy, he has got a corner in his heart for his mother still.

MANDERS. Oh, it would be very sad if absence and pre-occupation with such a thing as Art were to dull the natural affections.

MRS. ALVING. It would, indeed. But

there is no fear of that with him, I am glad to say. I am quite curious to see if you recognize him again. He will be down directly; he is just lying down for a little on the sofa upstairs. But do sit down, my dear friend.

MANDERS. Thank you. You are sure I am not disturbing you?

MRS. ALVING. Of course not. *(She sits down at the table.)*

MANDERS. Good. Then I will show you —. *(He goes to the chair where his bag is lying and takes a packet of papers from it; then sits down at the opposite side of the table and looks for a clear space to put the papers down.)* Now first of all, here is — *(breaks off)*. Tell me, Mrs. Alving, what are these books doing here?

MRS. ALVING. These books? I am reading them.

MANDERS. Do you read this sort of things?

MRS. ALVING. Certainly I do.

MANDERS. Do you feel any the better or the happier for reading books of this kind?

MRS. ALVING. I think it makes me, as it were, more self-reliant.

MANDERS. That is remarkable. But why?

MRS. ALVING. Well, they give me an explanation or a confirmation of lots of different ideas that have come into my own mind. But what surprises me, Mr. Manders, is that, properly speaking, there is nothing at all new in these books. There is nothing more in them than what most people think and believe. The only thing is, that most people either take no account of it or won't admit it to themselves.

MANDERS. But, good heavens, do you seriously think that most people —?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, indeed, I do.

MANDERS. But not here in the country at any rate? Not here amongst people like ourselves?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, amongst people like ourselves too.

MANDERS. Well, really, I must say —!

MRS. ALVING. But what is the particular objection that you have to these books?

MANDERS. What objection? You

surely don't suppose that I take any particular interest in such productions?

MRS. ALVING. In fact, you don't know anything about what you are denouncing?

MANDERS. I have read quite enough about these books to disapprove of them.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, but your own opinion —

MANDERS. My dear Mrs. Alving, there are many occasions in life when one has to rely on the opinion of others. That is the way in this world, and it is quite right that it should be so. What would become of society, otherwise?

MRS. ALVING. Well, you may be right.

MANDERS. Apart from that, naturally I don't deny that literature of this kind may have a considerable attraction. And I cannot blame you, either, for wishing to make yourself acquainted with the intellectual tendencies which I am told are at work in the wider world in which you have allowed your son to wander for so long. But —

MRS. ALVING. But —?

MANDERS. *(lowering his voice)*. But one doesn't talk about it, Mrs. Alving. One certainly is not called upon to account to every one for what one reads or thinks in the privacy of one's own home.

MRS. ALVING. Certainly not. I quite agree with you.

MANDERS. Just think of the consideration you owe to this Orphanage, which you decided to build at a time when your thoughts on such subjects were very different from what they are now — as far as I am able to judge.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I freely admit that. But it was about the Orphanage —

MANDERS. It was about the Orphanage we were going to talk; quite so. Well — walk warily, dear Mrs. Alving! And now let us turn to the business in hand. *(Opens an envelope and takes out some papers.)* You see these?

MRS. ALVING. The deeds?

MANDERS. Yes, the whole lot — and everything in order. I can tell you it has been no easy matter to get them in time. I had positively to put pressure on the authorities; they are almost painfully conscientious when it is a question of

settling property. But here they are at last. (*Turns over the papers.*) Here is the deed of conveyance of that part of the Rosenvold estate known as the Solvik property, together with the buildings newly erected thereon — the school, the masters' houses and the chapel. And here is the legal sanction for the statutes of the institution. Here, you see — (*reads*) "Statutes for the Alving Orphanage."

MRS. ALVING (*after a long look at the papers*). That seems all in order.

MANDERS. I thought "Captain" was the better title to use, rather than your husband's Court title of "Chamberlain." "Captain" seems less ostentatious.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes; just as you think best.

MANDERS. And here is the certificate for the investment of the capital in the bank, the interest being earmarked for the current expenses of the Orphanage.

MRS. ALVING. Many thanks; but I think it will be most convenient if you will kindly take charge of them.

MANDERS. With pleasure. I think it will be best to leave the money in the bank for the present. The interest is not very high, it is true; four per cent at six months' call. Later on, if we can find some good mortgage — of course it must be a first mortgage and on unexceptionable security — we can consider the matter further.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes, my dear Mr. Manders, you know best about all that.

MANDERS. I will keep my eye on it, anyway. But there is one thing in connection with it that I have often meant to ask you about.

MRS. ALVING. What is that?

MANDERS. Shall we insure the buildings, or not?

MRS. ALVING. Of course we must insure them.

MANDERS. Ah, but wait a moment, dear lady. Let us look into the matter a little more closely.

MRS. ALVING. Everything of mine is insured — the house and its contents, my livestock — everything.

MANDERS. Naturally. They are your own property. I do exactly the same, of

course. But this, you see, is quite a different case. The Orphanage is, so to speak, dedicated to higher uses.

MRS. ALVING. Certainly, but —

MANDERS. As far as I am personally concerned, I can conscientiously say that I don't see the smallest objection to our insuring ourselves against all risks.

MRS. ALVING. That is exactly what I think.

MANDERS. But what about the opinion of the people hereabouts?

MRS. ALVING. Their opinion —?

MANDERS. Is there any considerable body of opinion here — opinion of some account, I mean — that might take exception to it?

MRS. ALVING. What, exactly, do you mean by opinion of some account?

MANDERS. Well, I was thinking particularly of persons of such independent and influential position that one could hardly refuse to attach weight to their opinion.

MRS. ALVING. There are a certain number of such people here, who might perhaps take exception to it if we —

MANDERS. That's just it, you see. In town there are lots of them. All my fellow-clergymen's congregations, for instance! It would be so extremely easy for them to interpret it as meaning that neither you nor I had a proper reliance on Divine protection.

MRS. ALVING. But as far as you are concerned, my dear friend, you have at all events the consciousness that —

MANDERS. Yes, I know, I know; my own mind is quite easy about it, it is true. But we should not be able to prevent a wrong and injurious interpretation of our action. And that sort of thing, moreover, might very easily end in exercising a hampering influence on the work of the Orphanage.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, well, if that is likely to be the effect of it —

MANDERS. Nor can I entirely overlook the difficult — indeed, I may say, painful — position I might possibly be placed in. In the best circles in town the matter of this Orphanage is attracting a great deal of attention. Indeed the Orphanage is to some extent built for the benefit of the

town too, and it is to be hoped that it may result in the lowering of our poor-rate by a considerable amount. But as I have been your adviser in the matter and have taken charge of the business side of it, I should be afraid that it would be I that spiteful persons would attack first of all —

MRS. ALVING. Yes, you ought not to expose yourself to that.

MANDERS. Not to mention the attacks that would undoubtedly be made upon me in certain newspapers and reviews —

MRS. ALVING. Say no more about it, dear Mr. Manders; that quite decides it.

MANDERS. Then you don't wish it to be insured?

MRS. ALVING. No, we will give up the idea.

MANDERS (*leaning back in his chair*). But suppose, now, that some accident happened? — one can never tell — would you be prepared to make good the damage?

MRS. ALVING. No; I tell you quite plainly I would not do so under any circumstances.

MANDERS. Still, you know, Mrs. Alving — after all, it is a serious responsibility that we are taking upon ourselves.

MRS. ALVING. But do you think we can do otherwise?

MANDERS. No, that's just it. We really can't do otherwise. We ought not to expose ourselves to a mistaken judgment; and we have no right to do anything that will scandalise the community.

MRS. ALVING. You ought not to, as a clergyman, at any rate.

MANDERS. And, what is more, I certainly think that we may count upon our enterprise being attended by good fortune — indeed, that it will be under a special protection.

MRS. ALVING. Let us hope so, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Then we will leave it alone?

MRS. ALVING. Certainly.

MANDERS. Very good. As you wish. (*Makes a note.*) No insurance, then.

MRS. ALVING. It's a funny thing that you should just have happened to speak about that to-day —

MANDERS. I have often meant to ask you about it —

MRS. ALVING. — because yesterday we very nearly had a fire up there.

MANDERS. Do you mean it!

MRS. ALVING. Oh, as a matter of fact it was nothing of any consequence. Some shavings in the carpenter's shop caught fire.

MANDERS. Where Engstrand works?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. They say he is often so careless with matches.

MANDERS. He has so many things on his mind, poor fellow — so many anxieties. Heaven be thanked, I am told he is really making an effort to live a blameless life.

MRS. ALVING. Really? Who told you so?

MANDERS. He assured me himself that it is so. He's a good workman, too.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, yes, when he is sober.

MANDERS. Ah, that sad weakness of his! But the pain in his poor leg often drives him to it, he tells me. The last time he was in town, I was really quite touched by him. He came to my house and thanked me so gratefully for getting him to work here, where he could have the chance of being with Regina.

MRS. ALVING. He doesn't see very much of her.

MANDERS. But he assured me that he saw her every day.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, well, perhaps he does.

MANDERS. He feels so strongly that he needs some one who can keep a hold on him when temptations assail him. That is the most winning thing about Jacob Engstrand; he comes to one like a helpless child and accuses himself and confesses his frailty. The last time he came and had a talk with me —. Suppose now, Mrs. Alving, that it were really a necessity of his existence to have Regina at home with him again —

MRS. ALVING (*standing up suddenly*). Regina!

MANDERS. — you ought not to set yourself against him.

MRS. ALVING. Indeed, I set myself very definitely against that. And, be-

sides, you know Regina is to have a post in the Orphanage.

MANDERS. But consider, after all he is her father —

MRS. ALVING. I know best what sort of a father he has been to her. No, she shall never go to him with my consent.

MANDERS (*getting up*). My dear lady, don't judge so hastily. It is very sad how you misjudge poor Engstrand. One would really think you were afraid —

MRS. ALVING (*more calmly*). That is not the question. I have taken Regina into my charge, and in my charge she remains. (*Listens.*) Hush, dear Mr. Manders, don't say any more about it. (*Her face brightens with pleasure.*) Listen! Oswald is coming downstairs. We will only think about him now. (OSWALD ALVING, in a light overcoat, hat in hand and smoking a big meerschaum pipe, comes in by the door on the left.)

OSWALD (*standing in the doorway*). Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were in the office. (*Comes in.*) Good morning, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS (*staring at him*). Well! It's most extraordinary —

MRS. ALVING. Yes, what do you think of him, Mr. Manders?

MANDERS. I — I — no, can it possibly be —?

OSWALD. Yes, it really is the prodigal son, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Oh, my dear young friend —

OSWALD. Well, the son come home, then.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald is thinking of the time when you were so opposed to the idea of his being a painter.

MANDERS. We are only fallible, and many steps seem to us hazardous at first, that afterwards — (*grasps his hand*). Welcome, welcome! Really, my dear Oswald — may I still call you Oswald?

OSWALD. What else would you think of calling me?

MANDERS. Thank you. What I mean, my dear Oswald, is that you must not imagine that I have any unqualified disapproval of the artist's life. I admit that there are many who, even in that career, can keep the inner man free from harm.

OSWALD. Let us hope so.

MRS. ALVING (*beaming with pleasure*). I know one who has kept both the inner and the outer man free from harm. Just take a look at him, Mr. Manders.

OSWALD (*walks across the room*). Yes, yes, mother dear, of course.

MANDERS. Undoubtedly — no one can deny it. And I hear you have begun to make a name for yourself. I have often seen mention of you in the papers — and extremely favourable mention, too. Although, I must admit, latterly I have not seen your name so often.

OSWALD (*going towards the conservatory*). I haven't done so much painting just lately.

MRS. ALVING. An artist must take a rest sometimes, like other people.

MANDERS. Of course, of course. At those times the artist is preparing and strengthening himself for a greater effort.

OSWALD. Yes. Mother, will dinner soon be ready?

MRS. ALVING. In half an hour. He has a fine appetite, thank goodness.

MANDERS. And a liking for tobacco, too.

OSWALD. I found father's pipe in the room upstairs, and —

MANDERS. Ah, that is what it was!

MRS. ALVING. What?

MANDERS. When Oswald came in at that door with the pipe in his mouth, I thought for the moment it was his father in the flesh.

OSWALD. Really?

MRS. ALVING. How can you say so! Oswald takes after me.

MANDERS. Yes, but there is an expression about the corners of his mouth — something about the lips — that reminds me so exactly of Mr. Alving — especially when he smokes.

MRS. ALVING. I don't think so at all. To my mind, Oswald has much more of a clergyman's mouth.

MANDERS. Well, yes — a good many of my colleagues in the church have a similar expression.

MRS. ALVING. But put your pipe down, my dear boy. I don't allow any smoking in here.

OSWALD (*puts down his pipe*). All

right, I only wanted to try it, because I smoked it once when I was a child.

MRS. ALVING. You?

OSWALD. Yes; it was when I was quite a little chap. And I can remember going upstairs to father's room one evening when he was in very good spirits.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, you can't remember anything about those days.

OSWALD. Yes, I remember plainly that he took me on his knee and let me smoke his pipe. "Smoke, my boy," he said, "have a good smoke, boy!" And I smoked as hard as I could, until I felt I was turning quite pale and the perspiration was standing in great drops on my forehead. Then he laughed — such a hearty laugh —

MANDERS. It was an extremely odd thing to do.

MRS. ALVING. Dear Mr. Manders, Oswald only dreamt it.

OSWALD. No indeed, mother, it was no dream. Because — don't you remember — you came into the room and carried me off to the nursery, where I was sick, and I saw that you were crying. Did father often play such tricks?

MANDERS. In his young days he was full of fun —

OSWALD. And, for all that, he did so much with his life — so much that was good and useful, I mean — short as his life was.

MANDERS. Yes, my dear Oswald Alving, you have inherited the name of a man who undoubtedly was both energetic and worthy. Let us hope it will be a spur to your energies —

OSWALD. It ought to be, certainly.

MANDERS. In any case it was nice of you to come home for the day that is to honour his memory.

OSWALD. I could do no less for my father.

MRS. ALVING. And to let me keep him so long here — that's the nicest part of what he has done.

MANDERS. Yes, I hear you are going to spend the winter at home.

OSWALD. I am here for an indefinite time, Mr. Manders. — Oh, it's good to be at home again!

MRS. ALVING (*beaming*). Yes, isn't it?

MANDERS (*looking sympathetically at him*). You went out into the world very young, my dear Oswald.

OSWALD. I did. Sometimes I wonder if I wasn't too young.

MRS. ALVING. Not a bit of it. It is the best thing for an active boy, and especially for an only child. It's a pity when they are kept at home with their parents and get spoilt.

MANDERS. That is a very debatable question, Mrs. Alving. A child's own home is, and always is, and always must be, his proper place.

OSWALD. There I agree entirely with Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Take the case of your own son. Oh yes, we can talk about it before him. What has the result been in his case? He is six or seven and twenty, and has never yet had the opportunity of learning what a well-regulated home means.

OSWALD. Excuse me, Mr. Manders, you are quite wrong there.

MANDERS. Indeed? I imagined that your life abroad had practically been spent entirely in artistic circles.

OSWALD. So it has.

MANDERS. And chiefly amongst the younger artists.

OSWALD. Certainly.

MANDERS. But I imagined that those gentry, as a rule, had not the means necessary for family life and the support of a home.

OSWALD. There are a considerable number of them who have not the means to marry, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. That is exactly my point.

OSWALD. But they can have a home of their own, all the same; a good many of them have. And they are very well-regulated and very comfortable homes, too. (MRS. ALVING, *who has listened to him attentively, nods assent, but says nothing.*)

MANDERS. Oh, but I am not talking of bachelor establishments. By a home I mean family life — the life a man lives with his wife and children.

OSWALD. Exactly, or with his children and his children's mother.

MANDERS (*starts and clasps his hands*).
Good heavens!

OSWALD. What is the matter?

MANDERS. Lives with — with — his children's mother!

OSWALD. Well, would you rather he should repudiate his children's mother?

MANDERS. Then what you are speaking of are those unprincipled conditions known as irregular unions!

OSWALD. I have never noticed anything particularly unprincipled about these people's lives.

MANDERS. But do you mean to say that it is possible for a man of any sort of bringing up, and a young woman, to reconcile themselves to such a way of living — and to make no secret of it, either?

OSWALD. What else are they to do? A poor artist, and a poor girl — it costs a good deal to get married. What else are they to do?

MANDERS. What are they to do? Well, Mr. Alving, I will tell you what they ought to do. They ought to keep away from each other from the very beginning — that is what they ought to do!

OSWALD. That advice wouldn't have much effect upon hot-blooded young folk who are in love.

MRS. ALVING. No, indeed it wouldn't.

MANDERS (*persistently*). And to think that the authorities tolerate such things! That they are allowed to go on, openly! Had I so little reason, then, to be sadly concerned about your son? In circles where open immorality is rampant — where, one may say, it is honoured —

OSWALD. Let me tell you this, Mr. Manders. I have been a constant Sunday guest at one or two of these "irregular" households —

MANDERS. On Sunday, too!

OSWALD. Yes, that is the day of leisure. But never have I heard one objectionable word there, still less have I ever seen anything that could be called immoral. No; but do you know when and where I have met with immorality in artists' circles?

MANDERS. No, thank heaven, I don't!

OSWALD. Well, then, I shall have the pleasure of telling you. I have met with it when some one or other of your model husbands and fathers have come out there to have a bit of a look round on their own account, and have done the artists the honour of looking them up in their humble quarters. Then we had a chance of learning something, I can tell you. These gentlemen were able to instruct us about places and things that we had never so much as dreamt of.

MANDERS. What! Do you want me to believe that honourable men when they get away from home will —

OSWALD. Have you never, when these same honourable men come home again, heard them deliver themselves on the subject of the prevalence of immorality abroad?

MANDERS. Yes, of course, but —

MRS. ALVING. I have heard them, too.

OSWALD. Well, you can take their word for it, unhesitatingly. Some of them are experts in the matter. (*Putting his hands to his head.*) To think that the glorious freedom of the beautiful life over there should be so besmirched!

MRS. ALVING. You mustn't get too heated, Oswald; you gain nothing by that.

OSWALD. No, you are quite right, mother. Besides, it isn't good for me. It's because I am so infernally tired, you know. I will go out and take a turn before dinner. I beg your pardon, Mr. Manders. It is impossible for you to realise the feeling; but it takes me that way. (*Goes out by the farther door on the right.*)

MRS. ALVING. My poor boy!

MANDERS. You may well say so. This is what it has brought him to! (*MRS. ALVING looks at him, but does not speak.*) He called himself the prodigal son. It's only too true, alas — only too true! (*MRS. ALVING looks steadily at him.*) And what do you say to all this?

MRS. ALVING. I say that Oswald was right in every single word he said.

MANDERS. Right? Right? To hold such principles as that?

MRS. ALVING. In my loneliness here I have come to just the same opinions as he,

Mr. Manders. But I have never presumed to venture upon such topics in conversation. Now there is no need; my boy shall speak for me.

MANDERS. You deserve the deepest pity, Mrs. Alving. It is my duty to say an earnest word to you. It is no longer your business man and adviser, no longer your old friend and your dead husband's old friend, that stands before you now. It is your priest that stands before you, just as he did once at the most critical moment of your life.

MRS. ALVING. And what is it that my priest has to say to me?

MANDERS. First of all I must stir your memory. The moment is well chosen. To-morrow is the tenth anniversary of your husband's death; to-morrow the memorial to the departed will be unveiled; to-morrow I shall speak to the whole assembly that will be met together. But to-day I want to speak to you alone.

MRS. ALVING. Very well, Mr. Manders, speak!

MANDERS. Have you forgotten that after barely a year of married life you were standing at the very edge of a precipice? — that you forsook your house and home? — that you ran away from your husband — yes, Mrs. Alving, ran away, ran away — and refused to return to him in spite of his requests and entreaties?

MRS. ALVING. Have you forgotten how unspeakably unhappy I was during that first year?

MANDERS. To crave for happiness in this world is simply to be possessed by a spirit of revolt. What right have we to happiness? No, we must do our duty, Mrs. Alving. And your duty was to cleave to the man you had chosen and to whom you were bound by a sacred bond.

MRS. ALVING. You know quite well what sort of a life my husband was living at that time — what excesses he was guilty of.

MANDERS. I know only too well what rumour used to say of him; and I should be the last person to approve of his conduct as a young man, supposing that rumour

spoke the truth. But it is not a wife's part to be her husband's judge. You should have considered it your bounden duty humbly to have borne the cross that a higher will had laid upon you. But, instead of that, you rebelliously cast off your cross, you deserted the man whose stumbling footsteps you should have supported, you did what was bound to imperil your good name and reputation, and came very near to imperilling the reputation of others into the bargain.

MRS. ALVING. Of others? Of one other, you mean.

MANDERS. It was the height of imprudence, your seeking refuge with me.

MRS. ALVING. With our priest? With our intimate friend?

MANDERS. All the more on that account. You should thank God that I possessed the necessary strength of mind — that I was able to turn you from your outrageous intention, and that it was vouchsafed to me to succeed in leading you back into the path of duty and back to your lawful husband.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, Mr. Manders, that certainly was your doing.

MANDERS. I was but the humble instrument of a higher power. And is it not true that my having been able to bring you again under the yoke of duty and obedience sowed the seeds of a rich blessing on all the rest of your life? Did things not turn out as I foretold to you? Did not your husband turn from straying in the wrong path, as a man should? Did he not, after all, live a life of love and good report with you all his days? Did he not become a benefactor to the neighborhood? Did he not so raise you up to his level, that by degrees you became his fellow-worker in all his undertakings — and a noble fellow-worker, too, I know, Mrs. Alving; that praise I will give you. — But now I come to the second serious false step in your life.

MRS. ALVING. What do you mean?

MANDERS. Just as once you forsook your duty as a wife, so, since then, you have forsaken your duty as a mother.

MRS. ALVING. Oh —!

MANDERS. You have been over-

mastered all your life by a disastrous spirit of wilfulness. All your impulses have led you towards what is undisciplined and lawless. You have never been willing to submit to any restraint. Anything in life that has seemed irksome to you, you have thrown aside recklessly and unscrupulously, as if it were a burden that you were free to rid yourself of if you would. It did not please you to be a wife any longer, and so you left your husband. Your duties as a mother were irksome to you, so you sent your child away among strangers.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, that is true; I did that,

MANDERS. And that is why you have become a stranger to him.

MRS. ALVING. No, no, I am not that!

MANDERS. You are; you must be. And what sort of a son is it that you have got back? Think over it seriously, Mrs. Alving. You erred grievously in your husband's case — you acknowledge as much, by erecting this memorial to him. Now you are bound to acknowledge how much you have erred in your son's case; possibly there may still be time to reclaim him from the paths of wickedness. Turn over a new leaf, and set yourself to reform what there may still be that is capable of reformation in him. Because (*with uplifted forefinger*) in very truth, Mrs. Alving, you are a guilty mother! — That is what I have thought it my duty to say to you. (*A short silence.*)

MRS. ALVING (*speaking slowly and with self-control*). You have had your say, Mr. Manders, and to-morrow you will be making a public speech in memory of my husband. I shall not speak to-morrow. But now I wish to speak to you for a little, just as you have been speaking to me.

MANDERS. By all means; no doubt you wish to bring forward some excuses for your behaviour —

MRS. ALVING. No. I only want to tell you something.

MANDERS. Well?

MRS. ALVING. In all that you said just now about me and my husband, and about our life together after you had, as you put it, led me back into the path of duty —

there was nothing that you knew at first hand. From that moment you never again set foot in our house — you, who had been our daily companion before that.

MANDERS. Remember that you and your husband moved out of town immediately afterwards.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, and you never once came out here to see us in my husband's lifetime. It was only the business in connection with the Orphanage that obliged you to come and see me.

MANDERS (*in a low and uncertain voice*). Helen — if that is a reproach, I can only beg you to consider —

MRS. ALVING. — the respect you owed to your calling? — yes. All the more as I was a wife who had tried to run away from her husband. One can never be too careful to have nothing to do with such reckless women.

MANDERS. My dear — Mrs. Alving, you are exaggerating dreadfully —

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes, — very well. What I mean is this, that when you condemn my conduct as a wife you have nothing more to go upon than ordinary public opinion.

MANDERS. I admit it. What then?

MRS. ALVING. Well — now, Mr. Manders, now I am going to tell you the truth. I had sworn to myself that you should know it one day — you, and you only!

MANDERS. And what may the truth be?

MRS. ALVING. The truth is this, that my husband died just as great a profligate as he had been all his life.

MANDERS (*feeling for a chair*). What are you saying?

MRS. ALVING. After nineteen years of married life, just as profligate — in his desires at all events — as he was before you married us.

MANDERS. And can you talk of his youthful indiscretions — his irregularities — his excesses, if you like — as a profligate life!

MRS. ALVING. That was what the doctor who attended him called it.

MANDERS. I don't understand what you mean.

MRS. ALVING. It is not necessary you should.

MANDERS. It makes my brain reel. To think that your marriage — all the years of wedded life you spent with your husband — were nothing but a hidden abyss of misery.

MRS. ALVING. That and nothing else. Now you know.

MANDERS. This — this bewilders me. I can't understand it! I can't grasp it! How in the world was it possible —? How could such a state of things remain concealed?

MRS. ALVING. That was just what I had to fight for incessantly, day after day. When Oswald was born, I thought I saw a slight improvement. But it didn't last long. And after that I had to fight doubly hard — fight a desperate fight that no one should know what sort of a man my child's father was. You know quite well what an attractive manner he had; it seemed as if people could believe nothing but good of him. He was one of those men whose mode of life seems to have no effect upon their reputations. But at last, Mr. Manders — you must hear this too — at last something happened more abominable than everything else.

MANDERS. More abominable than what you have told me!

MRS. ALVING. I had borne with it all, though I knew only too well what he indulged in in secret, when he was out of the house. But when it came to the point of the scandal coming within our four walls —

MANDERS. Can you mean it! Here?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, here, in our own home. It was in there (*pointing to the nearer door on the right*) in the dining-room that I got the first hint of it. I had something to do in there and the door was standing ajar. I heard our maid come up from the garden with water for the flowers in the conservatory.

MANDERS. Well —?

MRS. ALVING. Shortly afterwards I heard my husband come in too. I heard him say something to her in a low voice. And then I heard — (*with a short laugh*) —

oh, it rings in my ears still, with its mixture of what was heart-breaking and what was so ridiculous — I heard my own servant whisper: "Let me go, Mr. Alving! Let me be!"

MANDERS. What unseemly levity on his part! But surely nothing more than levity, Mrs. Alving, believe me.

MRS. ALVING. I soon knew what to believe. My husband had his will of the girl — and that intimacy had consequences, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS (*as if turned to stone*). And all that in this house. In this house!

MRS. ALVING. I have suffered a good deal in this house. To keep him at home in the evening — and at night — I have had to play the part of boon companion in his secret drinking-bouts in his room up there. I have had to sit there alone with him, have had to hobnob and drink with him, and have had to listen to his ribald senseless talk, have had to fight with brute force to get him to bed —

MANDERS (*trembling*). And you were able to endure all this!

MRS. ALVING. I had my little boy, and endured it for his sake. But when the crowning insult came — when my own servant — then I made up my mind that there should be an end of it. I took the upper hand in the house, absolutely — both with him and all the others. I had a weapon to use against him, you see; he didn't dare to speak. It was then that Oswald was sent away. He was about seven then, and was beginning to notice things and ask questions as children will. I could endure all that, my friend. It seemed to me that the child would be poisoned if he breathed the air of this polluted house. That was why I sent him away. And now you understand, too, why he never set foot here as long as his father was alive. No one knows what it meant to me.

MANDERS. You have indeed had a pitiable experience.

MRS. ALVING. I could never have gone through with it, if I had not had my work. Indeed, I can boast that I have worked. All the increase in the value of property, all the improvements, all the useful

arrangements that my husband got the honour and glory of — do you suppose that he troubled himself about any of them? He, who used to lie the whole day on the sofa reading old Official Lists! No, you may as well know that too. It was I that kept him up to the mark when he had his lucid intervals; it was I that had to bear the whole burden of it when he began his excesses again or took to whining about his miserable condition.

MANDERS. And this is the man you are building a memorial to!

MRS. ALVING. There you see the power of an uneasy conscience.

MANDERS. An uneasy conscience? What do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. I had always before me the fear that it was impossible that the truth should not come out and be believed. That is why the Orphanage is to exist, to silence all rumours and clear away all doubt.

MANDERS. You certainly have not fallen short of the mark in that, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. I had another very good reason. I did not wish Oswald, my son, to inherit a penny that belonged to his father.

MANDERS. Then it is with Mr. Alving's property —

MRS. ALVING. Yes. The sums of money that, year after year, I have given towards this Orphanage, make up the amount of property — I have reckoned it carefully — which in the old days made Lieutenant Alving a catch.

MANDERS. I understand.

MRS. ALVING. That was my purchase money. I don't wish it to pass into Oswald's hands. My son shall have everything from me, I am determined.

(OSWALD comes in by the farther door on the right. He has left his hat and coat outside.)

MRS. ALVING. Back again, my own dear boy?

OSWALD. Yes, what can one do outside in this everlasting rain? I hear dinner is nearly ready. That's good! (REGINA comes in from the dining-room, carrying a parcel.)

REGINA. This parcel has come for you, ma'am. (*Gives it to her.*)

MRS. ALVING (*glancing at MANDERS*). The ode to be sung to-morrow, I expect.

MANDERS. Hm —

REGINA. And dinner is ready.

MRS. ALVING. Good. We will come in a moment. I will just — (*begins to open the parcel.*)

REGINA (*to OSWALD*). Will you drink white or red wine, sir?

OSWALD. Both, Miss Engstrand.

REGINA. *Bien* — very good, Mr. Alving. (*Goes into the dining-room.*)

OSWALD. I may as well help you to uncork it —. (*Follows her into the dining-room, leaving the door ajar after him.*)

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I thought so. Here is the ode, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS (*clapping his hands*). How shall I ever have the courage to-morrow to speak the address that —

MRS. ALVING. Oh, you will get through it.

MANDERS (*in a low voice, fearing to be heard in the dining-room*). Yes, we must raise no suspicions.

MRS. ALVING (*quietly but firmly*). No; and then this long dreadful comedy will be at an end. After to-morrow, I shall feel as if my dead husband had never lived in this house. There will be no one else here then but my boy and his mother. (*From the dining-room is heard the noise of a chair falling; then REGINA'S voice is heard in a loud whisper: Oswald! Are you mad? Let me go!*)

MRS. ALVING (*starting in horror*). Oh —! (*She stares wildly at the half-open door.*)

OSWALD is heard coughing and humming, then the sound of a bottle being uncorked.)

MANDERS (*in an agitated manner*). What's the matter? What is it, Mrs. Alving?

MRS. ALVING (*hoarsely*). Ghosts. The couple in the conservatory — over again.

MANDERS. What are you saying! Regina —? Is she —?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. Come. Not a word —! (*Grips MANDERS by the arm and walks unsteadily with him into the dining-room.*)

ACT II

The same scene. The landscape is still obscured by mist. MANDERS and MRS. ALVING come in from the dining-room.

MRS. ALVING (*calls into the dining-room from the doorway*). Aren't you coming in here, Oswald?

OSWALD. No, thanks; I think I will go out for a bit.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, do; the weather is clearing a little. (*She shuts the dining-room door, then goes to the hall door and calls.*) Regina!

REGINA (*from without*). Yes, ma'am?

MRS. ALVING. Go down into the laundry and help with the garlands.

REGINA. Yes, ma'am.

(*MRS. ALVING satisfies herself that she has gone, then shuts the door.*)

MANDERS. I suppose he can't hear us?

MRS. ALVING. Not when the door is shut. Besides, he is going out.

MANDERS. I am still quite bewildered. I don't know how I managed to swallow a mouthful of your excellent dinner.

MRS. ALVING (*walking up and down, trying to control her agitation*). Nor I. But what are we to do?

MANDERS. Yes, what are we to do? Upon my word I don't know; I am so completely unaccustomed to things of this kind.

MRS. ALVING. I am convinced that nothing serious has happened yet.

MANDERS. Heaven forbid! But it is the most unseemly behaviour, for all that.

MRS. ALVING. It is nothing more than a foolish jest of Oswald's, you may be sure.

MANDERS. Well, of course, as I said, I am quite inexperienced in such matters; but it certainly seems to me —

MRS. ALVING. Out of the house she shall go — and at once. That part of it is as clear as daylight —

MANDERS. Yes, that is quite clear.

MRS. ALVING. But where is she to go? We should not be justified in —

MANDERS. Where to? Home to her father, of course.

MRS. ALVING. To whom, did you say?

MANDERS. To her — No, of course Engstrand isn't — But, great heavens, Mrs. Alving, how is such a thing possible?

You surely may have been mistaken, in spite of everything.

MRS. ALVING. There was no chance of mistake, more's the pity. Joanna was obliged to confess it to me — and my husband couldn't deny it. So there was nothing else to do but to hush it up.

MANDERS. No, that was the only thing to do.

MRS. ALVING. The girl was sent away at once, and was given a tolerably liberal sum to hold her tongue. She looked after the rest herself when she got to town. She renewed an old acquaintance with the carpenter Engstrand, gave him a hint, I suppose, of how much money she had got, and told him some fairy tale about a foreigner who had been here in his yacht in the summer. So she and Engstrand were married in a great hurry. Why, you married them yourself!

MANDERS. I can't understand it — I remember clearly Engstrand's coming to arrange about the marriage. He was full of contrition, and accused himself bitterly for the light conduct he and his fiancée had been guilty of.

MRS. ALVING. Of course he had to take the blame on himself.

MANDERS. But the deceitfulness of it! And with me, too! I positively would not have believed it of Jacob Engstrand. I shall most certainly give him a serious talking to. — And the immorality of such a marriage! Simply for the sake of the money —! What sum was it that the girl had?

MRS. ALVING. It was seventy pounds.

MANDERS. Just think of it — for a paltry seventy pounds to let yourself be bound in marriage to a fallen woman!

MRS. ALVING. What about myself, then? — I let myself be bound in marriage to a fallen man.

MANDERS. Heaven forgive you! what are you saying? A fallen man?

MRS. ALVING. Do you suppose my husband was any purer, when I went with him to the altar, than Joanna was when Engstrand agreed to marry her?

MANDERS. The two cases are as different as day and night —

MRS. ALVING. Not so very different,

after all. It is true there was a great difference in the price paid, between a paltry seventy pounds and a whole fortune.

MANDERS. How can you compare such totally different things! I presume you consulted your own heart — and your relations.

MRS. ALVING (*looking away from him*). I thought you understood where what you 10 call my heart had strayed to at that time.

MANDERS (*in a constrained voice*). If I had understood anything of the kind, I would not have been a daily guest in your husband's house.

MRS. ALVING. Well, at any rate this much is certain, that I didn't consult myself in the matter at all.

MANDERS. Still you consulted those nearest to you, as was only right — your 20 mother, your two aunts.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, that is true. The three of them settled the whole matter for me. It seems incredible to me now, how clearly they made out that it would be 25 sheer folly to reject such an offer. If my mother could only see what all that fine prospect has led to!

MANDERS. No one can be responsible for the result of it. Anyway, there is this 30 to be said, that the match was made in complete conformity with law and order.

MRS. ALVING (*going to the window*). Oh, law and order! I often think it is that that is at the bottom of all the misery in 35 the world.

MANDERS. Mrs. Alving, it is very wicked of you to say that.

MRS. ALVING. That may be so; but I don't attach importance to those obligations and considerations any longer. I cannot! I must struggle for my freedom.

MANDERS. What do you mean?

MRS. ALVING (*tapping on the window panes*). I ought never to have concealed 45 what sort of a life my husband led. But I had not the courage to do otherwise then — for my own sake, either. I was too much of a coward.

MANDERS. A coward?

MRS. ALVING. If others had known anything of what happened, they would have said: "Poor man, it is natural

enough that he should go astray, when he has a wife that has run away from him."

MANDERS. They would have had a certain amount of justification for saying so.

MRS. ALVING (*looking fixedly at him*). If I had been the woman I ought, I would have taken Oswald into my confidence and said to him: "Listen, my son, your father was a dissolute man" —

MANDERS. Miserable woman —

MRS. ALVING. — and I would have told him all I have told you, from beginning to end.

MANDERS. I am almost shocked at 15 you, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. I know. I know quite well! I am almost shocked at myself when I think of it. (*Comes away from the window.*) I am coward enough for that.

MANDERS. Can you call it cowardice that you simply did your duty! Have you forgotten that a child should love and honour his father and mother?

MRS. ALVING. Don't let us talk in such general terms. Suppose we say: "Ought Oswald to love and honour Mr. Alving?"

MANDERS. You are a mother — isn't there a voice in your heart that forbids you to shatter your son's ideals?

MRS. ALVING. And what about the truth?

MANDERS. What about his ideals?

MRS. ALVING. Oh — ideals, ideals? If only I were not such a coward as I am!

MANDERS. Do not spurn ideals, Mrs. Alving — they have a way of avenging themselves cruelly. Take Oswald's own case, now. He hasn't many ideals, more's the pity. But this much I have seen, that his father is something of an ideal to him.

MRS. ALVING. You are right there.

MANDERS. And his conception of his father is what you inspired and encouraged by your letters.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I was swayed by duty and consideration for others; that was why I lied to my son, year in and year out. Oh, what a coward — what a coward I have been!

MANDERS. You have built up a happy 50 illusion in your son's mind, Mrs. Alving — and that is a thing you certainly ought not to undervalue.

MRS. ALVING. Ah, who knows if that is such a desirable thing after all! — But anyway I don't intend to put up with any goings on with Regina. I am not going to let him get the poor girl into trouble.

MANDERS. Good heavens, no — that would be a frightful thing!

MRS. ALVING. If only I knew whether he meant it seriously, and whether it would mean happiness for him —

MANDERS. In what way? I don't understand.

MRS. ALVING. But that is impossible; Regina is not equal to it, unfortunately.

MANDERS. I don't understand. What do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. If I were not such a miserable coward, I would say to him: "Marry her, or make any arrangement you like with her — only let there be no deceit in the matter."

MANDERS. Heaven forgive you! Are you actually suggesting anything so abominable, so unheard of, as a marriage between them!

MRS. ALVING. Unheard of, do you call it? Tell me honestly, Mr. Manders, don't you suppose there are plenty of married couples out here in the country that are just as nearly related as they are?

MANDERS. I am sure I don't understand you.

MRS. ALVING. Indeed you do.

MANDERS. I suppose you are thinking of cases where possibly —. It is only too true, unfortunately, that family life is not always as stainless as it should be. But as for the sort of thing you hint at — well, it's impossible to tell, at all events with any certainty. Here, on the other hand — for you, a mother, to be willing to allow your —

MRS. ALVING. But I am not willing to allow it. I would not allow it for anything in the world; that is just what I was saying.

MANDERS. No, because you are a coward, as you put it. But, supposing you were not a coward —! Great heavens — such a revolting union!

MRS. ALVING. Well, for the matter of that, we are all descended from a union of that description, so we are told. And who

was it that was responsible for this state of things, Mr. Manders?

MANDERS. I can't discuss such questions with you, Mrs. Alving; you are by no means in the right frame of mind for that. But for you to dare to say that it is cowardly of you —!

MRS. ALVING. I will tell you what I mean by that. I am frightened and timid, because I am obsessed by the presence of ghosts that I never can get rid of.

MANDERS. The presence of what?

MRS. ALVING. Ghosts. When I heard Regina and Oswald in there, it was just like seeing ghosts before my eyes. I am half inclined to think we are all ghosts, Mr. Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from our fathers and mothers that exists again in us, but all sorts of old dead ideas and all kinds of old dead beliefs and things of that kind. They are not actually alive in us; but there they are dormant, all the same, and we can never be rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper and read it, I fancy I see ghosts creeping between the lines. There must be ghosts all over the world. They must be as countless as the grains of the sands, it seems to me. And we are so miserably afraid of the light, all of us.

MANDERS. Ah, — there we have the outcome of your reading. Fine fruit it has borne — this abominable, subversive, free-thinking literature!

MRS. ALVING. You are wrong there, my friend. You are the one who made me begin to think; and I owe you my best thanks for it.

MANDERS. I!

MRS. ALVING. Yes, by forcing me to submit to what you called my duty and my obligations; by praising as right and just what my whole soul revolted against, as it would against something abominable. That was what led me to examine your teachings critically. I only wanted to unravel one point in them; but, as soon as I had got that unraveled, the whole fabric came to pieces. And then I realized that it was only machine-made.

MANDERS (*softly, and with emotion*). Is that all I accomplished by the hardest struggle of my life?

MRS. ALVING. Call it rather the most ignominious defeat of your life.

MANDERS. It was the greatest victory of my life, Helen; victory over myself.

MRS. ALVING. It was a wrong done to both of us.

MANDERS. A wrong? — wrong for me to entreat you as a wife to go back to your lawful husband, when you came to me half distracted and crying: "Here I am, take me!" Was that a wrong?

MRS. ALVING. I think it was.

MANDERS. We two do not understand one another.

MRS. ALVING. Not now, at all events.

MANDERS. Never — even in my most secret thoughts — have I for a moment regarded you as anything but the wife of another.

MRS. ALVING. Do you believe what you say?

MANDERS. Helen —!

MRS. ALVING. One so easily forgets one's own feelings.

MANDERS. Not I. I am the same as I always was.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes — don't let us talk any more about the old days. You are buried up to your eyes now in committees and all sorts of business; and I am here, fighting with ghosts both without and within me.

MANDERS. I can at all events help you to get the better of those without you. After all that I have been horrified to hear from you to-day, I cannot conscientiously allow a young defenceless girl to remain in your house.

MRS. ALVING. Don't you think it would be best if we could get her settled? — by some suitable marriage, I mean.

MANDERS. Undoubtedly. I think, in any case, it would have been desirable for her. Regina is at an age now that — well, I don't know much about these things, but —

MRS. ALVING. Regina developed very early.

MANDERS. Yes, didn't she. I fancy I remember thinking she was remarkably well developed, bodily, at the time I prepared her for Confirmation. But, for the time being, she must in any case go

home. Under her father's care — no, but of course Engstrand is not —. To think that he, of all men, could so conceal the truth from me! (*A knock is heard at the hall door.*)

MRS. ALVING. Who can that be? Come in! (*ENGSTRAND, dressed in his Sunday clothes, appears in the doorway.*)

ENGSTRAND. I humbly beg pardon, but —

MANDERS. Aha! Hm! —

MRS. ALVING. Oh, it's you, Engstrand!

ENGSTRAND. There were none of the maids about, so I took the great liberty of knocking.

MRS. ALVING. That's all right. Come in. Do you want to speak to me?

ENGSTRAND (*coming in*). No, thank you very much, ma'am. It was Mr. Manders I wanted to speak to for a moment.

MANDERS (*walking up and down*). Hm! — do you. You want to speak to me, do you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, sir, I wanted so very much to —

MANDERS (*stopping in front of him*). Well, may I ask what it is you want?

ENGSTRAND. It's this way, Mr. Manders. We are being paid off now. And many thanks to you, Mrs. Alving. And now the work is quite finished, I thought it would be so nice and suitable if all of us, who have worked so honestly together all this time, were to finish up with a few prayers this evening.

MANDERS. Prayers? Up at the Orphanage?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, sir, if it isn't agreeable to you, then —

MANDERS. Oh, certainly — but — hm! —

ENGSTRAND. I have made a practice of saying a few prayers there myself each evening —

MRS. ALVING. Have you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, ma'am, now and then — just as a little edification, so to speak. But I am only a poor common man, and haven't rightly the gift, alas — and so I thought that as Mr. Manders happened to be here, perhaps —

MANDERS. Look here, Engstrand. First of all I must ask you a question. Are

you in proper frame of mind for such a thing? Is your conscience free and untroubled?

ENGSTRAND. Heaven have mercy on me a sinner! My conscience isn't worth our speaking about, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. But it is just what we must speak about. What do you say to my question?

ENGSTRAND. My conscience? Well — 10 it's uneasy sometimes, of course.

MANDERS. Ah, you admit that at all events. Now will you tell me, without any concealment — what is your relationship to Regina?

MRS. ALVING (*hastily*). Mr. Manders!

MANDERS (*calming her*). — Leave it to me!

ENGSTRAND. With Regina? Good Lord, how you frightened me! (*Looks at MRS. 20 ALVING.*) There is nothing wrong with Regina, is there?

MANDERS. Let us hope not. What I want to know is, what is your relationship to her? You pass as her father, don't 25 you?

ENGSTRAND (*unsteadily*). Well — hm! — you know, sir, what happened between me and my poor Joanna.

MANDERS. No more distortion of the 30 truth! Your late wife made a full confession to Mrs. Alving, before she left her service.

ENGSTRAND. What! — do you mean to say —? Did she do that after all?

MANDERS. You see it has all come out, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. Do you mean to say that she, who gave me her promise and solemn oath —

MANDERS. Did she take an oath?

ENGSTRAND. Well, no — she only gave me her word, but as seriously as a woman could.

MANDERS. And all these years you have 45 been hiding the truth from me — from me, who have had such complete and absolute faith in you.

ENGSTRAND. I am sorry to say I have, sir.

MANDERS. Did I deserve that from you, Engstrand? Haven't I been always ready to help you in word and deed as far

as lay in my power? Answer me! Is it not so?

ENGSTRAND. Indeed there's many a time I should have been very badly off 5 without you, sir.

MANDERS. And this is the way you repay me — by causing me to make false entries in the church registers, and afterwards keeping back from me for years the information which you owed it both to me and to your sense of the truth to divulge. Your conduct has been absolutely inexcusable, Engstrand, and from to-day everything is at an end between us.

15 ENGSTRAND (*with a sigh*). Yes, I can see that's what it means.

MANDERS. Yes, because how can you possibly justify what you did?

ENGSTRAND. Was the poor girl to go and increase her load of shame by talking about it? Just suppose, sir, for a moment that your reverence was in the same predicament as my poor Joanna —

MANDERS. I!

ENGSTRAND. Good Lord, sir, I don't mean the same predicament. I mean, suppose there were something your reverence were ashamed of in the eyes of the world, so to speak. We men oughtn't to judge a poor woman too hardly, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. But I am not doing so at all. It is you I am blaming.

ENGSTRAND. Will your reverence grant 35 me leave to ask you a small question?

MANDERS. Ask away.

ENGSTRAND. Shouldn't you say it was right for a man to raise up the fallen?

MANDERS. Of course it is.

40 ENGSTRAND. And isn't a man bound to keep his word of honour?

MANDERS. Certainly he is; but —

ENGSTRAND. At the time when Joanna had her misfortune with this Englishman — or maybe he was an American or a Russian, as they call 'em — well, sir, then she came to town. Poor thing, she had refused me once or twice before; she only had eyes for good-looking men in those 50 days, and I had this crooked leg then. Your reverence will remember how I ventured up into a dancing-saloon where seafaring men were revelling in drunken-

ness and intoxication, as they say. And when I tried to exhort them to turn from their evil ways —

MRS. ALVING (*coughs from the window*). Ahem!

MANDERS. I know, Engstrand, I know — the rough brutes threw you downstairs. You have told me about that incident before. The affliction to your leg is a credit to you.

ENGSTRAND. I don't want to claim credit for it, your reverence. But what I wanted to tell you was that she came then and confided in me with tears and gnashing of teeth. I can tell you, sir, it went to my heart to hear her.

MANDERS. Did it, indeed, Engstrand? Well, what then?

ENGSTRAND. Well, then I said to her: "The American is roaming about on the high seas, he is. And you, Joanna," I said, "you have committed a sin and are a fallen woman. But here stands Jacob Engstrand," I said, "on two strong legs" — of course that was only speaking in a kind of metaphor, as it were, your reverence.

MANDERS. I quite understand. Go on.

ENGSTRAND. Well, sir, that was how I rescued her and made her my lawful wife, so that no one should know how recklessly she had carried on with the stranger.

MANDERS. That was all very kindly done. The only thing I cannot justify was your bringing yourself to accept the money —

ENGSTRAND. Money? I? Not a far-thing.

MANDERS (*to MRS. ALVING, in a questioning tone*). But —

ENGSTRAND. Ah, yes! — wait a bit; I remember now. Joanna did have a trifle of money, you are quite right. But I didn't want to know anything about that. "Fie," I said, "on the mammon of unrighteousness, it's the price of your sin; as for this tainted gold" — or notes, or whatever it was — "we will throw it back in the American's face," I said. But he had gone away and disappeared on the stormy seas, your reverence.

MANDERS. Was that how it was, my good fellow?

ENGSTRAND. It was, sir. So then Joanna and I decided that the money should go towards the child's bringing-up, and that's what became of it; and I can give a faithful account of every single penny of it.

MANDERS. This alters the complexion of the affair very considerably.

ENGSTRAND. That's how it was, your reverence. And I make bold to say that I have been a good father to Regina — as far as was in my power — for I am a poor erring mortal, alas!

MANDERS. There, there, my dear Engstrand —

ENGSTRAND. Yes, I do make bold to say that I brought up the child, and made my poor Joanna a loving and careful husband, as the Bible says we ought. But it never occurred to me to go to your reverence and claim credit for it or boast about it because I had done one good deed in this world. No; when Jacob Engstrand does a thing like that, he holds his tongue about it. Unfortunately it doesn't often happen, I know that only too well. And whenever I do come to see your reverence, I never seem to have anything but trouble and wickedness to talk about. Because, as I said just now — and I say it again — conscience can be very hard on us sometimes.

MANDERS. Give me your hand, Jacob Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. Oh, sir, I don't like —

MANDERS. No nonsense. (*Grasps his hand.*) That's it!

ENGSTRAND. And may I make bold humbly to beg your reverence's pardon —

MANDERS. You? On the contrary it is for me to beg your pardon —

ENGSTRAND. Oh no, sir.

MANDERS. Yes, certainly it is, and I do it with my whole heart. Forgive me for having so much misjudged you. And I assure you that if I can do anything for you to prove my sincere regret and my goodwill towards you —

ENGSTRAND. Do you mean it, sir?

MANDERS. It would give me the greatest pleasure.

ENGSTRAND. As a matter of fact, sir, you could do it now. I am thinking of

using the honest money I have put away out of my wages up here, in establishing a sort of Sailors' Home in the town.

MRS. ALVING. You?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, to be a sort of Refuge, as it were. There are such manifold temptations lying in wait for sailor men when they are roaming about on shore. But my idea is that in this house of mine they should have a sort of parental care looking after them.

MANDERS. What do you say to that, Mrs. Alving!

ENGSTRAND. I haven't much to begin such a work with, I know; but Heaven might prosper it, and if I found any helping hand stretched out to me, then —

MANDERS. Quite so; we will talk over the matter further. Your project attracts me enormously. But in the meantime go back to the Orphanage and put everything tidy and light the lights, so that the occasion may seem a little solemn. And then we will spend a little edifying time together, my dear Engstrand, for now I am sure you are in a suitable frame of mind.

ENGSTRAND. I believe I am, sir, truly. Good-bye, then, Mrs. Alving, and thank you for all your kindness; and take good care of Regina for me. (*Wipes a tear from his eye.*) Poor Joanna's child — it is an extraordinary thing, but she seems to have grown into my life and to hold me by the heartstrings. That's how I feel about it, truly. (*Bows, and goes out.*)

MANDERS. Now then, what do you think of him, Mrs. Alving! That was quite another explanation that he gave us.

MRS. ALVING. It was, indeed.

MANDERS. There, you see how exceedingly careful we ought to be in condemning our fellow-men. But at the same time it gives one genuine pleasure to find that one was mistaken. Don't you think so?

MRS. ALVING. What I think is that you are, and always will remain, a big baby.

MR. MANDERS. I?

MRS. ALVING (*laying her hands on his shoulders*). And I think that I should like very much to give you a good hug.

MANDERS (*drawing back hastily*). No, no, good gracious! What an idea!

MRS. ALVING (*with a smile*). Oh, you needn't be afraid of me.

MANDERS (*standing by the table*). You choose such an extravagant way of expressing yourself sometimes. Now I must get these papers together and put them in my bag. (*Does so.*) That's it. And now good-bye, for the present. Keep your eyes open when Oswald comes back. I will come back and see you again presently.

(*He takes his hat and goes out by the hall door. MRS. ALVING sighs, glances out of the window, puts one or two things tidy in the room and turns to go into the dining-room. She stops in the doorway with a stifled cry.*)

MRS. ALVING. Oswald, are you still sitting at table?

OSWALD (*from the dining-room*). I am only finishing my cigar.

MRS. ALVING. I thought you had gone out for a little turn.

OSWALD (*from within the room*). In weather like this? (*A glass is heard clinking. MRS. ALVING leaves the door open and sits down with her knitting on the couch by the window.*) Wasn't that Mr. Manders that went out just now?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, he has gone over to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. Oh. (*The clink of a bottle on a glass is heard again.*)

MRS. ALVING (*with an uneasy expression*). Oswald, dear, you should be careful with that liquor. It is strong.

OSWALD. It's a good protective against the damp.

MRS. ALVING. Wouldn't you rather come in here?

OSWALD. You know you don't like smoking in there.

MRS. ALVING. You may smoke a cigar in here, certainly.

OSWALD. All right; I will come in, then. Just one drop more. There! (*Comes in, smoking a cigar, and shuts the door after him. A short silence.*) Where has the parson gone?

MRS. ALVING. I told you he had gone over to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. Oh, so you did.

MRS. ALVING. You shouldn't sit so long at table, Oswald.

OSWALD (*holding his cigar behind his back*). But it's so nice and cosy, mother dear. (*Caresses her with one hand.*) Think what it means to me — to have come home; to sit at my mother's own table, in my mother's own room, and to enjoy the charming meals she gives me.

MRS. ALVING. My dear, dear boy!

OSWALD (*a little impatiently, as he walks up and down smoking*). And what else is there for me to do here? I have no occupation —

MRS. ALVING. No occupation?

OSWALD. Not in this ghastly weather, when there isn't a blink of sunshine all day long. (*Walks up and down the floor.*) Not to be able to work, it's —!

MRS. ALVING. I don't believe you were wise to come home.

OSWALD. Yes, mother; I had to.

MRS. ALVING. Because I would ten times rather give up the happiness of having you with me, sooner than that you should —

OSWALD (*standing still by the table*). Tell me, mother — is it really such a great happiness for you to have me at home?

MRS. ALVING. Can you ask?

OSWALD (*crumpling up a newspaper*). I should have thought it would have been pretty much the same to you whether I were here or away.

MRS. ALVING. Have you the heart to say that to your mother, Oswald?

OSWALD. But you have been quite happy living without me so far.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I have lived without you — that is true.

(*A silence. The dusk falls by degrees. Oswald walks restlessly up and down. He has laid aside his cigar.*)

OSWALD (*stopping beside Mrs. Alving*). Mother, may I sit on the couch beside you?

MRS. ALVING. Of course, my dear boy.

OSWALD (*sitting down*). Now I must tell you something, mother.

MRS. ALVING (*anxiously*). What?

OSWALD (*staring in front of him*). I can't bear it any longer.

MRS. ALVING. Bear what? What do you mean?

OSWALD (*as before*). I couldn't bring myself to write to you about it; and since I have been at home —

MRS. ALVING (*catching him by the arm*). Oswald, what is it?

OSWALD. Both yesterday and to-day I have tried to push my thoughts away from me — to free myself from them. But I can't.

MRS. ALVING (*getting up*). You must speak plainly, Oswald!

OSWALD (*drawing her down to her seat again*). Sit still, and I will try and tell you. I have made a great deal of the fatigue I felt after my journey —

MRS. ALVING. Well, what of that?

OSWALD. But that isn't what is the matter. It is no ordinary fatigue —

MRS. ALVING (*trying to get up*). You are not ill, Oswald!

OSWALD (*pulling her down again*). Sit still mother. Do take it quietly. I am not exactly ill — not ill in the usual sense. (*Takes his head in his hands.*) Mother, it's my mind that has broken down — gone to pieces — I shall never be able to work any more! (*Buries his face in his hands and throws himself at her knees in an outburst of sobs.*)

MRS. ALVING (*pale and trembling*). Oswald! Look at me! No, no, it isn't true!

OSWALD (*looking up with a distracted expression*). Never to be able to work any more! Never — never! A living death! Mother, can you imagine anything so horrible!

MRS. ALVING. My poor unhappy boy! How has this terrible thing happened?

OSWALD (*sitting up again*). That is just what I cannot possibly understand. I have never lived recklessly, in any sense. You must believe that of me, mother! I have never done that.

MRS. ALVING. I haven't a doubt of it, Oswald.

OSWALD. And yet this comes upon me all the same! — this terrible disaster!

MRS. ALVING. Oh, but it will all come right again, my dear precious boy. It is

nothing but overwork. Believe me, that is so.

OSWALD (*dully*). I thought so too, at first; but it isn't so.

MRS. ALVING. Tell me all about it.

OSWALD. Yes, I will.

MRS. ALVING. When did you first feel anything?

OSWALD. It was just after I had been home last time and had got back to Paris. I began to feel the most violent pains in my head — mostly at the back, I think. It was as if a tight band of iron was pressing on me from my neck upwards.

MRS. ALVING. And then?

OSWALD. At first I thought it was nothing but the headaches I always used to be so much troubled with while I was growing.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes —

OSWALD. But it wasn't; I soon saw that. I couldn't work any longer. I would try and start some big new picture; but it seemed as if all my faculties had forsaken me, as if all my strength were paralysed. I couldn't manage to collect my thoughts; my head seemed to swim — everything went round and round. It was a horrible feeling! At last I sent for a doctor — and from him I learnt the truth.

MRS. ALVING. In what way, do you mean?

OSWALD. He was one of the best doctors there. He made me describe what I felt, and then he began to ask me a whole heap of questions which seemed to me to have nothing to do with the matter. I couldn't see what he was driving at —

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. At last he said: "You have had the canker of disease in you practically from your birth" — the actual word he used was "*vermoulu*."

MRS. ALVING (*anxiously*). What did he mean by that?

OSWALD. I couldn't understand, either — and I asked him for a clearer explanation. And then the old cynic said — (*clenching his fist*). Oh! —

MRS. ALVING. What did he say?

OSWALD. He said: "The sins of the fathers are visited on the children."

MRS. ALVING (*getting up slowly*). The sins of the fathers —!

OSWALD. I nearly struck him in the face —

MRS. ALVING (*walking across the room*). The sins of the fathers —!

OSWALD (*smiling sadly*). Yes, just imagine! Naturally I assured him that what he thought was impossible. But do you think he paid any heed to me? No, he persisted in his opinion; and it was only when I got out your letters and translated to him all the passages that referred to my father —

MRS. ALVING. Well, and then?

OSWALD. Well, then of course he had to admit that he was on the wrong tack; and then I learnt the truth — the incomprehensible truth! I ought to have had nothing to do with the joyous happy life I had lived with my comrades. It had been too much for my strength. So it was my own fault!

MRS. ALVING. No, no, Oswald! Don't believe that!

OSWALD. There was no other explanation of it possible, he said. That is the most horrible part of it. My whole life incurably ruined — just because of my own imprudence. All that I wanted to do in the world — not to dare to think of it any more — not to be able to think of it! Oh! if only I could live my life over again — if only I could undo what I have done! (*Throws himself on his face on the couch*. MRS. ALVING *wrings her hands, and walks up and down silently fighting with herself*.)

OSWALD (*looks up after a while, raising himself on his elbows*). If only it had been something I had inherited — something I could not help. But, instead of that, to have disgracefully, stupidly, thoughtlessly thrown away one's happiness, one's health, everything in the world — one's future, one's life —

MRS. ALVING. No, no, my darling boy; that is impossible! (*Bending over him*.) Things are not so desperate as you think.

OSWALD. Ah, you don't know — (*Springs up*.) And to think, mother, that I should bring all this sorrow upon you! Many a time I have almost wished and

hoped that you really did not care so very much for me.

MRS. ALVING. I, Oswald? My only son! All that I have in the world! The only thing I care about!

OSWALD (*taking hold of her hands and kissing them*). Yes, yes, I know that is so. When I am at home I know that is true. And that is one of the hardest parts of it to me. But now you know all about it; and now we won't talk any more about it to-day. I can't stand thinking about it long at a time. (*Walks across the room.*) Let me have something to drink, mother!

MRS. ALVING. To drink? What do you want?

OSWALD. Oh, anything you like. I suppose you have got some punch in the house.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, but my dear Oswald —!

OSWALD. Don't tell me I mustn't, mother. Do be nice! I must have something to drown these gnawing thoughts. (*Goes into the conservatory.*) And how — how gloomy it is here! (*MRS. ALVING rings the bell.*) And this incessant rain. It may go on week after week — a whole month. Never a ray of sunshine. I don't remember ever having seen the sun shine once when I have been at home.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald — you are thinking of going away from me!

OSWALD. Hm! — (*sighs deeply*). I am not thinking about anything. I can't think about anything! (*In a low voice.*) I have to let that alone.

REGINA (*coming from the dining-room*). Did you ring, ma'am?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, let us have the lamp in.

REGINA. In a moment, ma'am; it is all ready lit. (*Goes out.*)

MRS. ALVING (*going up to OSWALD*). Oswald, don't keep anything back from me.

OSWALD. I don't, mother. (*Goes to the table.*) It seems to me I have told you a good lot. (*REGINA brings the lamp and puts it upon the table.*)

MRS. ALVING. Regina, you might bring us a small bottle of champagne.

REGINA. Yes, ma'am. (*Goes out.*)

OSWALD (*taking hold of his mother's face*). That's right. I knew my mother wouldn't let her son go thirsty.

MRS. ALVING. My poor dear boy, how could I refuse you anything now?

OSWALD (*eagerly*). Is that true, mother? Do you mean it?

MRS. ALVING. Mean what?

OSWALD. That you couldn't deny me anything?

MRS. ALVING. My dear Oswald —

OSWALD. Hush! (*REGINA brings in a tray with a small bottle of champagne and two glasses, which she puts on the table.*)

REGINA. Shall I open the bottle?

OSWALD. No, thank you, I will do it. (*REGINA goes out.*)

MRS. ALVING (*sitting down at the table*). What did you mean, when you asked if I could refuse you nothing?

OSWALD (*busy opening the bottle*). Let us have a glass first — or two.

(*He draws the cork, fills one glass and is going to fill the other.*)

MRS. ALVING (*holding her hand over the second glass*). No, thanks — not for me.

OSWALD. Oh, well, for me then! (*He empties his glass, fills it again and empties it; then sits down at the table.*)

MRS. ALVING (*expectantly*). Now, tell me.

OSWALD (*without looking at her*). Tell me this; I thought you and Mr. Manders seemed so strange — so quiet — at dinner.

MRS. ALVING. Did you notice that?

OSWALD. Yes. Ahem! (*After a short pause.*) Tell me — What do you think of Regina?

MRS. ALVING. What do I think of her?

OSWALD. Yes, isn't she splendid!

MRS. ALVING. Dear Oswald, you don't know her as well as I do —

OSWALD. What of that?

MRS. ALVING. Regina was too long at home, unfortunately. I ought to have taken her under my charge sooner.

OSWALD. Yes, but isn't she splendid to look at, mother? (*Fills his glass.*)

MRS. ALVING. Regina has many faults —

OSWALD. Yes, but what of that? (*Drinks.*)

MRS. ALVING. But I am fond of her all the same; and I have made myself responsible for her. I wouldn't for the world she should come to any harm.

OSWALD (*jumping up*). Mother, Regina is my only hope of salvation!

MRS. ALVING (*getting up*). What do you mean?

OSWALD. I can't go on bearing all this agony of mind alone.

MRS. ALVING. Haven't you your mother to help you to bear it?

OSWALD. Yes, I thought so! that was why I came home to you. But it is no use; I see that it isn't. I cannot spend 15 my life here.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. I must live a different sort of life, mother; so I shall have to go away from you. I don't want you watching it. 20

MRS. ALVING. My unhappy boy! But, Oswald, as long as you are ill like this —

OSWALD. If it was only a matter of feeling ill, I would stay with you, mother. You are the best friend I have in the 25 world.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I am that, Oswald, am I not?

OSWALD (*walking restlessly about*). But all this torment — the regret, the remorse 30 — and the deadly fear. Oh — this horrible fear!

MRS. ALVING (*following him*). Fear? Fear of what? What do you mean?

OSWALD. Oh, don't ask me any more 35 about it. I don't know what it is. I can't put it into words. (MRS. ALVING crosses the room and rings the bell.) What do you want?

MRS. ALVING. I want my boy to be 40 happy, that's what I want. He mustn't brood over anything. (*To REGINA, who has come to the door.*) More champagne — a large bottle.

OSWALD. Mother!

MRS. ALVING. Do you think we country people don't know how to live?

OSWALD. Isn't she splendid to look at? What a figure! And the picture of health!

MRS. ALVING (*sitting down at the table*). 50 Sit down, Oswald, and let us have a quiet talk.

OSWALD (*sitting down*). You don't

know, mother, that I owe Regina a little reparation.

MRS. ALVING. You!

OSWALD. Oh, it was only a little thoughtlessness — call it what you like. Something quite innocent, anyway. The last time I was home —

MRS. ALVING. Yes?

OSWALD. — she used often ask me 10 questions about Paris, and I told her one thing and another about the life there. And I remember saying one day: "Wouldn't you like to go there yourself?"

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. I saw her blush, and she said: "Yes, I should like to very much." "All right," I said, "I daresay it might be managed" — or something of that sort.

MRS. ALVING. And then?

OSWALD. I naturally had forgotten all about it; but the day before yesterday I happened to ask her if she was glad I was going to be so long at home —

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. — and she looked so queerly at me, and asked: "But what is to become of my trip to Paris?"

MRS. ALVING. Her trip!

OSWALD. And then I got it out of her that she had taken the thing seriously, and had been thinking about me all the time, and had set herself to learn French —

MRS. ALVING. So that was why —

OSWALD. Mother — when I saw this fine, splendid, handsome girl standing there in front of me — I had never paid any attention to her before then — but now, when she stood there as if with open arms ready for me to take her to myself —

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. Then I realised that my salvation lay in her, for I saw the joy of life in her.

MRS. ALVING (*starting back*). The joy 45 of life —? Is there salvation in that?

REGINA (*coming in from the dining-room with a bottle of champagne*). Excuse me for being so long; but I had to go to the cellar. (*Puts the bottle down on the table.*)

OSWALD. Bring another glass, too.

REGINA (*looking at him in astonishment*). The mistress's glass is there, sir.

OSWALD. Yes, but fetch one for your-

self, Regina. (REGINA starts, and gives a quick shy glance at MRS. ALVING.) Well.

REGINA (in a low and hesitating voice). Do you wish me to, ma'am?

MRS. ALVING. Fetch the glass, Regina. (REGINA goes into the dining-room.)

OSWALD (looking after her). Have you noticed how well she walks? — so firmly and confidently!

MRS. ALVING. It cannot be, Oswald.

OSWALD. It is settled. You must see that. It is no use forbidding it. (REGINA comes in with a glass, which she holds in her hand.) Sit down, Regina. (REGINA looks questioningly at MRS. ALVING.)

MRS. ALVING. Sit down. (REGINA sits down on a chair near the dining-room door, still holding the glass in her hand.) Oswald, what was it you were saying about the joy of life?

OSWALD. Ah, mother — the joy of life! You don't know very much about that at home here. I shall never realise it here.

MRS. ALVING. Not even when you are with me?

OSWALD. Never at home. But you can't understand that.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, indeed I almost think I do understand you — now.

OSWALD. That — and the joy of work. They are really the same thing at bottom. But you don't know anything about that either.

MRS. ALVING. Perhaps you are right. Tell me some more about it, Oswald.

OSWALD. Well, all I mean is that here people are brought up to believe that work is a curse and a punishment for sin, and that life is a state of wretchedness and that the sooner we can get out of it the better.

MRS. ALVING. A vale of tears, yes. And we quite conscientiously make it so.

OSWALD. But the people over there will have none of that. There is no one there who really believes doctrines of that kind any longer. Over there the mere fact of being alive is thought to be a matter for exultant happiness. Mother, have you noticed that everything I have painted has turned upon the joy of life? — always upon the joy of life, unfaillingly. There is light there, and sunshine, and a holiday feeling — and people's faces beaming with happi-

ness. That is why I am afraid to stay at home here with you.

MRS. ALVING. Afraid? What are you afraid of here, with me?

OSWALD. I am afraid that all these feelings that are so strong in me would degenerate into something ugly here.

MRS. ALVING (looking steadily at him). Do you think that is what would happen?

OSWALD. I am certain it would. Even if one lived the same life at home here, as over there — it would never really be the same life.

MRS. ALVING (who has listened anxiously to him, gets up with a thoughtful expression and says): Now I see clearly how it all happened.

OSWALD. What do you see?

MRS. ALVING. I see it now for the first time. And now I can speak.

OSWALD (getting up). Mother, I don't understand you.

REGINA (who has got up also). Perhaps I had better go.

MRS. ALVING. No, stay here. Now I can speak. Now, my son, you shall know the whole truth. Oswald! Regina!

OSWALD. Hush! — here is the parson — (MANDERS comes in by the hall door.)

MANDERS. Well, my friends, we have been spending an edifying time over there.

OSWALD. So have we.

MANDERS. Engstrand must have help with his Sailors' Home. Regina must go home with him and give him her assistance.

REGINA. No, thank you, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS (perceiving her for the first time). What —? you in here? — and with a wineglass in your hand!

REGINA (putting down the glass hastily).

I beg your pardon —!

OSWALD. Regina is going away with me, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Going away! With you!

OSWALD. Yes, as my wife — if she insists on that.

MANDERS. But, good heavens —!

REGINA. It is not my fault, Mr. Manders.

OSWALD. Or else she stays here if I stay.

REGINA (involuntarily). Here!

MANDERS. I am amazed at you, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Neither of those things will happen, for now I can speak openly.

MANDERS. But you won't do that! No, no, no!

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I can and I will. And without destroying any one's ideals.

OSWALD. Mother, what is it that is being concealed from me?

REGINA (*listening*). Mrs. Alving! Listen. They are shouting outside. (*Goes into the conservatory and looks out.*)

OSWALD (*going to the window on the left*). What can be the matter? Where does that glare come from?

REGINA (*calls out*). The Orphanage is on fire!

MRS. ALVING (*going to the window*). On fire?

MANDERS. On fire? Impossible. I was there just a moment ago.

OSWALD. Where is my hat? Oh, never mind that. Father's Orphanage —! (*Runs out through the garden door.*)

MRS. ALVING. My shawl, Regina! The whole place is in flames.

MANDERS. How terrible! Mrs. Alving, that fire is a judgment on this house of sin!

MRS. ALVING. Quite so. Come, Regina. (*She and REGINA hurry out.*)

MANDERS (*clasping his hands*). And no insurance! (*Follows them out.*)

MRS. ALVING. Hasn't he even got his hat?

REGINA (*pointing to the hall*). No, there it is, hanging up.

MRS. ALVING. Never mind. He is sure to come back soon. I will go and see what he is doing. (*Goes out by the garden door.*) MANDERS *comes in from the hall.*

MANDERS. Isn't Mrs. Alving here?

REGINA. She has just this moment gone down into the garden.

MANDERS. I have never spent such a terrible night in my life.

REGINA. Isn't it a shocking misfortune, sir!

MANDERS. Oh, don't speak about it. I scarcely dare to think about it.

REGINA. But how can it have happened?

MANDERS. Don't ask me, Miss Engstrand! How should I know? Are you going to suggest too —? Isn't it enough that your father —?

REGINA. What has he done?

MANDERS. He has nearly driven me crazy.

ENGSTRAND (*coming in from the hall*). Mr. Manders —!

MANDERS (*turning round with a start*). Great heavens!

ENGSTRAND. What a dreadful thing, your reverence!

MANDERS (*walking up and down*). Oh dear, oh dear!

REGINA. What do you mean?

ENGSTRAND. Our little prayer-meeting was the cause of it all, don't you see? (*Aside to REGINA.*) Now we've got the old fool, my girl. (*Aloud.*) And to think it is my fault that Mr. Manders should be the cause of such a thing.

MANDERS. I assure you, Engstrand —

ENGSTRAND. But there was no one else carrying a light there except you, sir.

MANDERS (*standing still*). Yes, so you say. But I have no clear recollection of having had a light in my hand.

ENGSTRAND. But I saw quite distinctly your reverence take a candle and snuff it with your fingers and throw away the burning bit of wick among the shavings.

MANDERS. Did you see that?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, distinctly.

ACT III

The same scene. All the doors are standing open. The lamp is still burning on the table. It is dark outside, except for a faint glimmer of light seen through the windows at the back. MRS. ALVING, with a shawl over her head, is standing in the conservatory, looking out. REGINA, also wrapped in a shawl, is standing a little behind her.

MRS. ALVING. Everything burnt — down to the ground.

REGINA. It is burning still in the basement.

MRS. ALVING. I can't think why Oswald doesn't come back. There is no chance of saving anything.

REGINA. Shall I go, and take his hat to him?

45

50

MANDERS. I can't understand it at all. It is never my habit to snuff a candle with my fingers.

ENGSTRAND. Yes, it wasn't like you to do that, sir. But who would have thought it could be such a dangerous thing to do?

MANDERS (*walking restlessly backwards and forwards*). Oh, don't ask me!

ENGSTRAND (*following him about*). And you hadn't insured it either, had you, sir?

MANDERS. No, no, no; you heard me say so.

ENGSTRAND. You hadn't insured it — and then went and set light to the whole place! Good Lord, what bad luck!

MANDERS (*wiping the perspiration from his forehead*). You may well say so, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. And that it should happen to a charitable institution that would have been of service both to the town and the country, so to speak! The newspapers won't be very kind to your reverence, I expect.

MANDERS. No, that is just what I am thinking of. It is almost the worst part of the whole thing. The spiteful attacks and accusations — it is horrible to think of!

MRS. ALVING (*coming in from the garden*). I can't get him away from the fire.

MANDERS. Oh, there you are, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. You will escape having to make your inaugural address now, at all events, Mr. Manders.

MANDERS. Oh, I would so gladly have —

MRS. ALVING (*in a dull voice*). It is just as well it has happened. This Orphanage would never have come to any good.

MANDERS. Don't you think so?

MRS. ALVING. Do you?

MANDERS. But it is none the less an extraordinary piece of ill luck.

MRS. ALVING. We will discuss it simply as a business matter. — Are you waiting for Mr. Manders, Engstrand?

ENGSTRAND (*at the hall door*). Yes, I am.

MRS. ALVING. Sit down then, while you are waiting.

ENGSTRAND. Thank you, I would rather stand.

MRS. ALVING (*to MANDERS*). I suppose you are going by the boat?

MANDERS. Yes. It goes in about an hour.

MRS. ALVING. Please take all the documents back with you. I don't want to hear another word about the matter. I have something else to think about now —

MANDERS. Mrs. Alving —

MRS. ALVING. Later on I will send you a power of attorney to deal with it exactly as you please.

MANDERS. I shall be most happy to undertake that. I am afraid the original intention of the bequest will have to be entirely altered now.

MRS. ALVING. Of course.

MANDERS. Provisionally, I should suggest this way of disposing of it. Make over the Solvik property to the parish. The land is undoubtedly not without a certain value; it will always be useful for some purpose or another. And as for the interest on the remaining capital that is on deposit in the bank, possibly I might make suitable use of that in support of some undertaking that promises to be of use to the town.

MRS. ALVING. Do exactly as you please. The whole thing is a matter of indifference to me now.

ENGSTRAND. You will think of my Sailors' Home, Mr. Manders?

MANDERS. Yes, certainly, that is a suggestion. But we must consider the matter carefully.

ENGSTRAND (*aside*). Consider! — devil take it! Oh, Lord.

MANDERS (*sighing*). And unfortunately I can't tell how much longer I may have anything to do with the matter — whether public opinion may not force me to retire from it altogether. That depends entirely upon the result of the enquiry into the cause of the fire.

MRS. ALVING. What do you say?

MANDERS. And one cannot in any way reckon upon the result beforehand.

ENGSTRAND (*going nearer to him*). Yes, indeed one can; because here stand I, Jacob Engstrand.

MANDERS. Quite so, but —

ENGSTRAND (*lowering his voice*). And Jacob Engstrand isn't the man to desert a worthy benefactor in the hour of need, as the saying is.

MANDERS. Yes, but my dear fellow — how —?

ENGSTRAND. You might say Jacob Engstrand is an angel of salvation, so to speak, your reverence.

MANDERS. No, no, I couldn't possibly 10 accept that.

ENGSTRAND. That's how it will be, all the same. I know some one who has taken the blame for some one else on his shoulders before now, I do.

MANDERS. Jacob! (*Grasps his hand.*) You are one in a thousand! You shall have assistance in the matter of your Sailors' Home, and you may rely upon that. (ENGSTRAND *tries to thank him, but* 20 *is prevented by emotion.*)

MANDERS (*hanging his wallet over his shoulder*). Now we must be off. We will travel together.

ENGSTRAND (*by the dining-room door,* 25 *says aside to REGINA*). Come with me, you hussy! You will be as cosy as the yolk in an egg!

REGINA (*tossing her head*). *Merci!* (*She goes out into the hall and brings back MAN-* 30 *DERS' luggage.*)

MANDERS. Good-bye, Mrs. Alving! And may the spirit of order and of what is lawful speedily enter into this house.

MRS. ALVING. Good-bye, Mr. Manders. (*She goes into the conservatory, as she sees OSWALD coming in by the garden door.*)

ENGSTRAND (*as he and REGINA are helping MANDERS on with his coat*). Good-bye, my child. And if anything should happen 40 to you, you know where Jacob Engstrand is to be found. (*Lowering his voice.*) Little Harbour Street, ahem —! (*To MRS. ALVING and OSWALD.*) And my house for poor seafaring men shall be called the "Alving Home," it shall. And, if I can carry out my own ideas about it, I shall make bold to hope that it may be worthy of bearing the late Mr. Alving's name.

MANDERS (*at the door*). Ahem — ahem! 50 Come along, my dear Engstrand. Good-bye — good-bye! (*He and ENGSTRAND go out by the hall door.*)

OSWALD (*going to the table*). What house was he speaking about?

MRS. ALVING. I believe, it is some sort of a Home that he and Mr. Manders want 5 to start.

OSWALD. It will be burnt up just like this one.

MRS. ALVING. What makes you think that?

OSWALD. Everything will be burnt up; nothing will be left that is in memory of my father. Here am I being burnt up, too. (REGINA *looks at him in alarm.*)

MRS. ALVING. Oswald! You should 15 not have stayed so long over there, my poor boy.

OSWALD (*sitting down at the table*). I almost believe you are right.

MRS. ALVING. Let me dry your face, Oswald; you are all wet. (*Wipes his face with her handkerchief.*)

OSWALD (*looking straight before him, with no expression in his eyes*). Thank you, mother.

MRS. ALVING. And aren't you tired, Oswald? Don't you want to go to sleep?

OSWALD (*uneasily*). No, no — not to sleep! I never sleep; I only pretend to. (*Gloomily.*) That will come soon 30 enough.

MRS. ALVING (*looking at him anxiously*). Anyhow you are really ill, my darling boy.

REGINA (*intently*). Is Mr. Alving ill?

OSWALD (*impatiently*). And do shut all 35 the doors! This deadly fear —

MRS. ALVING. Shut the doors, Regina. (REGINA *shuts the doors and remains standing by the hall door*. MRS. ALVING *takes off her shawl*; REGINA *does the same*.)

MRS. ALVING *draws up a chair near to OSWALD'S and sits down beside him.*) That's it! Now I will sit beside you —

OSWALD. Yes, do. And Regina must stay in here too. Regina must always be 45 near me. You must give me a helping hand, you know, Regina. Won't you do that?

REGINA. I don't understand —

MRS. ALVING. A helping hand?

OSWALD. Yes — When there is need for it.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald, have you not your mother to give you a helping hand?

OSWALD. You? (*Smiles.*) No, mother, you will never give me the kind of helping hand I mean. (*Laughs grimly.*) You! Ha, ha! (*Looks gravely at her.*) After all, you have the best right. (*Impetuously.*) Why don't you call me by my Christian name, Regina? Why don't you say Oswald?

REGINA (*in a low voice*). I did not think Mrs. Alving would like it.

MRS. ALVING. It will not be long before you have the right to do it. Sit down here now beside us, too. (*REGINA sits down quietly and hesitatingly at the other side of the table.*) And now, my poor tortured boy, I am going to take the burden off your mind —

OSWALD. You, mother?

MRS. ALVING. — all that you call remorse and regret and self-reproach.

OSWALD. And you think you can do that?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, now I can, Oswald. A little while ago you were talking about the joy of life, and what you said seemed to shed a new light upon everything in my whole life.

OSWALD (*shaking his head*). I don't in the least understand what you mean.

MRS. ALVING. You should have known your father in his young days in the army. He was full of the joy of life, I can tell you.

OSWALD. Yes, I know.

MRS. ALVING. It gave me a holiday feeling only to look at him, full of irrepressible energy and exuberant spirits.

OSWALD. What then?

MRS. ALVING. Well, then this boy, full of the joy of life — for he was just like a boy, then — had to make his home in a second-rate town which had none of the joy to offer him, but only dissipations. He had to come out here and live an aimless life; he had only an official post. He had no work worth devoting his whole mind to; he had nothing more than official routine to attend to. He had not a single companion capable of appreciating what the joy of life meant; nothing but idlers and tipplers —

OSWALD. Mother!

MRS. ALVING. And so the inevitable happened!

OSWALD. What was the inevitable?

MRS. ALVING. You said yourself this evening what would happen in your case if you stayed at home.

OSWALD. Do you mean by that, that father —?

MRS. ALVING. Your poor father never found any outlet for the overmastering joy of life that was in him. And I brought no holiday spirit into his home, either.

OSWALD. You didn't either?

MRS. ALVING. I had been taught about duty, and the sort of thing I believed in so long here. Everything seemed to turn upon duty — my duty, or his duty — and I am afraid I made your poor father's home unbearable to him, Oswald.

OSWALD. Why did you never say anything about it to me in your letters?

MRS. ALVING. I never looked at it as a thing I could speak of to you, who were his son.

OSWALD. What way did you look at it, then?

MRS. ALVING. I only saw the one fact, that your father was a lost man before you ever were born.

OSWALD (*in a choking voice*). Ah —! (*He gets up and goes to the window.*)

MRS. ALVING. And then I had the one thought in my mind, day and night, that Regina in fact had as good a right in this house — as my own boy had.

OSWALD (*turns round suddenly*). Regina —?

REGINA (*gets up and asks in choking tones*). I —?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, now you both know it.

OSWALD. Regina!

REGINA (*to herself*). So mother was one of that sort too.

MRS. ALVING. Your mother had many good qualities, Regina.

REGINA. Yes, but she was one of that sort, too, all the same. I have even thought so myself, sometimes, but —. Then, if you please, Mrs. Alving, may I have permission to leave at once?

MRS. ALVING. Do you really wish to, Regina?

REGINA. Yes, indeed, I certainly wish to.

MRS. ALVING. Of course you shall do as you like, but —

OSWALD (*going up to REGINA*). Leave now? This is your home.

REGINA. *Merci*, Mr. Alving — oh, of course I may say Oswald now, but that is not the way I thought it would become allowable.

MRS. ALVING. Regina, I have not been open with you —

REGINA. No, I can't say you have! If I had known Oswald was ill —. And now that there can never be anything serious between us —. No, I really can't stay here in the country and wear myself out looking after invalids.

OSWALD. Not even for the sake of one who has so near a claim on you?

REGINA. No, indeed I can't. A poor girl must make some use of her youth, otherwise she may easily find herself out in the cold before she knows where she is. And I have got the joy of life in me, too, Mrs. Alving!

MRS. ALVING. Yes, unfortunately; but don't throw yourself away, Regina.

REGINA. Oh, what's going to happen will happen. If Oswald takes after his father, it is just as likely I take after my mother, I expect. — May I ask, Mrs. Alving, whether Mr. Manders knows this about me?

MRS. ALVING. Mr. Manders knows everything.

REGINA (*putting on her shawl*). Oh, well then, the best thing I can do is to get away by the boat as soon as I can. Mr. Manders is such a nice gentleman to deal with; and it certainly seems to me that I have just as much right to some of that money as he — as that horrid carpenter.

MRS. ALVING. You are quite welcome to it, Regina.

REGINA (*looking at her fixedly*). You might as well have brought me up like a gentleman's daughter; it would have been more suitable. (*Tosses her head.*) Oh, well — never mind! (*With a bitter glance at the unopened bottle.*) I daresay some day I shall be drinking champagne with gentle folk, after all.

MRS. ALVING. If ever you need a home, Regina, come to me.

REGINA. No, thank you, Mrs. Alving. Mr. Manders takes an interest in me, I know. And if things should go very badly with me, I know one house at any rate where I shall feel at home.

MRS. ALVING. Where is that?

REGINA. In the "Alving Home."

MRS. ALVING. Regina — I can see quite well — you are going to your ruin!

REGINA. Pooh! — good-bye. (*She bows to them and goes out through the hall.*)

OSWALD (*standing by the window and looking out*). Has she gone?

MRS. ALVING. Yes.

OSWALD (*muttering to himself*). I think it's all wrong.

MRS. ALVING (*going up to him from behind and putting her hands on his shoulders*). Oswald, my dear boy — has it been a great shock to you?

OSWALD (*turning his face towards her*). All this about father, do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, about your unhappy father. I am so afraid it may have been too much for you.

OSWALD. What makes you think that? Naturally it has taken me entirely by surprise; but, after all, I don't know that it matters much to me.

MRS. ALVING (*drawing back her hands*). Doesn't matter! — that your father's life was such a terrible failure!

OSWALD. Of course I can feel sympathy for him, just as I would for any one else, but —

MRS. ALVING. No more than that! For your own father!

OSWALD (*impatiently*). Father — father. I never knew anything of my father. I don't remember anything else about him except that he once made me sick.

MRS. ALVING. It is dreadful to think of it! — But surely a child should feel some affection for his father, whatever happens?

OSWALD. When the child has nothing to thank his father for? When he has never known him? Do you really cling to that antiquated superstition — you, who are so broadminded in other things?

MRS. ALVING. You call it nothing but a superstition!

OSWALD. Yes, and you can see that for

yourself quite well, mother. It is one of those beliefs that are put into circulation in the world, and —

MRS. ALVING. Ghosts of beliefs!

OSWALD (*walking across the room*). Yes, 5 You might call them ghosts.

MRS. ALVING (*with an outburst of feeling*). Oswald — then you don't love me either!

OSWALD. You I know, at any rate — 10

MRS. ALVING. You know me, yes; but is that all?

OSWALD. And I know how fond you are of me, and I ought to be grateful to you for that. Besides, you can be so tremendously 15 useful to me, now that I am ill.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, can't I, Oswald! I could almost bless your illness, as it has driven you home to me. For I see quite well that you are not my very own yet; 20 you must be won.

OSWALD (*impatiently*). Yes, yes, yes; all that is just a way of talking. You must remember I am a sick man, mother. I can't concern myself much with any one 25 else; I have enough to do, thinking about myself.

MRS. ALVING (*gently*). I will be very good and patient.

OSWALD. And cheerful too, mother! 30

MRS. ALVING. Yes, my dear boy, you are quite right. (*Goes up to him.*) Now have I taken away all your remorse and self-reproach?

OSWALD. Yes, you have done that. 35 But who will take away the fear?

MRS. ALVING. The fear?

OSWALD (*crossing the room*). Regina would have done it for one kind word.

MRS. ALVING. I don't understand you. 40 What fear do you mean — and what has Regina to do with it?

OSWALD. Is it very late, mother?

MRS. ALVING. It is early morning. (*Looks out through the conservatory win- 45 dows.*) The dawn is breaking already on the heights. And the sky is clear, Oswald. In a little while you will see the sun.

OSWALD. I am glad of that. After all, 50 there may be many things yet for me to be glad of and to live for —

MRS. ALVING. I should hope so!

OSWALD. Even if I am not able to work —

MRS. ALVING. You will soon find you are able to work again now, my dear boy. You have no longer all those painful depressing thoughts to brood over.

OSWALD. No, it is a good thing that you have been able to rid me of those fancies. If only, now, I could overcome this one thing —. (*Sits down on the couch.*) Let us have a little chat, mother.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, let us. (*Pushes an armchair to the couch and sits down beside him.*)

OSWALD. The sun is rising — and you know all about it; so I don't feel the fear any longer.

MRS. ALVING. I know all about what?

OSWALD (*without listening to her*). Mother, isn't it the case that you said this evening there was nothing in the world you would not do for me if I asked you?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, certainly I said so.

OSWALD. And you will be as good as your word, mother?

MRS. ALVING. You may rely upon that, my own dear boy. I have nothing else to live for, but you.

OSWALD. Yes, yes; well, listen to me, mother. You are very strong-minded, I know. I want you to sit quite quiet when you hear what I am going to tell you.

MRS. ALVING. What is this dreadful thing —?

OSWALD. You mustn't scream. Do you hear? Will you promise me that? We are going to sit and talk it over quite quietly. Will you promise me that, mother?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes, I promise — only tell me what it is.

OSWALD. Well, then, you must know that this fatigue of mine — and my not being able to think about my work — all that is not really the illness itself —

MRS. ALVING. What is the illness itself?

OSWALD. What I am suffering from is hereditary; it — (*touches his forehead, and 55 speaks very quietly*) — it lies here.

MRS. ALVING (*almost speechless*). Oswald! No — no!

OSWALD. Don't scream; I can't stand

it. Yes, I tell you, it lies here, waiting. And any time, any moment, it may break out.

MRS. ALVING. How horrible —!

OSWALD. Do keep quiet. That is the state I am in —

MRS. ALVING (*springing up*). It isn't true, Oswald! It is impossible. It can't be that!

OSWALD. I had one attack while I was abroad. It passed off quickly. But when I learnt the condition I had been in, then this dreadful haunting fear took possession of me.

MRS. ALVING. That was the fear, 15 then —

OSWALD. Yes, it is so indescribably horrible, you know. If only it had been an ordinary mortal disease —. I am not so much afraid of dying; though, of course, 20 I should like to live as long as I can.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes, Oswald, you must!

OSWALD. But this is so appallingly horrible. To become like a helpless child 25 again — to have to be fed, to have to be —. Oh, it's unspeakable!

MRS. ALVING. My child has his mother to tend to him.

OSWALD (*jumping up*). No, never; that 30 is just what I won't endure! I dare not think what it would mean to linger on like that for years — to get old and grey like that. And you might die before I did. (*Sits down in MRS. ALVING'S chair.*) 35 Because it doesn't necessarily have a fatal end quickly, the doctor said. He called it a kind of softening of the brain — or something of that sort. (*Smiles mournfully.*) I think that expression sounds so 40 nice. It always makes me think of cherry-coloured velvet curtains — something that is soft to stroke.

MRS. ALVING (*with a scream*). Oswald!

OSWALD (*jumps up and walks about the 45 room*). And now you have taken Regina from me! If I had only had her. She would have given me a helping hand, I know.

MRS. ALVING (*going up to him*). What do you mean, my darling boy? Is there 50 any help in the world I would not be willing to give you?

OSWALD. When I had recovered from

the attack I had abroad, the doctor told me that when it recurred — and it will recur — there would be no more hope.

MRS. ALVING. And he was heartless enough to —

OSWALD. I insisted on knowing. I told him I had arrangements to make —. (*Smiles cunningly.*) And so I had. (*Takes a small box from his inner breast-pocket.*)

Mother, do you see this?

MRS. ALVING. What is it?

OSWALD. Morphia powders.

MRS. ALVING (*looking at him in terror*). Oswald — my boy!

OSWALD. I have twelve of them saved up —

MRS. ALVING (*snatching at it*). Give me the box, Oswald!

OSWALD. Not yet, mother. (*Puts it back in his pocket.*)

MRS. ALVING. I shall never get over this!

OSWALD. You must. If I had had Regina here now, I would have told her quietly how things stand with me — and asked her to give me this last helping hand. She would have helped me, I am certain.

MRS. ALVING. Never.

OSWALD. If this horrible thing had come upon me and she had seen me lying helpless, like a baby, past help, past saving, past hope — with no chance of recovering —

MRS. ALVING. Never in the world would Regina have done it.

OSWALD. Regina would have done it. Regina was so splendidly light-hearted. And she would very soon have tired of looking after an invalid like me.

MRS. ALVING. Then thank heaven Regina is not here!

OSWALD. Well, now you have got to give me that helping hand, mother.

MRS. ALVING (*with a loud scream*). I! OSWALD. Who has a better right than you?

MRS. ALVING. I! Your mother!

OSWALD. Just for that reason.

MRS. ALVING. I, who gave you your life!

OSWALD. I never asked you for life. And what kind of a life was it that you

gave me? I don't want it! You shall take it back!

MRS. ALVING. Help! Help! (*Runs into the hall.*)

OSWALD (*following her*). Don't leave me! Where are you going?

MRS. ALVING (*in hall*). To fetch the doctor to you, Oswald! Let me out!

OSWALD (*going into the hall*). You shan't go out. And no one shall come in. 10 (*Turns the key in the lock.*)

MRS. ALVING (*coming in again*). Oswald! Oswald! — my child!

OSWALD (*following her*). Have you a mother's heart — and can bear to see me 15 suffering this unspeakable terror?

MRS. ALVING (*controlling herself, after a moment's silence*). There is my hand on it.

OSWALD. Will you —?

MRS. ALVING. If it becomes necessary. 20 But it shan't become necessary. No, no — it is impossible that it should!

OSWALD. Let us hope so. And let us live together as long as we can. Thank you, mother.

(*He sits down in the armchair, which MRS. ALVING had moved beside the couch. Day is breaking; the lamp is still burning on the table.*)

MRS. ALVING (*coming cautiously nearer*). 30 Do you feel calmer now?

OSWALD. Yes.

MRS. ALVING (*bending over him*). It has only been a dreadful fancy of yours, Oswald. Nothing but fancy. All this 35 upset has been bad for you. But now you will get some rest, at home with your own mother, my darling boy. You shall have everything you want, just as you did when you were a little child. — There, now. 40 The attack is over. You see how easily it passed off! I knew it would. — And look,

Oswald, what a lovely day we are going to have? Brilliant sunshine. Now you will be able to see your home properly. (*She goes to the table and puts out the lamp. It is sunrise. The glaciers and peaks in the distance are seen bathed in bright morning light.*)

OSWALD (*who has been sitting motionless in the armchair, with his back to the scene outside, suddenly says*): Mother, give me the sun.

MRS. ALVING (*standing at the table, and looking at him in amazement*). What do you say?

OSWALD (*repeats in a dull, toneless voice*). The sun — the sun.

MRS. ALVING (*going up to him*). Oswald, what is the matter with you? (*OSWALD seems to shrink up in the chair; all his muscles relax; his face loses its expression, and his eyes stare stupidly. MRS. ALVING is trembling with terror.*)

What is it! (*Screams.*) Oswald! What is the matter with you! (*Throws herself 25 on her knees beside him and shakes him.*) Oswald! Oswald! Look at me! Don't you know me!

OSWALD (*in an expressionless voice, as before*). The sun — the sun.

MRS. ALVING (*jumps up despairingly, beats her head with her hands, and screams*). I can't bear it! (*Whispers as though paralysed with fear.*) I can't bear it! Never! (*Suddenly.*) Where has he got it? (*Passes her hand quickly over his coat.*) Here! (*Draws back a little way and cries:*) No, no, no! — Yes! — no, no! (*She stands a few steps from him her hands thrust into her hair, and stares at him in speechless 40 terror.*)

OSWALD (*sitting motionless, as before*). The sun — the sun.

CRITICISM AND PHILOSOPHY

FRENCH

SAINTE-BEUVE

(1804-1869)

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve was born in Boulogne. His father was a native of Picardy and his mother was half English. He went to a boarding school in Paris and later for four years studied medicine. He then joined the staff of a liberal newspaper, *Le Globe*, in which he published excellent articles on sixteenth-century French poetry. He also published volumes of poems in 1829, 1830, and 1837, and he was an active contributor to the *Revue des deux mondes*, founded in 1831. In 1840 he became one of the keepers of the Mazarin library, a post which gave him leisure for study and writing. Being now much preoccupied with the Greek classics, he wrote articles on them for the *Revue des deux mondes*; between 1832 and 1848 he contributed a series entitled "Portraits" to the *Revue des deux mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*. He was elected to the French Academy in 1844. After a political quarrel in 1848 had caused him to resign his post in the library, he spent a short time lecturing in Liège and then returned to Paris, where he began, in the *Constitutionnel*, his famous *Causeries de lundi*. Three years later he began a series for the *Moniteur*. In 1854 he was given the chair of French poetry in the Collège de France, but was so ill-received by the students that he resigned almost at once. He next held for four years a lectureship in the École Normale Supérieure, and in 1865 was made a senator. This position gave him sufficient income and leisure to pursue his work; but his health was gone and his career ended.

• Sainte-Beuve has been called the source of modern criticism. When someone once expressed the belief that Sainte-Beuve clung fast to a set pattern of literary opinions, he replied, "I hold very little to literary opinions; literary opinions occupy very little place in my life and in my thoughts. What does occupy me seriously is life itself and the object of it." Thus, as Henry James says in his article on Sainte-Beuve, the critic for Sainte-Beuve was "the student, the inquirer, the interpreter, the taker of notes, the active, restless commentator, whose constant aim was to arrive at justice of comprehension." Passionately devoted to the search for truth, through his enormously wide reading Sainte-Beuve constantly disciplined and steadied his judgment. He read to understand and to love, and he wrote that others might read and understand and love as well. He began always by attempting to determine the object of the author. Matthew Arnold was not far wrong when he referred to Sainte-Beuve as "a perfect critic." It was largely through Arnold that the Sainte-Beuve tradition reached English criticism.

The following selection comes from *Essays on Men and Women*, ed. Wm. Sharp, London, David Stott, 1890.

ROUSSEAU

After having spoken of the pure, airy, unemphatic, entirely fluid and free language which the closing seventeenth century had left to some extent as a legacy to the eighteenth, I would like to-day to speak of that language of the eighteenth century, as exemplified in the writer who did the most to improve it, who made it undergo,

at least, the greatest revolution since Pascal, a revolution from which we of the nineteenth century begin to reckon. Before Rousseau and since Pascal there had been many trials of ways of writing, which were quite different from those of the eighteenth century: Fontenelle had his manner, if there had ever been a manner; Montesquieu had his, stronger, firmer, more striking, but a manner still. Vol-

taire alone had none, and his vivid, clear, rapid language ran, so to speak, almost from the spring. "You find," says he, somewhere, "that I express myself very clearly: I am like the little rivulets; they are transparent because they are not very deep."

He said that laughing; one tells himself thus many half truths. The age, however, demanded more; it wished to be moved, warmed, rejuvenated by the expression of ideas and sentiments which it had not well defined, but which it was still seeking for. The prose of Buffon, in the first volumes of the *Natural History*, offered it a kind of image of what it desired, an image more majestic than lively, a little beyond its reach, and too much fettered to scientific themes. Rousseau appeared: the day when he became fully known to himself, he revealed at the same time to his age the writer who was best fitted to express with novelty, with vigour, with logic mingled with flame, the confused ideas which were fermenting and which desired expression.

In laying hold of the language which it was necessary for him to conquer and command, he gave it a bent which it was henceforth to keep; but he gave back to it more than he took away, and, in many respects, he reinvigorated and regenerated it. Since Rousseau, it is in the mould of language established and created by him that our greatest writers have cast their own innovations, and tried to excel. The pure form of the seventeenth century, such as we love to recall it, has been little more than a graceful antiquity and a regret to people of taste.

Although the *Confessions* did not appear till after the death of Rousseau, and when his influence was fully dominant, it is in that work that it is most convenient for us to study him to-day with all the merits, the fascinations, and the faults of his talents. We shall try to do so, confining ourselves as far as possible to a consideration of the writer, but without interdicting ourselves from remarks upon the ideas and character of the man. The present moment is not very favourable to Rousseau, who is accused of having been the author

and promoter of many of the ills from which we suffer. "There is no writer," it has been judiciously said, "better fitted to make the poor man proud." In spite of all, in considering him here, we shall try not to harbour too much of that almost personal feeling which leads some good spirits to have a grudge against him, in the painful trials we are passing through. Men who have such a range of influence and such a future must not be judged by the feelings and reactions of a day.

The idea of writing the *Confessions* seems so natural to Rousseau, and so suitable to his disposition as well as to his genius, that one would not believe that it had been necessary to suggest it to him. It came to him, however, in the first place, from his publisher, Rey, of Amsterdam, and also from Duclos. After the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, after the *Émile*, Rousseau, fifty-two years old, began to write his *Confessions* in 1764, after his departure from Montmorency, during his stay at Motiers in Switzerland. In the last number of the Swiss Review (October, 1850), there has just been published a beginning of the *Confessions*, taken from a manuscript deposited in the Library of Neuchâtel, — a beginning which is Rousseau's first rough draft, and which he afterwards suppressed. In this first beginning, much less emphatic and less pompous than we read at the opening of the *Confessions*, we hear no peal of the trumpet of the Judgment, nor does it finish with the famous apostrophe to the Eternal Being. Rousseau sets forth there more at length, but philosophically, his plan of portraying himself, of giving his confessions with rigorous truthfulness; he shows clearly wherein the originality and singularity of his design consist: —

"No one can write a man's life but himself. The character of his inner being, his real life, is known only to himself; but, in writing it, he disguises it; under the name of his life, he makes an apology; he shows himself as he wishes to be seen, but not at all as he is. The sincerest persons are truthful at most in what they say, but they lie by their reticences, and that of which they say nothing so changes that which they pretend to confess, that in uttering only a part of the truth they say nothing. I put Mon-

taigne at the head of these falsely-sincere persons who wish to deceive in telling the truth. He shows himself with his faults, but he gives himself none but amiable ones; there is no man who has not odious ones. Montaigne paints his likeness, but it is a profile. Who knows whether some scar on the cheek, or an eye put out, on the side which he conceals from us, would not have totally changed the physiognomy?"

He wishes, then, to do what no one has planned or dared before him. As to style, it seems to him that he must invent one as novel as his plan, and commensurate with the diversity and disparity of the things which he proposes to describe:—

"If I wish to produce a work written with care, like the others, I shall not paint, I shall rouge myself. It is with my portrait that I am here concerned, and not with a book. I am going to work, so to speak, in the dark room; there is no other art necessary than to follow exactly the traits which I see marked. I form my resolution then about the style as about the things. I shall not try at all to render it uniform; I shall write always that which comes to me, I shall change it, without scruple, according to my humour; I shall speak of everything as I feel it, as I see it, without care, without constraint, without being embarrassed by the medley. In yielding myself at once to the memory of the impression received and to the present sentiment, I shall doubly paint the state of my soul, namely, at the moment when the event happened to me and the moment when I describe it; my style, unequal and natural, sometimes rapid and sometimes diffuse, sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, sometimes grave and sometimes gay, will itself make a part of my history. Finally, whatever may be the way in which this book may be written, it will be always, by its object, a book precious for philosophers; it is, I repeat, an illustrative piece for the study of the human heart, and it is the only one that exists."

Rousseau's error was not in believing that in thus confessing himself aloud before everybody, and with a sentiment so different from Christian humility, he did a singular thing; his error was in believing that he did a useful thing. He did not see that he did like the doctor who should set himself to describe, in an intelligible, seductive manner, for the use of worldly people and the ignorant, some infirmity,

some well-characterized mental malady: that doctor would be partially guilty of, and responsible for, all the maniacs and fools whom, through imitation and contagion, his book should make. The first pages of the *Confessions* are too strongly accented and very painful. I find in them, at the very beginning, "a void occasioned by a fault of memory"; Rousseau speaks there of the authors of his days; he brings at birth the germ of an inconvenience which the years have increased, he says, and "which now sometimes gives him some respites only to," etc. etc. All this is disagreeable, and savours little of that flower of expression which we enjoyed the other day under the name of urbanity. And yet, close by these roughnesses of expression, and these crudities of the soil, we meet, strange to say, with a novel, familiar, and impressive simplicity!

"I felt before thinking; it is the common lot of humanity. I experienced it more than others. I know not what I did till I was five or six years old. I know not how I learned to read; I recollect only my first readings, and their effect upon me. My mother had left some romances; my father and I set to reading them after supper. The object, at first, was only to instruct me in reading, by means of amusing books, but soon the interest became so lively, that we read by turns without relaxation, and spent the night in that occupation. We could never leave off till the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, said, quite ashamed: 'Let us go to bed, I am more of a child than you.'"

Note well that swallow; it is the first, and it announces the new spring-time of the language; one does not see it begin to appear till in Rousseau. It is from him that the sentiment of nature is reckoned among us, in the eighteenth century. It is from him also that is dated, in our literature, the sentiment of domestic life; of that homely, poor, quiet, hidden life, in which are accumulated so many treasures of virtue and affection. Amid certain details, in bad taste, in which he speaks of robbery and of eatables, how one pardons him on account of that old song of childhood, of which he knows only the air and some words stitched together, but which

he always wished to recover, and which he never recalls, old as he is, without a soothing charm!

"It is a caprice which I wholly fail to comprehend, but it is utterly impossible for me to sing it to the end, without being checked by my tears. I have a hundred times planned to write to Paris, to have the rest of the words sought for, if any one there knows them still: but I am almost sure that the pleasure which I take in recalling that air would vanish in part, if I had proof that other persons than my poor Aunt Susy have sung it."

This is the novelty in the author of the *Confessions*, this is what ravishes us by opening to us an unexpected source of deep and domestic sensibility. We read together the other day Madame de Caylus¹ and her *Recollections*; but of what memories of childhood does she speak to us? whom did she love? for what did she weep in quitting the home in which she was born, in which she was reared? Has she the least thought in the world of telling us of it? These aristocratic and refined races, gifted with so exquisite a tact and so lively a sensibility to raillery, either do not love these simple things, or dare not let it be seen that they do. Their wit we know well enough, and we enjoy it; but where is their heart? One must be plebeian, and provincial, and a new man like Rousseau, to show himself so subject to affections of the heart and so sensitive to natural influences.

Again, when we remark with some regret that Rousseau forced, racked, and, so to speak, ploughed the language, we add immediately that he at the same time sowed and fertilized it.

A man of a proud, aristocratic family, but a pupil of Rousseau, and who had hardly more than he the sentiment and fear of the ridiculous, M. de Chateaubriand, has repeated in *René* and in his *Memoirs* that more or less direct manner of avowals and confessions, and he has drawn from it some magical and surprising effects. Let us note, however, the differences. Rousseau has not the original elevation; he is not entirely — far from

it! — what one calls a well-born child; he has an inclination to vice, and to low vices; he has secret and shameful lusts which do not indicate the gentleman; he has that extreme shyness which so suddenly turns into the effrontery of the rogue and the vagabond, as he calls himself; in a word, he has not that safeguard of honour which M. de Chateaubriand had from childhood, standing like a watchful sentinel by the side of his faults. But Rousseau, with all these disadvantages, which we do not fear, after him, to mention by their name, is a better man than Chateaubriand, inasmuch as he is more human, more a man, more tender. He has not, for example, that incredible hardness of heart (a hardness really quite feudal), and that thoughtlessness in speaking of his father and his mother. When he speaks of the wrongs done him by his father, who, an honest man, but a man of pleasure, thoughtless, and remarried, abandoned him and left him to his fate, with what delicacy does he mention that painful matter! With what deep feeling is all that depicted! It is not of chivalric delicacy that I speak; it is of the real, the heart-felt, that which is moral and human.

It is incredible that this inner moral sentiment with which he was endowed, and which kept him so much in sympathy with other men, should not have apprised Rousseau how far he derogated from it in many a passage of his life and in many a phrase which he affects. His style, like his life, contracted some of the vices of his early education and of the bad company which he kept at first. After a childhood, virtuously passed in the circle of the domestic hearth, he became an apprentice, and as such underwent hardships which spoiled his tone and deprived him of delicacy. The words, *rogue*, *vagabond*, *ragamuffin*, *knave*, have nothing that gives him any embarrassment, and it even seems as if they returned with a certain complacency to his pen. His language preserves always something of the bad tone of his early years. I distinguish in his language two kinds of debasement: the

¹ Marquise Marthe-Marguerite de Caylus (1673-1729) whose *Souvenirs* gives a brilliant account of Louis XIV's court and Saint-Cyr (the home of Mme. de Maintenon during her later life).

objection to one of them is merely that it is provincial, and bespeaks a Frenchman born out of France. Rousseau will write without scowling: "*Comme que je fasse, comme que ce fût,*" etc., instead of saying, "*De quelque manière que je fasse, de quelque manière que ce fût,*" etc.; he articulates strongly and roughly; he has at times a little *goffre* in his voice. But that is a fault which one pardons him, so far has he succeeded in triumphing over it in some happy pages; so far, by force of labour and emotion, has he softened his organ of speech, and learned how to give to that cultivated and laborious style mellowness and the appearance of a first gush. The other kind of debasement and corruption which one may note in him is graver, inasmuch as it touches the moral sense; he does not seem to suspect that there are certain things, the mention of which is forbidden, that there are certain ignoble, disgusting, cynical expressions which a virtuous man never uses, and which he ignores. Rousseau, at some time, was a lackey; we perceive it, in more than one place, in his style. He hates neither the word nor the thing. "If Fénelon were living, you would be a Catholic," said Bernardin de Saint-Pierre¹ to him one day, on seeing him affected by some ceremony of the Catholic worship. "Oh! if Fénelon were living," cried Rousseau, all in tears, "I should seek to be his lackey, that I might deserve to be his *valet de chambre.*" We see the lack of taste even in the emotion. Rousseau is not only a workman in respect to language, an apprentice before becoming a master, who lets us see in passages marks of the solderings; he is morally a man who, when young, had the most motley experiences, and whom ugly and villainous things do not make heart-sick when he names them. I shall say no more of this essential vice, this stain which it is so painful to have to notice and to censure in so great a writer and so great a painter, in such a man.

Slow to think, prompt to feel, with ardent and suppressed desires, with suffering and constraint each day, Rousseau reaches the age of sixteen, and he paints himself to us in these terms: —

"I reached thus my sixteenth year, restless, dissatisfied with everything and with myself, without a liking for my condition, without the pleasures of my age, devoured by desires of whose object I was ignorant, shedding tears without occasion, sighing without knowing why; finally, cherishing tenderly my chimeras from inability to see anything about me which was of equal value. On Sundays my play-mates came for me, after the church service, to go and play with them if I could; but, once engaged in their sports, I was more ardent, and I went farther than the rest, being difficult to stir and to restrain."

Always in extremes! We here recognise the first form of the thoughts, and almost the phrases of René,² those words which are already a music, and which sing still in our ears: —

"My disposition was impetuous, my character unequal. By turns noisy and joyous, silent and sad, I gathered my young companions about me, then, suddenly abandoning them, I went and seated myself apart to contemplate the fugitive cloud, or to hear the rain fall on the foliage."

Again: —

"When young I cultivated the Muses; there is nothing more poetic than a heart of sixteen years in the freshness of its passions. The morning of life is like the morning of the day, full of purity, of hopes, and of harmonies."

René, indeed, is no other than this young man of sixteen transposed, exiled amid different natural scenery, and in the midst of a different social condition; no longer an engraver's apprentice, son of a citizen of Geneva, of a citizen of the lower class, but a cavalier, a noble traveller at large, smitten with the Muses; all, at the first view, wears a more seductive, a more

¹ One of the early writers in the romantic group, author of *Paul et Virginie* (1788).

² Archbishop of Cambrai, French prelate and author (1651-1715). He was known to be rather an extremist in the expression of his religious views.

³ René, hero of a novel of that name by Chateaubriand, represents ideally the romantic male character of the Romantic Period.

poetic colour; the unexpected character of the landscape and of the framework heightens the character, and denotes a new manner; but the first evident type is where we have indicated it, and it is Rousseau who, in looking into himself, has found it. René is a more pleasing model for us, because in it all the vile aspects of humanity are concealed from us; it has a tint of Greece, of chivalry, of Christianity, the reflections of which cross each other on its surface. Words, in that masterpiece of art, have acquired a new magic; they are words full of light and harmony. The horizon is enlarged in all directions, and the rays of Olympus play upon it. Rousseau has nothing comparable with this at the first view, but he is truer at heart, more real, more living. That workman's son who goes to play with his comrades after the preaching, or to muse alone if he can, that little youth with the well-shaped form, with the keen eye, with the fine physiognomy, and who arraigns all things more than one would like, — he has more reality than the other, and more life; he is benevolent, tender, and compassionate. In the two natures, that of René and that of Rousseau, there is a spot that is diseased; they have too much ardour mingled with a tendency to inaction and idleness — a predominance of imagination and of sensibility which turn back and prey upon themselves; but, of the two, Rousseau is the more truly sensitive, as he is the most original and the most sincere in his chimerical flights, in his regrets, and in his pictures of a possible but lost ideal felicity. When, at the end of the first book of the *Confessions*, quitting his country, he pictures to himself in a simple and touching manner the happiness which he could have enjoyed there in obscurity; when he tells us: "I should have passed in the bosom of my religion, of my country, of my family, and of my friends, a sweet and peaceful life, such as my disposition required, in regular labour suited to my taste, and in a society after my heart; I should have been a good Christian, a good citizen, a good father of a family, a good friend, a good workman, a good man in every respect; I should have loved my

situation; I should have honoured it, perhaps, and, after having passed an obscure and simple, but even and pleasant life, I should have died peacefully in the bosom of my family; soon forgotten, no doubt, I should have been regretted, at least, as long as I should have been remembered"; when he speaks to us thus, he does indeed convince us of the sincerity of his wish and of his regret, so profound and lively is the sentiment that breathes through all his words, of the quiet, unvarying, and modest charm of a private life! Let none of us who, in this age, have been more or less afflicted with the malady of reverie, do like those ennobled persons who disown their ancestry, and let us learn that, before being the very unworthy children of the noble René, we are more certainly the grandchildren of citizen Rousseau.

The first book of the *Confessions* is not the most remarkable, but we find Rousseau in it already, quite complete, with his pride, his vices in their germ, his odd and grotesque humours, his meannesses and his obscenities (you see that I note everything); with his pride also, and that firm and independent spirit which exalts it; with his happy and healthy childhood, his suffering and martyred youth, and the apostrophes to society and avenging reprisals (one foresees them), with which it will inspire him at a later day; with his tender sentiment of domestic happiness and family life which he had so little opportunity of enjoying, and also with the first breaths of spring-time, a signal of the natural revival which will appear in the literature of the nineteenth century. We run a risk to-day of being too little impressed by these first picturesque pages of Rousseau; we are so spoiled by colours that we forget how fresh and new those first landscapes then were, and what an event it was in the midst of that very witty, very refined, but arid society, which was as devoid of imagination as of true sensibility, and had in its own veins none of the sap which circulates and at each season comes back again. French readers, accustomed to the factitious life of a *salon* atmosphere — the urbane readers, as he

calls them — were astonished and quite enraptured to feel blowing from the region of the Alps these fresh and healthy mountain breezes which came to revive a literature that was alike elegant and dried up. It was time for this revival, and hence it is that Rousseau was not a corrupter of language, but, on the whole, a regenerator.

Before him La Fontaine alone, among us, had had as keen a relish for nature, and had known that charm of reverie in the fields; but the example had little effect; the people let the good man come and go with his fables, and kept in their *salons*. Rousseau was the first person who compelled all these fashionable people to go out of them, and to quit the great alley of the park for the true walk in the fields.

The beginning of the second book of the *Confessions* is delightful and full of freshness; Madame de Warens appears to us for the first time. In painting her, Rousseau's style becomes gentle and gracefully-mellow, and at the same time we discover a quality, an essential vein which is innate and pervades his whole manner — I mean sensuality. "Rousseau had a voluptuous mind," says a good critic; women play in his writings a great part; absent or present, they and their charms occupy his mind, inspire him and affect him, and something relating to them is mingled with all that he has written. "How," says he of Madame de Warens, "in approaching for the first time a lovely, polished, dazzling woman, a woman of a superior condition to mine, whose like I had never met, . . . how did I find myself at once as free, as much at my ease, as if I had been perfectly sure of pleasing her?"

This facility, this ease, which he will not usually feel when he finds himself in the presence of women, will always be found in his style when he paints them. The most adorable pages of the *Confessions* are those concerning that first meeting with Madame de Warens; those, also, where he describes the welcome of Madame Basile, the pretty

shopkeeper of Turin: "She was brilliant and elegantly attired, and in spite of her gracious air that splendour had overpowered me. But her welcome, which was full of kindness, her compassionate tone, her soft and endearing manners, soon put me at my ease; I saw that I had succeeded, and that made me more successful."

Have you never observed that brilliancy and splendour of complexion, like a ray of the Italian sun? He then relates that vivid and mute scene, which nobody has forgotten, that scene of gestures, seasonably checked, all full of blushes and young desires. Join to this the walk in the environs of Annecy with Mademoiselles Galley and de Graffenried, every detail of which is enchanting. Such pages were, in French literature, the discovery of a new world, a world of sunshine and freshness, which men had near them without having perceived it; they presented a mixture of sensibility and of nature, one in which no sensuality appeared, except so far as it was permissible and necessary to deliver us at last from the false metaphysics of the heart and from conventional spiritualism. The sensuality of the brush, in that degree, cannot displease; it is temperate also, and is not masked, which renders it more innocent than that of which many painters have since made use.

As a painter, Rousseau everywhere manifests the sentiment of reality. He shows it every time that he speaks to us of beauty, which, even when it is imaginary, like his Julia,¹ assumes a body and perfectly visible forms, and is by no means an airy and intangible Iris. That he has this sense of reality appears from his wishing that every scene which he recollects or invents, that every character he introduces, should be enclosed and move in a well determined place, of which the smallest details may be traced and retained.

One of the things which he found fault with in the great novelist Richardson² was,

¹ The typical female character of the Romantic Period, as seen in Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, a famous novel, composed, as was the fashion, of letters. (See also the *Sorrows of Werther*, pp. 883-892.)

² An English novelist, 1689-1761, whose *Clarissa Harlowe*, a novel somewhat similar to *Werther* and to *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, admirably represented and strongly influenced the character of the romantic novel at that period.

that he did not connect the recollection of his characters with a locality the pictures of which one would have loved to identify. See also how he has contrived to naturalize his Julia and his Saint-Preux¹ in the Pays-de-band, on the border of that lake about which his heart never ceased to wander. His sound, firm mind continually lends its graver to the imagination, that nothing essential to the sketch may be omitted. Finally, this sense of reality is noticeable again in the care with which, amid all his circumstances and his adventures, happy or unhappy, and even the most romantic, he never forgets to speak of repasts and the details of a good, frugal cheer, fitted to give joy alike to heart and mind.

This trait is also a material one; it is related to that citizen-like and popular character which I have noted in Rousseau. He had been hungry in his lifetime; he notes in his *Confessions*, with a feeling of thankfulness to Providence, the last time that it was his lot to experience literal want and hunger. Nor will he ever forget to introduce these incidents of real life and of the common humanity, these heart-matters, even into the ideal picture of his happiness, which he will give at a later day. It is by all these true qualities combined in his eloquence, that he seizes and holds us.

Nature, sincerely enjoyed and loved for herself, is the source of Rousseau's inspiration, whenever that inspiration is healthy, and not of a sickly kind. When he sees Madame de Warens again, on his return from Turin, he stays some time at her house, and from the room that is given him he sees gardens and discovers the country: "It was the first time," he says, "since I was at Bossey (a place where he was sent to be boarded in his childhood), that I had something green before my windows." Till then, to have or not to have something green under one's eyes had been a matter of great indifference to French literature; it belonged to Rousseau to make it perceive it. It is from this point of view that one might characterize him by a word: he was the first who put

something green into our literature. Living thus, at the age of nineteen, near a woman whom he loved, but to whom he dare not declare his passion, Rousseau abandoned himself to a sadness which yet had nothing gloomy in it, and which was tempered by a flattering hope. Having gone to walk out of town, on a great fête day, whilst the people were at vespers, —

"The sound of the bells, which has always strangely affected me, the song of the birds, the beauty of the day, the softness of the landscape, the scattered and rural houses, in which I fixed in imagination our common abode, all this affected me with such a vivid, tender, sad, and touching impression, that I saw myself, as it were, in ecstasy transported to that happy time and to that happy sojourn, in which my heart, possessing all the felicity that could please it, enjoyed it with inexpressible rapture, without even dreaming of the pleasure of the senses."

This is what the child of Geneva felt at Annecy in the year 1731, whilst at Paris people were reading the *Temple of Gnidus*. On that day he discovered the reverie, that new charm which had been left as a singularity to La Fontaine, and which he was going, himself, finally to introduce into a literature that was till then polite or positive. *Reverie*, — such is his novelty, his discovery, his own America. The dream of that day was realized by him some years afterward, in his sojourn at the Charmettes, in that walk by day from Saint Louis, which he has described as nothing like it had ever before been depicted: —

"Everything seemed to conspire to promote the happiness of that day. It had rained just before; there was no dust, and the streams were running well; a gentle breeze stirred the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon cloudless, serenity reigned in the sky as in our hearts. We took our dinner at a peasant's house, and shared it with his family, who blessed us heartily. These poor Savoyards are such good people!"

With this kindly feeling, and in this observant and simply truthful way, he continues to unfold a picture in which all is perfect, all is enchanting, and in which

¹ Hero of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

only the name of Mamma applied to Madame de Warens morally wounds and pains us.

That period at the Charmettes, in which this still young heart was permitted to open for the first time, is the divinest of the *Confessions*, and it will never return, even when Rousseau shall have retired to the Hermitage. The description of those years at the Hermitage, and of the passion which came to seek him there, is very fascinating also, and is more remarkable perhaps than all that precedes it; he will justly exclaim, however: It is no longer the Charmettes there! The misanthropy and the suspicion, of which he is already the victim, will pursue him in that period of solitude. He will be thinking continually there of the Parisian world, of the society at D'Holbach's; he will enjoy his retreat in spite of them, but that thought will poison his purest enjoyments. His disposition will sour, and will contract during these years a henceforth incurable disorder. He will have, no doubt, some delicious moments then, and afterward, even to the end; he will find again, in Saint-Peter's Island, in the middle of Lake Bienne, an interval of calmness and of forgetfulness which will furnish him with inspiration for some of his finest pages, — that fifth walk of the *Reveries*, which, with the third letter to M. de Malesherbes, cannot be separated from the divinest passages of the *Confessions*. Nevertheless, nothing will equal in lightness, freshness, and joyousness the description of life at the Charmettes. Rousseau's true happiness, of which no one, not even himself, could rob him, was the ability thus to evoke and to retrace, with the precision and vividness which characterized his recollection, such pictures of youth, even in the years that were fullest of troubles and distractions.

The pedestrian journey, with its impressions at each moment, was also one of the inventions of Rousseau, one of the novelties which he imported into literature; it has since been greatly abused. It was not just after he had enjoyed his trip, but much later, that he thought of relating his experiences. It was only then, he

assures us, when he travelled on foot, at a beautiful season, in a beautiful country, without being hurried, having for the goal of his journey an agreeable object which he was not in too great haste to attain, — it was then that he was entirely himself, and that ideas of his which were cold and dead in the study came to life and took flight: —

"Walking has something in it that animates and brightens my ideas: I am scarcely able to think when I keep one position; my body must be in full swing before my mind can be so. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable objects, the open air, the good health I gain by walking, the freedom of the inn, the removal from everything that reminds me of my situation, all this sets my soul free, gives me a greater audacity of thought, casts me, in some way, into the immensity of beings where I may combine, choose, and appropriate them at will, without hindrance and without fear. I dispose, as a master, of all nature. . . ."

Do not ask him to write, at these moments, the sublime, foolish, pleasant thoughts which pass through his mind: he likes much better to taste and to relish than to speak of them: "Besides, did I carry with me paper and pens? If I had thought of all that, nothing would have come to me. I did not foresee that I should have ideas; they come when it pleases them, not when it pleases me." Thus, in all that he has since related, we should have, if we may believe him, only distant recollections and feeble remains of himself, as he was at those moments.

And yet what could be at once more true, more precise, and more delicious? Let us recall that night which he passes in the starlight, on the bank of the Rhone or the Saone, in a hollow way near Lyons: —

"I slept voluptuously on the sill of a kind of niche or false door opened in a terrace wall. The canopy of my bed was formed of the tops of the trees; a nightingale was just above me, I fell asleep under his song: my sleep was sweet, my waking was more so. It was broad day; my eyes, as they opened, saw the water, the verdure, a wonderful landscape. I rose and roused myself; I felt hungry; I proceeded gaily towards the city, resolved to lay out for

a good breakfast two six-blanc pieces¹ which were yet left to me."

All the native Rousseau is there, with his reverie, his ideality, his reality, and that six-blanc piece itself, which comes after the nightingale, is not too much to bring us back to the earth, and make us feel all the humble enjoyment which poverty conceals within itself when it is joined with poetry and with youth. I desired to extend the quotation as far as this six-blanc piece, to show that when we are with Rousseau we are not merely keeping company with *René* and with *Jocelyn*.²

The picturesque in Rousseau is temperate, firm, and clear, even in the softest passages; the colouring is always laid upon a well-drawn outline; that Genevese citizen shows in this that he is of pure French extraction. If he lacks at times a warmer light and the splendours of Italy and Greece; if, as about that beautiful Geneva lake, the north wind comes sometimes to chill the atmosphere, and if at times a cloud suddenly casts a greyish tint upon the sides of the mountains, there are days and hours of clear and perfect serenity. Improvements have since been made upon this style, and persons have believed that they have paled and surpassed it; they have certainly succeeded in respect to certain effects of colours and sounds. Nevertheless, the style remains

still the surest and the finest which one can offer as an example in the field of modern innovation. With him the centre of the language has not been too much displaced. His successors have gone farther; they have not merely transferred the seat of the Empire to Byzantium, they have often carried it to Antioch, and even to mid-Asia. With them the imagination in its pomp absorbs and dominates all.

The portraits in the *Confessions* are lively, piquant, and spiritual — Bach, the friend, Venture, the musician, Simon, the *jugemage*³ are finely seized and ob- served; they are not so easily dashed off as in *Gil Blas*, they are rather engraved; Rousseau has here recalled his first trade.

I have been unable to do more than hurriedly to indicate the leading particulars in which the author of the *Confessions* remains a master to salute this time the creator of the reverie, — him who has inoculated us with the sentiment of nature and with the sense of reality, the father of the literature of the heart, and of internal painting. What a pity that misanthropic pride should be mingled with these excellences, and that cynical remarks should cast a stain upon so many charming and genuine beauties! But these follies and vices of man cannot overcome his original merits, nor hide from us the great qualities in which he shows himself still superior to his descendants.

BRUNETIÈRE

(1849-1906)

Ferdinand Brunetière was born at Toulon, attended school at Marseilles, and later studied at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand in Paris. Disappointed in his desire to become a teacher, he took up private tuition and literary criticism; and, after publishing a number of articles in the *Revue bleue*, began to contribute to the *Revue des deux mondes*, of which he became principal editor in 1893. In 1886 he was presented with a professorship at the École Normale; he was decorated in 1887 with the Legion of Honor; and in 1893 he became a member of the Academy. Although usually in poor health, Brunetière in the literary field lived an exceptionally active life. Besides a great number of polemical works, his publications, largely critical, include six series of *Études critiques* (1880-1907) on French history and literature, *Le Roman naturaliste* (1883), *Histoire et littérature* (1884-1886), *Questions de critique* (1888, 1890), *L'Évolution de*

¹ A blanc is an old French copper coin. Six blancs made one and a half pence in English money.

² A long romantic poem by Lamartine.

³ Lieutenant of the seneschal in certain provinces.

genres dans l'histoire de la littérature, and two volumes of studies in 1894 on the evolution of French lyrical poetry in the nineteenth century.

Brunetière brought to the service of literary criticism vast erudition, a vigorous spirit of analysis, an aggressive enthusiasm, and remarkable oratorical gifts. In his appreciation of literary works, instead of appealing to his personal impressions, he had recourse to certain general principles which he felt constituted the essential requirements of literary art, and in the front rank of these requirements he placed social and moral value. His purpose was to make criticism *objective*. In his analysis of literary works he followed Taine in asserting that the three influences exerted upon a writer were race, environment (*milieu*), and literary movements. He went beyond Taine in introducing into the study of literary development something of the ideas of evolution put forward by Darwin and Spencer; that is, he saw among the classes of literature certain "species" which came into being, developed, degenerated, and changed into something else. He is well known also as a bibliographer and literary historian.

The following lecture, written in 1898, is translated by Arthur Beatty in *The Living Age*, CCXX, 1890.

ART AND MORALITY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In order that I may not surprise anyone, and also that I may secure to myself the benefit of my frankness, I will tell you at the very beginning that, in this lecture, I purpose to be long, tiresome, obscure, and commonplace, withal. And, in truth, the fault will not be entirely in me, but in the subject I have chosen: Morality in Art, or rather Art and Morality, a trite subject, as you know; for since the time of Plato, at least, it has been the common ground of conversation in Academies, salons, studios, schools; and in spite, or rather because, of its banality it is a subject both complex and difficult.

I say because of its triteness; and indeed one of the great mistakes we make in regard to "commonplaces" is believing them easy to deal with. We have no doubt that the easiest thing in the world to-day is to be, or seem to be, original; and the means thereto have become so simple! We simply have to maintain the opposite of what people around us think; to say of charity, for instance, that there is no need to practice it, — and that is what a whole school is teaching; — to say of justice that there is no need to administer it; to say of patriotism that it is the prejudice of another age; and twenty paradoxes of the same nature. This is a sure way of astonishing, of cheaply shocking, one's readers or hearers, and to-day it is the A B C of the art of the paragrapher and of the platform lecturer. In these days

intellectuality merely consists in thinking the opposite of other people! But on the other hand, to think like everybody else; to seek solid reasons and precise reasons that are those of almost all reasonable people or of all cultivated people; to confirm people, as need be perhaps, in what the learned Professor Lombroso has called their *misoneism*, — and which is only a wise distrust of novelty; — to tell them there are ideas, old ideas, without which the life of humanity cannot do any more than without bread; in a word, to communicate to them the rare courage, the unusual audacity, of not wishing, at any price, to appear more "advanced" than their times, — that, ladies and gentlemen, yes, that is a difficult undertaking, that is a hazardous undertaking; and that is what I would try to do to-day.

I

You know the problem, and I have only to remind you of the terms in which it is stated. If we are to believe the artists in this matter, at least certain of the artists, and the greater number of the critics, or aesthetes, but especially the journalists, Art, great Art, Art with a capital A, would transform, would transmute into pure gold everything it touches, would sublimate it, so to speak; and would make a thing to be admired out of a thing obscene or most atrocious. Do not some call this a means of purgation?

There's not a monster bred beneath the sky, But, well disposed by art, may please the eye.

•Pascal said the same thing, but in a far more Jansenist manner, when he wrote: "What a vanity is painting, which attracts our admiration by the imitation of things which we do not admire in reality." You see that I am keeping my promise, and one could scarcely bring forward more familiar quotations.

Illustrious examples, moreover, confirm, or seem to confirm, the sentence of Pascal and the verses of Boileau. We admire in good faith, we credit ourselves with good taste for admiring, under Greek names, Venuses which we would not dare to name in French; and if we strip (I well know it is a sacrilege), but if we do really strip the subject of Corneille's "Rodogune" or of Racine's "Bajazet," for example, of the prestige of poetry which transfigures them; if we reduce both of them to the essence of the fable which sustains them, what will remain of them but two intrigues of the harem, which would be all very well in their place in the annals of crime and indecency.

Yet we are told, neither "Bajazet," nor "Rodogune" especially, are works which we can tax as immoral. In seizing on these intrigues the poet — and it is his privilege — has transformed their nature. That man would be condemned, he would be disqualified, who in the presence of the goddesses of Praxiteles¹ felt emotions other than those of the most chaste and disinterested admiration. The fact is, we are further told, the artist or the poet has lifted us above what is instinctive or animal in us; they have performed this miracle by placing us — how, is not very well known, by a secret known only to them — in a sphere where the gross excitements of sense are unknown; they have freed us from ourselves (you know the theory of the

liberating power of art, that of the "purgation of the emotions" and I need only allude to it in passing); and we have entered with them into the region of supreme calm and of divine repose.

La Mort peut disperser les univers tremblans,
Mais la Beauté flamboie, et tout renaît en elle,
Et les mondes encore roulent sous ces pieds
blancs.²

That is not my opinion.

And first, if this were the place to produce texts, I should not be embarrassed to prove that Greek sculpture — I mean that of the great epoch — fell short of that character of ideal purity that we are accustomed to attribute to it. It is pagan; and we must remember that when we speak of it! And paganism is not here or there, the religion of Jupiter or that of Venus, the mysteries of Eleusis³ or the Thesmophoria,⁴ but simply and in a word the adoration of the energies of nature. Here custom makes us blind; but in order to see clearly, think what the amours of the chief gods — Europa, Danaë, Leda, Semele, Ganymede — have become with an Ovid, for example, or with very great painters, a Michel Angelo,⁴ a da Vinci,⁴ a Correggio,⁴ a Veronese⁴; and, more generally, all those voluptuous fictions which, after having furnished the materials of classic art, have come to their end in the terrible games in the amphitheatre. Ask yourselves, in another art and in another order of ideas, whether, when we come from seeing this "Bajazet" or this "Rodogune" played, of which I was speaking just now — whether the impression which we carry from it has not something of mingled estrangement, of suspicious estrangement?

On this point there is a confession of Diderot⁵ which you will find quite eloquent, and which will show too how this creator of "art criticism" admired the

¹ Celebrated Greek sculptor who flourished about 360 B.C.

² "Death may shatter the trembling universe; but Beauty's torch ever flames aloft, and all things revive, and the worlds once more roll on beneath her white feet."

³ The ancient city of Eleusis, in Attica, seat of the most famous of the religious mysteries of the ancient world. Thesmophoria was the name of a festival of Demeter, goddess of fertility.

⁴ Famous painters of the Italian Renaissance.

⁵ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), French philosopher and encyclopædist.

"Antiope" by Correggio. Alas! gentlemen, Corneille, the great Corneille, is not always moral; and I mean by that that I would not be sure of the quality of the soul formed in the school of his "heroism" alone. It would be lacking in what Shakespeare has so finely called "the milk of human kindness."

I continue, ladies and gentlemen, to say trite things, exceedingly trite things, 10 things even worthy of Mrs. Grundy, and what would the case be if I wished to take my examples from music instead of from painting, sculpture, or poetry? But this is the most banal of all these things, — I 15 mean that of which you are all secretly, though perhaps without knowing it, most certainly convinced; yet which is most difficult to prove. It is, that these examples have nothing that need astonish 20 us if in every form or every species of art there is as principle or germ a furtive immorality. Note that I am not speaking of inferior forms of art; of the café-concert song, for example, of the vaudeville, 25 or of the dance. Of the dance! Yes, I know that David danced before the ark, and we hear every day much talk of hieratic dances, of sacred dances, of martial dances. There is also the *danse du* 30 *ventre*; and I should not be at all surprised if some grave author should find it symbolic. But symbolic or expressive of what? That is the point; and no one else will pretend that it is expressive of de- 35 cency or modesty. "How much there is to a minuet!" said a famous dancing-master. Why, certainly, but how much of what? For, certainly the opera ballet may have all sorts of qualities, — qualities 40 that I myself may have the weakness not to despise, — that they have not the quality of elevating the mind is something of which I am certain! Neither has a café-concert song, nor a vaudeville: "Cé- 45 limare le bien-aimé," or "Un Chapeau de paille d'Italie."

But since this is not what we ask of them I will not insist. That would be to make myself ridiculous! Let us take the 50 highest things. I speak to you of great art, of the greatest art; it is in the notion

of great art that I say a germ of immorality is enveloped; and it is here that I am going to become wearisome. Or rather, not yet, ladies and gentlemen; that will be 5 presently; for I must first of all tell you of the memorable exploit of M. Taine,¹ the most glorious of his exploits, and the one which most eloquently testifies that in him sincerity of research and uprightness of character did not yield to brilliancy of talent.

He began, as you know — in conformity with his intention of finding an objective foundation for critical judgments, and thus of rescuing the works of literature and art from the caprice of particular opinions — by taking the attitude which I will not call indifferent or uninterested, but impartial and impersonal, which is that of the geologist before the animal or of the botanist with regard to the plant. When the zoölogist studies the habits of the hyena or of the antelope, of the jackal or of the dog, and when the botanist 25 describes to us the rose or the *datura stramonium*, the belladonna or "the sacred blade which gives us bread," you know they always use the same patient method, and we do not see them angry with the ferocious beast or the poisonous plant. We do not find them changing either tone or composure of mind with their subject. Taine tried to imitate them, and for a moment he could believe that he had succeeded; when, as yet knowing only France and England, on his appointment as professor of æsthetics in the École des Beaux-Arts, he visited Italy. That was a revelation. The difference between the 30 best, the mediocre, and the worst, that difference, that sense of difference, of which the spirit of system so easily deprives us in literature, because words express ideas and because we have a leaning towards ideas that resemble our own, however feebly they may be expressed, — this difference which we do not always appreciate in music, because music is a kind of science as well as an art, and especially because our judgments do not anywhere depend more on the state of our nerves than in music — this, on the

¹ Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893), French philosopher, critic, and historian.

other hand, stands out clearly in painting, in sculpture; and Taine was forcibly struck by it.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is why, when he began those celebrated lectures on "The Production of the Work of Art," on "Art in Italy," "Art in Holland," "Art in Greece," on "The Ideal in Art" — certainly, with the work of Eugène Fromentin¹ on "The Early Masters," and some rare writings of M. Guillaume, the most remarkable things which art criticism has produced in our times — that is why it appeared to him necessary to classify, to judge works, to establish "scales of values," — what is more pedantically called an æsthetic criterion — in order to judge them. And where did he find this criterion, gentlemen, after having long sought for it, where did he find it, he, the pupil of Condillac² and of Hegel, the theorist and philosopher of the impassibility of criticism, whose most serious reproach to the Cousins³ and Jouffroys⁴ was that of trying to bring everything to the "moral point of view"? What is the sign by which he declared that the most elevated in the museum of masterpieces can be recognized? It is by what he calls "the degree of beneficence in the character." The page is important, and I wish to place it entire before your eyes.

¶ All things being equal in other respects, the work which expresses a beneficent character is superior to the work which expresses a malevolent character. If in two given works both exhibit, with the same talent in execution, natural forces of like grandeur, that which represents to us a hero is better than that which represents to us a dolt; and in this gallery of living works of art, which form the definitive museum of the human mind, you will see established, according

to our new principle, a new order of ranks.

"At the lowest step of all are the types preferred by the literature of realism and by the comic drama; that is to say, simpletons and egotists, — limited, weak and inferior natures. . . . The spectacle of these belittled or crippled spirits ends by leaving in the reader's mind a vague sense of weariness and disgust, and even irritation and bitterness. . . . We demand that we be shown creations of a more vigorous birth and of a loftier character.

"At this point of the scale is placed a family of powerful but incomplete types, and generally wanting in balance."

He cites as examples of these the ordinary characters of Balzac and Shakespeare: Coriolanus, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Richard III., Lady Macbeth and Hulot, Baltasar Claës, Goriot, le père Grandet, Vautrin, Bridau, Rastignac. He admires them; he admires in them the incarnation of the elemental forces "which govern mind, society, and history," — but there is a *but*.

"They leave on the mind a painful impression; we behold too much misery and too many crimes; the passions developed and in mortal encounter display too great ravages. . . ."

"Advancing a step further, we encounter complete personages, true heroes. We find many such in the dramatic and philosophic literature of which I have just spoken to you. Shakespeare and his contemporaries have multiplied perfect images of feminine innocence, goodness, virtue, and delicacy; down through every successive age their conceptions have reappeared under diverse forms in English romance and drama, the latest of the descendants of Miranda and Imogen being found in the Esthers and Agneses of Dickens. . . ."

¹ French painter and critic (1820–1876), who painted the beauties of the Orient and wrote several books on art and travel.

² Étienne Bonnot de Condillac (1715–1780), French philosopher and friend of Diderot. He was founder of the school of philosophy known as *sensationalism*.

³ Victor Cousin (1792–1867), French philosopher, statesman, and orator; a professor in the Sorbonne.

⁴ Théodore Simon Jouffroy (1796–1842), a French philosopher, assistant to Cousin in the Sorbonne.

And what, then, are the works he places highest in the heaven of art, he, I repeat, the theorist of naturalism, whose deeper sympathies all went, in spite of himself, to the manifestations of force and violence? Now it is "Polyeucte,"¹ "le Cid,"¹ "les Horace";¹ it is "Pamela,"² "Clarissa,"² "Grandison";² it is "Mauprat,"³ "François le Champi,"³ "La Mare au Diable";³ it is "Hermann and Dorothea";⁴ it is Goethe's "Iphigenia"; it is Tennyson with his "Idylls of the King." Who, in very truth, would have suspected it only three or four years before, when he wrote his "History of English Literature"; and when, with an energy of style which at times resembled a gymnastic feat, he glorified, in the drama of Shakespeare or in the poetry of Byron, the splendid villainy of Don Juan 20 or of Iago?

I do not discuss these judgments, gentlemen; I do not deny any of them to-day; I do not speak to you of the reservations they permit, and of the 25 principal ones which the author himself has made. But I see in them an instructive testimony — a presumption, if you like — for what I was saying to you just now: that is, that the art which 30 has only itself as an object, the art which does not care for the quality of the characters it expresses; the art, in a word, which does not take account of the impressions which it is capable of making on the senses 35 or of exciting in the mind, *that* art, however great the artist, I do not say is inferior (that is another question), but I say that it necessarily tends to immorality. I am now going to try to 40 give you the reasons for this.

II

There is one reason which, if I am 45 not mistaken, is as clear as noon-day; and which is that every form of art, design and form has lost. And we de-

in order to reach the mind, is obliged to have recourse to the mediation, not only of the senses, but of the pleasure of the senses. No painting but must first of all be a joy to the eye! No music but must be a pleasure to the ear! No poetry but must be a caress! And that very thing, we may remark in passing, is one of the reasons for the changes in fashion and taste. The works exist; and whether good or bad, they remain what they are. We like them or we do not like them! They do not change in character; the "Iliad" is always the "Iliad," "l'École d'Athènes" is always "l'École d'Athènes." But the senses become refined, or, rather, they are sharpened; they become more subtle and more exacting; they require, in order to experience the same quantity of pleasure, a greater amount of excitation. As has been well observed, "La Dame Blanche," "Le Pré-aux-Clercs," and so many other works we to-day call out-of-date, — although their representation once 5 was profitable to dozens of theatres in Germany, — these works doubtless gave to our fathers the same kind of pleasure as "Carmen,"⁵ for example, or "Die Meistersinger,"⁶ gives us. It is because their less practiced ears were less exacting.

Have you never asked yourselves at times whence comes the scorn it is fashionable, in the last few years, to show towards Raphael's painting? Independently of the element of snobbery which is certainly mixed with it, — and which consists in people thinking that this gives them the air of connoisseurs, — it is because after the lapse of fifty years our eyes have 10 learned to enjoy color far more intensely than formerly. The sense of color, which, as you know, has had a long history, and the increasing complexity of which in the progress of time we can follow, seems

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¹ *Polyeucte*, *Le Cid*, *Horace*, plays by the French dramatist, Corneille.

² *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, *Grandison*, novels by the English novelist, Samuel Richardson (see page 1008 note 2).

³ *Mauprat*, *François le Champi*, *La Mare au Diable*, — novels by the French author of sentimental novels, George Sand.

⁴ A romance by Goethe.

⁵ An opera by Wagner.

⁶ A popular opera by Bizet.

to-day, as such, demanding only vigor or delicacy. Perhaps this, too, is the reason, or one at least, for the development of landscape. The chief actor of landscape is light or color, a pleasure purely sensuous, or primarily sensuous, which it affords us; and do not the very words we used to admire, for example, a canvas by Corot, indicate it when we speak of the calm, of the freshness, of the melancholy, which we breathe there? All that is not only *sensed*, but *sensuous*; and I do not think I need support this point any further.

But there results from this, ladies and gentlemen, several consequences; and thus it is that we see — I say, in history — that when art is left to itself and seeks its principle only in itself, — poetry, music, or painting, — it degenerates into a mass of artifices to stir up sensuality. Then no one asks of it anything more; it itself no longer thinks of anything but of pleasing, and of pleasing at any price, by every means; and it literally changes from a leader or from a guide into a kind of go-between. That is the only name which fits it when I think of our closing XVIIIth century, of the novels of Duclos¹ and of Crébillon¹ the younger, of that of Laclos¹: “*Les Liaisons dangereuses*”; of the sculpture of Clodion; of the painting of Boucher, of Fragonard; of the libertine engravings of so many dandies; of that furor of eroticism which disgraces not only the “*Poésies*” of Parny,² but even those of André Chénier.³ Let us be bold enough to confess it; all this art which is so praised to us, which is still celebrated, all this art, in all its forms, has been, for nearly half a century, scarcely anything but a perpetual incentive to debauch; and do you think that, although it be called elegant, debauchery is any the less dangerous? As for me, I believe it is far more so!

Here is something graver still; for, at heart, when they are not devoid of all moral sense, these Fragonards or these Crébillons cannot but know that they ply a shameful trade. But the seduction of form sometimes works in a more subtle and insidious fashion, for which the artist or the public can scarcely themselves account, and of which the effects are more disastrous; for while corrupting the principle of art there is the appearance of respecting it: *optimi corruptio pessima*.⁴ When an exaggerated importance, not to say an importance which ignores all else, is attributed to the form, then it is that there results, from this very importance, what an Italian critic, writing of the decadence of Italian art, has justly called “the indifference to the content.” That is when the painter, Correggio or Titian, with the same hand, as skilful, as caressing, as licentious, but as sure, with which he yesterday painted a “*Madonna*” or an “*Assumption*,” to-day paints, warm and amber on a dark background, the nudity of a courtesan. It is when a Montesquieu,⁵ with the same pen with which he has thrown on paper a sketch of the “*Esprit des Lois*,” writes the “*Lettres Persanes*” or the “*Temple de Gnide*.” Or better still, it is when relaxation is taken after writing a “*Stabat*”⁶ by writing the music of a ballet. • For, what, indeed, do the things we say matter? But what must be considered is the manner of saying them! Form is everything, the basis is nothing, if it is not the pretext or occasion for the form. And, as this striving, as this care, as this passion for form never fails to lead to new effects; as the qualities lost are, or seem to be, replaced by others; as the execution becomes more masterly or more skilful, it cannot at first be seen where that leads to. That, ladies and gentle-

¹ Novelists of the eighteenth century, who have often been charged with salaciousness.

² Évariste Désiré Desforges de Parny (1763–1814), a poet of moderate talents with a reputation for grossness.

³ André Chénier (1762–1794), a brilliant and turbulent poet somewhat akin to Byron in spirit.

⁴ “The best are the worst corruption.”

⁵ Charles Louis de Montesquieu (1689–1755), a French writer on political subjects who coated his discussions with the sensational colors of pseudo-Orientalism. He was a writer of great brilliance and powerful influence.

⁶ An ecclesiastical poem on the theme “*Stabat mater dolorosa*,” etc.

men, leads directly to dilettanteism; and dilettanteism is the death both of all art and of all morality.

Oh, certainly, I know very well I speak like a barbarian, not to say like one possessed; at all events, like an iconoclast; and you are used to see something else in dilettanteism. Dilettanteism, I know, for the most of those who profess it and glory in it, for the most of those who are in sympathy with it, means independence of mind, liberty, diversity, superiority of taste; it means absence of prejudices; it is the faculty of comprehending everything. But, gentlemen, is it also the faculty of excusing everything? For, indeed, we who believe in anything and who have what are called "principles" — you know that that means to-day that we are limited on all sides — can any one imagine that when we adopt, when we maintain, an opinion, that we have not seen the reasons for the contrary opinion, or the difficulties of the one we adopt? Alas! there is not a critic or historian worthy of the name who does not argue against his tastes, who does not combat his own pleasures, who does not harden himself against the things that attract him. But dilettanteism is nothing but an incapacity for taking sides, an enfeeblement of the will, when it is not a clouding of the moral sense; and — on the most favorable supposition — a tendency, eminently immoral, to make of the beauty of things the measure of their absolute value.

When art comes to that — and it necessarily comes to that whenever it seeks its end only in itself or in what is emphatically called the realization of pure beauty — I once more repeat, it is not only art which is ruined; it is morality; or, if you want something more precise, it is society, which has made an idol of it. We have a memorable example of this in the Italy of the XVth and of the XVIth centuries, assuredly one of the most corrupt societies of history, according to the admission of all historians; the Italy of all these tyrants to whom we seem to have pardoned everything because they have had triumphal mythologies painted in fresco on

the walls and ceilings of their palaces; or because the daggers they buried in the breasts of their victims were marvellously carved by a Benvenuto Cellini. And do you know whence is this corruption, gentlemen? Precisely from this idolizing of art, or, if you prefer it, from the subordination of every part of public and private life to art and its demands. An excellent critic has said:

"The Italians of the Renaissance, under the sway of the fine arts, sought after form, and satisfied themselves with rhetoric. Therefore we condemn their moral disquisitions and their criticisms as the flimsy playthings of intellectual voluptuaries. Yet the right way of doing justice to these stylistic trifles is to regard them as products of an all-embracing genius for art, in a people whose most serious enthusiasms were æsthetic. . . . If the methods of science may be truly said to regulate our modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that, during the Renaissance, art exercised a like controlling influence."

Note, ladies and gentlemen, this last comparison; we shall return to it in a little while. Penetrated with the idea of the "beautiful," Italy went so far as to find it in crime. It recognized in a crime well done, boldly conceived, skillfully executed, and audaciously avowed, merits analogous to those she applauded in her works of art. Why is that? You see why, perhaps. It is in distinguishing and dividing the invisible, in separating the inseparable, in dissociating the form from the substance; it is in placing in the execution all the merit of art. As long as this tendency found its counterpoise in the sincerity of the religious, moral, social, or political sentiment, it gave to the world the masterpieces which you know, from the "Divine Comedy" to the decoration of the Sistine.¹ But according as the tendency was able to develop freely, the decadence of art was seen to commence, followed by the decadence of morality. That is a first-class proof, in my opinion — a proof by the facts, a proof by history — that every form of art contains a

¹ The Sistine Chapel at Rome, famous for the beauty of its decoration.

principle of immorality, and there is another in the fact that it is obliged to address the mind only by the mediation of the pleasure of the senses, of which art must exercise a wise mistrust, the chief part of which will be never to seek its end in itself.

It is to that, you know, that people have tried to answer, in giving as its end the imitation of nature; and as regards this, I begin by declaring that two things are equally certain, that we are cured of dilettanteism or of virtuosity only by returning to the imitation of nature; and the other is that if the imitation of nature is not, perhaps, the end of art, it is at least the principle. "All rules," said a great painter, "have been made only to aid us in placing ourselves before nature, and thus to teach us to see it better"; and a great poet has said before him:

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

But what is this nature which it is a question of imitating? How, in what measure, ought we to imitate it? If we feel in us any temptation to correct it, or, as is said, to perfect it, ought we to yield to it? And how, in short, have morals or morality accommodated themselves? I mean, how, in fact and in history, have they accommodated themselves to that recommendation and that principle?

I will not examine, gentlemen, whether nature is always beautiful, or whether it is never so. The question would take us too far afield. Truly, I, for my part, will freely say that if colors are not in objects, but in our eye (and that is proven), the proof would have greater validity for that relative and changing quality which is called "Beauty." Plato has said, rather, has been made to say, that "the beautiful is the splendor of the true"; and I admire Plato; none the less, this is an example of one of these immortal blunders which we piously transmit from generation

to generation. If we only take the trouble to try to understand ourselves, there is no "beauty" in a geometrical theorem, nor in a chemical law, or at least the beauty shines in it only with a mild brilliance, modest and timid. There is beauty, in the human sense of the word, only in those very general laws that are, properly speaking, hypotheses rather than laws, and of which I do not wish to speak disparagingly, because it may be that the search for them is the very end, the highest end, of science. But, on the other hand, we might easily show that there have been some very great mistakes. But, I repeat, and without wishing to examine the question, ugliness as well as beauty is in nature; and you know, we all know, some artists who have seen it alone. The romanticists have even made the representation of the ugly an essential part of their æsthetics, — and it certainly is not on this point that contemporary naturalism has disavowed them.

•What is still more certain, and what is especially important to us to-day, is that, beautiful or ugly, nature is not "good"; and I scarcely need to maintain this point, since the Schopenhauers,¹ the Darwins, the Vignys, have firmly established it. Do not let us needlessly complicate matters, and do not let us embarrass ourselves with metaphysical complications. If the first need of a creature is "to preserve its being," nature, you know well enough, has, as it were, surrounded us with snares, and we cannot make a movement without running the risk of perishing by it. Life is spent in learning to live, and no sooner have we succeeded in it than we die. Does the living console us, and can we say with the poet:

Mais la nature est là qui invite et qui t'aime,
Plonge-toi dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre tous
jours?²

But her "bosom" is rather a stepmother's; and her indifference to us is equalled only

¹ For Schopenhauer see p. 1036.

² "But nature is ever there, inviting thee and loving thee; plunge into her bosom ever open for thee."

by her lack of regard for all that we call by the name of good or bad.

On me dit une mère et je suis une tombe,
Mon hiver prend vos morts comme son hécatombe,
Mon printemps ne sent pas vos adorations.¹

Let us go still further, gentlemen; nature is immoral, thoroughly immoral, I may say immoral to such a degree that everything moral is, in a sense, and especially in its origin, in its first principle, only a reaction against the lessons or counsels that nature gives us. *Vitium hominis, natura pecus*,² I believe St. Augustine has said; there is no vice of which nature does not give us the example, nor any virtue from which she does not dissuade us. This is the empire of brute force and unchained instincts, neither moderation nor shame, neither pity nor compassion, neither charity nor justice; all species are armed against one another, *in mutua funera*³; all passions aroused, every individual ready to oppose every other, — that is the spectacle that nature offers us; and if we imitate it who does not see and who does not understand what humanity would become in so doing? Plunge us into nature! Why, gentlemen, if we were not careful, that would be to plunge us into animality; and that is what has not been understood by certain who are inviting us to take “nature” only for a guide in all things, — that they were inviting us to go back again over the very steps of history and civilization. We have become men, and can become more so each day only by detaching ourselves from nature, and by trying to institute in the midst of it “an Empire within an Empire.”

Shall I add to this that it is not always true? That is what I ought to do if I keep myself narrowly within the bounds of my subject. Nature has its failures, it has its exceptions, it has its monstrosities. If we are to attach a precise meaning to the words, which will make us understood, it

is not “natural” to be blind or a hunchback; and that is what so many artists readily forget. They also forget that

5 Some truths may be too strong to be believed.

We see examples of it every day. Every day there happens the reality that resembles a fiction, and, on the other hand, the fiction that one would take for a reality. It is even a commonplace with novelists to say that they invent nothing that reality does not surpass. . . . But all these considerations are purely æsthetic, and to-day I am interested in the relations between morality and art.

Now you see that they are of such a nature, that, as we have just now seen, immorality engendered in the very seduction of the form, so in the same way it is always to be feared lest it may also result from a too faithful imitation. Examples of this are innumerable in the history of painting, and especially of literature. But, as I should compromise myself if I here invoked the memory of the “Contes” of La Fontaine, or of his “Fables,” it is the author of “Andromaque” and of “Bajazet” that I shall ask to offer me his repentance. For indeed, when this great man, in the maturity of life and genius, not yet having reached forty, — that is, the age at which Molière had just begun to write — abandoned the stage, what sentiments do you think dictated his conduct? He was afraid of himself, afraid of the truth of the paintings he had made; of the terrible fidelity with which he had rendered what is most natural in the passions; of the justification that he had found for their excess in their conformity to instinct; and that is why from that moment his life was nothing but one long expiation for the errors of his genius. Let us regret it if we will! But let us not have minds so narrow as to be astonished at it; nor especially to blame the poet for it; and let us consider that at this very moment there is an example of this very thing in him who was in his

¹ “They call me a mother, and I am a tomb; my winter takes your dead as its hecatomb; my spring does not listen to your worships.”

² “Vice results from man’s being by nature a brute.”

³ “To mutual destruction.”

hour the illustrious novelist¹ of "War and Peace" and of "Anna Karenina." You will find the proof of this in the work, "What is Art?" in which he wages the same warfare as I do to-day, — and if this endeavor appears only ordinary in a critic, or in a historian of ideas, so much the worse for those who did not understand how heroic it is in a novelist!

I suppose that in that work he will not fail to clearly bring to light a final cause of that immorality which we can look upon as inherent in the very principle of art. I mean a condition which seems to be imposed on the artist, and which consists, in order to assure his originality, not precisely in his cutting himself off from the society of other men, and shutting himself in his "ivory tower," but in his distinguishing himself from the crowd. La Bruyère has excellently said: "If we always listened to criticism, there is not a work that is not completely founded on it"; and he was right. Painter, poet, sculptor, or musician, if the originality of the artist is to feel, by the same things, sensations different from other men, it would seem that one of his cares should be not to let them in any way become "banal," and consequently it would seem that this is a right that cannot be denied him. But to what dangers at all times, and especially at a time like ours, does not the application of this principle lead?

By it, humanity is divided into two kinds of men: the "Artists," who make art, and the "Philistines," the "Bourgeois," who do not make it, or who do not understand it as the "artists" do, or who do not like the same art as they. In this connection recall Flaubert in his "Correspondence," or the Goncourts² in their "Journal." It has been said, and I hasten to subscribe to it, "What love, what passion, what religion for their art!" And, in truth, that is admirable! But also

what ignorance, what thoughtlessness for all that is not art and their art; what scorn of their contemporaries, of the "Messrs. Dumas, Augier, Feuillet," of all the novels that are not "Madame Bovary,"³ of all the comedies that are not "Henriette Maréchal"! Evidently all of us, — we who believe that there may be something else in life than art, — in their eyes we are all only simple Bouvards⁴ or frightful Pécuchets.⁴ We are the crowd, and the crowd is always to be despised.

"I believe that the crowd, the flock, will always be hateful. In so far as the people do not bow before the mandarins, in so far as the academy of sciences will not take the place of the Pope, society to its very roots will be only a lot of sickening humbugs."

I do not stop over the strangeness of the phrase, — which would be worthy of a place on the wall of the editor's office, — but you see the sentiment! I do not even reply that, if it is works that will ultimately try doctrines, we can conceive of a more useful employment in life than writing "Paradis Artificiels," "Tentations de Saint Antoine," "Faustin" and "Fille Elsa." But I ask you, gentlemen, whether the consequence of the doctrine is not to make art consist in what is most inhuman and most foreign to our occupations, our cares, our anxieties!

Not that for this reason they repel praises or admiration. "Money is always good," said an Emperor; and our "Artists" think that, from whatever hand it may come, admiration is always good to take and to retain if possible. Only, if, in the midst of these praises, any misunderstanding arises between the artist and the public, it is always the public that is in the wrong; and let us render this justice to the artists; they think it a matter of honor to aggravate the misunderstanding. Ah, but we are reproached for our harshness of manner! Well, we

¹ Tolstoi, the Russian philosopher and novelist (see p. 1025).

² Edmond de Goncourt (1822-1896), and Jules de Goncourt (1830-1870), French novelists and miscellanists. Their *Journal*, covering the years 1887 to 1896, is a record of the life of the artistic and literary circle in which the brothers lived in Paris. Much of their work deals with social outcasts.

³ *Madame Bovary* is a novel by Flaubert.

⁴ A reference to Flaubert's novel *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881).

will be still more harsh, and we will elevate our very lack of feeling into a principle of art. Ah, but we are told that they claim from us emotion and feeling! Well, then we will take shelter in our indifference and coldness! What do we care for the miseries of humanity! "The crowd is always hateful." We are the mandarins, before whom you must bow! To others the business of justice and charity! As for us, 10 we are busy with art; that is, we are pounding colors and we are cadencing phrases. We are noting sensations, and we are producing artificial ones to note! We are doing "artistic writing," and if we are not admired it is so much the worse for our contemporaries! But it is all the better for us, for he who does not understand us judges himself; and the incomprehensibility of our inventions is simply a 20 proof of our superiority. It pleases us to be misunderstood.

Thus it is that people bury themselves in a proud self-satisfaction; and that would not matter if it did not entail the 25 monopolizing of the attention by a coterie! But what I hate about these paradoxes — and without taking into account the fact that they do nothing less than cut art off from its communications 30 with life — is that they are eminently and insolently aristocratic. A little indulgence, O great artists, and permit us to be men! Yes, permit us to believe that there is something else in the world as impor- 35 tant as pounding colors or cadencing phrases! Do not imagine that we are made for you, and that for six thousand years humanity has travailed, has labored, has suffered, only to establish your 40 mandarinat. We could do without you much more easily than without many other things! And you yourselves, after all, how, on what, in what conditions, would you live if the incessant toil of these 45 *Bouvards*, whom you despise, and of these *Pécuchets*, for whom you have nothing but ironies sufficiently cruel, did not assure you the security of your leisure, the peace of your meditations, a public to 50 admire you, and, I may even say, your daily bread?

III

Whither does this discourse tend, ladies and gentlemen, and what are the conclusions I wish to draw from it? That art, as has been said of love, is mixed, especially in our time, "with a host of things with which it has no more to do than the Doge has with what is done in Venice"? Of course, and, for that matter, nothing should hinder a picture dealer or a book publisher from being true "artists." That has been seen more than once in history. The studio of more than one great painter 15 in Italy or in Flanders has often been nothing more than a manufactory of cartoons or of canvases, and two of the rare surviving works of our XVIIIth century, "*Manon Lescaut*"¹ and "*Gil Blas*" were, as was then said, made for the publisher. No, it is not the love of lucre that is the worst enemy of art.

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not mean, either, that the artist or the writer ought to metamorphose himself into a moral preacher. There are sermonizers and moralists for that, whose purpose or trade it is. Whatever admiration I have for Richardson, this is what prevents me from speaking of "*Clarissa Harlowe*" with the declamatory enthusiasm of Diderot, and still more from daring to place his "*Pamela*" or his "*Grandison*" so high in the history of art as you have seen that Taine has placed them. We must try not to confuse anything!

•But, as I have tried to show you, if every form of art, so far as it is a pleasure of the senses, and in so far as it is an imitation and consequently an apology for nature, and again, in so far as it develops in the artist this ferment of egotism which is a part of his individuality, if every form of art, when thus left to itself, runs the inevitable risk of "demoralizing" or of "dehumanizing" a soul, then we must premise, in the first place, that art has not all the liberties. "Stop, my child," said Montesquieu to his daughter, whom he found reading the "*Lettres Persanes*," "Stop, that is a book of my youth that is not made for yours"; and I have told

¹ A novel by Abbé Prévost (1697-1763).

you that in my opinion it was not to become a convert that Racine abandoned the theatre, but that he believed he ought to become a convert because he had written plays, or rather because he was the creator of his plays, the father of Hermione, of Roxane, and of Phèdre. As for the aged Corneille, he did not feel the need of becoming a convert. Why so? For a very simple and sufficiently evident reason! Because in his old age, as in the morning of his glory, he was convinced that Rodrigue had done right in avenging Don Diègue's honor; that Horace was excusable for having hurled in Camille's teeth the curses she spewed forth against Rome; that Polyeucte was to be praised for having overthrown the idols, and for having preferred the conversion of Paulina to the tranquillity of their amours. He did not become a convert, because he believed that he never excited other than generous and noble passions, even if he thought more than once of depicting base or sanguinary ones. He did not become a convert, because, as Taine told you just now, he believed that he "whose hand had sketched the soul of the great Pompey" worked only for the exaltation of the "Will"; and of all the human faculties, will, real will, is at once the rarest of things, and the thing of which men have always thought the most, first because it is the rarest, and then because it is the real cause of personal and social progress.

*This is the same thing as saying, in the second place, that if the end of art is not to move the passions or to tickle the senses, neither can it be complete, and narrow itself in any way within itself. There are several ways of interpreting the theory of "art for art's sake," and on this point, as on all, it is only a matter of coming to an agreement; and unfortunately that is most frequently what people do not want to do. But if the theory of "art for art's sake" consists in seeing in art only art itself, I know of nothing more false, and I have tried to tell you why. Art has its object and its end outside of itself and beyond itself; and if that object is not exactly moral, it is social, which, for that matter, is the same thing.

Whether we are painters or poets, we are not allowed to forget that we are men; and in return for the society of men we must give the means of propaganda or of action, which we hold from them alone. Do you remember in this connection, or do you know, that page of Alexandre Dumas? I say "do you know"; for you will not find it in all the editions of his plays, but only in that which is called the "Édition des Comédiens":

"What has made the dramatic poets great, what has most ennobled the stage, are the subjects which at first sight seemed absolutely incompatible with the habits of the stage or of the public. Thus we cannot be told, 'Stop here or there.' All that is man and woman belongs to us, not only in the relations of these two creatures between themselves by the sentiments and the passions, but in their isolated or collective relations with all kinds of occurrences, of customs, of ideas, of powers, of social, moral, political, and religious laws, which, in turn, produce their action on them."

That certainly might be better said; and I sometimes fear, gentlemen, that, one or two pieces aside, imperfection of form will draw the drama of Alexandre Dumas into oblivion; but you understand sufficiently well what he means, and I assent to it entirely. *Art has a social function, and its true *morality* is the conscientiousness with which it discharges this function.

You will tell me that this formula is vague, and I acknowledge it. If it were not vague, if it had the precision of a geometrical formula or of a medical prescription (are medical prescriptions so very precise?) we should no longer be dealing with art, or criticism, or history, but with science. Let us leave the learned in their laboratories, and let us not imagine that we can find the secret of genius or moral law in the bottom of a retort. But for that, ladies and gentlemen, you must give me your attention for a moment longer.

There is scarcely any doctrine more widely diffused amongst us than that of "the relativity of knowledge." But

what exactly does it mean? This is what many people do not seem to know who none the less profess belief in it; and you see how it can be reclothed with meaning.

To say that everything is relative may mean that nothing is false and nothing is true, but everything is possible; everything is therefore probable; and each of us becomes "the measure of all things," as the ancient sophist taught; all opinions have worth, and the only difference between them is the manner of expressing them. I do not pause, gentlemen, over this interpretation.

But in the second place, to say that everything is relative may mean that everything depends, not only for each of us individually, but for man in general, the species, on the constitution of its organs, and that, if we had our cranium made otherwise, or if we had six senses, for example, in place of five, or three eyes in place of two, the universe would appear to us under an aspect entirely different from that which we know. Bodies would be revealed to us by other qualities; we should perceive in them what we do not now perceive, unknown forms and nameless colors. It is very possible and I readily believe it! But I know nothing about it, nor does any one else; and besides it does not matter. If in another planet bodies have n plus 1 dimensions instead of three, how can that affect us as long as we know nothing about it, and when there are only three on this earth? What does it matter to us that the color of the flower or the taste of the fruit is in our eye, or in our palate, provided that the rose is always red and the orange is always scented? Do you feel yourselves humiliated or chagrined by it?

But there is a third way of understanding the relativity of knowledge, and the best, which is — as Pascal said before both Comte¹ and Kant¹ — that "all things being causes and caused, aiding and aided," a thing can be exactly defined only by its relations to another thing. Each of you is seated in his place in this

room. But how can I give an idea of it to any one outside? That will be done only in beginning by describing the arrangement of the room, of the seats, my situation, the left chair, the right chair, that at the back, that at the front, and ten, twenty, other details. In other words, every object is relative to an infinity of others with which it stands in relations more or less constant, and moreover, according to their nature, more or less complex to determine. Or, again, and in general philosophical terms if you wish, everything is entangled in a system of relations from which its character results; and that is what Pascal meant when he added to the other part of the phrase which I have just recalled to you: "I hold it impossible to know the parts without knowing the whole, as it is to know the whole without knowing the parts." If we knew only Racine's "Thébaïde," just think what a strange idea we should have of his genius; and how badly we should know it if we did not know who preceded and followed him! A certain knowledge of the "Cid" and of "Polyeucte" thus forms a part of the very definition of "Andromaque" or of "Phèdre," and that definition, in turn, needs to be completed by some knowledge of "Zaïre" and of "Mérope." We know Racine truly only when we know him in his relation to Voltaire and Corneille, and all these in their relation to Shakespeare or to Euripides, and all in relation to a certain idea of tragedy, which still other relations determine.

If we put ourselves at this point of view we perceive, gentlemen, that the definition of art is thus relative to the definition of other social functions, to which it holds, or ought to hold, determine relations; or, if you prefer, it appears that, like religion, like science, like tradition, art is a *force*, the use of which cannot be regulated by itself and by itself alone. These forces must be balanced among themselves in a well-ordered society; and none among them can establish its absolute domi-

¹ Comte was a French positivist philosopher (1798-1857); Kant was a German metaphysician of the eighteenth century.

nation over the others without harm, and sometimes disaster, resulting therefrom. If it is religion that gains the day, and subordinates tradition, science, and art, the history of the Papacy of the middle ages is there to tell us of the grandeurs, but also of the dangers of theocracy. If it is tradition, custom, superstitious respect for the past, which make themselves masters of consciences, and consequently of actions, it seems to me — I dare not say more — but it seems to me that the example of China emerges from the shade at this moment to teach us, with its advantages of stability, the dangers of immobility. If art in its turn seizes the entire life, in order to govern it, it may indeed flatter the imagination of some dilettantes; but we have looked closely at this matter just now, and the Italy of the Renaissance, to which I can add the Greece of the decadence, is there to prove to us that the danger is not any less. I would say freely it is greater still, or as great, when we give over, as has been tried in our days, to positive and experimental science the work of directing or ordering existence. On the contrary, gentlemen, the great epochs of history are precisely those in which these forces have been placed in equilibrium, — and such have been, in France, chiefly, — the great years of the

XVIIth century, or the early years of our own.

Does the realization of that equilibrium depend on the will of men? And are we able, at every moment of the period, to prevent one of the forces from advancing in excess of the other? For my part, gentlemen, I believe we can. I believe that, if we wish, we can maintain the authority of tradition against the craze of novelty. I believe that it depends only on ourselves to prevent even religion from encroaching on the liberty of scientific research. I believe that we can stem, check, prevent science from overstepping the limits of its own domain. And I also believe that, — just as science is characterized by a sort of moral indifference, so art, as I have tried to show you, is characterized on its part by an unconscious tendency to immorality, — we can, if we will, annul these effects, not only without harming it, but in directing it to its proper object. But *will* would be needed; and unhappily we live in a time when — to give meaning to an old distinction that might be thought very subtle and very vain and which profound philosophers have denied — the failure, or rather, the enfeeblement of the will has perhaps no equal except in the increasing intensity of the desires.

RUSSIAN

TOLSTOI

(1828-1910)

Leo Nikolaivitch Tolstoi was born in Yasnaya Polyana. From 1843 on he studied oriental languages and jurisprudence in Kazan and at the University of St. Petersburg. After a short stay on his estate he departed for the Caucasus on military service. Here were written his *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, *Youth*, and other books, including *The Cossacks*. In St. Petersburg in 1856 he joined the company of Turgenev, Gontcharov, and Ostrovsky. *The Snowstorm* and *The Two Hussars* belong to this period of his writing. Journeying through Europe in 1857 he composed an indictment of Western European culture entitled *Lucerne*. Retiring then to his estate he led a peaceful life which he described in his *Domestic Happiness* (1859). Here also were composed *Three Dead* (1859) and *Polikushka* (1860). In the interest of popular education in Russia Tolstoi made a second foreign journey. He married in 1862 Sofia Andreyevna Behrs, the daughter of a Moscow physician. In 1865 he began to publish *War and Peace*, based on the events of the French campaign of 1812. In 1870 he began to busy himself with questions of public

education, making use in the *A B C*, a *Reader*, and other educational books, of the observations he had made in the journey of 1860. In 1874 he began his famous novel *Anna Karenina*. Losing patience at this period of his life with his parasitical existence as a member of the landed class, and longing to dedicate himself to some service useful to humanity, Tolstoi abandoned imaginative literature, took up the study of theology and undertook to translate the Gospels. In 1881 he wrote *What We Live On* and later *What Can We Do?* To this period also belong the novel *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, the naturalistic peasant drama *The Powers of Darkness*, the *Kreutzer Sonata*, the satirical comedy *The Fruits of Culture*, and also *Master and Man*, *Politics and Religion*, *What is Art?* and the novel *Resurrection*. His treatment of religious questions in *Resurrection* caused him to be excommunicated from the Greek Orthodox Church. He died in retirement in 1910. Strange as it may seem, it is possible to sum up the work of one of the greatest and most influential thinkers of modern times in one phrase, — a religious but unorthodox interpretation of life. In comparing the aims in writing expressed by Tolstoi and Ibsen, it may be said that the first wrote admittedly for the healing of man, the second wrote to diagnose the evils of society.

The present translation of *Where Is the Way Out?* (1900), is that of Leo Wiener in *The Complete Works of Count Tolstoi*, Boston, Dana Estes and Co., 1905.

WHERE IS THE WAY OUT?

On the Condition of the Labouring
Classes

1

A boy is born in the country; he grows up and works with his father, his grandfather, his mother.

And the boy sees that from the field 10 which he ploughed, harrowed, and seeded with his father, which his mother and the girl cut with the sickle and harvested, the sheaves which he himself pulled down from the rick, to help his mother, — the boy sees 15 that his father does not take the first ricks to his own house, but, past the garden, to the threshing-floor of the landed proprietor. Driving with the squeaky wagon, which he and his father had themselves 20 fastened with ropes, past the manor, the boy sees on the balcony a dressed-up lady sitting near a shining samovar at a table, which is covered with dishes, pastry, and sweets, and on the other side of the road, 25 in a cleared space, the proprietor's two boys, in embroidered shirts and shining boots, playing ball.

One boy throws the ball over the wagon.

"Pick it up, boy!" he shouts.

"Pick it up, Vaska!" Vaska's father, walking beside the wagon, with the reins in his hand, and taking off his hat, cries out to his son.

"What is this?" thinks the boy. "I 35 am worn out from work, and they play, and I am to pick up their ball."

But he picks up the ball, and the young lord, without looking at the boy, takes the ball with his white hand out of the sun-burnt black hand of the boy, and goes back 5 to his game.

The father has walked on with the wagon. The boy catches up with him on a run, shuffling his tattered low boots in the dust of the road, and they drive into the manorial threshing-floor, which is full of wagons with sheaves. The busy steward, in linen frock coat, which is wet from perspiration in the back, and with a rod in his hand, meets the boy's father, whom he scolds for not having driven to the right spot. His father makes excuses, walks as though fatigued, jerks the tired horse by the rein, and drives the wagon on the other side.

The boy goes up to his father and asks: "Father, why do we take our rye to him? *We* harvested it?"

"Because the land is theirs," the father answers, angrily.

"Who gave them the land?"

"Ask the steward. He will show you who. Do you see their rod?"

"Where will they put all this corn?"

"They will thresh it, and then they will 30 sell it."

"And what will they do with the money?"

"They will buy those cakes that you saw on the table as we drove by."

The boy grows silent and falls to musing. But he has no time for that. They are shouting to his father to move the wagon

closer to the barn. The father moves the wagon, climbs upon it, and, having with difficulty loosened the ropes, straining his rupture more and more, throws the sheaves into the mow, while the boy holds the old mare, which he has for two years been driving to pasture, keeping the flies away from her, as his father commands him to do. He thinks and thinks, and cannot understand why the land does not belong 10 to those who work upon it, but to those sons of the lord, who in embroidered shirts play ball and drink tea and eat cakes.

The boy continues to think about it at work, and when he goes to bed, and when 15 he pastures the horses, — and can find no answer for it. All say that it must be so, and all live in that manner.

And the boy grows up, and he is married off, and children are born to him, and his 20 children ask the same question of him, and he answers them in the same way that his father answered him. And, living like him in want, he works submissively for other, idle people.

And thus he lives, and thus live all around him. Wherever he may go or travel, — so a pilgrim tells him, — it is the same. Everywhere peasants work above 30 their strength for other, idle people, by overwork get ruptures, asthma, consumption, take to drinking from grief, and die before their time; the women exhaust their last strength in cooking, attending to the cattle, washing for the peasants, and making 35 their clothes, and also age before their time, and waste away from overwork and untimely labour.

And everywhere those they work for provide themselves with buggies, carriages, trotters, horses, build harbours, arrange games, and from Easter to Easter, from morning until evening, dress themselves up as for a holiday, play and eat 40 and drink every day as even on the greatest holiday is not the case with him who works for them.

2

Why is that so?

The first answer which presents itself to the labouring farmer is this, that it is so, because the land was taken from him and

was given to those who do not work it. He and his family have to eat, but the working peasant has either no land at all, or so little of it that it will not support his 5 family. Thus he must starve or else take the land which is not far from the farms, but which does not belong to those who work; he has to take the land, agreeing to those conditions which are offered to him.

At first it seems to be so, but that is not all of it: there are peasants who have enough land, and who may be able to support themselves by it.

But it turns out that even such peasants, 15 all of them or a part, again sell themselves into slavery. Why is that so? Because the peasants have to buy for money ploughshares, scythes, horseshoes, materials for buildings, kerosene, tea, sugar, liquor, ropes, salt, matches, cottons, tobacco; but the money which a peasant earns by the sale of his products is all the time taken away from him in the form of direct and indirect imposts, and the price 25 of those articles which he needs is raised.

Thus the majority of the peasants are unable to provide themselves with the necessary money except by selling themselves into slavery to those who have the money.

This the peasants and their wives and daughters do. Some sell themselves in their neighbourhood; others sell themselves a distance away, in the capitals, — hiring themselves out as lackeys, coachmen, 35 nurses, wet-nurses, chambermaids, bath servants, waiters, and, above all, as factory hands, going to the cities by whole families.

Having sold themselves into these 40 occupations in the cities, the country people become unaccustomed to farm labour and simplicity of life, and get used to city food, dress, beverages, and through these habits still more confirm their 45 slavery.

Thus it is not merely the lack of land that causes the labouring man to be in the slavery of the rich; the cause of it is also to be found in the taxes, the raised price of 50 commodities, and the luxurious city habits, which the country workers get used to, when they go away from their villages.

The slavery began with the land, with

the land being taken away from the workers, but this slavery has been strengthened and confirmed by this, that the country people have become unaccustomed to labour and have become used to city luxury, which cannot be satisfied in any other way than by selling themselves into slavery to those who have money; and this slavery is growing and becoming more and more confirmed.

In the country people live on semi-starvation rations, in constant labour and want, enslaved to the landowners; in the cities, in the factories and plants, the labourers live in slavery to the manufacturers, for generations physically and morally corrupted by the monotonous, tedious, unhealthy work, which is not proper for a man. And with the years the situation of either class of men is getting worse and worse. In the country the people are getting poorer and poorer, because an ever growing number of people are going to the factories. In the cities the people are not getting poorer, but seemingly richer, but at the same time more and more incontinent, and more and more unable to do any other work than the kind they are used to, and so they are more and more in the power of the manufacturers.

Thus the power of the landowners and the manufacturers, of the rich in general, is getting stronger and stronger, while the condition of the labourers is getting worse and worse. What, then, is the way out of this situation? Is there one?

3

It would seem that the liberation from the slavery of the land is very easy. For this liberation all that is needed is to recognize what is self-understood, and what people would never have doubted, if they were not deceived, namely, that every man born has the right to gain his sustenance from the land, just as every man has a right to the air and the sun, and that, therefore, no one who does not work the land has the right to regard the land as his own and to keep others from working it.

But the government will never permit

this liberation from the slavery of the land to take place, because the majority of the men who constitute the government own lands, and upon this ownership all their existence is based.

They know this, and so they try with all their forces to hold on to this right, and defend this right.

About thirty years ago Henry George proposed, not only a rational, but a very practicable project for the emancipation of the land from ownership. But neither in America nor in England (in France they do not even speak of it) was this project accepted, and they tried in every way to overthrow it; but, as it is impossible to overthrow it, they passed it in silence.

If this project has not been accepted in America and in England, there is still less hope that this project will be accepted in monarchical countries, such as Germany, Austria, or Russia.

In Russia vast expanses of territory have been seized by private individuals and by the Tsar and the imperial family, and so there is no hope that these men, feeling themselves as helpless without the right to the land as the birdlings feel without their nest, will give up their right and will refrain from fighting for this right with all their strength. And so, as long as the power shall be on the side of the government, which is composed of landowners, there will be no emancipation from the ownership of the land.

Just as little, and even less, will there be a liberation from the taxes. The whole government, from the head of the state, the Tsar, down to the last policeman, lives by the taxes. And so the abolition of the taxes by the government is as unthinkable as that a man should take from himself his only means of existence.

It is true, some governments seem to be trying to relieve their people from the burden of the taxes by transferring them to the income, by increasing the taxes in accordance with the income. But such a transference of the taxes from a direct levy to the income cannot deceive the masses, because the rich, that is, the merchants, landowners, and capitalists will, in propor-

tion with the increase of the taxes, increase the price of commodities which are needed by the labourers and the price of the land, and will lower the wages of labour. Thus the whole burden of the taxes will again be borne by the labourers.

For the labourers to be freed from the slavery which is due to this, that the implements of production are owned by the capitalists, the learned have proposed a whole series of measures, in consequence of which, according to their assumption, the wages of the labourers are to increase all the time, while the hours of labour must diminish, and finally all the implements of labour have to pass from the possession of the masters into the hands of the labourers, so that the labourers, possessing all the factories and plants, will not be compelled to give up a part of their labours to the capitalists, but will have for their labours the necessary commodities. This method has been advocated in Europe, in England, France, and Germany, for more than thirty years, but so far there has not only been no realization of this method, but not even any approach to it.

There exist labour unions, strikes are inaugurated, by means of which the labourers demand fewer working hours and greater pay; but since the governments, who are united with the capitalists, do not allow, and never will allow, the implements of production to be taken away from the capitalists, the essence of the matter remains the same.

Receiving better pay and doing less work, the labourers increase their needs and so remain in the same slavery to the capitalists.

Thus the slavery in which the working people are can obviously not be destroyed so long as the governments, in the first place, will secure the ownership of land to the non-working landowners; in the second, will collect direct and indirect taxes; in the third, will defend the property of the capitalists.

4

The slavery of the working people is due to this, that there are governments. But

if the slavery of the labourers is due to the government, the emancipation is naturally conditioned by the abolition of the existing governments and the establishment of new governments, — such as will make possible the liberation of the land from ownership, the abolition of taxes, and the transference of the capital and the factories into the power and control of the working people.

There are men who recognize this issue as possible, and who are preparing themselves for it. But fortunately (since such an action, which is always connected with violence and murder, is immoral and ruinous for the cause itself, as has frequently been repeated in history) such actions are impossible in our time.

The time has long ago passed, when the governments naively believed in their beneficent destiny for humanity and did not take any measures for securing themselves against rebellions (besides, there were no railways and no telegraphs then), and they were easily overthrown, as was the case in England in 1740, in France during the great Revolution and later, and in Germany in 1848. Since then there has been but one revolution in 1871, and that one happened under exceptional conditions. In our day revolutions and the overthrow of governments are simply impossible. They are impossible, because in our time the governments, knowing their uselessness and harmfulness, and that in our time no one believes in their sanctity, are guided by nothing but a feeling of self-preservation, and, making use of all the means at their command, are constantly on the lookout for everything which may not only impair their power, but even shake it.

Every government has in our time an army of officials, which is connected by means of railways, telegraphs, telephones; it has fortresses and prisons with all the most modern appliances, — photography, anthropometric¹ measurements, mines, cannon, guns, all the most perfect instruments of violence that can be had, — and, the moment something new appears, it is at once applied to purposes of self-preser-

¹ Having to do with the proportions of the human body.

vation. There is the organization of espionage, a venal clergy, venal scholars and artists, and a venal press. Above all else, every government has a body of officers, who are corrupted by patriotism; bribery, and hypnotism, and millions of physically sound and morally undeveloped children of twenty-one years of age, — the soldiers, or a rabble of immoral hirelings, who are stultified by discipline and are ready for any crime which they are ordered by their superiors to commit.

And so it is impossible in our time by force to destroy the government, which is in possession of such means, and which is all the time on guard. No government will allow this to be done to itself. And so long as there shall be a government, it will maintain the ownership of the land, the collection of the taxes, and the possession of capital, because the larger landowners and the officials, who receive their salaries from the taxes, and the capitalists form parts of the government. Every attempt of the labourers to get possession of the land, which is in the hands of private owners, will always end the way it has always ended, — in that the soldiers will come, will beat and drive away those who want to seize the land, and will give it back to the owner. In the same way will end every attempt at not paying the taxes demanded, — the soldiers will come, will take away as much as the taxes amount to, and will beat him who refuses to pay what is demanded of him. The same will happen to those who will try, not so much to seize the implements of production, the factory, but simply to institute a strike, to keep other workmen from lowering the wages for work. The soldiers will come and will disperse the participants, as has constantly happened in every place, in Europe and in Russia. So long as the soldiers are in the hands of the government, which lives on taxes and is connected with the owners of land and of capital, a revolution is impossible. And so long as the soldiers are in the hands of the government, the structure of life will be such as those who have the soldiers in their hands will want it to be.

5

And so there naturally arises the question: Who are these soldiers?

5 These soldiers are the same people whose land has been taken away, from whom the taxes are being collected, and who are in slavery to the capitalists.

Why do these soldiers act against themselves?

They do so because they cannot do otherwise. They cannot do otherwise, because by a long, complex past — of their education, of their religious instruction, of hypnotization — they have been brought to such a state that they cannot reflect, and are able only to obey. The government, having in its hands the money, which it has taken from the masses, with this money bribes all kinds of chiefs, who have to enlist soldiers, and then military chiefs, who have to teach, that is, deprive the men of their human consciousness; but, above all, the government with this money bribes the teachers and the clergy, who have to use every effort for impressing adults and children with the idea that militarism, that is, the preparation for murder, is not only useful for men, but also good and pleasing to God. And year after year, though they see that they and their like are enslaving the masses to the rich and the government, they submissively enter the army, and, having entered, without a murmur do everything prescribed to them, though that not only may be the obvious detriment of their brothers, but may even be the killing of their own parents.

40 The bribed officials, military teachers, and the clergy prepare the soldiers, by stupefying them.

The soldiers, at the command of their superiors and with threats to deprive of liberty, to inflict wounds and death, take the income from the land, the taxes, and the income from the factories, from commerce, for the benefit of the ruling classes. But the ruling classes use a part of this money for bribing the chiefs, the military teachers, and the clergy.

6

Thus the circle is closed, and there does not seem to be any way out.

The issue suggested by the revolutionists, which consists in using force in the struggle with force, is obviously impossible. The governments, who are already in possession of a disciplined force, will never permit the formation of another disciplined force. All the attempts of the past century have shown how vain such attempts are. Nor is there a way out, as the socialists believe, by means of forming a great economic force which would be able to fight successfully against the consolidated and ever more consolidating force of the capitalists. Never will the labour unions, who may be in possession of a few miserable millions, be able to fight against the economic power of the multi-millionaires, who are always supported by the military force. Just as little is there a way out, as is proposed by other socialists, by getting possession of the majority of the parliament. Such a majority in the parliament will not attain anything, so long as the army shall be in the hands of the governments. The moment the decrees of the parliament shall be opposed to the interests of the ruling classes, the government will close and disperse such a parliament, as has been so frequently done and as will be done so long as the army is in the hands of the government. The introduction of socialistic principles into the army will not accomplish anything. The hypnotism of the army is so artfully applied that the most free-thinking and rational person will, so long as he is in the army, always do what is demanded of him. Thus there is no way out by means of revolution or in socialism.

If there is a way out, it is the one which has not been used yet and which alone incontestably destroys the whole consolidated, artful, and long-established governmental machine for the enslavement of the masses. This way out consists in refusing to enter into the army, before one is subjected to the stupefying and corrupting influence of discipline.

This way out is the only one which is possible and which at the same time is inevitably obligatory for every individual person. It is the only possible one, because the existing violence is based on three actions of the government, — on the robbery of the masses, on the distribution of money thus taken to those who commit the robbery, and on the drafting of the masses into the army.

A private individual cannot keep the government from practising robbery on the masses by means of the drafted army, nor can it keep it from distributing the money collected from the masses to those who are needed by the government for the drafting of the army and their stultification; but he can keep the masses from entering into the army, by not joining it himself and by explaining to others the essence of the deception to which they fall a prey when they enter into the army.

Not only *can* every man do so, — every private individual *must* do so. Every private individual must do so, because the entrance into military service is a renunciation of every religion, no matter which he may profess (every one of them prohibits murder), and a renunciation of human dignity, — a voluntary entrance into slavery having for its purpose nothing but murder.

In this is the only possible, necessary, and inevitable way out from that enslavement in which the ruling classes keep the working people.

The way out does not consist in destroying violence by means of violence, not in seizing the implements of production or in fighting the governments in the parliaments, but in every man's recognition of the truth for himself, in practising it, and in acting in accordance with it. But the truth that a man must not kill his neighbour has been so universally cognized by humanity that it is known to everybody.

Let only men apply their forces, not to external phenomena, but to the causes of the phenomena, to their own lives, and like wax before the fire will all that power of violence and evil melt, which now holds and torments people.

ITALIAN

CROCE

(1866-)

Benedetto Croce was born in Pescasseroli, Aquila, Italy, and was educated in a Catholic school. Upon losing his parents in an earthquake in 1883, he went to Rome, where he lived with an uncle. He entered the university but never pursued his studies there; he went instead to Naples (1886) and studied local history and antiquities. His first contributions to philosophical study were two essays (1893) on the nature of history and the method of literary criticism. From 1896 to 1900 he published essays on the Marxian economic doctrine. In 1902 he began the systematic exposition of his philosophy according to the divisions of *Æsthetic*, *Logic*, *Philosophy of Conduct*, *Theory and History of Historiography*. In 1903 he founded the critical journal *La Critica*. By 1926 his collected works filled nearly twenty volumes.

Croce's philosophy seeks a serious and thorough consideration of the union of philosophy and history, especially the history of the spirit. It is a philosophy which many have found to accommodate both the realistic and the idealistic needs of Western culture at the present time. Croce is now generally regarded as one of the world's greatest philosophers and critics.

X

•ÆSTHETIC FEELINGS AND THE
DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE
BEAUTIFUL AND THE UGLY

Passing to the study of more complex concepts, where the æsthetic activity is to be considered in conjunction with other orders of facts, and showing the mode of their union or complication, we find ourselves first face to face with the concept of *feeling* and with those feelings that are called *æsthetic*.

The word "feeling" is one of the richest in meanings in philosophic terminology. We have already had occasion to meet with it once, among those used to designate the spirit in its passivity, the matter or content of art, and so as synonym of *impressions*. Once again (and then the meaning was altogether different), we have met with it as designating the *non-logical* and *non-historical* character of the æsthetic fact, that is to say, pure intuition, a form of truth which defines no concept and affirms no fact.

But here it is not regarded in either of these two meanings, nor in the others which have also been conferred upon it to designate other *cognitive* forms of the spirit, but only in that where feeling is understood as a special activity, of non-cognitive nature, having its two poles,

positive and negative, in *pleasure* and *pain*.

This activity has always greatly embarrassed philosophers, who have therefore attempted either to deny it as activity, or to attribute it to *nature*, excluding it from the spirit. But both these solutions bristle with difficulties of such a kind as to prove them finally unacceptable to any one who examines them with care. For what could a non-spiritual activity ever be, an *activity of nature*, when we have no other knowledge of activity save as spirituality, nor of spirituality save as activity? Nature is in this case, by definition, the merely passive, inert, mechanical, material. On the other hand, the negation of the character of activity to feeling is energetically disproved by those very poles of pleasure and of pain which appear in it and manifest activity in its concreteness, or, so to say, quivering.

This critical conclusion should place us especially in the greatest embarrassment, for in the sketch of the system of the spirit given above we have left no room for the new activity of which we are now obliged to recognize the existence. But the activity of feeling, if it is activity, is not new. It has already had its place assigned to it in the system that we have sketched, where, however, it has been given another name, *economic* activity. What is called the activity of feeling is

nothing but that more elementary and fundamental practical activity which we have distinguished from the ethical activity and made to consist of the appetition and volition for some individual end, apart from any moral determination.

If feeling has been sometimes considered to be an organic or natural activity, this has happened just because it does not coincide either with logical, æsthetic or ethical activity. Looked at from the standpoint of those three (which were the only ones admitted), it has seemed to lie *outside* the true and real spirit, spirit in its aristocracy, and to be almost a determination of nature, or of the soul in so far as it is nature. From this too results the truth of another thesis, often maintained, that the æsthetic activity, like the ethical and intellectual activities, is not feeling. This thesis is inexpugnable, when feeling has already been understood implicitly and unconsciously as economic volition. The view refuted in this thesis is known as *hedonism*. This consists in reducing all the various forms of the spirit to one, which thus also loses its own distinctive character and becomes something obscure and mysterious, like "the night in which all cows are black." Having brought about this reduction and mutilation, the hedonists naturally do not succeed in seeing anything else in any activity but pleasure and pain. They find no substantial difference between the pleasure of art and that of easy digestion, between the pleasure of a good action and that of breathing the fresh air with wide-expanded lungs.

But if the activity of feeling in the sense here defined must not be substituted for all the other forms of spiritual activity, we have not said that it cannot *accompany* them. Indeed it accompanies them of necessity, because they are all in close relation both with one another and with the elementary volitional form. Therefore each of them has for concomitants individual volitions and volitional pleasures and pains, known as feeling. But we must not confound a concomitant with the principal fact, and substitute the one for the other. The discovery of a truth, or the fulfilment of a moral duty, produces

in us a joy which makes vibrate our whole being, which, by attaining the aim of those forms of spiritual activity, attains at the same time that to which it was *practically* tending, as its end. Nevertheless, *economic* or *hedonistic* satisfaction, *ethical* satisfaction, *æsthetic* satisfaction, *intellectual* satisfaction, though thus united, remain always distinct.

A question often asked is thus answered at the same time, one which has correctly seemed to be a matter of life or death for æsthetic science, namely, whether feeling and pleasure precede or follow, are cause or effect of the æsthetic fact. We must widen this question to include the relation between the various spiritual forms, and answer it by maintaining that one cannot talk of cause and effect and of a chronological before and after in the unity of the spirit.

And once the relation above expounded is established, all necessity for inquiry as to the nature of æsthetic, moral, intellectual and even what was sometimes called economic feelings, must disappear. In this last case, it is clear that it is a question, not of two terms, but of one, and inquiry as to economic feeling must be the same as that relating to economic activity. But in the other cases also, we must attend, not to the substantive, but to the adjective: the æsthetic, moral and logical character will explain the colouring of the feelings as æsthetic, moral and intellectual, whereas feeling, studied alone, will never explain those refractions and colorations.

A further consequence is, that we no longer need retain the well-known distinctions between values or feelings of *value*, and feelings that are merely hedonistic and *without value*; *disinterested* and *interested* feelings, *objective* feelings and feelings not *objective* but simply *subjective* feelings of *approbation* and of *mere pleasure* (cf. the distinction of *Gefallen* and *Vergnügen* in German). Those distinctions were used to save the three spiritual forms, which were recognized as the triad of the *True*, the *Good* and the *Beautiful*, from confusion with the fourth form, still unknown, and therefore insidious in its indeterminate-

ness and mother of scandals. For us this triad has completed its task, because we are capable of reaching the distinction far more directly, by receiving also the selfish, subjective, merely pleasurable feelings among the respectable forms of the spirit; and where formerly antitheses were conceived (by ourselves and others), between value and feelings, as between spirituality and naturality, henceforth we see nothing but differences between value and value.

As has already been said, feeling or the economic activity presents itself as divided into two poles, positive and negative, pleasure and pain, which we can now translate into useful and disuseful (or hurtful). This bipartition has already been noted above, as a mark of the activistic character of feeling, and one which is to be found in all forms of activity. If each of these is *value*, each has opposed to it *antivalue* or *disvalue*. Absence of value is not sufficient to cause disvalue, but activity and passivity must be struggling between themselves, without the one getting the better of the other; hence the contradiction and disvalue of the activity that is embarrassed, impeded, or interrupted. Value is activity that unfolds itself freely: disvalue is its contrary.

We will content ourselves with this definition of the two terms, without entering into the problem of the relation between value and disvalue, that is, the problem of contraries (that is to say, whether they are to be thought of dualistically, as two beings or two orders of beings, like Ormuzd and Ahriman, angels and devils,¹ enemies to one another; or as a unity, which is also contrariety). This definition of the two terms will be sufficient for our purpose, which is to make clear the nature of æsthetic activity, and at this particular point one of the most obscure and disputed concepts of Æsthetic: the concept of the *Beautiful*.

Æsthetic, intellectual, economic and ethical values and disvalues are variously denominated in current speech: *beautiful*, *true*, *good*, *useful*, *expedient*, *just*, *right* and so on — thus designating the free

development of spiritual activity, action, scientific research, artistic production, when they are successful; *ugly*, *false*, *bad*, *useless*, *inexpedient*, *unjust*, *wrong* designating embarrassed activity, the product that is a failure. In linguistic usage, these denominations are being continually shifted from one order of facts to another. *Beautiful*, for instance, is said not only of a successful expression, but also of a scientific truth, of an action successfully achieved and of a moral action: thus we talk of an *intellectual beauty*, of a *beautiful action*, of a *moral beauty*. The attempt to keep up with these infinitely varying usages leads into a trackless labyrinth of verbalism in which many philosophers and students of art have lost their way. For this reason we have thought it best studiously to avoid the use of the word "beautiful" to indicate successful expression in its positive value. • But after all the explanations that we have given, all danger of misunderstanding being now dissipated, and since on the other hand we cannot fail to recognize that the prevailing tendency, both in current speech and in philosophy, is to limit the meaning of the word "beautiful" precisely to the æsthetic value, it seems now both permissible and advisable to define beauty as *successful expression*, or rather, as *expression* and nothing more, because expression when it is not successful is not expression.

• Consequently, the ugly is unsuccessful expression. The paradox is true, for works of art that are failures, that the beautiful presents itself as *unity*, the ugly as *multiplicity*. Hence we hear of *merits* in relation to works of art that are more or less failures, that is to say, of *those parts of them that are beautiful*, which is not the case with perfect works. It is in fact impossible to enumerate the merits or to point out what parts of the latter are beautiful, because being a complete fusion they have but one value. Life circulates in the whole organism: it is not withdrawn into the several parts.

• Unsuccessful works may have merit in various degrees, even the greatest. The

¹ In Zoroastrianism, Ormuzd represents the principle of good as opposed to Ahriman, the spirit of evil and ruler of the Deeva.

beautiful does not possess degrees, for there is no conceiving a more beautiful, that is, an expressive that is more expressive, an adequate that is more than adequate. Ugliness, on the other hand, does possess degrees, from the rather ugly (or almost beautiful) to the extremely ugly. But if the ugly were *complete*, that is to say, without any element of beauty, it would for that very reason cease to be ugly, because it would be without the contradiction in which is the reason of its existence. The disvalue would become non-value; activity would give place to passivity, with which it is not at war, save when activity is really present to oppose it.

And because the distinctive consciousness of the beautiful and of the ugly is based on the conflicts and contradictions in which æsthetic activity is developed, it is evident that this consciousness becomes attenuated to the point of disappearing altogether, as we descend from the more complicated to the more simple and to the simplest instances of expression. Hence the illusion that there are expressions neither beautiful nor ugly, those which are obtained without sensible effort and appear easy and natural being considered such.

• The whole mystery of the *beautiful* and the *ugly* is reduced to these henceforth most easy definitions. Should any one object that there exist perfect æsthetic expressions before which no pleasure is felt, and others, perhaps even failures, which give him the greatest pleasure, we must recommend him to concentrate his attention in the æsthetic fact, upon that which is truly æsthetic pleasure. Æsthetic pleasure is sometimes reinforced or rather complicated by pleasures arising from extraneous facts, which are only accidentally found united with it. The poet or any other artist affords an instance of purely æsthetic pleasure at the moment when he sees (or intuites) his work for the first time; that is to say, when his impressions take form and his countenance is irradiated with the divine joy of the creator. On the other hand, a mixed pleasure is experienced by one who goes to the theatre, after a day's work, to witness a comedy: when the pleasure of rest and amusement, or that of laughingly snatching a nail from his coffin, accompanies the moment of true æsthetic pleasure in the art of the dramatist and actors. The same may be said of the artist who looks upon his labour with pleasure when it is finished, experiencing, in addition to the æsthetic pleasure, that very different one which arises from the thought of self-complacency satisfied, or even of the economic gain which will come to him from his work. Instances could be multiplied.

A category of *apparent* æsthetic feelings has been formed in modern Æsthetic, not arising from the form, that is to say, from the works of art as such, but from their content. It has been remarked that artistic representations arouse pleasure and pain in their infinite shades of variety. We tremble with anxiety, we rejoice, we fear, we laugh, we weep, we desire, with the personages of a drama or of a romance, with the figures in a picture and with the melody of music. But these feelings are not such as would be aroused by the real fact outside art; or rather, they are the same in quality, but are quantitatively an attenuation of real things. Æsthetic and *apparent* pleasure and pain show themselves to be light, shallow, mobile. We have no need to treat here of these *apparent feelings*, for the good reason that we have already amply discussed them; indeed, we have hitherto treated of nothing but them. What are these apparent or manifested feelings, but feelings objectified, intuited, expressed? And it is natural that they do not trouble and afflict us as passionately as those of real life, because those were matter, these are form and activity; those true and proper feelings, these intuitions and expressions. The formula of *apparent feelings* is therefore for us nothing but a tautology, through which we can run the pen without scruple.

GERMAN

SCHOPENHAUER

(1788-1860)

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in Dantzic, Germany. His father was a prosperous merchant, and his mother, Joanna, a novelist of fair ability. When he was still a child the family moved to Hamburg, where Arthur began his schooling. His early life was absorbed in a struggle to avoid entering his father's business. In 1809 he entered the University of Göttingen to study physical science. He became interested in philosophy after a few months, and began to read Plato and Kant. He attended the lectures of Schleiermacher and Fichte and developed a violent antagonism against them. In 1813 he started on his own account with *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*. The book failed, and he returned to Weimar. He found it impossible, however, to live peaceably with his mother, and moved therefore to Dresden, where he found leisure to study the works of the French materialists and to complete his *The World as Will and Idea*. This was published in 1818 (dated 1819) and was also a failure. In 1820, after a trip to Italy, he secured a position in the University of Berlin, where, unfortunately, he tried to rival the famous Hegel. He finally settled in Frankfort, where for the most part he spent the rest of his life, quiet, secluded, writing books that few people read. Not until after the break-up of the old order of German life in the revolution in 1848 could he claim recognition. His popularity then grew until, after forty years of disappointment and obscurity, he found himself famous. He is the chief expounder of modern philosophic pessimism.

His philosophy exercised a wide influence upon late nineteenth-century thought and literature. Much of the modern professional pessimism, and much of the enthusiasm over self-expression and complete egoism are probably due to his influence. Besides being a deep and original thinker, Schopenhauer is also important as a master of literary style.

The following translation is taken from *The Selected Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer*, by Belford Box, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1891.

•ON THINKING FOR ONESELF

As the richest library unarranged is not so useful as a very moderate one well arranged, so the greatest amount of erudition, if it has not been elaborated by one's own thought, is worth much less than a far smaller amount that has been well thought over. For it is through the combination on all sides of that which one knows, 10 through the comparison of every truth with every other, that one assimilates one's own knowledge and gets it into one's power. One can only think out what one knows; hence one should learn some- 15 thing; but one only knows what one has thought out.

One can only apply oneself of set purpose to reading and learning, but not to thinking proper. The latter must, that is, 20 be stimulated and maintained, like fire by a draught of air, by some interest in the subject itself, which may be either a purely objective or a merely subjective one. The latter is only present in the case of our 25

personal interest, but the former only for thinking heads by nature, for which thought is as natural as breath, but which are very rare. For this reason it is so little 5 the case with most scholars.

The distinction between the effect which thinking for oneself, and that which reading has upon the mind, is inconceivably great, hence it perpetually increases the original diversity of heads, by virtue of which a man is driven to the one or to the other. Reading imposes thoughts upon the mind which are as foreign and heterogeneous to the direction and mood which it has for the moment, as the seal is to the wax on which it impresses its stamp. The mind suffers thereby an entire compulsion from without, to think now this, now that, for which it has no desire, and no capacity. In thinking for itself, on the other hand, it follows its own natural impulse, as either external circumstance or some recollection has determined it for the moment. Per- ceptual surroundings, namely, do not im-

press one definite thought upon the mind as reading does, but merely give it material and occasion to think that which is according to its nature and present disposition. Hence much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity, as a weight continually pressing upon it does a spring, and the most certain means of never having any original thoughts is to take a book in hand at once, at every spare moment. This practice is the reason why scholarship makes most men more unintelligent and stupid than they are by nature, and deprives their writings of all success; they are, as Pope says —

"For ever reading, never to be read."

POPE, "Dunciad," iii, 194.

Scholars are those who have read in 20 books; but thinkers, geniuses, enlighteners of the world, and benefactors of the human race, are those who have directly read in the book of the world.

At bottom it is only our own fundamental conceptions which have truth and life, for it is they alone that one thoroughly and correctly understands. Alien thoughts that we read are the remnants of another's 30 meal, the cast-off clothes of a strange guest.

The alien thought arising within us is related to our own as the impression in stone of a plant of the early world is to 35 the blooming plant of spring.

Reading is a mere surrogate for original thought. In reading, one allows one's own thoughts to be guided by another in leading strings. Besides, many books are 40 only good for showing how many false paths there are, and how seriously one may miss one's way if one allows oneself to be guided by them; but he whom genius guides, he, that is, who thinks for himself, 45 thinks of free will, thinks correctly — he has the compass to find out the right way. One should only read when the source of original thoughts fails, which is often enough the case even with the best heads. 50 But to scare away one's own original thoughts for the sake of taking a book in the hand is a sin against the Holy Ghost.

In this case, one resembles a man who runs away from free nature in order to look at a herbarium, or to contemplate a beautiful landscape in an engraving.

5 Even if sometimes one may find with ease in a book a truth or an insight already given, which one has worked out slowly, and with much trouble, by one's own thinking and combining; it is yet worth a hundred times more when one has attained it through one's original thought. Only then does it become an integral part, as living member, one with the whole system of our thoughts; only then does it 15 stand in complete and firm cohesion with them, is understood in all its grounds and consequences, bears the colour, the shade, the stamp of our whole mode of thought, and this because it has come at the precise time that the need for it was present, and therefore sits firmly, secure from dispossession. Here accordingly Goethe's verse,

"What thou hast inherited from thy fathers
25 Acquire it, in order to possess it,"

finds its most perfect application and explanation. The self-thinker, namely, learns the authorities for his opinions afterwards, when they serve merely to confirm him in them and for his own strengthening. The book-philosopher, on the other hand, starts from them, in that he constructs a whole for himself out of the alien opinions he has read up, which then resembles 35 an automaton that has been put together of foreign material, while the former resembles a living man. For in this case it has arisen like the living man, since the outer world has impregnated the thinking mind which has carried it, and given it birth.

Truth that has only been learnt cleaves to us like a limb that has been stuck on — a false tooth, a waxen nose, or at best like a genuine one of alien flesh. But that which has been acquired by original thought resembles the natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. On this rests the distinction between the thinker and the mere scholar. Hence the intellectual acquirement of the self-thinker is like a fine painting, which stands out life-like with accurate light and shade, well-

balanced tone, and complete harmony of colour. The intellectual acquirement of the mere scholar, on the contrary, resembles a large palette full of bright colours, systematically arranged indeed, but without harmony, cohesion, and significance.

Reading means thinking with an alien head, not one's own. But to original thought, from which a coherent whole, even if not a strictly rounded-off system, seeks to develop itself, nothing is more injurious than too great an influx of foreign thoughts through continual reading. For these, each sprung from another mind, belonging to another system, bearing another colour, never of themselves flow together to form a whole of thought, of knowledge, of insight, and conviction, but rather set up a Babylonian confusion of tongues in the head, and rob the mind which has been filled with them of all clear insight, and thus almost disorganize it. This state is noticeable with many scholars, and the result is that they are behind many unlearned persons in healthy understanding, accurate judgment, and practical tact, the latter having always subordinated to and incorporated with their own thought what has come to them from without, through experience, conversation, and a little reading. The scientific *thinker* does this in a greater degree. Although he needs much knowledge, and therefore must read much, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master all this, to assimilate it, to incorporate it into the system of his thoughts, and so to subordinate it to the organically coherent whole of a magnificent insight, which is always growing. In this, his own thinking, like the ground bass of the organ, perpetually dominates all, and is never drowned by foreign tones, as is the case with merely poly-historical heads, in which, as it were, musical fragments from all keys run into one another, and the fundamental note is no more to be heard.

People who have occupied their life with reading, and who have derived their wisdom from books, resemble those who have acquired a correct knowledge of a country from many descriptions of travel. Such persons can give information about much, but at bottom they have no coherent, clear, fundamental knowledge of the structure of the country. Those, on the contrary, who have occupied their life with thought, resemble persons who have themselves been in that country. They alone know, properly speaking, what is in question, since they know the things there in their connection, and are truly at home in them.

The ordinary book-philosopher is related to the self-thinker as an historical investigator to an eye-witness. The latter speaks from his own direct apprehension of the matter. Hence all self-thinkers agree in the last resort, and their diversity only arises from that of their standpoint; and where this does not alter anything they all say the same. For they only put forward what they have objectively apprehended. I have often found propositions which, on account of their paradoxical nature, I only brought before the public with hesitation, to my agreeable surprise repeated in the old works of great men. The book-philosopher, on the contrary, reports what this one has said, and what that one has thought, and what another has objected, &c. This he compares, weighs, criticises, and thus seeks to get at the truth of things, a point in which he strongly resembles the critical historian. Thus, for example, he will institute investigations as to whether Leibnitz¹ had ever been for a time at any period a Spinozist,¹ &c. Conspicuous instances of what is here said are furnished to the curious admirer in Herbart's² "Analytical Explanation of Moral and Natural Right," as also in his "Letters on Freedom." One might well wonder at the considerable trouble which such a one gives himself, for it seems as

¹ Leibnitz was a German philosopher and mathematician (1646-1716); Spinoza was a Jewish philosopher of Holland (1632-1677) whose pantheistic speculations are reflected in the works of many great writers and thinkers of the nineteenth century.

² A German philosopher (1776-1841).

though, if he would only fix his eye on the subject itself, he would soon, by a little self-thought, attain to the goal. But as to this, there is one small hindrance, namely that it does not depend on our will. One can always sit down and read, but not always think as well. It is, namely, with thoughts as with men, one cannot always have them called up at one's pleasure, but must wait till they come. Thought on a subject must make an appearance of itself by a happy, harmonious concurrence of the outward occasion with the inward mood and interest; and it is precisely this which will never occur to the foregoing persons. The above finds its explanation even in those thoughts which concern our personal interest. If we under certain circumstances have to form a decision, we cannot well sit down at any time we choose, think over the reasons, and then decide; for often our reflections on the subject will then precisely not hold, but wander to other things, for which sometimes even the disinclination for the circumstance is responsible. We should not therefore attempt to force it, but wait till the mood comes of itself; it will often do so unexpectedly and repeatedly, and every different mood at a different time throws a new light on the subject. This slow procedure it is which is understood as *maturity of judgment*. For the thought must be distributed; much that has before been overlooked will thereby be clear to us, and the disinclination will thereby be lost, since things more clearly kept in view appear in general much more endurable. In the same way, in theoretical departments, the right time has to be waited for, and even the greatest mind is not always capable of thinking for itself. It will do well therefore to utilize the remainder of the time for reading, which is, as already said, a surrogate of original thought, and brings material to the mind, in that another thinks for us, albeit invariably in a manner which is not our own. For this reason one ought not to read too much, in order that the mind may not become accustomed to the surrogate, and thereby forget the thing itself; in other words, that it shall not accustom itself to an already trodden path,

and by going along an alien track of thought become estranged from its own. Least of all ought one, for the sake of reading, to withdraw oneself entirely from the view of the real world. For the occasion and the disposition to original thought occur incomparably more often here than in reading. For the perpetual, the real, in its originality and power, is the natural object of the thinking mind, and is able most easily to move it deeply.

If these considerations are correct, we shall not wonder that the self-thinker and the book-philosopher are easily to be recognized by their delivery; the former by the stamp of earnestness, directness, and originality, in the idiosyncrasy of all his thoughts and expressions; the latter, on the contrary, in that everything is pieced together at second hand, out of traditional notions and stuff that has been raked up, and is thus flat and dull, like the impression of an impression. His style, consisting of conventional, banal phrases and current tags, resembles a small state whose circulation consists solely in foreign money, because it does not itself coin.

Mere experience can replace thought just as little as reading. Pure empiricism is related to thinking as eating is to digestion and assimilation. When the former boasts that it alone, through its discoveries, has furthered human knowledge, it is as though the mouth should boast that the maintenance of the body was its work alone.

•The works of all really competent heads distinguish themselves from the rest by their character of *decisiveness* and *definiteness*, together with the distinctness and clearness springing therefrom, for such heads always know definitely and distinctly what they want to express, be it in prose, in verse, or in sounds. This decisiveness and clearness is wanting in the rest, and in this they may be at once recognized.

The characteristic sign of minds of the first order is the immediateness of all their judgments. All that they bring forward is the result of their own thinking, and every-

where proclaims itself as such by its delivery. They accordingly, like princes, have an imperial immediacy in the empire of mind; the rest are all mediatized, as may be easily seen from their style, which has no original stamp.

Every true self-thinker thus resembles *pro tanto* a monarch; he is immediate, and recognizes no one above himself. His judgments, like the decisions of a monarch, spring from his own supreme power, proceed directly from himself. For just as little as the monarch does he accept commands and authorizations, but lets nothing obtain that he has not confirmed himself. The common herd of heads, on the other hand, entangled in all sorts of opinions, authorities, and prejudices, resemble the people who silently obey his law and mandate.

Those persons who are so zealous and hasty in deciding most questions by the quotation of authorities, are glad when, instead of their own understanding and

without weight and without trouble. There is, therefore, no happiness on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind in a happy hour finds in itself.

•The presence of a thought is like the presence of a loved one. We deem that we shall never forget this thought, and that this loved one can never become indifferent to us. But out of sight, out of mind! The most beautiful thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if it is not written down, and the loved one to be torn from us if she has not been wedded.

There are many thoughts which have a value for him who thinks them, but few only among them which possess the power of acting through re-percussion or reflection, that is, after they have been written down, to gain the reader's interest.

•But as regards this, that only has true worth which one has in the first instance thought out *for oneself*. One may divide

lems and purposes are overshadowed and hidden by it; and if one keeps before one's eyes how all men, with few and rare exceptions, are never clearly conscious of this problem, seeming indeed not to be possessed of it, but to trouble themselves rather about anything else than about it, and are concerned only for the present day, and for the scarcely longer span of their personal future, either expressly declining the problem in question, or willingly contenting themselves in respect of it with any system of popular metaphysics; when one, I say, well considers this, one might almost be of the opinion that man could only in a very general sense be called a *thinking being*, and one might wonder at no trait of thoughtlessness or simplicity, but rather recognize that the intellectual scope of the average man, although it indeed transcends that of the animal (unconscious of its whole existence, future and past, and living, as it were, a single present), is yet not so incalculably removed as one is accustomed to imagine.

It is in accordance with the above, that in conversation one finds the thoughts of most men clipped as short as chopped straw, and therefore not admitting of any longer thread being spun out of them.

It would be impossible, moreover, if this world were peopled by merely thinking beings, that noise of every kind should be allowed and given such unlimited scope, even the most horrible and purposeless. If nature had intended man for thinking, she would never have given him ears, or would at least, as with the bats, whom I envy on this account, have furnished him with airtight covers. But he, like the rest, is in truth a poor creature, whose powers are merely directed to the maintenance of his existence, for which reason he always requires open ears, which unsolicited, and by night as well as by day, announce the approach of the persecutor.

ON READING AND BOOKS

Ignorance first degrades a man when it is met with in company with riches. The poor man is crushed by his poverty and distress; his work takes the place of

knowledge with him, and occupies his thoughts. The rich, on the contrary, who are ignorant, live merely for their lusts, and resemble brutes, as may daily be seen. To this is to be added further the reproach that they have not used their riches and leisure for that which gives them their greatest value.

When we read, another thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. It is as when in learning to write the pupil follows with his pen the strokes that have been made in pencil by the teacher. In reading, accordingly, we are relieved of the greater part of the work of thinking. Hence the perceptible relief when we pass from the occupation of our own thoughts to reading. But while we read, our head is, properly speaking, only the arena of alien thoughts. Hence it is, that he who reads very much and almost the whole day, amusing himself in the intervals of his reading with thoughtless pastime, gradually loses the capacity even to think, just as one who always rides at last forgets how to walk. But such is the case with many scholars; they have read themselves stupid. For perpetual reading recurred to immediately at every free moment cripples the mind more than perpetual work with the hands, for with the latter one can always follow one's own thoughts. Just as a spring by the continuous pressure of a foreign body loses its elasticity, so does the mind through the continuous pressure of foreign thoughts. Just as one injures the stomach by too much aliment, and thereby damages the whole body, so the mind may be clogged and suffocated by too much intellectual nourishment. For the more one reads the fewer traces does what is read leave on the mind. It is like a tablet on which many things have been written over one another. It never comes to rumination therefore; but it is only by this that one makes what one reads one's own. If one reads incessantly, without afterwards thinking further upon it, it does not take root, and gets for the most part lost. For it is precisely the same with the intellectual nourishment as with the corporeal; scarcely the fiftieth part of

what we take is assimilated, the rest passes off through evaporation, respiration, or otherwise.

In addition to all this, thoughts reduced to paper are nothing more than the footprint of a wayfarer in the sand; one sees well enough the way which he has taken, but in order to know what he saw on the way we must use our own eyes.

There is no literary quality, as, for example, persuasive power, wealth of imagery, the gift of comparison, boldness, or bitterness, or brevity, or grace, or facility of expression; or again, wit, striking contrasts, a laconic style, *naïveté*, &c., which we can acquire by reading authors who possess such qualities. But we may nevertheless call forth thereby these qualities in ourselves if we already possess them as disposition, that is, in *potentia*,¹ and bring them to our consciousness; we can see all that is to be done with them, we can be strengthened in the inclination, or indeed in the courage to use them; we can judge by instances of the effect of their application, and so learn the right employment of them, after which we assuredly first possess them in *actu*.² 30 This then is the only way in which reading educates to writing, inasmuch as it teaches us the use we can make of our own natural gifts, always supposing of course that we possess these; without them, on the contrary, we can learn nothing by reading but cold, dead mannerisms, and become arid imitators.

As the strata of the earth preserve the 40 living beings of past epochs in their order, so the shelves of libraries preserve in their order past errors and their expositions, which, like the former, in their time, were living enough and made much noise, but exist now stiff and petrified, only to be contemplated by the literary paleontologist.

Xerxes, according to Herodotus,³ wept at the sight of his countless host, when he thought that of all these not one would be in life after a hundred years. Who would not weep at the sight of a thick catalogue, when he considers that of all these books, after ten years, none will any longer be alive?

10 In literature it is not otherwise than in life. Wherever one turns, one encounters immediately the incorrigible common herd of humanity present everywhere in legions, filling everything and defiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number of bad books, those rank weeds of literature, which withdraw the nourishment from the wheat and choke it. They absorb, namely, the time, the money, the attention of the public, which belong of right to the good books and their noble purposes, while they themselves are merely written with the intention of bringing in money or procuring places; hence they are not merely useless, but positively injurious. Nine-tenths of our whole modern literature has no other purpose than to swindle the public of a few thalers out of its pocket. Author, publisher, and reviewer are in a conspiracy to do this.

It is a mean and base, but not inconsiderable trick, which the *littérateurs*, bread-and-butter writers and scribblers, have succeeded in playing off on the good taste and the true culture of the period, in that they have brought things so far as to have the whole *elegant world* in leading-strings, so that the latter has been condemned to read *a tempo*, to wit, that all must read the same thing, and that the newest, in order to have material for conversation in its circles. For to this end serve bad novels and similar productions from once celebrated pens, as formerly those of Spindler, Bulwer, Eugène Sue,⁴ &c. But what can be more miserable than the fate of such a belletristic public, which deems itself in duty bound to read, always

¹ "Potentially."

² "Actually."

³ One of the most famous of the Greek historians of antiquity (ca. 484-425 B.C.).

⁴ Spindler was a popular German novelist (1795-1855); Bulwer, an English author and diplomat (1803-1873); Sue, a French novelist (1804-1857).

to read, the latest scribblings of the most ordinary heads who merely write for money, and are therefore invariably to be had in crowds, and, in consequence, to know the works of the rare and deep-thinking minds of all times and countries merely by name! The belletristic daily press is especially a cunningly devised plan to rob the æsthetic public of the time which it should devote for the sake of its culture 10 to the genuine productions in this department, in order that it may accrue to the daily twaddlings of these everyday minds.

Hence, in respect of our reading, the art *not* to read is extremely important. It 15 consists in that, what at all times occupies the greater public, should for this very reason not be taken in hand, as, for instance, political or ecclesiastical pamphlets, novels, poems, &c., and this notwithstanding that they make much noise, and reach many editions in their first and last year of life. But rather let us remember that he who writes for fools will always find a large public, and let us turn the 25 always comparatively short time we have for reading exclusively to the works of the great minds of all times and peoples, which tower above the rest of humanity, and which the voice of fame indicates as such. 30 These only really educate and instruct. We can never read the bad too little, nor the good too often; bad books are intellectual poison, they destroy the mind. Because people, instead of reading the best 35 of all times, only read the *newest*, writers remain in the narrow circle of circulating ideas, and the age sinks ever deeper into the slough of its own filth.

There are at all times two literatures 40 which go along a parallel course tolerably independent of each other; a real, and a merely apparent. The former grows to be *enduring literature*, carried on by persons who live *for* science or poetry; it goes its 45 way seriously and quietly, but with exceeding slowness; produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century, which works however *endure*. The other, carried on by persons who live *on* science or 50 poetry, goes in a gallop, amid the great

noise and applause of those interested, and brings yearly many thousand works to market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is their so early 5 and so loud fame? One may therefore designate the latter as the floating, the former as the standing literature.

In the history of the world, half a century is always considerable, since its material is always flowing on, inasmuch as something is always happening. In the history of literature, on the other hand, the same period of time is often not to be 15 reckoned at all, since nothing has happened, for clumsy attempts do not concern it. One is, in this case, where one was fifty years before.

In order to make this clear, let us view the progress of knowledge in the human race under the figure of a planetary orbit. Let us then represent the deviations which it mostly acquires after every important progress, by Ptolemaic epicycles,¹ after passing through each of which it is again where it was before the deviation began. The great heads, however, which really lead the race farther along this planetary orbit, do not participate in the recurring epicycle. From this is to be explained why the fame of posterity is generally paid for by the loss of the applause of contemporaries, and *vice versa*. Such an epicycle is, for example, the philosophy of Fichte² and Schelling,² crowned at its close by the Hegelian caricature of it. This epicycle began from the last circle described by Kant, which I have since again resumed in order to carry it farther. But in the meantime the above sham philosophers, together with sundry others, have passed through their epicycle, which is now just completed, the public which has gone with them having become aware that it finds itself precisely where it was at starting.

With this progress of things is connected the fact that we see the scientific, literary, and artistic spirit of the age make a declaration of bankruptcy about every thirty 50 years. During such a period, the recurring errors have so increased, that they collapse

¹ An epicycle is a circle whose center moves around in the circumference of a greater circle.

² Two eminent German philosophers. Fichte (1762-1814), Schelling (1775-1854).

under the weight of their absurdity, and at the same time the opposition to them has strengthened. The position is now reversed; there often follows now an error in the opposite direction. To show this course of things in its periodical return would be the correct pragmatism of literary history, but with that the latter troubles itself little. The data of such periods, moreover, are, on account of their comparative shortness, often difficult to bring together from distant ages; and hence one can observe the matter most conveniently in one's own age. If one requires an illustration from the real sciences, one might take Werner's ¹ "Geology of Neptune." But I stand by the illustration already given, which lies nearest to us. There followed in German philosophy, upon the brilliant period of Kant, another immediately after, in which the endeavour was not to convince but to impress; instead of being deep and clear, to be brilliant and hyperbolic, but especially to be incomprehensible; indeed, instead of seeking the truth, to intrigue. In this way philosophy could make no progress. Finally, there came the bankruptcy of this entire school and method. For in Hegel and his consorts, the barefacedness of nonsense on the one side, and of unconscious glorification on the other, together with the obvious intention of the whole edifying procedure, reached such a colossal magnitude, that at last the eyes of all were opened to the whole charlatanism; and, as in consequence of certain disclosures, protection from above was withdrawn from the concern, so was also the applause. The Fichtian and Schellingian antecedents of this most miserable of all philosophizings that has ever been were dragged by it into the abyss of discredit. Thereby appears the complete philosophical incompetence of Germany, during the first half of the century following upon Kant, and yet, notwithstanding, we boast in the face of foreign nations of the philosophical gifts

of the Germans, especially since an English writer has had the malicious irony to call them a nation of thinkers.

But he who desires to have confirmation from the history of art of the general theory of epicycles here put forward need only consider the flourishing school of sculpture of Bernini,² in the last century, especially in its French development, which represents, instead of antique beauty, common nature, and instead of antique simplicity and grace, French ball-room etiquette. It became bankrupt when, after Winckelmann's³ criticism, there followed the return to the school of the ancients. The first quarter of this century again furnishes a confirmation from painting, since it regarded the art as a mere means and instrument of mediæval religiosity, and hence chose ecclesiastical subjects for its exclusive theme. These were now treated by painters who lacked the true seriousness of that belief, but who, nevertheless, in consequence of the delusion in question, took as models Francesco Francia, Pietro Perrugino, Angelo da Fiesole,⁴ and similar painters, and valued these even more highly than the really great masters who followed them. In connection with this craze, and because an analogous attempt had made itself apparent at the same time in poetry, Goethe wrote the parable "Priest-play." The latter school was thereupon seen to be based on whims, became bankrupt, and there followed upon it the return to nature, announcing itself in genre pictures, and scenes from life of every kind, even though at times they ran into the common-place.

In accordance with the course of human progress described, is *literary-history*, which is for the most part a catalogue of a cabinet of abortions. The spirit in which these preserve themselves the longest is swine-leather. On the other hand, one does not require to seek for the few successful births. They remain living, and one encounters them everywhere in the world,

¹ A German geologist (1750-1817).

² "The Cavalier Bernini," Italian painter, sculptor, and architect (1598-1680).

³ A German classical archaeologist and art historian (1717-1768).

⁴ Italian painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

where they go about immortal, in an ever-fresh youth. They alone constitute the *real* literature referred to in the preceding paragraph, a literature of whose history, poor in personalities, we learn from youth upwards from all educated persons, and not first of all from compendiums. Against the monomania for reading literary history dominant now-a-days, in order to be able to gossip about everything, without properly knowing anything, I recommend an extremely readable passage from Lichtenberg, vol. ii., p. 302, of the old edition.

• I could wish, however, that someone would attempt once in a way a *tragic literary-history*, in which he would describe how the different nations, each of which places its highest prize in the great writers and artists whom it has to show, have treated them during their lives. In this he would bring before our eyes that endless struggle which the good and genuine of all times and countries has had to wage against the mistaken and bad which is

always dominant; the martyrdom of almost all true enlighteners of mankind, of almost all great masters, in every department and art, would be described; he would bring before us how they, with few exceptions, have languished without recognition, without interest, without disciples, in poverty and misery, while fame, honour, and riches were the lot of the unworthy in their calling; how, in short, it has gone with them, as with Esau, who hunted and killed game for his father, while Jacob disguised in his cloak was at home stealing his father's blessing; how, nevertheless, notwithstanding all this, love for their cause kept them upright, till at last the bitter struggle of such an educator of the human race was accomplished, the undying laurel beckoned to him, and the hour struck, which meant that for him also —

"The heavy armour vanishes to a toy;
Short is the sorrow, endless is the joy."

NIETZSCHE

(1844-1900)

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born in the Prussian province of Saxony, the descendant of clergymen on both sides of the house. He went to school at Naumburg and at Pforta and in 1864 entered the University of Bonn to study theology. Increasingly attracted by classical philology, he finally abandoned not only theology, but, after reading Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*, Christianity as well. Upon his graduation he was appointed professor at Basle. His great enthusiasm for music led to his friendship for Richard Wagner, whom he found to be a kindred spirit, even in his view of life. Nietzsche's and Wagner's artistic and historical views are combined in a book published by Nietzsche in 1870-71, entitled *The Birth of Tragedy*. Philological critics gave the book a rude welcome, and Nietzsche's philological enterprises came to an end. From 1873 to 1876 he composed polemical tracts against German lack of culture. In 1878 his *Mortal, All too Mortal* revealed his disillusion with regard to Wagner and Schopenhauer; and from this point on Nietzsche developed independently. He resigned his professorship to devote himself entirely to philosophy. He assailed the standard morality inherited from antiquity, and strove for what he regarded as a higher, more realistic view of human conduct. His most famous work, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1883-85), embodies the doctrine of the superman. *Beyond Good and Evil* (1885-86) is partly an explanation of the previous work. In 1887 he began a still greater work, *The Will to Power*; but his health broke and the book was never completed. He lived on for twelve years in great loneliness and depression of spirit.

• His philosophy, like that of many other great thinkers, has suffered from its friends as well as its enemies. The misuse both accidental and intentional of his principles has given him, in the minds of many, a reputation for villainy almost equal to that of Machiavelli. On the surface of his discussion one sees a vigorous denial of all recognizable moral values and destruction of all that generations have taught us to respect; and yet, for those who read him with understanding, behind his apparent iconoclasm there is a strong constructive effort to replace what

seemed to him a sickly and sentimental morality by one that was more healthy, sane, and effective.

The translation is that of Helen Zimmern in *Beyond Good and Evil*, New York, Macmillan, 1907.

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

NINTH CHAPTER

WHAT IS NOBLE?

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Every elevation of the type "man" has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society — and so will it always be — a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other. Without the *pathos of distance*, such as grows out of the incarnated difference of classes, out of the constant outlooking and downlooking of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of their equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping at a distance — that other more mysterious pathos could never have arisen, the longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, further, more extended, more comprehensive states, in short, just the elevation of the type "man," the continued "self-surmounting of man," to use a moral formula in a supermoral sense. To be sure, one must not resign oneself to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is to say, of the preliminary condition for the elevation of the type "man"): the truth is hard. Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilisation hitherto has *originated!* Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races (perhaps trading or cattle-rearing communities), or upon old mellow civilisations in which the final vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity. At the commencement,

the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their superiority did not consist first of all in their physical, but in their psychical power — they were more complete men (which at every point also implies the same as "more complete beasts").

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Corruption — as the indication that anarchy threatens to break out among the instincts, and that the foundation of the emotions, called "life," is convulsed — is something radically different according to the organisation in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution flung away its privileges with sublime disgust and sacrificed itself to an excess of its moral sentiments, it was corruption: — it was really only the closing act of the corruption which had existed for centuries, by virtue of which that aristocracy had abdicated step by step its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a function of royalty (in the end even to its decoration and parade-dress). The essential thing, however, in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should *not* regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the *significance* and highest justification thereof — that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, *for its sake*, must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is *not* allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher *existence*: like those sun-seeking climbing plants in Java — they are called *Sipo Matador* — which encircle an oak so long and so often with their arms, until at last, high above it, but supported by it, they

can unfold their tops in the open light, and exhibit their happiness.

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To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, and put one's will on a par with that of others: this may result in a certain rough sense in good conduct among individuals* when the necessary conditions are given (namely, the actual similarity of the individuals in amount of force and degree of worth, and their co-relation within one organisation). As soon, however, as one wished to take this principle more generally, and if possible even as *the fundamental principle of society*, it would immediately disclose what it really is — namely, a Will to the denial of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think profoundly to the very basis and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of its own forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation; — but why should one for ever use precisely these words on which for ages a disparaging purpose has been stamped? Even the organisation within which, as was previously supposed, the individuals treat each other as equal — it takes place in every healthy aristocracy — must itself, if it be a living and not a dying organisation, do all that towards other bodies, which the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other: it will have to be the incarnated Will to Power, it will endeavour to grow, to gain ground, to attract to itself and acquire ascendancy — not owing to any morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life is precisely Will to Power. On no point, however, is the ordinary consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be corrected than on this matter; people now rave everywhere, even under the guise of science, about coming conditions of society in which "the exploiting character" is to be absent: — that sounds to my ears as if they promised to invent a mode of life which should refrain from all organic

functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved, or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the *nature* of the living being as a primary organic function; it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life. — Granting that as a theory this is a novelty — as a reality it is the *fundamental fact* of all history: let us be so far honest towards ourselves!

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In a tour through the many finer and coarser moralities which have hitherto prevailed or still prevail on the earth, I found certain traits recurring regularly together, and connected with one another, until finally two primary types revealed themselves to me, and a radical distinction was brought to light. There is *master-morality* and *slave-morality*; — I would at once add, however, that, in all higher and mixed civilisations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities; but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual misunderstanding of them, indeed, sometimes their close juxtaposition — even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled — or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependents of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception "good," it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself: he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis "good" and "bad" means practically the same as "noble" and "despicable"; — the antithesis "good" and "evil" is of a different origin. The cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those thinking merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind of men who let

themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars: — it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful. "We truthful ones" — the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to *men*, and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to *actions*; it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, "Why have sympathetic actions been praised?" The noble type of man regards *himself* as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: "What is injurious to me is injurious in itself"; he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a *creator of values*. He honours whatever he recognises in himself: such morality is self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would fain give and bestow: — the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not — or scarcely — out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the superabundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan¹ placed a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of *not* being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: "He who has not a hard heart when young will never have one." The noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in *désintéressement*, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards "selflessness," belong as definitely to noble morality, as

do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the "warm heart." — It is the powerful who *know* how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition — all law rests on this double reverence, — the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these "ideas" has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil": it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge — both only within the circle of equals, — artfulness in retaliation, *raffinement* of the idea in friendship, a certain necessity to have enemies (as outlets for the emotions of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance — in fact, in order to be a good *friend*): all these are typical characteristics of the noble morality, which, as has been pointed out, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore at present difficult to realise, and also to unearth and disclose. — It is otherwise with the second type of morality, *slave-morality*. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves, should moralise, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion with regard to the entire situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man, together with his situation. The slave has an unfavourable eye for the virtues of the powerful; he has a scepticism and distrust, a *refinement* of distrust

¹ Odin, the supreme deity of the Norse pantheon, called Woden by the Germanic Teutons.

of everything "good" that is there honoured — he would fain persuade himself that the very happiness there is not genuine. On the other hand, *those* qualities which serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers are brought into prominence and flooded with light; it is here that sympathy, the kind, helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour; for here these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence. Slave-morality is essentially the morality of utility. Here is the seat of the origin of the famous antithesis "good" and "evil": — power and dangerousness are assumed to reside in the evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety, and strength, which do not admit of being despised. According to slave-morality, therefore, the "evil" man arouses fear; according to master-morality, it is precisely the "good" man who arouses fear and seeks to arouse it, while the bad man is regarded as the despicable being. The contrast attains its maximum when, in accordance with the logical consequences of slave-morality, a shade of depreciation — it may be slight and well-intentioned — at last attaches itself even to the "good" man of this morality; because, according to the servile mode of thought, the good man must in any case be the *safe* man: he is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, *un bonhomme*. Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendancy, language shows a tendency to approximate the significations of the words "good" and "stupid." — A last fundamental difference: the desire for *freedom*, the instinct for happiness and the refinements of the feeling of liberty belong as necessarily to slave-morals and morality, as artifice and enthusiasm in reverence and devotion are the regular symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and estimating. — Hence we can understand without further detail why love as a *passion* — it is our European specialty — must absolutely be of noble origin; as is well known, its in-

vention is due to the Provençal poet-cavaliers, those brilliant ingenious men of the "*gai saber*,"¹ to whom Europe owes so much, and almost owes itself.

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Vanity is one of the things which are perhaps most difficult for a noble man to understand: he will be tempted to deny it, where another kind of man thinks he sees it self-evidently. The problem for him is to represent to his mind beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves which they themselves do not possess — and consequently also do not "deserve," — and who yet *believe* in this good opinion afterwards. This seems to him on the one hand such bad taste and so self-disrespectful, and on the other hand so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to consider vanity an exception, and is doubtful about it in most cases when it is spoken of. He will say, for instance: "I may be mistaken about my value, and on the other hand may nevertheless demand that my value should be acknowledged by others precisely as I rate it: — that, however, is not vanity (but self-conceit, or, in most cases, that which is called 'humility,' and also 'modesty')." Or he will even say: "For many reasons I can delight in the good opinion of others, perhaps because I love and honour them, and rejoice in all their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is useful to me, or gives promise of usefulness: — all this, however, is not vanity." The man of noble character must first bring it home forcibly to his mind, especially with the aid of history, that, from time immemorial, in all social strata in any way dependent, the ordinary man *was* only that which he *passed for*: — not being at all accustomed to fix values, he did not assign even to himself any other value than that which his master assigned to him (it is the peculiar *right of masters* to create values).

¹ The love poetry of the troubadours, distinguished by elegance of form and delicacy of sentiment, which was practised by persons of noble birth in the courts of southern France.

It may be looked upon as the result of an extraordinary atavism, that the ordinary man, even at present, is still always *waiting* for an opinion about himself, and then instinctively submitting himself to it; yet by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for instance, of the greater part of the self-appreciations and self-depreciations which believing women learn from their confessors, and which in general the believing Christian learns from his Church). In fact, conformably to the slow rise of the democratic social order (and its cause, the blending of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare impulse of the masters to assign a value to themselves and to "think well" of themselves will now be more and more encouraged and extended; but it has at all times an older, ampler, and more radically ingrained propensity opposed to it — and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity overmasters the younger. The vain person rejoices over *every* good opinion which he hears about himself (quite apart from the point of view of its usefulness, and equally regardless of its truth or falsehood), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he *feels* himself subjected to both, by that oldest instinct of subjection which breaks forth in him. — It is "the slave" in the vain man's blood, the remains of the slave's craftiness — and how much of the "slave" is still left in woman, for instance! — which seeks to *seduce* to good opinions of itself; it is the slave, too, who immediately afterwards falls prostrate himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth. — And to repeat it again: vanity is an atavism.

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A *species* originates, and a type becomes established and strong in the long struggle with essentially constant *unfavourable* conditions. On the other hand, it is known by the experience of breeders that species which receive superabundant nourishment, and in general a surplus of protection and

care, immediately tend in the most marked way to develop variations, and are fertile in prodigies and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek *polis*, or Venice, as a voluntary or involuntary contrivance for the purpose of rearing human beings; there are there men beside one another, thrown upon their own resources, who want to make their species prevail, chiefly because they *must* prevail, or else run the terrible danger of being exterminated. The favour, the superabundance, the protection are there lacking under which variations are fostered; the species needs itself as species, as something which, precisely by virtue of its hardness, its uniformity, and simplicity of structure, can in general prevail and make itself permanent in constant struggle with its neighbours, or with rebellious or rebellion-threatening vassals. The most varied experience teaches it what are the qualities to which it principally owes the fact that it still exists, in spite of all Gods and men, and has hitherto been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it develops to maturity. It does so with severity, indeed it desires severity; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in the control of women, in the marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which have an eye only for the degenerating): it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few, but very marked features, a species of severe, warlike, wisely silent, reserved and reticent men (and as such, with the most delicate sensibility for the charm and *nuances* of society) is thus established, unaffected by the vicissitudes of generations; the constant struggle with uniform *unfavourable* conditions is, as already remarked, the cause of a type becoming stable and hard. Finally, however, a happy state of things results, the enormous tension is relaxed; there are perhaps no more enemies among the neighbouring peoples, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in superabundance. With one stroke the bond and constraint of the old

discipline severs: it is no longer regarded as necessary, as a condition of existence — if it would continue, it can only do so as a form of *luxury*, as an archaïsing *taste*. Variations, whether they be deviations (into the higher, finer, and rarer), or deteriorations and monstrosities, appear suddenly on the scene in the greatest exuberance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and detach himself. At this turning-point of history there manifest themselves, side by side, and often mixed and entangled together, a magnificent, manifold, virgin-forest-like up-growth and up-striving, a kind of *tropical tempo* in the rivalry of growth, and an extraordinary decay and self-destruction, owing to the savagely opposing and seemingly exploding egoisms, which strive with one another “for sun and light,” and can no longer assign any limit, restraint, or forbearance for themselves by means of the hitherto existing morality. It was this morality itself which piled up the strength so enormously, which bent the bow in so threatening a manner: — it is now “out of date,” it is getting “out of date.” The dangerous and disquieting point has been reached when the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life is *lived beyond* the old morality; the “individual” stands out, and is obliged to have recourse to his own law-giving, his own arts and artifices for self-preservation, self-elevation, and self-deliverance. Nothing but new “Whys,” nothing but new “Hows,” no common formulas any longer, misunderstanding and disregard in league with each other, decay, deterioration, and the loftiest desires frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and bad, a portentous simultaneousness of Spring and Autumn, full of new charms and mysteries peculiar to the fresh, still inexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Danger is again present, the mother of morality, great danger; this time shifted into the individual, into the neighbour and friend, into the street, into their own child, into their own heart, into all the most personal and secret recesses of their desires and volitions. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? They discover, these sharp onlookers and loafers, that the end is quickly approaching, that everything around them decays and produces decay, that nothing will endure until the day after to-morrow, except one species of man, the incurably *mediocre*. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing and propagating themselves — they will be the men of the future, the sole survivors; “be like them! become mediocre!” is now the only morality which has still a significance, which still obtains a hearing. — But it is difficult to preach this morality of mediocrity! it can never avow what it is and what it desires! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and brotherly love — it will have difficulty in *concealing its irony!*

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There is an *instinct for rank*, which more than anything else is already the sign of a *high rank*; there is a *delight* in the *nuances* of reverence which leads one to infer noble origin and habits. The refinement, goodness, and loftiness of a soul are put to a perilous test when something passes by that is of the highest rank, but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from obtrusive touches and incivilities: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, undistinguished, undiscovered, and tentative, perhaps voluntarily veiled and disguised. He whose task and practice it is to investigate souls will avail himself of many varieties of this very art to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unalterable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will test it by its *instinct for reverence*. *Difference engendre haine*¹: the vulgarity of many a nature spurts up suddenly like dirty water, when any holy vessel, any jewel from closed shrines, any book bearing the marks of great destiny, is brought before it; while, on the other hand, there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye, a cessation of all

¹ “Difference gives rise to hate.”

gestures, by which it is indicated that a soul *feels* the nearness of what is worthiest of respect. The way in which, on the whole, the reverence for the *Bible* has hitherto been maintained in Europe, is perhaps the best example of discipline and refinement of manners which Europe owes to Christianity: books of such profoundness and supreme significance require for their protection an external tyranny of authority, in order to acquire the *period* of thousands of years which is necessary to exhaust and unriddle them. Much has been achieved when the sentiment has been at last instilled into the masses (the shallow-pates and the boobies of every kind) that they are not allowed to touch everything, that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and keep away the unclean hand — it is almost their highest advance towards humanity. On the contrary, in the so-called cultured classes, the believers in "modern ideas," nothing is perhaps so repulsive as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, taste, and finger everything; and it is possible that even yet there is more *relative* nobility of taste, and more tact for reverence among the people, among the lower classes of the people, especially among peasants, than among the newspaper-reading *demi-monde* of intellect, the cultured class.

264

It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done: whether they were perhaps diligent economisers attached to a desk and a cash-box, modest and citizen-like in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they were accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rude pleasures and probably of still ruder duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at one time or another, they have sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession, in order to live wholly for their faith — for their "God," — as men

of an inexorable and sensitive conscience, which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a man *not* to have the qualities and predilections of his parents and ancestors in his constitution, whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Granted that one knows something of the parents, it is admissible to draw a conclusion about the child: any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting — the three things which together have constituted the genuine plebeian type in all times — such must pass over to the child, as surely as bad blood; and with the help of the best education and culture one will only succeed in *deceiving* with regard to such heredity. — And what else does education and culture try to do nowadays! In our very democratic, or rather, very plebeian age, "education" and "culture" *must* be essentially the art of deceiving — deceiving with regard to origin, with regard to the inherited plebeianism in body and soul. An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else, and called out constantly to his pupils: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!" — even such a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the *furca*¹ of Horace, *naturam expellere*: with what results? "Plebeianism" *usque recurret*.

265

At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I submit that egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean the unalterable belief that to a being such as "we," other beings must naturally be in subjection, and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts the fact of his egoism without question, and also without consciousness of harshness, constraint, or arbitrariness therein, but rather as something that may have its basis in the primary law of things: — if he sought a designation for it he would say: "It is justice itself." He acknowledges under

¹ Horatian proverb; *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*, "Chase away Nature with a fork; she will always come running back" (Epistles I, x, 24).

certain circumstances, which made him hesitate at first, that there are other equally privileged ones; as soon as he has settled this question of rank, he moves among those equals and equally privileged ones with the same assurance, as regards modesty and delicate respect, which he enjoys in intercourse with himself — in accordance with an innate heavenly mechanism which all the stars understand. It is an *additional* instance of his egoism, this artfulness and self-limitation in intercourse with his equals — every star is a similar egoist; he honours *himself* in them, and in the rights which he concedes to them, he has no doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the *essence* of all intercourse, belongs also to the natural condition of things. The noble soul gives as he takes, prompted by the passionate and sensitive instinct of requital, which is at the root of his nature. The notion of "favour" has, *inter pares*,¹ neither significance nor good repute; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts as it were light upon one from above, and of drinking them thirstily like dew-drops; but for those arts and displays the noble soul has no aptitude. His egoism hinders him here: in general, he looks "aloft" unwillingly — he looks either *forward*, horizontally and deliberately, or downwards — *he knows that he is on a height*.

266

"One can only truly esteem him who does not *look out for himself*." — Goethe to Rath Schlosser.

267

The Chinese have a proverb which mothers even teach their children: "*Siao-sin*" ("make thy heart *small*"). This is the essentially fundamental tendency in latter-day civilisations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, also, would first of all remark the self-dwarfing in us Europeans of to-day — in this respect alone we should immediately be "distasteful" to him.

¹ "Among equals."

² Protective characteristic of the human species.

268

What, after all, is ignobleness? — Words are vocal symbols for ideas; ideas, however, are more or less definite mental symbols for frequently returning and concurring sensations, for groups of sensations. It is not sufficient to use the same words in order to understand one another: we must also employ the same words for the same kind of internal experiences, we must in the end have experiences *in common*. On this account the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived long together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, requirement, toil) there *originates* therefrom an entity that "understands itself" — namely, a nation. In all souls a like number of frequently recurring experiences have gained the upper hand over those occurring more rarely: about these matters people understand one another rapidly and always more rapidly — the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation; on the basis of this quick comprehension people always unite closer and closer. The greater the danger, the greater is the need of agreeing quickly and readily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger — that is what cannot at all be dispensed with in intercourse. Also in all loves and friendships one has the experience that nothing of the kind continues when the discovery has been made that, in using the same words, one of the two parties has feelings, thoughts, intuitions, wishes, or fears different from those of the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the good genius which so often keeps persons of different sexes from too hasty attachments, to which sense and heart prompt them — and *not* some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"²!). Whichever groups of sensations within a soul awaken most readily, begin to speak, and give the word of command — these

decide as to the general order of rank of its values, and determine ultimately its list of desirable things. A man's estimates of value betray something of the *structure* of his soul, and wherein it sees its conditions of life, its intrinsic needs. Supposing now that necessity has from all time drawn together only such men as could express similar requirements and similar experiences by similar symbols, it results on the whole that the easy *communicability* of need, which implies ultimately the undergoing only of average and *common* experiences, must have been the most potent of all the forces which have hitherto operated upon mankind. The more similar, the more ordinary people, have always had and are still having the advantage; the more select, more refined, more unique, and difficultly comprehensible, are liable to stand alone; they succumb to accidents in their isolation, and seldom propagate themselves. One must appeal to immense opposing forces, in order to thwart this natural, all-too-natural *progressus in simile*, the evolution of man to the similar, the ordinary, the average, the gregarious — to the *ignoble*! —

269

The more a psychologist — a born, an unavoidable psychologist and soul-diviner — turns his attention to the more select cases and individuals, the greater is his danger of being suffocated by sympathy: he *needs* sternness and cheerfulness more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruination of higher men, of the more unusually constituted souls, is, in fact, the rule: it is dreadful to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruination, who discovers once, and then discovers *almost* repeatedly throughout all history, this universal inner "desperateness" of higher men, this eternal "too late!" in every sense — may perhaps one day be the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot, and of his making an attempt at self-destruction — of his "going to ruin" himself. One may perceive in almost every

psychologist a tell-tale inclination for delightful intercourse with commonplace and well-ordered men: the fact is thereby disclosed that he always requires healing, that he needs a sort of flight and forgetfulness, away from what his insight and incisiveness — from what his "business" — has laid upon his conscience. The fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others; he hears with unmoved countenance how people honour, admire, love, and glorify, where he has *perceived* — or he even conceals his silence by expressly assenting to some plausible opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that, precisely where he has learnt *great sympathy*, together with *great contempt*, the multitude, the educated, and the visionaries, have on their part learnt great reverence — reverence for "great men" and marvellous animals, for the sake of whom one blesses and honours the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and one's own self, to whom one points the young, and in view of whom one educates them. And who knows but in all great instances hitherto just the same happened: that the multitude worshipped a God, and that the "God" was only a poor sacrificial animal! *Success* has always been the greatest liar — and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer, are disguised in their creations until they are unrecognisable; the "work" of the artist, of the philosopher, only invents him who has created it, is *reputed* to have created it; the "great men," as they are revered, are poor little fictions composed afterwards; in the world of historical values spurious coinage *prevails*. Those great poets, for example, such as Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol (I do not venture to mention much greater names, but I have them in my mind), as they now appear, and were perhaps obliged to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensuous, and childish, light-minded and impulsive in their trust and distrust; with souls in which usually some flaw has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an internal defilement, often

seeking forgetfulness in their soaring from a too true memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the Will-o'-the-Wisps around the swamps, and *pretend to be stars* — the people then call them idealists, — often struggling with protracted disgust, with an ever-reappearing phantom of disbelief, which makes them cold, and obliges them to languish for *gloria* and devour "faith as it is" out of the hands of intoxicated adulators: — what a *torment* these great artists are and the so-called higher men in general, to him who has once found them out! It is thus conceivable that it is just from woman — who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering, and also unfortunately eager to help and save to an extent far beyond her powers — that *they* have learnt so readily those outbreaks of boundless devoted *sympathy*, which the multitude, above all the reverent multitude, do not understand, and overwhelm with prying and self-gratifying interpretations. This sympathising invariably deceives itself as to its power; woman would like to believe that love can do *everything* — it is the *superstition* peculiar to her. Alas, he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and blundering even the best and deepest love is — he finds that it rather *destroys* than saves! — It is possible that under the holy fable and travesty of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of *knowledge about love*: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that *demand*ed love, that demanded inexorably and frantically to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love; the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable in love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who *would not* love him — and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire *capacity* for love — who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such *knowledge about love* — *seeks* for death! — But why should one

deal with such painful matters? Provided, of course, that one is not obliged to do so.

270

The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply — it almost determines the order of rank *how* deeply men can suffer — the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he *knows more* than the shrewdest and wisest can ever know, that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant, dreadful worlds of which "you know nothing"! — this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathising hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble; it separates. — One of the most refined forms of disguise is Epicurism, along with a certain ostentatious boldness of taste, which takes suffering lightly, and puts itself on the defensive against all that is sorrowful and profound. There are "gay men" who make use of gaiety, because they are misunderstood on account of it — they *wish* to be misunderstood. There are "scientific minds" who make use of science, because it gives a gay appearance, and because scientificness leads to the conclusion that a person is superficial — they *wish* to mislead to a false conclusion. There are free insolent minds which would fain conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts (the cynicism of Hamlet — the case of Galiani); and occasionally folly itself is the mask of an unfortunate *over-assured* knowledge. — From which it follows that it is the part of a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to make use of psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271

That which separates two men most profoundly is a different sense and grade

of purity. What does it matter about all their honesty and reciprocal usefulness, what does it matter about all their mutual good-will: the fact still remains — they “cannot smell each other”! The highest instinct for purity places him who is affected with it in the most extraordinary and dangerous isolation, as a saint: for it is just holiness — the highest spiritualisation of the instinct in question. Any kind of cognizance of an indescribable excess in the joy of the bath, any kind of ardour or thirst which perpetually impels the soul out of night into the morning, and out of gloom, out of “affliction” into clearness, brightness, depth, and refinement: — just as much as such a tendency *distinguishes* — it is a noble tendency — it also *separates*. — The pity of the saint is pity for the *filth* of the human, all-too-human. And there are grades and heights where pity itself is regarded by him as impurity, as filth.

272

Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties to the rank of duties for everybody; to be unwilling to renounce or to share our responsibilities; to count our prerogatives, and the exercise of them, among our *duties*.

273

A man who strives after great things looks upon every one whom he encounters on his way either as a means of advance, or a delay and hindrance — or as a temporary resting-place. His peculiar lofty *bounty* to his fellow-men is only possible when he attains his elevation and dominates. Impatience, and the consciousness of being always condemned to comedy up to that time — for even strife is a comedy, and conceals the end, as every means does — spoil all intercourse for him; this kind of man is acquainted with solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

274

The Problem of those who Wait. — Happy chances are necessary, and many incal-

culable elements, in order that a higher man in whom the solution of a problem is dormant may yet take action, or “break forth,” as one might say — at the right moment. On an average it *does not* happen; and in all corners of the earth there are waiting ones sitting, who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, and still less that they wait in vain. Occasionally, too, the waking call comes too late — the chance which gives “permission” to take action — when their best youth and strength for action have been used up in sitting still; and how many a one, just as he “sprang up,” has found with horror that his limbs are benumbed and his spirits are now too heavy! “It is too late,” he has said to himself — and has become self-distrustful and henceforth for ever useless. — In the domain of genius, may not the “Raphael without hands” (taking the expression in its widest sense) perhaps not be the exception, but the rule? — Perhaps genius is by no means so rare: but rather the five hundred *hands* which it requires in order to tyrannise over the *καίρος*, “the right time” — in order to take chance by the forelock!

275

He who does not *wish* to see the height of a man looks all the more sharply at what is low in him, and in the foreground — and thereby betrays himself.

276

In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler soul: the dangers of the latter must be greater, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is in fact immense, considering the multiplicity of the conditions of its existence. — In a lizard a finger grows again which has been lost; not so in man. —

277

It is too bad! Always the old story! When a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learnt unawares

something which he *ought* absolutely to have known before he — began to build. The eternal, fatal "Too late!" The melancholia of everything *completed*! —

278

— Wanderer, who art thou? I see thee follow thy path without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes, wet and sad 10 and as a plummet which has returned to the light insatiated out of every depth — what did it seek down there? — with a bosom that never sighs, with lips that conceal their loathing, with a hand which 15 only slowly grasps: who art thou? what hast thou done? Rest thee here: this place has hospitality for every one — refresh thyself! And whoever thou art, what is it that now pleases thee? What will 20 serve to refresh thee? Only name it, whatever I have I offer thee! "To refresh me? To refresh me? Oh, thou prying one, what sayest thou! But give me, I pray thee —" What? what? Speak out! 25 "Another mask! A second mask!"

279

Men of profound sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a mode of seizing upon happiness as though they would choke and strangle it, out of jealousy — ah, they know only too well that it will flee from them!

280

"Bad! Bad! What? Does he not — go back?" Yes! But you misunderstand him 40 when you complain about it. He goes back like every one who is about to make a great spring.

281

— "Will people believe it of me? But I insist that they believe it of me: I have

always thought very unsatisfactorily of myself and about myself, only in very rare cases, only compulsorily, always without delight in 'the subject,' ready to digress 5 from 'myself,' and always without faith in the result, owing to an unconquerable distrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to feel a *contradictio in adjecto*¹ even in the idea of 'direct knowledge' which theorists allow themselves: — this matter of fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a sort of repugnance in me to *believe* anything definite about myself. — Is there perhaps some enigma therein? Probably; but fortunately nothing for my own teeth. — Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong? — but not to myself, as is sufficiently agreeable to me."

282

— "But what has happened to you?" — "I do not know," he said, hesitatingly; "perhaps the Harpies² have flown over my table." — It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, sober, retiring man becomes suddenly mad, breaks the plates, 5 upsets the table, shrieks, raves, and shocks everybody — and finally withdraws, ashamed, and raging at himself — whither? for what purpose? To famish apart? To suffocate with his memories? — To him 35 who has the desires of a lofty and dainty soul, and only seldom finds his table laid and his food prepared, the danger will always be great — nowadays, however, it is extraordinarily so. Thrown into the midst of a noisy and plebeian age, with which he does not like to eat out of the same dish, he may readily perish of hunger and thirst — or, should he nevertheless finally "fall to," of sudden nausea. — 45 We have probably all sat at tables to which we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual of us, who are most difficult to nourish, know the dangerous

¹ "A sharp conflict of opinions."

² In Greek mythology, the "robbers" or "spoilers," disgusting birds with the heads of maidens, with long claws, and faces pale with hunger, who were sent by the gods to torment blind Phineus; whenever a meal was placed before him, they darted down from the air and either carried it off or rendered it unfit to eat.

dyspepsia which originates from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our messmates — the *after-dinner nausea*.

283

If one wishes to praise at all, it is a delicate and at the same time a noble self-control, to praise only where one *does not* agree — otherwise in fact one would praise oneself, which is contrary to good taste: — a self-control, to be sure, which offers excellent opportunity and provocation to constant *misunderstanding*. To be able to allow oneself this veritable luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual imbeciles, but rather among men whose misunderstandings and mistakes amuse by their refinement — or one will have to pay dearly for it! — “He praises me, *therefore* he acknowledges me to be right” — this asinine method of inference spoils half of the life of us recluses, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

284

To live in a vast and proud tranquillity; always beyond . . . To have, or not to have, one's emotions, one's For and Against, according to choice; to lower oneself to them for hours; to *seat* oneself on them as upon horses, and often as upon asses: — for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also one's black spectacles: for

there are circumstances when nobody must look into our eyes, still less into our “motives.” And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. 5 And to remain master of one's four virtues, courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and bias to purity, which divines that in the contact of man and man — “in society” — it must be unavoidably impure. All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime — “common-place.”

285

The greatest events and thoughts — the greatest thoughts, however, are the greatest events — are longest in being comprehended: the generations which are contemporary with them do not *experience* such events — they live past them. Something happens there as in the realm of the stars. The light of the furthest stars is longest in reaching man; and before it has arrived man *denies* — that there are stars there. “How many centuries does a mind require to be understood?” — that is also a standard, one also makes a gradation of rank and an etiquette therewith, such as is necessary for mind and for star.

286

“Here is the prospect free, the mind exalted.”¹ — But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also upon a height, and has also a free prospect — but looks *downwards*.

¹ From Goethe's *Faust*. The words of Dr. Marius, Part II, Act V.

POETRY

GERMAN

FREILIGRATH

(1810-1876)

Ferdinand Freiligrath was born at Detmold. His mother died when he was seven, and Ferdinand was left largely to himself. In 1820 he was sent to a boarding school, and went in 1825 to his uncle in Westphalia to learn business. During his hours of leisure he composed poetry. His fancy had early been entranced by the Orient as illustrated in Bibles and travel books, and by accounts of Iceland and other far-off countries; and at Amsterdam, where from 1831 to 1836 he was in business, he became acquainted with the sea, which thenceforth influenced his verse. In his leisure hours he wrote poems of Asia, Africa, and America, all tinted with exotic colors, full of rare plants and strange animals. When he returned to Germany in 1837, he found himself already well known as a poet. Though still in business, he continued to write. In 1841 he married, and in the same year was awarded a pension by the King of Prussia. His lack of sympathy with the administration of the government, however, led him to relinquish the pension and to publish criticisms of the government that soon made it necessary for him to leave the country. He went first to Belgium, then to Switzerland, and then in 1846 to London. Returning in 1848 to Germany he allied himself at Düsseldorf with the democratic movement. His poem *From the Dead to the Living* brought him into court, but he was acquitted and went to Cologne. There his writings again got him into trouble and he went to London. Eight years before his death, however, he returned.

Although Freiligrath's greatest originality is to be found in that political poetry which places him first among Germany's revolutionary poets, from the standpoint of literary history he is a romantic poet. Having absorbed the themes and tastes of his German predecessors, he turned to the French models of romantic poetry, to the English, and from time to time to American verse, and brought about an interesting assimilation into German poetry of these foreign influences. It was probably to Victor Hugo that he owed much of his orientalism. Among Freiligrath's numerous translations, a version of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* deserves especial mention.

The Lion's Ride (1835) is translated by H. W. Longfellow in *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*. *The Revenge of the Flowers* (1838) is translated by Dr. Alfred Baskerville in *The Poetry of Germany*.

THE LION'S RIDE

What! wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?

Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?

Idiot fool! he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain!

See! he crouches down in the sedge,

By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver!

Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river.

Not so! The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre,¹ mooring his light canoe

To the shore, glides down through the hushed karroo.²

¹ A member of the most intelligent and powerful of the Bantu races of South Africa. The Kafirs are noted for their fine physique, warlike valor, and elaborate social system.

² One of the dry table lands of South Africa, which often rise terrace-like to considerable elevations. The Great Karroo, in Cape Colony, is of a yellowish color due to the presence of iron.

And the watchfires burn in the Hottentot kraals,¹
 And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
 Till the dawn shall blush,
 And the zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
 And the changeful signals fade from the Table Mountain.
 Now look through the dusk! What seest thou now?
 Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks,
 All majesty, through the desert walks,
 In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.
 From tract to tract of the limitless waste
 Behold her haste!
 Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
 The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.
 But look again! — look! — see once more
 Those globe eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
 Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds, —
 The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a roar!
 Oh, what a racer! Can any behold,
 'Mid the housings of gold
 In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
 As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal blended?
 Greedily flashes the lion his teeth
 In the breast of his writhing prey;
 Her neck his loose brown mane is wound.
 Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up
 from beneath,
 And in agony flies over plains and heights.
 See, how she unites,
 Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
 With the grace of the leopard, the speed of the camel!
 She reaches the central moon-lighted plain,
 That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
 Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
 The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain,
 And her woful eyeballs, how they stare
 On the void of air!
 Yet on she flies, — on, — on; for her there is no retreating;
 And the desert can hear the heart of the doomed one beating!
 And, lo! a stupendous column of sand,
 A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, upcurls
 Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;
 Most like some flaming colossal brand,
 Or wandering spirit of wrath
 On his blasted path,
 Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the warriors and women
 Of Israel's land through the wilderness of Yemen.²
 And the vulture, scenting a coming corse,
 Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
 The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,
 Fierce pillager he of the charnel-house!
 The panther, too, who strangles the Cape-Town³ sheep
 As they lie asleep,
 Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows;
 While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the sandy hollows!
 She reels, but the king of the brutes bestrides
 His tottering throne to the last: with might

¹ Villages of South African natives, Hottentots or Kafirs.

² Ancient Arabia Felix, southwestern Arabia, one of the chief administrative divisions or provinces (called vilayet) in Turkey.

³ A city in the Cape of Good Hope, a province of South Africa.

He plunges his terrible claws in the
bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold! fair play! she rallies again!
In vain, in vain!
Her struggles but help to drain her life-
blood faster;
She staggers, gasps, and sinks at the feet
of her slayer and master!

She staggers, she falls; she shall struggle
no more!
The death-rattle slightly convulses her
throat;
Mayest look thy last on that mangled 15
coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!
Adieu! The orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly. 20
So rides the lion in Afric's deserts
nightly.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS

On her couch the maid reclineth,
Wrapt in slumber's soft repose,
Long and dark, her lashes sweeping,
Veil a cheek where crimson glows.

Golden gleams the painted chalice,
Glitt'ring on the old oak chair,
Fresh plucked flowers, rainbow tinted,
Waft their fragrance through the air.

Sultry air its brooding vapour
In the heated chamber pours,
For the summer's breath is glowing,
Closed are lattices and doors.

All is hushed, a deathlike silence!
Hark! that sudden whisper faint!
Voices, from the flowers rising,
Lisp soft accents of complaint.

O'er the bell-shaped blossoms hover
Spirits, phantoms of the air:
Misty vapour is their vesture,
Shields and golden crowns they wear.

From the rose's lap of crimson
Steps a bride, so slender, fair;

Pearls, like dew-drops in the sunbeam,
Glitter in her flowing hair.

From the helmet of the monk's hood,
5 With its leaves of sombre green,
Steps a knight of daring boldness;
Brightly gleams his sabre's sheen.

O'er his helmet nods the plumage
10 Of the silver heron's tail.
From the lily soars a maiden,
Thin as gossamer her veil.

From the columbine's dark chalice
Comes a Moor with stately march;
O'er his dark green turban shining,
Glows the crescent's golden arch.

Proudly from th' imperial lily
Steps a sceptre-bearer bold.
From the iris, forest rangers
Follow, clad in green and gold.

From the leaves of the narcissus,
Sombre, sad, a stripling wends,
25 To imprint his glowing kisses
On the maiden's lips he bends.

Round the couch in giddy circles
Soar the sprites on airy wing.
30 Wildly dancing, springing, whirling,
Thus they to the sleeper sing:

"Maiden, maiden! thou hast torn us
"From the earth, that 'neath thine eye,
35 "In yon gaily painted chalice,
"We may languish, fade, and die.

"Oh, how happily we slumbered
"On the earth, our mother's breast,
40 "Where the sun, through verdant
branches,
"Glowing kisses on us pressed.

"Where the vernal zephyr cooled us,
45 "As we bent beneath its power,
"Where at night as elves we danced,
"Merging from our leafy bower.

"Rain and dew flowed brightly round us,
50 "Now we pine in stagnant water!
"We must fade, yet ere we perish,
"Maiden, we'll revenge our slaughter."

Hushed was now their song, inclining,
 Bend they o'er the sleeping fair;
 With their former gloomy silence,
 Rose soft whispers through the air.

Lo! the sunbeam greets her bower
 With its kiss, each phantom flies.
 In the sleep of death reclining,
 Lovely still the maiden lies.

Hark! what rustling, what a humming!
 How the maiden's cheeks they glow!
 How the spirits breathe upon them!
 How the waving odours flow!

5 She, herself a faded flower,
 Yet upon her cheeks the glow,
 Slumbers by her withered sisters,
 Whose fell spirits laid her low.

DEHMEL

(1863-1920)

One of the strongest personalities and most powerful poets of the immediate past in Germany was Richard Dehmel. He was born in Wedisch-Hermsdorf, the son of a forester. He attended school in Berlin and Danzig, and then went on to the university to study philosophy and social science. He later became secretary to the Society for Fire Prevention, a position he abandoned after the publication of his first volume of poetry. Resolved to devote himself entirely to writing, in 1895 he took up his residence near Berlin. Later he travelled through Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Holland, and England, and then settled in Blankenese near Hamburg. Among his poems are some of the noblest that German lyric poetry has to show. Dehmel strongly influenced poetic art by his repeated assertion of the proper duty of the poet. This duty, he says, is to abjure all display in form and fashion, to represent, truthfully, life both inward and outward, especially the life of Mankind as a whole, and to redeem the world from suffering by a clear conception and representation of the underlying divine purpose. He felt strongly the identity of poet and man; insofar as the man fails, the poet also fails. This idea he carried out in his own poetry. None of his contemporaries has surpassed him in clarity of impression, smoothness and rhythm of language, and color and novelty of diction.

The following poems, *The Bell in the Sea*, *Ballad of the Rabble*, *God's Will* (1893), *The Swimmer* (1892), *The Harp* (1896), are translated by Edwin Zeydel, in *Poet Lore*, XXXI, 1920.

THE BELL IN THE SEA

A fisherman had two clever sons,
 He sang to them often a song which runs:
 There's a wondrous bell adrift in the sea,
 A faithful heart feels ecstasy
 To hear the bell a-ringing.

Put to sea with their waving, brown-blown
 10 hair.
 And when as gray-beards they met once
 more
 One evening, they thought, as they sat on
 the shore,
 15 Of the bell so wondrous.

And the one son spoke to the other son:
 The old man's dotage has begun.
 He's singing that stupid song again;
 Yes, many a storm I've seen on the main,
 But never a wondrous bell.

And one of them said, dejected and
 old:
 I know the sea and its power untold.
 I've slaved my life away on the sea,
 20 And many a gain has come to me;
 But I never heard a ringing.

The other spoke: But we're still young,
 His song from memories deep is sprung.
 On many an ocean a man must ply,
 E'er the ocean's bottom is seen by his eye; 25
 And then he may hear the ringing.

And the other one said, smiling youth-
 fully:

When their father had died, these lads so
 fair

I've acquired no gains but memory;
 There's a wondrous bell adrift in the
 sea,
 A faithful heart feels ecstasy
 To hear the bell a-ringing

'BALLAD OF THE RABBLE

A crowded station; there's a jam at the gate.

Shouting policemen;
All around a thousand
Animal faces,
Canine faces,
Faces of foxes, a face of a wolf,
Faces of sheep, faces of geese,
And a gobbling turkey,
Snorting pigs, staring. —
The rabble.

The train pulls in, stops,
The tumult dies down,
Dies down for a moment.
At the window appears
Bismark
And waves.
All around a thousand
Glowing and luminous
Beaming and radiant,
Human, archangel-like faces, cheering. —
The rabble.

GOD'S WILL

Thou cravest happiness, Eve,
And thou art afraid to pluck the apple,
Which thy God did forbid to thee
Three thousand years,
Thou youthful creature!

Each evening I fancy thee,
Stretching thy thin little hands,
Out from thy small lonesome bed,
In fervent prayer to the God of old people:
Give me the apple!

Poor patient creature!
Never yet has he made the fearful glad,
This old God.

'Twas he who gave thy hunger and thy
hands to thee:
Take it and eat — then suffer!

THE SWIMMER

He's rescued! And he fondles the strand,
For which he fought with the raging
sea;

The white spoondrift still beats his hand.
And he glances back at the raging sea . . .

And looks about at the grayish land;
5 It lies in a storm, as before it lay,
Ponderously.
'Twill be the same as every day.
And he glances back at the raging sea. . . .

10

THE HARP

Among the lofty pines a strong wind blows;
From east to west the fleecy clouds are
rolled.
15 In silent flight I see the homebound crows;
Dull do the brown boughs sound through-
out the wold.
E'en duller sounds my step.

20 Here on these summits towering and steep
I stood ere stormy yearning came to me,
And ere I heard your ancient voice so deep,
At which I raise my arms in ecstasy,
Ye many giant stems.

25

At spacious intervals, and scarcely stirred,
The shafts appear, now gray with age and
crude;
And through their lofty crowns, still green,
30 is heard
The thud of forces, swelling and subdued,
E'en as of yore.

One crown is like unto an earthgod's hand,
35 Into five long and mighty fingers cleaved;
Still wrapped in golden brown, this tree
doth stand
And point e'en higher than the old stiff-
leaved
40 And lonesome boughs.

And these five fingers wage a struggle
tense.
They fain would join — each to the other
clings:
A wild convulsion shakes their tops so
dense.
As if they, mad, were tearing at the
strings
50 Of an enchanted harp.

And from the harp there comes a heavenly
tone,

From east to west 'tis billowed and 'tis rolled.
 E'er since my youth this music I have known.
 Dull do the brown boughs sound throughout the wold:
 Come, Storm, give ear to me!

How many a tear of longing have I shed!
 Oh, for a mighty hand to fit mine own!
 Oh, how I stretched my fingers till they bled!
 No one could grasp entire this hand so lone!
 And so I clenched it then.

With maddened fervidness of every kind
 'Twixt God and beast I have been cast and torn.
 I ponder at the course I've left behind:
 One fervor only can be stanchly borne:
 Toward all the world.

Come, Storm Almighty, let the pine-trees blow!
 Me too with might primeval thou dost sway.
 In fearful homeward course flies many a crow.
 Oh, grant me strength, that lonesome I may stay,
 World!

HOFMANNSTHAL

(1874-)

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, born in Vienna, belongs to that group of poets, novelists, and dramatists who have made Austria internationally famous. Endowed with an exceptionally mature and fine sensibility, he wrote his first dramatic poem when he was still a schoolboy of seventeen. At eighteen he composed *The Death of Titian*, and at nineteen, *Death and the Fool*. These pieces were fully developed specimens of their kind and were not surpassed by anything he wrote later of the same sort. Hofmannsthal is better known for his plays than for his poetry; he is especially fond of classical Greek themes, which he treats in the modern manner. A friend of the composer Richard Strauss, he wrote for him a series of admirable librettos, the best of which is that of the *Rosenkavalier*. Though not preoccupied with the more difficult problems of existence, Hofmannsthal reveals a poetic sensitiveness that has rarely been surpassed.

Of the following selections, "*Terzinen*" (1903) and *The Ballade of the Outward Life* (1903) come from the *Poetry Review*, XVI, 1925; *Death* (1907), translated by C. N. Stork, from *Poet Lore*, XXIX, 1918; and *The Two* (1907), translated by Charles Wharton Smith, from *Poet Lore*, XXIII, 1912.

"TERZINEN"

"Such stuff as dreams are made of," such as these
 We are: and dreams awake and open eyes
 Like little children under cherry trees,
 From out whose crown the orbéd moon doth rise
 Through the great night his pale-gold course to take.
 Our dreams emerge in us not otherwise,

Than orbéd moon doth from the tree-tops wake.
 The innermost is open to their plying
 Like spirit hands in a barred room they seem
 To weave in us and have a life undying,
 And three are one, a man, a thing, a dream.

BALLADE OF THE OUTWARD LIFE

Are there and live, like laughing children, break
 On us, no smaller up-and-downward hieing,
 And babes grow up — babes with their eyes profound
 Which know not anything — grow up and die

- And all the sons of men pursue their way.
 And sweet fruits wax from sour continually
 And drop at night like dead birds, from the spray
 And lie, and rot ere many days go by.
 Still blows the wind; again and yet again
 We hear and utter many words; are ware 10
 Both of our body's pleasure and its pains.
 Roads run athwart the grass and here and there
 Are places full of torches, fountains, trees,
 And others threatful, parched to death and 15
 bare. . . .
 What were these made for and not one of these
 Another's double? And why thus numberless?
 What intermingles laughs and agonies?
 What boots it all? How serves this sport to bless
 Us who are great and wander evermore
 Without a goal in lasting loneliness?
 In oft-seen sight of such what vantage dwells?
 And yet he sayeth much who "Evening" saith,
 A word from which deep thought and sad- 30
 ness pour
 Like honey heavily from hollow cells.
- DEATH
- What hours are those! when, shiningly outspread,
- The ocean lures us, and we lightly learn
 The solemn lore of death, and feel no dread:
 5 As a small child, whose great eyes seem to yearn,
 A girl with pallid cheeks and limbs a-cold,
 One evening looks far out and does not turn
 Her feebly-smiling gaze, for, loosing hold
 Upon her slumber-drunken limbs, the flood
 Of life glides over into grass and wold;
 Or as a saint pours out her martyr blood.
- THE TWO
- 20 She bore a goblet in her hand,
 Her chin and mouth were like its rim,
 So sure her foot to go or stand
 That not a drop o'er sprang the brim.
- 25 As light and firm too was his hand;
 His fiery mount but fresh from pasture
 Stopped quivering at the quick command
 Of one impulsive, careless gesture.
- Yet when their fingers chanced to touch,
 As she would lift the goblet to him,
 A faintness as of death ran through him,
 35 And each was trembling now so much
 That on the ground the goblet tinkled
 And in the dust the wine was sprinkled.

FRENCH

MUSSET

(1810-1857)

Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, French poet, playwright, and novelist was born in Paris. At the age of seventeen he won a prize for an essay on *The Origin of Our Feelings*. He studied both law and medicine, but never followed them professionally. He was received at the house of Victor Hugo and there became acquainted with Alfred de Vigny, Prosper Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and others. His first volume of original work, which met with instant success, was a collection of *Tales of Spain and Italy* (1829). In 1830 his first play was produced, and failed

and Musset came near to abandoning the drama entirely. He began in 1833 to contribute to the *Revue des deux mondes*, in which he published *André del Sarto*, *Les Caprices de Marianne*, and *Rolla*, a piece deeply tintured with Wertherian melancholy. In the same year he left for Italy, breaking off a deep and fervent attachment for George Sand, which was the chief event of his life and inspired some of his best lyrics, notably his deservedly famous *Nuits* ("Nights"). After his return from Italy he produced between 1835 and 1840 what are now perhaps his best-known works. In 1840 he suffered a period of profound depression, but so far rallied from it that by 1845 he was composing pieces of sparkling charm. Some of his most delightful work is to be found in his plays, most of which tend to the romantic exaltation of love.

Musset's belief as to the function of poetry was that it should describe one's feelings and stir in its readers similar feelings. He was little concerned with form, with the technique of his art, except as it responded almost of its own accord to the emotional content of his poetry. Hence it is in his shorter pieces, and in the free, informal strophes one usually associates with meditation in verse, that he excelled. Critics today place him among the first-rate writers of his time although few besides Sainte-Beuve did so during his own age.

•BRAVE KNIGHT DEPARTING FOR THE WAR

Brave Knight, departing for the war,
Wherefore so far
Dost go from here?
In darkest clouds the night is furled,
And all the world
Is but a tear.

You who believe love vainly sought,
Thus from the thought
Are made to stray.
Alas! ye seekers of renown,
No less is flown
Your smoke away.

Brave Knight, departing for the war,
Wherefore so far
Dost go from here?
I go to weep my false love's guile,
Who said my smile
Was sweet and dear.

SONG

The soldier brave and bold
At the rolling thunder laughs.
One hand his sword doth hold,
One the cup he gallantly quaffs.

And if he perish in the gallant strife,
His warrior grave is all with glory rife.
His arm the land defends,
His heart is for his friends,
And for the king his life.

LINES

Comrades, whensoever I die,
A willow set my grave to keep;
I love its soft pale livery
And drooping boughs that seem to weep;
5 And lightly will its shadow lie
On the ground where I shall sleep.

ON ONE DEAD

She might be lovely, if the night,
10 Carved in some chapel's dark recess
By Buonarroti's¹ chilling might,
May claim the praise of loveliness.

Good was she, if it goodness reach
15 To give an alms in passing by
Without one feeling, look, or speech —
If loveless gold be charity.

And she could think, if that you deem
20 In soft and modulated tone
To babble like a ceaseless stream
Is proof of thought — else had
none.

25 She used to pray, if two fine eyes,
Now coldly fastened on the ground,
Now raised as coldly to the skies,
Worthy the name of prayer be found.

30 She would have smiled, if blighted flower
That ne'er expanded to the sky
Could open to the genial power
Of winds that pass it heedless by.

¹ Michelangelo (1475-1564).

She might have wept, if when there lay
 Her hand on what she called her heart,
 She e'er had felt that human clay
 Softened by dews the heavens impart.

She might have loved, but selfish pride,
 Like lamps a useless light that hold,
 Standing the coffined dead beside,
 Guarded her heart, so poor and cold.

She's dead; she never lived, she stopt
 At seeming, seemed to live, though dead.
 The volume from her hand has dropt,
 From which no single word she read.

•THINK OF PAST DAYS

Think of past days when dawn with coy
 delight

Her fairy palace to the sun reveals;
 Think of past days when meditative night
 In dreamy starclad mantle by thee steals:
 When pleasure's call provokes thy heart to
 quickened glow,

And when the evening shades their gentle
 dreams bestow,

Hear from the world's deep maze
 A whispering voice that says,
 'Think of past days.'

Think of past days when unrelenting fate
 Makes me for ever from thy presence
 part;

When sorrow, exile, and the wasting weight
 Of years have withered my despairing
 heart;

Think of my ill-starred love, think of my
 last adieu;

Absence and time are nought if love be
 only true.

And long as death delays,
 To thee my heart still says,
 'Think of past days.'

Think of past days when 'neath the dark
 cold ground

My broken heart for evermore shall
 sleep;

Think of past days when some lone flower
 is found,

Forth from my solitary grave to peep.

I ne'er shall see thee more, but mine im-
 mortal soul

Near thee shall watch as with a sister's
 kind control.

Then 'neath the moon's still rays
 Hear the sad voice that says,
 'Think of past days.'

SONG

When Hope, the wanton light and gay,
 Touches our arm in passing by,
 Then flies with wingèd speed away,
 And then returns with smiling eye,

Where does man go, where calls his
 heart —

The zephyr followed by the swallow?
 And swallow far less light thou art
 Than man who doth his fancy follow.

Enchantress, who dost ever fly,
 Can you e'en tell us where you rove?
 How strange that ancient destiny
 Should have so very young a love!

SONNET

No! Though 'twere possible that bitter
 pain

By this dead heart could once again be
 known:

No! Though a flower of hope could once
 again

Upon the desert of my life be grown;

Though thy sweet innocence without a
 stain

Could e'en for me thy soul to pity
 move —

Dear child, thy guileless charity were vain;
 I could not, and I would not, dare to love.

But still that fated hour must on thee fall,
 When the whole world shall seem as
 nothingness,

My true, my pure affection then recall;
 You'll find alike in joy and in distress
 My hand to thine in ready succour shown,
 And my sad heart to listen to thine own.

LINES FROM ROLLA

Woman, strange source whence joys and
 torture rise,

Mysterious altar where in sacrifice
 We hear alternate prayers and blasphemies,
 Say in what echo, in what air, reside
 Those nameless words, which through all
 ages bide;
 And though but madness, yet 'mid smiles
 and tears,
 Have clung to lover's lips five thousand
 years.

FORTUNIO'S SONG

If you think I shall declare
 Whose love I seek,
 Not for a kingdom would I dare
 Her name to speak.

But I will join you in a glee
 If you think meet —
 That I adore, that fair is she
 As is the wheat.

I act but as my fantasy
 My will doth stir;
 And if she need my life, then I
 May give it her.

The anguish that a love untold
 Makes us deplore
 I carry in my heart of old —
 I can no more.

I love too deeply to declare
 Whose love I feel;
 And for my Love can die, but ne'er
 Her name reveal.

•TO MADEMOISELLE —

Yes, ladies fair! Say what you will;
 Yes, you possess the fatal might
 To cast us by a sigh, at will,
 Or in despair, or in delight.

A single word, a word denied,
 A careless look, a mocking start
 Can plant a dagger in the heart
 Of those in your enchantment tied.

Well may you boast at every hour;
 For, thanks be to our cowardice,
 There's nothing equal to your power,
 Unless it be your fickleness.

10 But every power on earth we see
 Die when its wings too mighty grow;
 And who ne'er tells his misery
 Flies from you, though his tears may
 15 flow.

However great his sorrows are,
 His hapless lot I still prefer;
 Our torture better is to bear,
 20 Than is your trade of murderer.

DEJECTION

I have wasted my strength and my life,
 And friends have left, and my heart has
 25 died;
 I have no longer even the pride
 Which gave me fame in a worthless
 strife.

30 Yet of old, long since, I thought to tread
 In the noble pathway of truth and right;
 But when I saw where their footsteps
 led,
 I swerved unequal to the sight.

35 Now I see too late they must prevail,
 And all who quit them can only fail
 Of all that's noble, great, and wise.

God calls me, and I have nought to say;
 40 Not a plea on which one hope to stay,
 Save that some tears have dimmed my
 eyes.

DE LISLE

(1818-1894)

Leconte de Lisle was born on the Île Bourbon in the Indian Ocean, the son of a Breton surgeon. He received strict childhood training and was sent in 1838 to Rennes to study law, but he spent most of his time in reading and in cultivating poetic ideas; and when he re-

turned home he was ridiculed for his literary aspirations. After about nine years he went to Paris to live. At first he embraced the Utopian ideas of Fourier, the coöperative Socialist, and celebrated them in a *Hymn*. As he was gradually influenced by the cosmology of the Greeks and the Hindus, he tended more and more to that pantheism which forms the basis of his later work. He published volumes of poems in 1852, 1862, and 1884. Another volume appeared posthumously in 1895. He also made a number of prose translations from Greek and Latin poets. In 1886 he was elected to the French Academy in the place left vacant by Victor Hugo.

Leconte de Lisle is best known in literary history as the leader of the Parnassians, the group dominant in French poetry from 1850 to 1880. The group takes its name from an anthology called *Le Parnasse Contemporain*, which included poems by Gautier, Banville, Leconte de Lisle, Coppée, Baudelaire, Prudhomme, Verlaine, and Mallarmé. *The Parnassians were opposed to the looseness and unlimited self-expression of the romanticists, and followed strictly the principle that all great art is impersonal and that the highest quality of the poet is his power to see truly and to tell what he sees in the most perfect form possible. Their theory may be expressed in the often misused phrase "art for art's sake."

The following poems, written in 1884, are translated by C. L. Crittenton, the first two in *Poet Lore*, XIX, 1908, and the last in *Poet Lore*, XX, 1909.

•THE RED STAR

There will be, in the abyss of the sky, a
great red Star, named Sahil.

—The Rabbi Aben-Ezra.

Over the continents, heavy waves,
Where thrills of a world have palpitated,
Swell in the silence and immensity;
The Red Sahil in depths of tragic nights,
Sole torch, darts its blood-stained eye on
the flood.

Through the endless space, these bare
solitudes,
This dull abyss, deaf, void, to nothingness,
Sahil, supreme witness, and gloomy sun,
Which makes the sea sadder, blacker in
nakedness,
Gloats over, with cruel sight, the universal
sleep.

Genius, love, sorrow, despair, hate, envy,
What one dreams, what one loves, and
that which lies,
Earth and Sky, nothing more than the old
Moment.
On the forgotten dream of Man and of
Life,
The red eye of Sahil bleeds eternally.

THE PRAIRIE

In the immense prairie, ocean without
shore,
Through surging grass, which waving gives
no horizon,

A hundred reds on their savage mustangs
Chase the wild torrent of bison.

With eagle plume on their heads, body and
face
Streaked with vermilion, bow in hand, and
quiver
Hanging by a band of bark across the
loins,
Yelling, they pierce the beast brought to
bay.

Under the barbed shafts which bite into
their sides,
The long-haired bulls run, bellowing
madly,
Blinded and drilled by arrows, in the high
grass
They leave foaming jets of their blood.

The heavy mass, increasing, hair on end,
Wounded and dead crushing the stunted
chaparals:
Leaping over the rocks and through
streams, rushing
Amidst the rattle of dying cries.

In distance, behind, riveted on their
track,
White wolves of the desert follow silently,
With tongues hanging from their ravenous
jaws

And darting desire from hot eyes.

And all this, which nothing hinders,
nothing stops,

Bellowing, clamour, wolves, vagrant horsemen,
 In the space, like a whirlwind in a tempest,
 Rolls, flees, sinks, and disappears by 5
 bounds.

THE LAMP OF HEAVEN

Out of the golden chain of quick'ning 10
 stars
 The Lamp of Heaven hangs from the som-
 brous blue
 Over the great sea, the mountains and the
 shore.
 In the soft peace of the pure, warm air
 Lulled to the sigh of the pensive waves,
 The Lamp of Heaven hangs from the som-
 brous blue
 Out of the golden chain of quick'ning stars. 20

It bathes and fills the horizon without end
 With the enchantment of its limpid calm;
 It silvers the shades at the bottom of the
 hollows 25
 And pearls the nestlings perched in the
 palms,
 Who sleep, lightly, in divine slumber;
 From the enchantment of its limpid calm
 It bathes and fills the horizon without end. 30

In the soft mystery, O Moon, where thou
 art,
 Art thou the sun of the happy dead,
 The White Paradise where they dream
 their dreams?
 O dumb world, pouring out on them
 Splendid dreams made from the best un-
 truths,
 Art thou the sun of the happy dead,
 In the soft mystery, O Moon, where thou
 art?

Always, forever, eternally,
 Night! Silence! Forgotten of bitter
 hours! 15
 You only absorb the desire which lies,
 Hate, love, thought, pangs, and fancy?
 You only appease the old torment,
 Night! Silence! Forgotten of bitter
 hours!
 Always, forever, eternally?

Out of the golden chain of quick'ning stars,
 O Lamp of Heaven, hanging from the som-
 brous blue, 25
 Make a black gulf of the pure warm air,
 A last sigh of the pensive waves,
 O Lamp of Heaven, hanging from the
 sombrous blue
 Out of the golden chain of quick'ning stars. 30

BAUDELAIRE

(1821-1867)

Charles Pierre Baudelaire was born in Paris and received his education there and in Lyons. It is more difficult to estimate the significance, either relative or absolute, of Baudelaire than of any other poet of his time, first, because he has been until recent years singularly misunderstood and misrepresented, and second, because his influence on thought and feeling has been so great as to be, at such close range, incalculable.

•As an unusually rebellious child, Baudelaire suffered from unfortunate circumstances in his home life; as a sensitive, unconventional, perverse young man, he was increasingly tortured by the spectacle of the disorderly and false civilization into which he had been born. Using in his compositions the vocabulary of his time, — the vocabulary of the *décadents* — he, as no other poet since Racine, passionately and minutely examined the human soul. To comprehend the nature of the soul, to know in its origin human sinfulness, to understand the first principle of goodness — these are what may be said to constitute the passion of Baudelaire. Because of the morbidity of his subjects, he was severely criticized in his own time; later he was taken up by the English decadents, principally Arthur Symonds, who felt that in his "passionate devotion to his passions" Baudelaire belonged to their group. There is little that is more ironic in the recent history of literature; for Baudelaire knew perhaps as well as it can be known what it was to wish to escape his passions.

Little by little, Baudelaire, the "father of symbolism" and one of the greatest psychological poets of all time is coming to be recognized as the source of much that is characteristically

vital in European thought and feeling at the present time. The bulk of his poetry is remarkably small; it is nearly all contained in the volume called *Flowers of Evil*, published only ten years before his death. The poet was a great admirer of Poe, and spent his best years translating Poe's stories into French. He composed also a series of *Poems in Prose* and a number of critical studies of art, music, and literature. The irregularities of his life ruined his health and caused his death, in poverty, at the age of forty-six.

The following poems are translated by F. P. Sturm in *Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry*, New York, Boni and Liveright, 1919. The prose selections are translated by Arthur Symons in the same volume.

FLOWERS OF EVIL

•THE FLASK

There are some powerful odours that can
pass
Out of the stoppered flagon; even glass
To them is porous. Oft when some old
box
Brought from the East is opened and the
locks
And hinges creak and cry; or in a press
In some deserted house, where the sharp
stress
Of odours old and dusty fills the brain,
An ancient flask is brought to light again, 15
And forth the ghosts of long-dead odours
creep.
There, softly trembling in the shadows,
sleep
A thousand thoughts, funereal chrysalides, 20
Phantoms of old the folding darkness
hides,
Who make faint flutterings as their wings
unfold,
Rose-washed and azure-tinted, shot with 25
gold.
A memory that brings languor flutters
here:
The fainting eyelids droop, and giddy Fear 30
Thrusts with both hands the soul towards
the pit
Where, like Lazarus from his winding
sheet,
Arises from the gulf of sleep a ghost 35
Of an old passion, long since loved and lost.
So I, when vanished from man's memory
Deep in some dark and sombre chest I lie,
An empty flagon they have cast aside,
Broken and soiled, the dust upon my pride, 40
Will be your shroud, beloved pestilence!
The witness of your might and virulence,

Sweet poison mixed by angels; bitter cup
Of life and death my heart has drunken
up!

✓THE LITTLE OLD WOMEN

I

Deep in the tortuous fold of ancient towns,
Where all, even horror, to enchantment
turns,
I watch, obedient to my fatal mood,
For the decrepit, strange and charming
beings,
The dislocated monsters that of old
Were lovely women — Lais or Eponine!¹
Hunchbacked and broken, crippled though
they be,
Let us still love them, for they still have
souls.
They creep along wrapped in their chilly
rags,
Beneath the whipping of the wicked wind;
They tremble when an omnibus rolls by,
And at their sides, a relic of the past,
A little flower-embroidered satchel hangs.
They trot about, most like to marion-
ettes;
They drag themselves, as does a wounded
beast;
Or dance unwillingly as a clapping bell
Where hangs and swings a demon without
pity.
Though they be broken they have pierc-
ing eyes,
That shine like pools where water sleeps at
night;
The astonished and divine eyes of a child
Who laughs at all that glitters in the world.
Have you not seen that most old women's
shrouds
Are little like the shroud of a dead child?
Wise Death, in token of his happy whim,

¹ Lais . . . Eponine, the first a famous Greek courtesan, the second, a Gaulish wife renowned for her conjugal devotion.

Wraps old and young in one enfolding
sheet.

And when I see a phantom, frail and wan,
Traverse the swarming picture that is
Paris,

It ever seems as though the delicate thing
Trode with soft steps towards a cradle new.
And then I wonder, seeing the twisted
form,

How many times must workmen change 10
the shape

Of boxes where at length such limbs are
laid?

These eyes are wells brimmed with a
million tears;

Crucibles where the cooling metal pales —
Mysterious eyes that are strong charms to
him

Whose life-long nurse has been austere
Disaster.

II

The love-sick vestal of the old "Fraciti"¹;
Priestess of Thalia,² alas! whose name
Only the prompter knows and he is dead;
Bygone celebrities that in bygone days
The Tivoli³ o'ershadowed in their bloom;
All charm me; yet among these beings
frail

Three, turning pain to honey-sweetness,
said

To the Devotion that had lent them wings:
"Lift me, O powerful Hippogriffe,⁴ to the
skies" —

One by her country to despair was driven;
One by her husband overwhelmed with
grief;

One wounded by her child, Madonna-
like;

Each could have made a river with her
tears.

III

Oft have I followed one of these old
women,

One among others, when the falling sun
Reddened the heavens with a crimson
wound —

Pensive, apart, she rested on a bench

¹ Fraciti, a theater.

² Tivoli, a theater.

To hear the brazen music of the band,
Played by the soldiers in the public park
To pour some courage into citizens' hearts,
On golden eves when all the world revives.

5 Proud and erect she drank the music in,
The lively and the warlike call to arms;
Her eyes blinked like an ancient eagle's
eyes;

Her forehead seemed to await the laurel
crown!

IV

Thus do you wander, uncomplaining
15 Stoics,

Through all the chaos of the living town:
Mothers with bleeding hearts, saints,
courtesans,

Whose names of yore were on the lips of
20 all;

Who were all glory and all grace, and now
None know you; and the brutish drunkard
stops,

Insulting you with his derisive love;
25 And cowardly urchins call behind your
back.

Ashamed of living, withered shadows all,
With fear-bowed backs you creep beside
the walls,

30 And none salute you, destined to loneliness!
Refuse of Time ripe for Eternity!

But I, who watch you tenderly afar,
With unquiet eyes on your uncertain steps,
As if I were your father, I — O wonder!

35 Unknown to you taste secret, hidden joy.
I see your maiden passions bud and bloom,

Sombre or luminous, and your lost days
Unroll before me while my heart enjoys

All your old vices, and my soul expands
40 To all the virtues that have once been
yours.

Ruined! And my sisters! O congregate
hearts,

Octogenarian Eves o'er whom is stretched
45 God's awful claw, where will you be to-
morrow?

•MIST AND RAIN

50 Autumns and winters, springs of mire and
rain,

² Thalia, the muse of comedy.

⁴ Hippogriffe, half horse and half griffin.

Seasons of sleep, I sing your praises loud,
For thus I love to wrap my heart and
brain

In some dim tomb beneath a vapoury
shroud.

In the wide plain where revels the cold
wind,

Through long nights when the weather-
cock whirls round,

More free than in warm summer day my
mind

Lifts wide her raven pinions from the
ground.

Unto a heart filled with funereal things
That since old days hoar frosts have
gathered on,

Naught is more sweet, O pallid, queenly
springs,

Than the long pageant of your shadows
wan,

Unless it be on moonless eves to weep

On some chance bed and rock our griefs to
sleep.

•SUNSET

Fair is the sun when first he flames above,
Flinging his joy down in a happy beam;
And happy he who can salute with love
The sunset far more glorious than a dream.

Flower, stream, and furrow! I have seen
them all

In the sun's eye swoon like one trembling
heart.

Though it be late let us with speed de-
part

To catch at least one last ray ere it fall!

But I pursue the fading god in vain,
For conquering night makes firm her dark
domain,

Mist and gloom fall, and terrors glide be-
tween,

And graveyard odours in the shadow
swim,

And my faint footsteps on the marsh's
rim,

Bruise the cold snail and crawling toad
unseen.

POEMS IN PROSE

•THE FAVOURS OF THE MOON

5 The Moon, who is caprice itself, looked
in through the window when you lay asleep
in your cradle, and said inwardly: "This
is a child after my own soul."

And she came softly down the staircase
10 of the clouds, and passed noiselessly
through the window-pane. Then she laid
herself upon you with the supple tender-
ness of a mother, and she left her colours
upon your face. That is why your eyes
15 are green and your cheeks extraordinarily
pale. It was when you looked at her, that
your pupils widened so strangely; and she
clasped her arms so tenderly about your
throat that ever since you have had the
20 longing for tears.

Nevertheless, in the flood of her joy, the
Moon filled the room like a phosphoric at-
mosphere, like a luminous poison; and all
this living light thought and said: "My
25 kiss shall be upon you forever. You shall
be beautiful as I am beautiful. You shall
love that which I love and that by which I
am loved; water and clouds, night and
silence; the vast green sea; the formless
30 and multiform water; the place where you
shall never be; the lover whom you shall
never know; unnatural flowers; odours
which make men drunk; the cats that lan-
guish upon pianos and sob like women,
35 with hoarse sweet voices!

"And you shall be loved by my lovers,
courted by my courtiers. You shall be the
queen of men who have green eyes, and
whose throats I have clasped by night in
40 my caresses; of those that love the sea,
the vast tumultuous green sea, formless
and multiform water, the place where they
are not, the woman whom they know not,
the ominous flowers that are like the
censers of an unknown rite, the odours
that trouble the will, and the savage and
voluptuous beasts that are the emblems of
their folly."

And that is why, accursed dear spoilt
child, I lie now at your feet, seeking to find
in you the image of the fearful goddess, the
fateful godmother, the poisonous nurse of
all the moonstruck of the world.

WINDOWS

He who looks in through an open window never sees so many things as he who looks at a shut window. There is nothing more profound, more mysterious, more fertile, more gloomy, or more dazzling, than a window lighted by a candle. What we can see in the sunlight is always less interesting than what goes on behind the panes of a window. In that dark or luminous hollow, life lives, life dreams, life suffers.

Across the waves of roofs, I can see a woman of middle age, wrinkled, poor, who is always leaning over something, and who never goes out. Out of her face, out of her dress, out of her attitude, out of nothing almost, I have made up the woman's story, and sometimes I say it over to myself with tears.

If it had been a poor old man, I could have made up his just as easily.

And I go to bed, proud of having lived and suffered in others.

Perhaps you will say to me: "Are you sure that it is the real story?" What does it matter, what does any reality outside of myself matter, if it has helped me to live, to feel that I am, and what I am?

• CROWDS

It is not given to every man to take a bath of multitude: to play upon crowds is an art; and he alone can plunge, at the expense of humankind, into a debauch of vitality, to whom a fairy has bequeathed in his cradle the love of masks and disguises, the hate of home and the passion of travel.

Multitude, solitude: equal terms mutually convertible by the active and begetting poet. He who does not know how to people his solitude does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

The poet enjoys this incomparable privilege, to be at once himself and others. Like those wandering souls that go about seeking bodies, he enters at will the personality of every man. For him alone, every place is vacant; and if certain places seem to be closed against him, that is be-

cause in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of visiting.

The solitary and thoughtful walker derives a singular intoxication from this universal communion. He who mates easily with the crowd knows feverish joys that must be for ever unknown to the egoist, shut up like a coffer, and to the sluggard, imprisoned like a shell-fish. He adopts for his own all the occupations, all the joys and all the sorrows that circumstance sets before him.

What men call love is small indeed, narrow and weak indeed, compared with this ineffable orgie, this sacred prostitution of the soul which gives itself up wholly (poetry and charity!) to the unexpected which happens, to the stranger as he passes.

It is good sometimes that the happy of this world should learn, were it only to humble their foolish pride for an instant, that there are higher, wider, and rarer joys than theirs. The founders of colonies, the shepherds of nations, the missionary priests, exiled to the ends of the earth, doubtless know something of these mysterious intoxications; and, in the midst of the vast family that their genius has raised about them, they must sometimes laugh at the thought of those who pity them for their chaste lives and troubled fortunes.

THE CAKE

I was traveling. The landscape in the midst of which I was seated was of an irresistible grandeur and sublimity. Something no doubt at that moment passed from it into my soul. My thoughts fluttered with a lightness like that of the atmosphere; vulgar passions, such as hate and profane love, seemed to me now as far away as the clouds that floated in the gulfs beneath my feet; my soul seemed to me as vast and pure as the dome of the sky that enveloped me; the remembrance of earthly things came as faintly to my heart as the thin tinkle of the bells of unseen herds, browsing far, far away, on the slope of another mountain. Across the little motionless lake, black with the darkness of its immense depth, there passed from time

to time the shadow of a cloud, like the shadow of an airy giant's cloak, flying through heaven. And I remember that this rare and solemn sensation, caused by a vast and perfectly silent movement, filled me with mingled joy and fear. In a word, thanks to the enrapturing beauty about me, I felt that I was at perfect peace with myself and with the universe; I even believe that, in my complete forgetfulness of all earthly evil, I had come to think the newspapers are right after all, and man was born good; when, incorrigible matter renewing its exigencies, I sought to refresh the fatigue and satisfy the appetite caused by so lengthy a climb. I took from my pocket a large piece of bread, a leather cup, and a small bottle of a certain elixir which the chemists at that time sold to tourists, to be mixed, on occasion, with liquid snow.

I was quietly cutting my bread when a slight noise made me look up. I saw in front of me a little ragged urchin, dark and dishevelled, whose hollow eyes, wild and supplicating, devoured the piece of bread. And I heard him gasp, in a low, hoarse voice, the word: "Cake!" I could not help laughing at the appellation with which he thought fit to honor my nearly white bread, and I cut off a big slice and offered it to him. Slowly he came up to me, not taking his eyes from the coveted object; then, snatching it out of my hand, he stepped quickly back, as if he feared that my offer was not sincere or that I had already repented of it.

But at the same instant he was knocked over by another little savage, who had sprung from I know not where, and who

was so precisely like the first that one might have taken them for twin brothers. They rolled over on the ground together, struggling for the possession of the precious booty, neither willing to share it with his brother. The first, exasperated, clutched the second by the hair; and the second seized one of the ears of the first between his teeth, and spat out a little bleeding morsel with a fine oath in dialect. The legitimate proprietor of the cake tried to hook his little claws into the usurper's eyes; the latter did his best to throttle his adversary with one hand, while with the other he endeavored to slip the prize of war into his pocket. But, heartened by despair, the loser pulled himself together, and sent the victor sprawling with a blow of the head in his stomach. Why describe a hideous fight which indeed lasted longer than their childish strength seemed to promise? The cake traveled from hand to hand, and changed from pocket to pocket, at every moment; but, alas, it changed also in size; and when at length, exhausted, panting and bleeding, they stopped from the sheer impossibility of going on, there was no longer any cause of feud; the slice of bread had disappeared, and lay scattered in crumbs like the grains of sand with which it was mingled.

The sight had darkened the landscape for me, and dispelled the joyous calm in which my soul had lain basking; I remained saddened for quite a long time, saying over and over to myself: "There is then a wonderful country in which bread is called cake, and is so rare a delicacy that it is enough in itself to give rise to a war literally fratricidal!"

MALLARMÉ

(1842-1898)

Stéphane Mallarmé was born in Paris and was educated at a boarding school in Auteuil and at the academy in Sens. At twenty he went to England to learn the language. On his return he taught English from 1862 to 1892. He began to write reviews in 1874, but his name was not known to the public until 1884. In 1885 he began the custom of assembling a group of friends every Tuesday evening at nine. From 1894 to 1898 he lived near Fontainebleau at Valviens, whither the members of the Stéphane Mallarmé Society now make an annual pilgrimage on the anniversary of the poet's death. At first a member of the Parnassians, he soon separated from

them in order to work out his own ideas of poetry. His earlier manner reflects Baudelaire's; but he already showed a preference for suggestion by analogy rather than description. His second manner is obscure and represents a conscious effort to avoid banality, of which he had a great horror, and to limit his appeal to a few intelligent readers. Thus in his later work he belongs to that group of recent poets known as "Symbolists," so called because they are fond of symbolizing mystery and magic by haunting music and shadowy images, and because, at their worst, they seem to prefer vague suggestion to clear statement. It was his laborious search for a new poetic language that destroyed his fecundity as a writer. Although he was attacked by many critics in his time, he enjoyed, during the latter part of his career at least, the unrestrained admiration of a group of young writers who were striving to achieve "la poésie pure," and who proclaimed him the Prince of Poets. The popularity of his well-known *L'Après-midi d'un faune* ("A Faun's Afternoon") is partly due to Debussy's music.

L'Après-midi d'un faune, written in 1874-75, is translated by Joseph T. Shipley, in *Poet Lore*, XXXI, 1920.

✓ L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE

These nymphs, I would make them
eternal.

So rare, 5
Their delicate rose, that it drifts on the air,
Drowsy with clustering sleep.

Do I love a dream?
My doubt, fruit of the ancient night,
breaks forth

In many a subtle branch, which, on the
swell

Of the true forest,
Proves that I proffer to myself, — alas!
The triumph of an ideal want
Of roses.

Think:
Perhaps these women of your niceties
Are but the vacant figures of your hope!
Faun, the illusion leaps from the blue, cold 20
eyes

As a spring all of tears, of her most pure:

And she all sighs is a contrast

As a warm day's breath on the fleece!

No! By the weary and motionless swoon 25
Stifling with summer the fresh lilting
morn,

No murmur of water but wafts my flute
To the dew-sprinkled woods of consent.

The only wind 30
Hustling its sound through the twin-born
pipes

Dispersing its arid rain,

The while the horizon unfrowning,

Is the calm, artificial, evident sigh

Of Inspiration, rising to its source.

O Sicilian shores of a quiet fen

Which my vanity sacks to the jealous suns

Submissive under the flowers of sparks,

Reveal:

"Here was I culling hollow reeds,
Holy to talent, when, on the glaucous gold
Of distant verdures yielding to the flood
Their richest vines,

5 A living whiteness surged to its repose:
At the soft prelude to the birth of song
The flock of storks — no! — naiads, fled,
or plunged."

10 Inert and scorched in the tawny hour,
Unnoticed by what collective art
Too many hymens scamper off, desired
By him who seeketh women:

Then I shall waken, lone, erect,

15 Under an ancient surge of light,

At the first fervor:

Lily! and candor in one of you all.

Else that sweet nothing rumored from
their lip,

20 The kiss, that whispers low of perfidy;

My breast, virgin of evidence, testifies a
sting

Mysterious and of a sacred tooth;

But bah! such a secret elects to confide

25 In the vast twin-born reed that plays to
the clouds:

That, sloughing of the cheek's pale pain,

Dreams, in a lengthy solo, I'll delight

The beauty of the roundabout with it

30 And false confusion with my listening
song;

Of notes so loud that modulated love

Shrinks from the inconsiderable dream

Of back or pure flank in my closed re-
gard,

35 A resounding, vain, and endless-dreary
line.

Strain then, O instrument of flights,
40 malign Syrinx,

To flower anew by bords where you await
me!
I, in my noisy pride, shall sing,
Sing long and longingly of goddesses;
And by the paintings of idolaters
Still in their shadows charm the girdle free:
So, when I've sucked the splendor from
the grape
To banish desire dispelled by my deceit,
Mocking the summer sky,
I raise the empty cluster, with a puff
Belling the luminous skins, for frenzy
flushed,
And watch through them till night fall.
O nymphs, I swell with flooding memo-
ries:
"My gaze, piercing the rushes,
Lances each deathless form, that in the
wave
Drowns its mad burning, while a shout of 20
rage
Leaps to the forest-heaven;
And the glorious bath of tresses drops
below
In lightnings and shudders — O dia- 25
dems!
I hasten; when, at my ankles (bruised,
Knowing the languor of the ill of being
twain)
Are sleepers conjoined, in danger of them- 30
selves.
I embraced them, not disentiwinng,
And bore to this grove, which futile shad-
ows flee,
Roses yielding their fragrance to the sun; 35
Here our frolic lingered with the day it
burned."

I adore you, O wrath of virgins,
O untamed delight of the holy nude bur- 40
den

That glides, to escape my lips of drinking
fire,
As the lightning leaps! The silent dread
of the flesh:
5 From the head of the cruel to the heart of
the weak
From whom her innocence droppeth,
moist
With half-sad vapors or with idle tears.
10 "I sinned, gay at defeating these trai-
torous terrors,
In having divided the disheveled cluster
Of kisses the gods had so closely inter-
mingled;
15 For, as my lips moved in the passionate
smiling
I plunged in the sensuous joy of one only
(Holding by a single finger
So that the frozen candor of her breast
Her sister's crimson ferment might dis-
color —
Her sister enkindled —
The little one artless, unblushing)
Out of my arms, weak with uncertain
25 dyings,
The ever thankless prey was gone
Without ruth for the sob of my frenzy."

Shall I grieve? toward the joy of the
others I am drawn
By their tresses bound to the horns of my
brow:
You know, my passion, how, purple and
overripe,
35 Each pomegranate bursts and hums of
bees;
And our blood, smitten with what will cap-
ture it,
Flows for the eternal swarming of desire,
40 When these woods are tinted of ashes and
gold.

VERLAINE

(1844-1896)

Paul Verlaine, son of an officer of the engineering corps, was born in Metz. As a boy he went with his father to Montpellier and, when his family moved to Paris, entered the Lycée Bonaparte. In 1864 he was forced by a reversal of the family fortunes to seek employment. As a clerk in the municipal offices he led a happy and peaceful life until he took to drink, abandoned his wife, and gave up his position. In 1871 he became very much attached to Arthur Rimbaud; but in 1873 they quarreled violently and Verlaine shot his young friend. During his two years of imprisonment which followed, Verlaine resolved to start life anew. When he

was released he took a position as professor in England, and later held a similar position in France at the college of Rethel until 1879. His later years were spent in Paris.

Verlaine, at first a Parnassian, soon left the ranks. He disapproved of the frigidity of the Parnassian verse and pleaded for greater freedom and melodiousness. After having as a Parnassian protested against the personality of the poet in his work, he became the most personal of poets. His work is the ingenuous expression of a soul full of contradictory emotions. Not only was he a bohemian and a roisterer often suggestive of Villon, but he was a mystic as well, capable of ecstatic lyrics in honor of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. He was an individualist in his style and versification, a style which under the outward appearance of carelessness conceals a well-considered artistic effort to render, by free flowing movements and by charmingly easy phrases, the ebb and flow of emotion. He represents the extreme of "Symbolistic" art in poetry, and has been regarded by some critics not only as a leader among the "Décadents" but as the greatest poet of the whole school.

The following poems, written in 1869, 1870, and 1881, are translated by Gertrude Hall in *Poems of Paul Verlaine*, New York, Duffield and Co., 1906.

CLAIR DE LUNE

Your soul is as a moonlit landscape fair,
Peopled with maskers delicate and dim,
That play on lutes and dance and have an 5
air
Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

The while they celebrate in minor strain
Triumphant love, effective enterprise,
They have an air of knowing all is vain, 10
And through the quiet moon their songs
arise,

The melancholy moonlight, sweet and 15
lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the
tree,
And in their polished basin on white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy. 20

MANDOLINE

The courtly serenaders,
The beauteous listeners,
Sit idling 'neath the branches
A balmy zephyr stirs. 25

It's Tircis and Aminta,
Clitandre, — ever there! —
Demis,¹ of melting sonnets
To many a frosty fair.

Their trailing flowery dresses, 30
Their fine beflowered coats,
Their elegance and lightness,
And shadows blue, — all floats

And mingles, — circling, wreathing,
In moonlight opaline,
While through the zephyr's harping
Tinkles the mandoline.

• BEFORE YOUR LIGHT QUITE FAIL

Before your light quite fail,
Already paling star,
(The quail
Sings in the thyme afar!)

Turn on the poet's eyes
That love makes overrun
(See rise
The lark to meet the sun!)

Your glance, that presently
Must drown in the blue morn;
(What glee
Amid the rustling corn!)

Then flash my message true
Down yonder, far away!
(The dew
Lies sparkling on the hay.)

Across what visions seek
The Dear One slumbering still.
(Quick, quick!
The sun has reached the hill!)

• O'ER THE WOOD'S BROW

O'er the wood's brow,
Pale, the moon stares;

¹ These names are all associated with pastoral love poetry.

In every bough
Wandering airs
Faintly suspire. . . .

O heart's-desire!

Two willow-trees
Waver and weep,
One in the breeze,
One in the deep
Gloss of the stream. . . .

Dream we our dream!

An infinite
Resignedness
Rains where the white
Mists opalesce
In the moon-shower. . . .

Stay, perfect hour!

THE SKY AND THE ROOFS

The sky-blue smiles above the roof
Its tenderest;

5 A green tree rears above the roof
Its waving crest.

The church-bell in the windless sky
Peaceably rings,
10 A skylark soaring in the sky
Endlessly sings.

My God, my God, all life is there,
Simple and sweet;

The soothing bee-hive murmur there
15 Comes from the street!

What have you done, O you that weep
In the glad sun,

Say, with your youth, you man that weep,
20 What have you done?

VERHAEREN

(1855-1916)

Émile Verhaeren was born at Saint-Amand-sur-l'Escaut, near Anvers, Belgium, and received his education at the college of Sainte-Barb at Gand and at the University of Louvain. Admitted to the bar at Brussels in 1881, he soon dropped everything for the profession of literature. From 1887 to 1891 he was painfully afflicted by a disease that weakened his system. From 1892 on he was preoccupied with sociological questions. When he was not travelling in other countries of Europe he divided his time between Belgium and France. In 1916 he was killed by a train in Rouen.

Verhaeren was the greatest French poet of Belgium, one of the most triumphant expressions of Flemish genius; sensual, mystical, passionate, often violent, with intervals of the most exquisite refinement and delicacy, he presents a striking contrast to Mallarmé. In his courageous acceptance of modern life with its industrialism, its grime, and its glory, he somewhat resembles the American Walt Whitman. He represents the New Poetry in France, and is one of the most striking figures in French literature during the period immediately preceding the World War.

The translation of *Michaelangelo* is that of E. H. Pfeiffer, *Poet Lore*, XXXIII, 1922.

MICHAELANGELO

When Michaelangelo entered the Sestin
Chapel,

He tarried there, as if upon the look-out, 25
While his eye measured the height of the
vault

And his step the path from the door to the
altar.

He watched the light pour through the 30
windows

And figured out how he would have to
master

And curb his task, that seemed to rear
before him,

A flashing and unbridled steed before
him.

Then he set out, at evening, for the open
country.

The lines of the valleys, the masses of the
mountains

Peopled his brain with their mighty contours.

He caught in the knotted and massive trees,

That the night-wind forcibly twisted and bent,

The strain of a back or the swell of a torso,
Or the stretching up into the sky
Of great uplifted arms.

And so

For him, in moments such as these,
Lo, all humanity — gestures, strides,
Rest, attitudes, and poses — took
Form and stood revealed before him
There, in the wider aspect of things.

Back to the town he came, at night-fall,
Now glorying in himself and now disgusted,

For not one of the sights that he had seen,
Had, in his eyes, been soothed into a statue.

The next evening, his heavy mood,
Bursting within — a cluster of black grapes —

Suddenly he started out to pick
A quarrel with the pope. . . .

"Why choose him, Michaelangelo,
A sculptor, and force him to paint
On hardened plaster a holy legend
High up on the top of a chapel's dome?
The Sestin is dark, its walls are badly built;

The reddest sunlight cannot chase night from it!

What use to drive oneself into a fury
On a funereal ceiling,

Tinting shadow, and gilding darkness?

And then, besides, what woodsman then would furnish

The vasty lumber for so huge a scaffold?"

The pope made answer, countenance unchanging:

"For you they shall lay low my highest forest."

Forth, into Rome, went Michaelangelo,
Hating the pope, hating the world,
Hating all men, sure that a thousand foes
Lay hid in ambush, close to the palace-wall,

Jeering already the sombre violence,

The mighty grandeur of the art
That he was even now preparing.

Sleep was for him no longer anything

But stormy gestures flung across his thought.

When he stretched out, at night, upon his back,

In bed, his nerves continued roaring on,

Even as he tried to rest.

He was forever trembling,

Like an arrow lodged in a wall:

Still to add further to his daily ills,

He was tortured by the complaints

And by the ill-luck of his relatives.

His terrific brain

Seemed a furnace full of ravening fires,

Wild with brandished flames.

But the more his heart kept suffering,

The more that bitterness and hate

Slashed into it, the more he

Braced himself to front and face

The moment of lightning and miracle

When suddenly his work would flash

Forth before him; yes, the better

He worked out in his believing soul

That dark and flameful masterpiece

Whose triumph and whose fearfulness

He bore within.

There came a time in May when matins chimed,

When Michaelangelo did finally

Enter the Sestin, might within his brain.

His ideas he had garnered into sheaves:

Exact and certain groups

Of sweeping noble line

Broke into motion, in the even light,

Before his gaze.

The scaffold had been so firmly erected

It might well have led to the very heavens.

A great gleamful day glided under the dome,

Embracing the arches,

Bursting all things with bloom.

Michaelangelo climbed the wooden ladders,

Alert, his legs three rungs a stride

Overswinging.

A new flame glowed beneath his eyelids;

High up, his fingers throbbed and fondled

The stones that he was bent upon reclothing
 In glory and in beauty.
 Then he came down again, one headlong
 stride,
 And bolted with a mighty hand the door.

He cloistered him for days, for months,
 For years, all-zealous to maintain
 Pride and its mystery around
 His manifold and lonely work.
 Each morning he leaped, at birth of day,
 With the same heavy step across
 The threshold of the chapel,
 And like a violent, dumb laborer,
 While the sun made his tour around the
 walls,
 He plied his hands at their immortal work.

Already in twelve spaces, set aside,
 By him for them,
 Lo, seven prophets and five sybils sought
 To pierce the ancient, obscure books,
 Whose text, immovable, halted before it,
 The moving future.

Along a cornice beautiful bodies gleamed,
 Daringly breaking into motion and
 The lower form or back did people
 The ceiling's vast expanse
 All with their flowering vigor
 And their golden flesh.
 Pairs of naked children did support
 The frontons; garlands flung,
 Here and there, festoons. The long
 Serpent of brass¹ came forth from his
 cavern,
 Judith² flaunting herself in Holofernes'
 blood,
 Goliath crashed to earth, a monument;
 And toward the skies mounted the prayers
 of Haman.³

And without mistakes and without eras-
 sures,
 And day after day, and without rest,
 The masterpiece took final form
 In the fullness of its construction.

¹ A serpent of brass was made by Moses to cure his people of a plague.

² A beautiful Jewess of Bethulia who, when her town was besieged by Holofernes, the Assyrian general, attended him in his tent, and, when he was in his cups, killed him and cut off his head; whereupon her townsmen fell upon the Assyrians and routed them with great slaughter.

³ In the book of Esther is the story of Haman, whose plot against the Jews Esther revealed to the King, so that Haman was hanged.

Soon the Creation in the dome's center
 reigned:

There one could see God like a wrestler
 Struggling
 5 With chaos and the earth and the waters;
 The moon and the sun marked with a
 double seal,
 In new and glowing spaciousness,
 Their place appointed.

10 Jehovah was leaping and flying through
 space,
 Bathed by the light and borne by the wind;
 The sky, the sea, the hills did all show
 15 forth
 Alive with a broad, slow energy,
 And duly set in order.

Before her creator, beautiful Eve,
 astonished,
 20 Lifted her tender hands and bent the knee,
 While Adam felt the zealous God, his
 finger,
 Touching his fingers, and
 Summoning him unto all-mighty tasks.
 25 Cain and Abel were preparing
 Their offerings; and the devil,
 Turned woman and temptress, did adorn
 With heavy breasts the dominating tree.
 And under the golden vine-branches
 30 Of his closed field the nakedness of Noah
 Had fallen prone upon the ground;
 And the black deluge spread, like a flight
 of birds,
 With vast wings of water
 35 Over the woods and the world.

In the midst of this giant task
 That single-handed he accomplished,
 Blazed Michaelangelo with Jehovah's
 40 fire,
 And all-surpassing art gushed from his
 brain.

The ceiling was peopled with a new race of
 beings,
 45 Majestic, violent and brooding.
 His genius burst forth, austere and con-
 vulsive,
 Like that of Dante or Savonarola.

Mouths that he opened uttered other
 words;
 Eyes that he kindled other destinies
 Beheld;
 Under the noble brows, within the lofty
 bodies
 His great deep soul did rumble and did
 throb.
 He re-created after his own heart
 Man and the world, all so magnificently
 That to this day, high in the Sestin's dome,
 His own all-mighty gesture he has fixed
 In the gesture of God.

 Then came a crisp autumnal day,
 When finally the word went forth
 That in the chapel the task was finished,
 And that the work was good.

Praise rose like a tide at sea,
 With seething wave and clarion murmur-
 ing,
 But Julius the Second, Pope,
 Hesitant ere he drew his own conclusion,
 Wrought with his silence havoc
 Like a conflagration,
 And the painter took flight into his soli-
 tude.
 He went back, as if glad, to his ancient
 torment,
 And rage and pride, and their strange sor-
 row,
 And dark suspicion, scarce restrained,
 Stirred once again,
 Set their tragic hurricane
 Through and through
 Michaelangelo.

LOUYS

(1870-1925)

Pierre Louys was a disciple of Leconte de Lisle and later married the daughter of José Maria de Heredia. He was also a follower of Mallarmé. These personal relations served to strengthen a natural taste for the classicism of the Parnassians. He published his first volume of poetry, *Astarte*, at the age of twenty-two, and also translated the poems of Meleager. *The Songs of Bilitis*, written in 1894, is one of the most notable literary hoaxes since Macpherson's *Ossian*. First published as translations from Greek manuscripts discovered by a mythical archaeologist, they supposedly represented the work of a contemporary of Sappho; and, strange as it may seem, they passed for some time, even among the learned, as genuine. When the hoax was discovered, the poems were praised as constituting one of the most remarkable of the neo-pagan productions. The *Songs of Bilitis* describe various events in the life of a young poetess, Pamphylia, from her childhood to her death.

The following translations were made by E. S. Bates and G. C. Chandler, in *Poet Lore*, XXXII, 1921.

THE SONGS OF BILITIS

ROSES IN THE NIGHT

As soon as the night walks over the sky,
 the world belongs
 to us and the gods. We wander from the
 fields to the
 spring, from the darkened woods to the
 meadows, whither
 our bare feet will.

The little stars are bright enough for
 such little shadows
 as we are. Sometimes from under the low
 branches
 we startle sleeping fawns.

But the loveliest secret of the whole night
 is a place
 known to us alone which draws us across
 the forest;
 a thickët where mysterious roses
 cling.
 For nothing in the world is so intoxicating
 as the perfume
 of roses in the night. Why did it never
 overcome me
 when I was alone?

SONG

When he returned, I hid my face in my
 hands.

He whispered, "Fear nothing. Who has seen our kiss?" cold pieces and holding them high, gazed through them
 "Who has seen us? The night and the moon, at the pale clouds.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

"And the stars, and the dawn. The moon 5
 mirrored herself in the lake
 and told it to the water under the wil-
 lows.
 The water of the lake told it to the
 oar, 10 A faint breeze, warm as human breath,
 caresses
 "And the oar told it to the bark and the my eyes and cheeks.
 bark to the
 fisherman. Alas, alas, if that were all! O Night who givest birth to the gods, how
 But the 15 sweet art
 fisherman has told it to his wife. thou upon my lips, how warm art thou in
 my hair!
 "The fisherman has told it to his wife; my Thou enterest into me this hour and I
 father and feel myself
 mother and my sisters and all! Hellas will 20 pregnant with all thy springtime.
 know it."

THE TOMB OF THE NAIADS

The length of the wood is covered with 25
 frost; as I
 walked through it, my hair, blown across
 my mouth,
 flowered in white crystals, and my sandals Thy voice. is it the noise of the sea, is it
 were heavy 30 the silence
 with the clinging snow. of the plain? Thy voice, I do not under-
 stand it, I am
 He asked me, "What do you seek?" bowed before it, and my tears lave my two
 "I am following the hands.
 tracks of a satyr. His little hoof-prints 35
 mark the snow,
 like holes in a white cloak." He answered,
 "The satyrs
 are dead;

THE TOMB OF BILITIS

"The satyrs and the nymphs also. Not
 in thirty years
 has there been so terrible a winter. The In the land of the nymphs my childhood
 steps which faded to memory:
 you follow are those of a buck. But we 45 life came to me on the isle of lovers;
 will rest here —
 this is their tomb." Cyprus has given
 me death. Therefore is my name remem-
 bered and
 And with his iron hoe he broke the river my urn anointed.
 ice where 50
 the naiads used to play, laughing. He Do not weep for me, you who tarry;
 took up the great beauty followed me

to the grave; the mourners tore their cheeks;
 my jewelled mirrors are with me in the tomb.
 And now through the pale fields of
 asphodel I walk,
 an unbodied shadow, and among the joy-
 less dead I rejoice
 5 in the memories of life.

FORT

(1872-)

Paul Fort, born at Reims, founded the Art Theater and also the review, *Verse and Prose*, which was published from 1905 to 1914. In pieces dealing with mythology, nature, and his native land, Fort wrote between 1897 and 1924 thirty-two volumes of *Ballades of France*. Trying a new metrical system, he composed much of his verse in the form of prose, to indicate the superiority of natural rhythm to artificial prosody. A thoroughgoing representative of the New Poetry both in the form and the content of his verse, he has been recently called "the prince of poets."

With the exception of the last one the following poems, written in 1895, are translated by Lilian White Spencer in *Poet Lore*, XXXVI, 1925. *Eternity* (1908) is translated by John Newberry in *Poetry*, XVIII, 1921.

THE DANCE

If all the girls would join their hands, they
 could dance around the sea.
 If all the lads were sailors, ships could 10
 bridge it easily.

Then, all the people on this earth would
 be a happy band;
 For they could dance around the world, if 15
 they went hand-in-hand.

THE LAD'S RETURN

Hi there, my lad! Look here, my lad!
 Why are your steps so slow?
 The way is long. What keeps you back?
 You still have far to go.

I loiter, but I don't know why. My heart,
 so used to roam,
 Seems like to stop, upon my word, to find
 itself near home.

Hi there, my lad! Look here, my lad!
 You left your promised bride.
 She gave her cross to you when last you 30
 both stood side by side.

My promised bride? . . . I've been so far
 . . . I took it on that day,

But she could buy another one . . . I
 come a long, long way.

O poor, poor lad! Can you not guess?
 Love has a little life;
 It is a swift, sweet blaze of straw. She is
 another's wife.

One understands when one is far . . . I
 knew all this before
 And that my own, who wept my loss, will
 welcome me no more.

Then tell me, lad, if you have known that
 those who loved you are
 20 No longer waiting your return, why have
 you come so far?

One must come home in spite of all. One
 must return, but why.
 25 I do not know, except one must, the same
 as one must die.

THE LAMENT OF SOLDIERS

When they were come back from the
 wars, their heads were seamed with bleed-
 ing scars;

Their hearts betwixt clenched teeth
 they gripped, in rivulets their blood had
 dripped.

When they were come back from the wars, the blue, the red, the sons of Mars,

They sought their snuff-boxes so fine, their chests, their sheets all spotless showing;

They sought their kine, their grunting swine, their wives and sweethearts at their sewing,

Their roguish children, like as not crowned with a shining copper pot:

They even sought their homes, poor souls . . . they only found the worms and moles.

The carrion raven clamored o'er them. They spat their broken hearts before them.

THE RETURN

Ivy has covered all the wall. How many hours, how many tears, since last we loved? How many years?

No roses now. Ivy has crushed the vine. Soul, whither didst thou go? Climbing across the nests of nightingales, ivy has stifled the whole château.

Wind, the deep wells are choked with the roses of yesterday. Is that your hiding place, O my dead wife?

No one replies? Who would reply? Is it not best to listen to the wind that sighs through the grasses, "my sweet love"?

Flush with the roof, the ancient, crimson sun is cut through the midst so mournfully.

Shall I bid the gardener come? The gardener? No. It would be better to summon Death to reap the long grass:

So many memories and so much love, and the setting of the sun at the level of the earth.

THE LITTLE SILENT STREET

The stormy silence stirs and hums. Will there be none that this way comes?

5

Cobblestones count geraniums. Geraniums count the cobblestones.

Dream, young girl, at your casement high. Shelled green peas before you lie.

They plump the apron white you try with rosy finger-tips to tie.

I pass, in black from head to feet. Is it forked lightning troubles thee,

Young maiden, or the sight of me? The peas have fallen in the street.

Sombre I pass. Behind I see cobblestones count each fallen pea.

The stormy silence stirs and hums. Will there be none that this way comes?

• ETERNITY

One does not need to credit death. The human heart to rest is fain. O'er sleeping fields the evening's breath dreams, and I hear eternity chime in the bending ears of grain.

30 "Hark! — and angelus dies in heaven's blue height." Be comforted. Hours pass away. Hushed is the belfry? God doth wake. The nightingale salutes the day hid in the turret's rose-tree brake, and in its turn will mourn the night.

"Hark! — once again the hour doth swell." But the bell's already fast asleep. Eternity is chiming deep, borne by the sweet, tormented breath of zephyr and of philomel.

One does not need to credit death.

SPANISH CAMPOAMOR

(1819-1901)

Ramón de Campoamor, after abandoning successively a religious and a medical career, became one of the most important leaders in the modern movement in Spanish poetry. Declaring war against the superfluous in poetry, against elaborate conceits and pomposity, he prescribed the following formula: Think nobly, feel deeply, and express clearly. His naturalness and clearness represent one of the major reforms in the nineteenth-century lyric in Spain. Like Wordsworth he was interested in using the language and life of the people in his poetry, and like Wordsworth he was usually more successful when momentarily he forgot his poetic theories. Campoamor endeavored to invent new poetic forms, but the forms are really old, and it is by reason of the combined wit, irony, grace, and pathos of expression that his work endures.

The following poem, written in 1846, is translated by Ida Farnell in *Spanish Prose and Poetry Old and New*, Oxford, 1920.

· IF ONLY I COULD WRITE!

I

"I pray you, reverend Sir, this letter 5
write."

"To whom, then? Ah, I know."

"You know, because that dark and star-
less night

You saw us meet?" "E'en so."

"O Sir, forgive us." "Nay, 'twas no great
sin,

The hour to love did lend;

Give me a pen and paper, I'll begin:
Raymond, beloved friend!

"Belovéd? Well, 'tis written. You're not
vext?

Do you approve it?" "Yes."

"*I am so sad alone.* ('Should that come
next?')

More sad than you can guess.

Such sorrow fills me since we two did part!" 25

"How do you know my pain?"

"To these old eyes is every young maid's
heart

Like crystal, free from stain.

"*What without you is life? A vale of woe.*
With you? The promised land."

"Ah, Señor Cura! Make your writing so
That he may understand."

*"The kiss I gave you when you left me,
sweet —"*

"What! Know you of my kiss?"

"Ever when lovers part, and when they
meet —

Oh, take it not amiss.

*"Oh, if your love should never bring you
more,*

10 *How should I grieve and sigh!"*

"What grieve, and nothing more? Nay,
good Señor,

Say, I were like to die."

15 "To die! My child, such word were
blasphemy."

"Yet die full well I might."

"I'll not put 'die.'" "Your heart is ice.
Ah me!

20 If only I could write!"

II

"Ah, Señor Cura, 'tis in vain you seek
My sorrow thus to still;

Unless, indeed, to make my whole heart
speak

These pen-strokes have the skill.

30 "For God's sake write, my soul would fain
be free

From all its weary grief,

Which day by day would even stifle me,
But that tears being relief.

- "Tell him these rosy lips he loved, that met
His own dear lips erewhile,
Are now for ever closed, and fast forget
Even what 'tis to smile.
- "Tell him, these eyes, that won from him
such praise,
Are drooping and dejected,
Even because therein his well-loved face
No longer is reflected.
- "Tell him, of all the torments life can
bring,
Be absence my last choice;
- Tell him, that ever in my ears will ring
The echo of his voice.
- "Yet say, that since for him so sad I stay,
5 I count my sorrow light,
O God, how many are the things I'd say,
If I could only write!"
- END
- "Now, Sir, 'tis done. I trace these words
for end:
'To Raymond,' and bestow
Upon it this my mark, the which to send,
15 Small Latin need I know."

BÉCQUER

(1836-1870)

Gustavo Bécquer was born in Seville, the son of Joaquin Bécquer, a painter. He was left at the age of nine a penniless orphan, and during the greater part of his life had to fight against poverty and disease. He made numerous journeys to remote provinces of his country in search of local legends and picturesque costumes, and in letters to his friends gave piquant and charming accounts of his visits. Bécquer, one of the most subjective of Spanish poets, has been called "el artista puro." In his verse no place is given to political, social, or religious subjects; his great sympathy was with the eternal sentiments in the hearts of men: love, death, and grief. It has been observed that Bécquer was strongly influenced by Heine; but, having none of the sarcasm and witty skepticism of the German poet, and more of sweetness and grace and sadness, having a marked fondness for the mysterious, and a deep note of melancholy reflection, Bécquer is apt to remind us most of de Musset. At its best Bécquer's work is marked by a sort of elfin witchery and by an apparent simplicity that really conceals the highest artistry.

Of the following poems the first three are translated by Marion Lee Reynolds in *Poet Lore*, XXXIV, 1923, and *Poet Lore*, XXI, 1920. *They Closed her Eyes* (ca. 1860) is translated by John Masefield in *The Hispanic Anthology, Notes and Monographs*.

• RIMAS, NUMERO LXIV

As guards the miser his so dear, dear
treasure,
My sorrow guarded I;
To her who once did pledge me deathless
loving,
Something I sought to show that need not
die.

To-day I seek my sorrow, seek it vainly;
Time with effacing wing
Brushing me, whispers: "Clay, and even
your sorrow
Holds not a deathless thing!"

• RIMAS, NUMERO IX

The low-voiced wind with delicate touch
is kissing
The ghosts of waves which rise to its fleet
playing;
20 The western cloud, its purple now dismiss-
ing,
The sun's last kisses are with gold inlaying;
Girdling the blazing log, the flame glides,
hissing,
25 A farther flame to kiss, to kiss, essaying,
And even the willow, of its weight low-
yearning,
The river's kiss, receiving, is returning.

RIMAS, NUMERO LIII

They will return, the shadowy-pinioned
 swallows,
 To build their nests within your balcon 5
 small;
 And even again, a brush of wings will
 beckon
 At window and at door;

But those whose wheeling flight was 10
 stayed, was bridled,
 Your beauty and my blessedness to re-
 call,
 Yea, those to whom our names were names 15
 of comrades,
 They will return no more.

They will return, the honey-suckle blos- 20
 soms,
 To drip their sweetness from your garden-
 wall;
 And even again, them to increasing
 glamour
 Will afternoon restore; 25

But those, still freighted with the dew of
 evening,
 Whose drops together saw we slant and 30
 fall,
 Yea, those wherefrom the tears of day
 went trembling . . .
 They will return no more.

They will return, the words of Love, the 35
 burning
 Speech, passion-wild, one sweeping music
 all;
 Your soul, perchance, roused at the last
 from dreaming, 40
 Will hear, as not before;

But kneeling, rapt, as one who, in God's
 presence,
 Brings silence only to the altar tall, 45
 As I have loved you . . . nay, be mindful
 ever,
 Love will return no more.

•THEY CLOSED HER EYES 50

They closed her eyes
 That were still open;

They hid her face
 With a white linen,
 And, some sobbing,
 Others in silence,
 From the sad bedroom
 All came away.

The nightlight in a dish
 Burned on the floor;
 It threw on the wall
 The bed's shadow,
 And in that shadow
 One saw sometime
 Drawn in sharp line
 The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.
 At its first whiteness
 With its thousand noises
 The town awoke.
 Before that contrast
 Of light and darkness,
 Of life and strangeness
 I thought a moment.
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

On the shoulders of men
 To church they bore her,
 And in a chapel
 They left her bier.
 There they surrounded
 Her pale body
 With yellow candles
 And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
 Of the ringing for the Souls,
 An old crone finished
 Her last prayers.
 She crossed the narrow nave,
 The doors moaned,
 And the holy place
 Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
 The measured ticking,
 And from a candle
 The guttering.
 All things there
 Were so dark and mournful,
 So cold and rigid,
 That I thought a moment:

*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron
Clanged, giving out
A last farewell.
Crape on their clothes,
Her friends and kindred
Passed in a line
In homage to her.

In the last vault
Dark and narrow,
The pickaxe opened
A niche at one end;
They laid her away there.
Soon they bricked the place up,
And with a gesture
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder
The gravedigger,
Singing between his teeth,
Passed out of sight.
The night came down,
It was all silent.
Alone in the darkness
I thought a moment, —
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

In the dark nights
Of bitter winter,
When the wind makes
The rafter creak,
5 When the violent rain
Lashes the windows,
Lonely I remember
That poor girl.

10 There falls the rain
With its noise eternal,
There the northwind
Fights with the rain.
Stretched in the hollow
15 Of the damp bricks,
Perhaps her bones
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?
20 Does the soul fly to heaven?
Or is all vile matter,
Rottenness, filthiness?
I know not, but
There is something — something —
25 Something which gives me
Loathing, terror, —
To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched.

30

ITALIAN

CARDUCCI

(1836-1907)

The strongest spirit of the modern movement in Italian literature was Giosuè Carducci. Born in a revolutionary household, Carducci as a child was often extremely unhappy. As soon as he began his school work, however, his brilliance won him recognition and reward. He held various teaching positions, and in 1860 at the age of twenty-four he was made Professor of Italian Languages and Literature at the University of Bologna, a position he kept until three years before his death. He was an excellent student of the classics and of Italian history, and his writing shows a strong love of classical form combined with a fierce zeal for his country's glory. He was one of the first in Italy to adopt the historical method in criticism. His poetic gifts were entirely lyric; he made no attempt to distinguish himself in dramatic and epic poetry. Italian literature owes him much for his renovation of classical lyric models. Under his hand the most restrained of classical forms bursts into flame. His characteristics were a powerful invective (often balanced by great tenderness), a fervor for Italian liberty, a sympathy for the poor and heavy-laden, and a profound understanding of classical poetry. In 1906 he was awarded the Nobel prize.

The following poems (1872-1877) are translated by Emily A. Tribe, in *A Selection From the Poems of Giosuè Carducci*.

THE SONNET ¹

Dante a cherub's motion to it gave,
In azure floating, compassed round with
gold;
Petrarca his heart-sorrow to it told,
River divine, each verse a murmuring
wave.

Tasso for it from Tibur's Muse did crave 10
Venusian honey and he made it hold
Mantuan ambrosia.² Alfieri ³ bold
Smote with its diamond shaft tyrant and
slave.

Ugo ⁴ to it lent notes of nightingale
In cypress groves Ionian; acanthus blooms
To gird it gathered in his mother's land.

Not sixth but last I count me in that 20
band,
Rapture and wrath, complaints, fragrance, art;
their tombs
Recalled in lonesome days my verses hail.

- SIRMIO ⁵

Here behold the verdant Sirmio smiles
upon the lake's calm waters,
Fair flower of the peninsula.

The sun looks on her and caresses, Bena- 30
cus ⁶ round her closes
Like a goblet hued of silver,

Along whose shining marge the peaceful
olive, broad branches spreading,
Mingles with the eternal laurel. 35

This glistening goblet Mother Italy, with
arms outstretched upholding
To the gods supreme presenteth,

5 And the high gods therein let fall from
the heavens above, Sirmio,
The gem of the peninsula.

Baldo, rugged mountain sire, from the
height the fair protecting,
Watches 'neath his eyebrows
shaggy.

The Gu ⁷ resembles some Titan fallen for
15 her sake in battle,
Stretched supine, yet still threaten-
ing.⁸

But towards her on the left from the bay
like the crescent moon curving
Salô ⁹ her white arms extendeth.

Joyous as a maiden who joining in the
dance lets her tresses
25 And veil float loose on the breezes;

And she laughs and she scatters flowers
with profuse hand, and proudly
With flowers her young brow en-
circles.

And in the distant background Garda ¹⁰
raises her dark citadel
High above the watery mirror,

Singing an ancient saga of buried cities
long forgotten,
And of Queens barbaric telling.

¹ This graceful appreciation of that most intellectual and restrained poetic form reminds us of Wordsworth's "Scorn not the sonnet."

² Venosa (ancient Venusia) was the birthplace of Horace, and Mantua of Vergil. The meaning is that Tasso made use of the classical style.

³ A reference to Alfieri's (1749-1803) use of the sonnet for political protest.

⁴ Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827), a famous Italian poet, half Greek by birth.

⁵ This poem exemplifies Carducci's intimate feeling for the temper of ancient Rome and his conviction that Italy is Rome in modern guise. The beautiful poem written by Catullus on his return to Sirmio from Bithynia is printed on p. 256.

⁶ An ancient name given to Lake Garda, bordering on the province of Verona, the largest lake of northern Italy.

⁷ Called in Italian Monte Gu, a corruption of Mont Aigu, a mountain on the east side of Lake Garda.

⁸ Probably threatening the Austrian invaders.

⁹ A town on the bay. The poet imagines as arms the lines of white houses encircling the bay.

¹⁰ A village situated on the lake and containing the ruins of a castle famous in mediæval tradition.

- But here, whence thou in simple joyance of
the blue, O Lalage,¹
Dost send thy soul and thy glances,
Here long ago Flavius Catullus his 5
Bithynian bark moored fast
To the stones in the sunshine gleam-
ing,
Sat through long days, and in the shifting 10
phosphorescence of the waves
Saw his Lesbia's bright eyes sparkle,
Saw the faithless smile, the multitudinous 15
passions of Lesbia
In the glassy wavelets mirrored,
While she in dark suburban alleys wore
out the puny weaklings,
Descendants of Romulus!
While to him from the watery depth the
Nymph of the lake was singing:
"Come, O Quintus Valerius!
20 Turn and adore, where a poet great, severe,
looks forth, O Lalage,
From the towers of the Scaligers.²
"Up, up, in beautiful Italy," he murmurs
and looks smiling
On the land, the sky and the
water.
30 From Lebanon the cool fresh morn
Sheds rosy tremors on the sea;
By Latin barque the cross is borne
From Cyprus sailing gallantly.
On deck stands Rudel, Prince of Blaye,
40 With fever faint, his yearning eyes
Seek on the heights above the bay
Where Tripoli's fair castle lies.

GEOFFREY RUDEL³

¹ A common name for Roman courtesans. The word is originally Greek and may be translated "little prattler."

² A town on Lake Garda in the province of Verona.

³ A river which traverses Lake Garda.

⁴ A famous traditional poet who was held to have founded Mantua, naming it after his mother, Manto, daughter of Tiresias, the Theban seer.

⁵ A castle which stands on the peninsula of Sirmio. The Scaligers, a great family of merchant-princes, were among those who sheltered Dante during his long exile. Carducci is here referring to the passage beginning "Up in beautiful Italy there lies a lake . . . which is called Benacus" (Dante's *Inferno*, Canto XX, ll. 61 ff.).

⁶ For the facts and traditions associated with the Provençal troubadour Geoffrey Rudel, see p. 479.

When he beholds the Asian strand,
 The famous song he sings anew.
 "Love hath for you from far-off land
 Filled all my heart with aching pain."
 The circlings of the grey sea-mew
 Follow the lover's sweet complaint;
 On the white sails the sun grows faint,
 Obscured by clouds in fleecy train.

The ship in the calm haven drops
 Her anchor fast; Bertrand descends
 In anxious care, naught heeds, nor stops,
 Toward the hill his way he wends.
 With mourning trappings all bedight
 The shield of Blaye is in his hand,
 He hastens to the Castle height:
 "Where is the Lady Mélisande?

"The messenger of love I come,
 I come the messenger of death.
 I come to seek you in your home
 From Blaye's good lord, Geoffrey Rudel.
 He caught your fame on Rumour's breath,
 Unseen he loved you, sang of you,
 He comes, he dies; this poet true,
 Lady, to you sends his farewell."

With pensive mien the lady rose,
 Looked at the squire, some moments
 stayed,
 Then a black veil around her throws,
 Her face and star-like eyes to shade.
 "Sir Squire," quoth she, her words come
 fast,
 "Let us go where Sir Geoffrey lies,
 That we may bear the first and last
 Word love may utter ere he dies."

Beneath his fair tent pitched along
 Beside the sea Sir Geoffrey lay,
 In low tones sang one tender song
 That told his heart's supreme desire.
 "Lord, who didst will that far away
 My love should dwell in Eastern lands,
 Grant that I may in her dear hands
 Commit my soul as I expire."

Guided by faithful Bertrand's hand
 The lady came, the last note caught,
 Before the entrance Mélisande
 Lingered, her heart with pity fraught.
 5 But soon with trembling hand she threw
 Her veil aside, her face left clear.
 Near to her lover sad she drew,
 And murmured: "Geoffrey, I am here."

Stretched on a low divan he lay,
 10 Turning, then vainly strove to rise;
 With a long sigh the Lord of Blaye
 Upon those lovely features gazed.
 "Is that the face, are these the eyes
 Love promised one day should be mine?
 15 Around that brow did I entwine
 Vague dreams my waking thought had
 raised?"

Just as the moon on some May night
 20 Bursts through the clouds' encircling
 gloom,
 Flooding the earth with silvery light,
 Fills it with growth and with perfume,
 So to the enchanted lover seems
 25 This tranquil beauty to impart
 Sweetness divine beyond all dreams,
 Filling the dying poet's heart.

"Lady, what is this life of ours?
 30 The fleeting shadow of a dream.
 Now end the fable's transient hours,
 'Tis only love that knows not death.
 To one in agony supreme
 Open thine arms. On the last day
 35 I wait for thee; a kiss now may
 Commend to thee my latest breath."

The lady held him to her breast,
 And bending o'er her lover pale
 Upon his quivering lips she pressed
 40 Love's kiss of greeting and farewell.
 The sun broke through his misty veil,
 From sky serene shone on the sea,
 The lady's golden locks set free
 Like light o'er the dead poet fell.

PROSE NARRATIVE

RUSSIAN

TURGENEV

(1818-1883)

Ivan Sergievitch Turgenev was born in Orel, of an old Russian family. He received his education from private tutors and in the schools of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. In Berlin he became interested in the ideals of western civilization, particularly the emancipation of the oppressed; and, returning to Russia, he committed himself to the task of lightening the burden of the Russian peasants. The Russian government became suspicious of his advanced ideas, and he was obliged to leave the country. Although he lived almost exclusively in Berlin and Paris, he wrote always on Russian subjects and remained devoted to the principle of free Russia. His best-known works of fiction are *Rudin*, *A Nobleman's Nest*, *On the Eve*, *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, and *Virgin Soil*.

Turgenev was a master-painter of character, a genius with whom the names of Thackeray and Dickens are often associated. He was a profoundly sympathetic observer of human nature, rather than a story teller; melancholy, often pessimistic, passionately fond of self-analysis, he was one of the first of the modern writers to investigate fearlessly and frankly the character of the human soul. His great reputation doubtless helped to gain an audience for Tolstoi.

The following story is translated by Constance Garnett in *Russian Short Stories*, Scott, Foresman, 1919.

BIRYUK

I was coming back from hunting one evening alone in a racing droshky.¹ I was six miles from home; my good trotting mare galloped bravely along the dusty road, pricking up her ears with an occasional snort; my weary dog stuck close to the hind-wheels, as though he were fastened there. A tempest was coming on. In front, a huge, purplish storm-cloud slowly rose from behind the forest; long gray rain-clouds flew over my head and to meet me; the willows stirred and whispered restlessly. The suffocating heat changed suddenly to a damp chilliness; the darkness rapidly thickened. I gave the horse a lash with the reins, descended a steep slope, pushed across a dry water-course overgrown with brushwood, mounted the hill, and drove into the forest. The road ran before me, bending between thick hazel bushes, now enveloped in darkness; I advanced with difficulty. The droshky jumped up and down over the hard roots of the ancient oaks and limes, which were continually intersected by deep ruts — the tracks of cart wheels; my horse began to stumble. A violent wind suddenly began to roar overhead; the trees blustered; big drops of rain fell with slow tap and splash on the leaves; there came a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder. The rain fell in torrents. I went on a step or so, and soon was forced to stop; my horse foundered; I could not see an inch before me. I managed to take refuge somehow in a spreading bush. Crouching down and covering my face, I waited patiently for the storm to blow over, when suddenly, in a flash of lightning, I saw a tall figure on the road. I began to stare intently in that direction — the figure seemed to have sprung out of the ground near my droshky.

"Who's that?" inquired a ringing voice.

¹ A four-wheeled Russian vehicle.

"Why, who are you?"

"I'm the forester here."

I mentioned my name.

"Oh, I know! Are you on your way home?"

"Yes. But, you see, in such a storm . . ."

"Yes, there is a storm," replied the voice.

A pale flash of lightning lit up the forester from head to foot; a brief crashing clap of thunder followed at once upon it. The rain lashed with redoubled force.

"It won't be over just directly," the forester went on.

"What's to be done?"

"I'll take you to my hut, if you like," he said abruptly.

"That would be a service."

"Please to take your seat."

He went up to the mare's head, took her by the bit, and pulled her up. We set off. I held on to the cushion of the droshky, which rocked "like a boat on the sea," and called my dog. My poor mare splashed with difficulty through the mud, slipped and stumbled; the forester hovered before the shafts to right and to left like a ghost. We drove rather a long while; at last my guide stopped. "Here we are home, sir," he observed in a quiet voice. The gate creaked; some puppies barked a welcome. I raised my head, and in a flash of lightning I made out a small hut in the middle of a large yard, fenced in with hurdles.¹ From the one little window there was a dim light. The forester led the horse up to the steps and knocked at the door. "Coming, coming!" we heard in a little shrill voice; there was the patter of bare feet, the bolt creaked, and a girl of twelve, in a little old smock tied round the waist with list,² appeared in the doorway with a lantern in her hand.

"Show the gentleman a light," he said to her, "and I will put your droshky in the shed."

The little girl glanced at me, and went into the hut. I followed her.

The forester's hut consisted of one room, smoky, low-pitched, and empty, without curtains or partition. A tattered sheepskin hung on the wall. On the bench lay a single-barreled gun; in the corner lay a heap of rags; two great pots stood near the oven. A pine splinter was burning on the table, flickering up and dying down mournfully. In the very middle of the hut hung a cradle, suspended from the end of a long horizontal pole. The little girl put out the lantern, sat down on a tiny stool, and with her right hand began swinging the cradle, while with her left she attended to the smoldering pine splinter. I looked round — my heart sank within me: it's not cheering to go into a peasant's hut at night. The baby in the cradle breathed hard and fast.

"Are you all alone here?" I asked the little girl.

"Yes," she uttered, hardly audibly.

"You're the forester's daughter?"

"Yes," she whispered.

The door creaked, and the forester, bending his head, stepped across the threshold. He lifted the lantern from the floor, went up to the table, and lighted a candle.

"I dare say you're not used to the splinter light?" said he, and he shook back his curls.

I looked at him. Rarely has it been my fortune to behold such a comely creature. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and in marvelous proportion. His powerful muscles stood out in strong relief under his wet homespun shirt. A curly, black beard hid half of his stern and manly face; small brown eyes looked out boldly from under broad eyebrows which met in the middle. He stood before me, his arms held lightly akimbo.

I thanked him, and asked his name.

"My name's Foma," he answered, "and my nickname's Biryuk" (Wolf).

"Oh, you're Biryuk."

I looked with redoubled curiosity at him. From my Yermolaï and others I had often

¹ A hurdle is a kind of fence made with twigs woven together.

² A rough strip of cloth.

³ The name Biryuk is used in the Orel province to denote a solitary misanthropic man. (Author's note.)

heard stories about the forester Biryuk, whom all the peasants of the surrounding districts feared as they feared fire. According to them there had never been such a master of his business in the world before. "He won't let you carry off a handful of brushwood; he'll drop upon you like a fall of snow, whatever time it may be, even in the middle of the night, and you needn't think of resisting him — he's 10 strong, and as cunning as the devil. . . . And there's no getting at him, anyhow, neither by brandy nor by money; there's no snare he'll walk into. More than once good folks have planned to put him out of the world, but no — it's never come off."

That was how the neighboring peasants spoke of Biryuk.

"So you're Biryuk," I repeated; "I've heard talk of you, brother. They say you 20 show no mercy to anyone."

"I do my duty," he answered grimly; "it's not right to eat the master's bread for nothing."

He took an axe from his girdle and began splitting splinters.

"Have you no wife?" I asked him.

"No," he answered, with a vigorous sweep of the axe.

"She's dead, I suppose?"

"No . . . yes . . . she's dead," he added, and turned away. I was silent; he raised his eyes and looked at me.

"She ran away with a traveling pedlar," he brought out with a bitter smile. The 35 little girl hung her head; the baby waked up and began crying; the little girl went to the cradle. "There, give it him," said Biryuk, thrusting a dirty feeding-bottle into her hand. "Him, too, she abandoned," he went on in an undertone, pointing to the baby. He went up to the door, stopped, and turned round.

"A gentleman like you," he began, "wouldn't care for our bread, I dare say, 45 and except bread I've —"

"I'm not hungry."

"Well, that's for you to say. I would have heated the samovar, but I've no tea. . . . I'll go and see how your horse is 50 getting on."

He went out and slammed the door. I looked round again. The hut struck me as

more melancholy than ever. The bitter smell of stale smoke choked my breathing unpleasantly. The little girl did not stir from her place, and did not raise her eyes; 5 from time to time she jogged the cradle, and timidly pulled her slipping smock up on to her shoulder; her bare legs hung motionless.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Ulita," she said, her mournful little face drooping more than ever.

The forester came in and sat down on the bench.

"The storm's passing over," he observed, after a brief silence; "if you wish it, I will guide you out of the forest."

I got up; Biryuk took his gun and examined the firepan.

"What's that for?" I inquired.

"There's mischief in the forest. . . . They're cutting a tree down on Mares' Ravine," he added, in reply to my look of inquiry.

"Could you hear it from here?"

"I can hear it outside."

We went out together. The rain had ceased. Heavy masses of storm-cloud were still huddled in the distance; from time to time there were long flashes of lightning; 30 but here and there overhead the dark blue sky was already visible; stars twinkled through the swiftly flying clouds. The outline of the trees, drenched with rain, and stirred by the wind, began to stand out in the darkness. We listened. The forester took off his cap and bent his head. . . . "Th— . . . there!" he said suddenly, and he stretched out his hand: "see what a night he's pitched on." I had heard nothing but the rustle of the leaves. Biryuk led the mare out of the shed. "But, perhaps," he added aloud, "this way I shall miss him." "I'll go with you . . . if you like?" "Certainly," he answered, 45 and he backed the horse in again; "we'll catch him in a trice, and then I'll take you. Let's be off." We started, Biryuk in front, I following him. Heaven only knows how he found out his way, but he only stopped once or twice, and then merely to listen to the strokes of the axe. "There," he muttered, "do you hear? do you hear?" "Why, where?" Biryuk

shrugged his shoulders. We went down into the ravine; the wind was still for an instant; the rhythmical strokes reached my hearing distinctly. Biryuk glanced at me and shook his head. We went farther through the wet bracken and nettles. A slow muffled crash was heard. . . .

"He's felled it," muttered Biryuk. Meantime the sky had grown clearer and clearer; there was a faint light in the forest. We clambered at last out of the ravine.

"Wait here a little," the forester whispered to me. He bent down, and, raising his gun above his head, vanished among the bushes. I began listening with strained attention. Across the continual roar of the wind faint sounds from close by reached me; there was a cautious blow of an axe on the brushwood, the crash of wheels, the snort of a horse. . . .

"Where are you off to? Stop!" the iron voice of Biryuk thundered suddenly. Another voice was heard in a pitiful shriek, like a trapped hare. . . . A struggle was beginning.

"No, no, you've made a mistake," Biryuk declared, panting; "you're not going to get off. . . ." I rushed in the direction of the noise, and ran up to the scene of the conflict, stumbling at every step. A felled tree lay on the ground, and near it Biryuk was busily engaged holding the thief down and binding his hands behind his back with a kerchief. I came closer. Biryuk got up and set him on his feet. I saw a peasant drenched with rain, in tatters, and with a long, disheveled beard. A sorry little nag, half covered with a stiff mat, was standing by, together with a rough cart. The forester did not utter a word; the peasant too was silent; his head was shaking.

"Let him go," I whispered in Biryuk's ears; "I'll pay for the tree."

Without a word Biryuk took the horse by the mane with his left hand; in his right he held the thief by the belt. "Now turn round, you rat!" he said grimly.

"The bit of an axe there, take it," muttered the peasant.

"No reason to lose it, certainly," said the forester, and he picked up the axe.

We started. I walked behind. . . . The rain began sprinkling again, and soon fell in torrents. With difficulty we made our way to the hut. Biryuk pushed the captured horse into the middle of the yard, led the peasant into the room, loosened the knot in the kerchief, and made him sit down in a corner. The little girl, who had fallen asleep near the oven, jumped up and began staring at us in silent terror. I sat down on the locker.

"Ugh, what a downpour!" remarked the forester; "you will have to wait till it's over. Won't you lie down?"

"Thanks."

"I would have shut him in the store loft, on your honor's account," he went on, indicating the peasant; "but you see the bolt —"

"Leave him here; don't touch him," I interrupted.

The peasant stole a glance at me from under his brows. I vowed inwardly to set the poor wretch free, come what might. He sat without stirring on the locker. By the light of the lantern I could make out his worn, wrinkled face, his overhanging yellow eyebrows, his restless eyes, his thin limbs. . . . The little girl lay down on the floor, just at his feet, and again dropped asleep. Biryuk sat at the table, his head in his hands. A cricket chirped in the corner . . . the rain pattered on the roof and streamed down the windows; we were all silent.

"Foma Kuzmitch," said the peasant suddenly in a thick, broken voice; "Foma Kuzmitch!"

"What is it?"

"Let me go."

Biryuk made no answer.

"Let me go . . . hunger drove me to it; let me go."

"I know you," retorted the forester severely; "your set's all alike — all thieves."

"Let me go," repeated the peasant. "Our manager . . . we're ruined, that's what it is — let me go!"

"Ruined, indeed! . . . Nobody need steal."

"Let me go, Foma Kuzmitch. . . . Don't destroy me. Your manager, you

know yourself, will have no mercy on me; that's what it is."

Biryuk turned away. The peasant was shivering as though he were in the throes of fever. His head was shaking, and his breathing came in broken gasps.

"Let me go," he repeated with mournful desperation. "Let me go; by God, let me go! I'll pay; see, by God, I will! By God, it was through hunger! . . . the little ones are crying, you know yourself. It's hard for us, see."

"You needn't go stealing, for all that."

"My little horse," the peasant went on, "my poor little horse, at least . . . our only beast . . . let it go."

"I tell you, I can't. I'm not a free man; I'm made responsible. You oughtn't to be spoilt, either."

"Let me go! It's through want, Foma Kuzmitch, want — and nothing else — let me go!"

"I know you!"

"Oh, let me go!"

"Ugh, what's the use of talking to you! sit quiet, or else you'll catch it. Don't you see the gentleman, hey?"

The poor wretch hung his head. . . . Biryuk yawned and laid his head on the table. The rain still persisted. I was waiting to see what would happen.

Suddenly the peasant stood erect. His eyes were glittering, and his face flushed dark red. "Come, then, here; strike yourself, here," he began, his eyes puckering up and the corners of his mouth dropping; "come, cursed destroyer of men's souls! drink Christian blood, drink."

The forester turned round.

"I'm speaking to you, Asiatic, blood-sucker, you!"

"Are you drunk, or what, to set to being abusive?" began the forester, puzzled. "Are you out of your senses, hey?"

"Drunk! not at your expense, cursed destroyer of souls — brute, brute, brute!"

"Ah, you — I'll show you!"

"What's that to me? It's all one; I'm done for; what can I do without a home? Kill me — it's the same in the end;

whether it's through hunger or like this — it's all one. Ruin us all — wife, children . . . kill us all at once. But, wait a bit, we'll get at you!"

Biryuk got up.

"Kill me, kill me," the peasant went on in savage tones; "kill me; come, come, kill me. . . ." (The little girl jumped up hastily from the ground and stared at him.) "Kill me, kill me!"

"Silence!" thundered the forester, and he took two steps forward.

"Stop, Foma, stop," I shouted; "let him go. . . . Peace be with him."

"I won't be silent," the luckless wretch went on. "It's all the same — ruin, anyway — you destroyer of souls, you brute; you've not come to ruin yet. . . . But wait a bit; you won't have long to boast of; they'll wring your neck; wait a bit!"

Biryuk clutched him by the shoulder. I rushed to help the peasant. . . .

"Don't touch him, master!" the forester shouted to me.

I should not have feared his threats, and already had my fist in the air; but, to my intense amazement, with one pull he tugged the kerchief off the peasant's elbows, took him by the scruff of the neck, thrust his cap over his eyes, opened the door, and shoved him out.

"Go to the devil with your horse!" he shouted after him; "but mind, next time . . ."

He came back into the hut and began rummaging in the corner.

"Well, Biryuk," I said at last, "you've astonished me; I see you're a splendid fellow."

"Oh, stop that, master," he cut me short with an air of vexation; "please don't speak of it. But I'd better see you on your way now," he added; "I suppose you won't wait for this little rain. . . ."

In the yard there was the rattle of the wheels of the peasant's cart.

"He's off, then!" he muttered; "but next time!"

Half an hour later he parted from me at the edge of the wood.

DOSTOIEVSKI

(1821-1881)

Fyodor Mikhaylovitch Dostoevski was born in Moscow and was educated at the School of Military Engineers. At twenty he received a commission in the Russian army, but in 1844 left military service to devote himself to literature. His first novel, *Poor Folk* (1845), was recognized by the critics as the sign of a new era in Russia. His second novel, however, *The Double*, published in the next year, was a disappointment. The many novels and stories he wrote during the next three years reflected the influence of Gogol and of Balzac. In order to study political problems and reform, Dostoevski joined a socialist group. The members of this group were arrested and condemned to death; and, although the sentence was not carried out, Dostoevski was sent to a penal settlement at Omsk for four years. The nervous strain and the exposure greatly aggravated his epilepsy so that he never enjoyed good health again. In 1854 he was freed, and in 1855 his commission in the army was restored. In 1856 he resumed his literary work and wrote *The Family Friend* (1859), *The House of Death* (1861), and *The Insulted and Injured* (1862), the last of which shows the influence of Dickens. During this period he also wrote political articles and started a journal which was presently abandoned. From 1864 to 1871 domestic difficulties threw him into financial and moral collapse. *Crime and Punishment* (1866) and *The Gambler* (1867) were written mainly as a source of revenue. His most important works, written in the later part of his life, are *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot* (1868), *The Possessed* (1871), and *The Brothers Karamazov* (1880).

There have been few writers of any age or any country who have given to psychological study a more intense expression than Dostoevski. His years of association with criminal types were the source of his remarkable understanding of the more tragic and morbid aspects of Russian life, and of his great preoccupation with the problem of good and evil in man. All his outstanding theories and motives are present in *Crime and Punishment*, the ultimate theme being the purification of man through suffering. Dostoevski's vision of Russia as some day peaceably united by mutual love is a curious anticipation of Tolstoi.

The following story is translated by Lizzie B. Gorin in *Russian Short Stories*, Scott, Foresman, 1919.

•THE THIEF

One morning, just as I was about to leave for my place of employment, Agra-fena (my cook, laundress, and housekeeper all in one person) entered my room, and, to my great astonishment, started a conversation.

She was a quiet, simple-minded woman, who during the whole six years of her stay 10 with me had never spoken more than two or three words daily, and those in reference to my dinner — at least, I had never heard her.

"I have come to you, sir," she suddenly 15 began, "about the renting out of the little spare room."

"What spare room?"

"The one that is near the kitchen, of course; which should it be?"

"Why?"

"Why do people generally take lodgers? Because."

"But who will take it?"

"Who will take it! A lodger, of course!

Who should take it?"

"But there is hardly room in there, 5 mother mine, for a bed; it will be too cramped. How can one live in it?"

"But why live in it! He only wants a place to sleep in; he will live on the window seat."

"What window seat?"

"How is that? What window seat? As if you did not know! The one in the hall. He will sit on it and sew, or do something else. But maybe he will sit on a chair; he has a chair of his own — and a table also, and everything."

"But who is he?"

"A nice, worldly-wise man. I will cook for him and will charge him only three 20 rubles in silver a month for room and board —"

At last, after long endeavor, I found out that some elderly man had talked Agra-

fena into taking him into the kitchen as lodger. When Agrafena once got a thing into her head that thing had to be; otherwise I knew I should have no peace. On those occasions when things did go against her wishes, she immediately fell into a sort of brooding, became exceedingly melancholy, and continued in that state for two or three weeks. During this time the food was invariably spoiled, the linen was missing, the floors unscrubbed; in a word, a lot of unpleasant things happened. I had long ago become aware of the fact that this woman of very few words was incapable of forming a decision, or of coming to any conclusion based on her own thoughts; and yet when it happened that by some means there had formed in her weak brain a sort of idea or wish to undertake a thing, to refuse her permission to carry out this idea or wish meant simply to kill her morally for some time. And so, acting in the sole interest of my peace of mind, I immediately agreed to this new proposition of hers.

"Has he at least the necessary papers, a passport, or anything of the kind?"

"How then? Of course he has. A fine man like him — who has seen the world — He promised to pay three rubles a month."

On the very next day the new lodger appeared in my modest bachelor quarters; but I did not feel annoyed in the least — on the contrary, in a way I was glad of it. I live a very solitary, hermitlike life. I have almost no acquaintance and seldom go out. Having led the existence of a moor-cock for ten years, I was naturally used to solitude. But ten, fifteen years or more of the same seclusion in company with a person like Agrafena, and in the same bachelor dwelling, was indeed a joyless prospect. Therefore, the presence of another quiet, unobtrusive man in the house was, under these circumstances, a real blessing.

Agrafena had spoken the truth: the lodger was a man who had seen much in his life. From his passport it appeared that he was a retired soldier, which I noticed even before I looked at the passport.

As soon as I glanced at him in fact.

Astafi Ivanich, my lodger, belonged to the better sort of soldiers, another thing I noticed as soon as I saw him. We liked each other from the first, and our life flowed on peacefully and comfortably. The best thing was that Astafi Ivanich could at times tell a good story, incidents of his own life. In the general tediousness of my humdrum existence, such a narrator was a veritable treasure. Once he told me a story which has made a lasting impression upon me; but first the incident which led to the story.

Once I happened to be left alone in the house, Astafi and Agrafena having gone out, on business. Suddenly I heard some one enter, and I felt that it must be a stranger; I went out into the corridor and found a man of short stature, and, notwithstanding the cold weather, dressed very thinly and without an overcoat.

"What is it you want?"

"The government clerk Alexandrov? Does he live here?"

"There is no one here by that name, little brother; good day."

"The porter told me he lived here," said the visitor, cautiously retreating toward the door.

"Go on, go on, little brother; be off!"

Soon after dinner the next day, when Astafi brought in my coat, which he had repaired for me, I once more heard a strange step in the corridor. I opened the door.

The visitor of the day before, calmly and before my very eyes, took my short coat from the rack, put it under his arm, and ran out.

Agrafena, who had all the time been looking at him in open-mouthed surprise through the kitchen door, was seemingly unable to stir from her place and rescue the coat. But Astafi Ivanich rushed after the rascal, and, out of breath and panting, returned empty handed. The man had vanished as if the earth had swallowed him.

"It is too bad, really, Astafi Ivanich," I said. "It is well that I have my cloak left. Otherwise the scoundrel would have put me out of service altogether."

But Astafi seemed so much affected by

what had happened that as I gazed at him I forgot all about the theft. He could not regain his composure, and every once in a while threw down the work which occupied him, and began once more to recount how it had all happened, where he had been standing, while only two steps away my coat had been stolen before his very eyes, and how he could not even catch the thief. Then once more he resumed his work, only to throw it away again, and I saw him go down to the porter, tell him what had happened, and reproach him with not taking sufficient care of the house, that such a theft could be perpetrated in it. When he returned he began to upbraid Agrafena. Then he again resumed his work, muttering to himself for a long time — how this is the way it all was — how he stood here, and I there, and how before our very eyes, no farther than two steps away, the coat was taken off its hanger, and so on. In a word, Astafi Ivanich, though he knew how to do certain things, worried much over trifles.

"We have been fooled, Astafi Ivanich," I said to him that evening, handing him a glass of tea, and hoping from sheer ennui to call forth the story of the lost coat again, which by dint of much repetition had begun to sound extremely comical.

"Yes, we were fooled, sir. It angers me very much, though the loss is not mine, and I think there is nothing so despicably low in this world as a thief. They steal what you buy by working in the sweat of your brow — your time and labor — The loathsome creature! It sickens me to talk of it — pfui! It makes me angry to think of it. How is it, sir, that you do not seem to be at all sorry about it?"

"To be sure, Astafi Ivanich, one would much sooner see his things burn up than see a thief take them. It is exasperating —"

"Yes, it is annoying to have anything stolen from you. But, of course, there are thieves and thieves — I, for instance, met an honest thief through an accident."

"How is that? An honest thief? How can a thief be honest, Astafi Ivanich?"

"You speak truth, sir. A thief cannot be an honest man. There never was such.

I only wanted to say that he was an honest man, it seems to me, even though he stole. I was very sorry for him."

"And how did it happen, Astafi Ivanich?"

"It happened just two years ago. I was serving as house steward at the time, and the baron whom I served expected shortly to leave for his estate, so that I knew I should soon be out of a job, and then God only knew how I should be able to get along; and just then it was that I happened to meet in a tavern a poor forlorn creature, Emelian by name. Once upon a time he had served somewhere or other, but had been driven out of service on account of tippling. Such an unworthy creature as he was! He wore whatever came along. At times I even wondered if he wore a shirt under his shabby cloak; everything he could put his hands on was sold for drink. But he was not a rowdy. Oh, no; he was of a sweet, gentle nature, very kind and tender to every one; he never asked for anything, was, if anything, too conscientious — Well, you could see without asking when the poor fellow was dying for a drink, and of course you treated him to one. Well, we became friendly; that is, he attached himself to me like a little dog — you go this way, he follows — and all this after our very first meeting.

"Of course he remained with me that night; his passport was in order and the man seemed all right. On the second night also. On the third he did not leave the house, sitting on the window seat of the corridor the whole day, and of course he remained over that night too. Well, I thought, just see how he has forced himself upon you. You have to give him to eat and to drink and to shelter him. All a poor man needs is some one to sponge upon him. I soon found out that once before he had attached himself to a man just as he had now attached himself to me; they drank together, but the other one soon died of some deep-seated sorrow. I thought and thought: What shall I do with him? Drive him out — my conscience would not allow it — I felt very sorry for him: he was such a wretched, forlorn creature, terrible! And so dumb

he did not ask for anything, only sat quietly and looked you straight in the eyes, just like a faithful little dog. That is how drink can ruin a man. And I thought to myself: Well, suppose I say to him: 'Get out of here, Emelian; you have nothing to do in here, you come to the wrong person; I will soon have nothing to eat myself, so how do you expect me to feed *you*?' And I tried to imagine what he would do after I'd told him all this. And I could see how he would look at me for a long time after he had heard me, without understanding a word; how at last he would understand what I was driving at, and, rising from the window seat, take his little bundle — I see it before me now — a red-checked little bundle full of holes, in which he kept God knows what, and which he carted along with him wherever he went; how he would brush and fix up his worn cloak a little, so that it would look a bit more decent and not show so much the holes and patches — he was a man of very fine feelings! How he would have opened the door afterward and would have gone forth with tears in his eyes!

"Well, should a man be allowed to perish altogether? I all at once felt heartily sorry for him; but at the same time I thought: And what about me, am I any better off? And I said to myself: Well, Emelian, you will not feast overlong at my expense; soon I shall have to move from here myself, and then you will not find me again. Well, sir, my baron soon left for his estate with all his household, telling me before he went that he was very well satisfied with my services, and would gladly employ me again on his return to the capital. A fine man my baron was, but he died the same year.

"Well, after I had escorted my baron and his family a little way, I took my things and the little money I had saved up, and went to live with an old woman I knew, who rented out a corner of the room she occupied by herself. She used to be a nurse in some well-to-do family, and now, in her old age, they had pensioned her off. Well, I thought to myself, now it is good-by to you, Emelian, dear man, you

will not find me now! And what do you think, sir? When I returned in the evening — I had paid a visit to an acquaintance of mine — whom should I see but Emelian sitting quietly upon my trunk with his red-checked bundle by his side. He was wrapped up in his poor little cloak, and was awaiting my home-coming. He must have been quite lonesome, because he had borrowed a prayer-book of the old woman and held it upside down. He had found me after all! My hands fell helplessly at my sides. Well, I thought, there is nothing to be done, why did I not drive him away first off? And I only asked him: 'Have you taken your passport along, Emelian?' Then I sat down, sir, and began to turn the matter over in my mind: Well, could he, a roving man, be much in my way? And after I had considered it well, I decided that he would not, and, besides, he would be of very little expense to me. Of course, he would have to be fed, but what does that amount to? Some bread in the morning and, to make it a little more appetizing, a little onion or so. For the midday meal again some bread and onion, and for the evening again onion and bread, and some kvas,¹ and, if some cabbage soup should happen to come our way, then we could both fill up to the throat. I ate little, and Emelian, who was a drinking man, surely ate almost nothing: all he wanted was vodka.² He would be the undoing of me with his drinking; but at the same time I felt a curious feeling creep over me. It seemed as if life would be a burden to me if Emelian went away. And so I decided then and there to be his father-benefactor. I would put him on his legs, I thought, save him from perishing, and gradually wean him from drink. Just you wait, I thought. Stay with me, Emelian, but stand pat now. Obey the word of command!

"Well, I thought to myself, I will begin by teaching him some work, but not at once; let him first enjoy himself a bit, and I will in the meanwhile look around and discover what he finds easiest, and would be capable of doing, because you must know, sir, a man must have a calling and a

¹ A non-intoxicating Russian drink.

² An alcoholic drink distilled from rye.

capacity for a certain work to be able to do it properly. And I began stealthily to observe him. And a hard subject he was, that Emelian! At first I tried to get at him with a kind word. Thus and thus I would speak to him: 'Emelian, you had better take more care of yourself and try to fix yourself up a little.

"Give up drinking. Just look at yourself, man; you are all ragged, your cloak looks more like a sieve than anything else. It is not nice. It is about time for you to come to your senses and know when you have had enough."

"He listened to me, my Emelian did, with lowered head; he had already reached that state, poor fellow, when the drink affected his tongue and he could not utter a sensible word. You talk to him about cucumbers, and he answers beans. He listened, listened to me for a long time, and then he would sigh deeply.

"What are you sighing for, Emelian?" I ask him.

"Oh, it is nothing, Astafi Ivanich, do not worry. Only what I saw today, Astafi Ivanich — two women fighting about a basket of huckleberries that one of them had upset by accident."

"Well, what of that?"

"And the woman whose berries were scattered snatched a like basket of huckleberries from the other woman's hand, and not only threw them on the ground, but stamped all over them."

"Well, but what of that, Emelian?"

"Ech!" I think to myself, 'Emelian! You have lost your poor wits through the cursed drink!'

"And again," Emelian says, 'a baron lost a bill on the Gorokhova Street — or was it on the Sadova? A mujik¹ saw him drop it, and says, "My luck," but here another one interfered and says, "No, it is my luck! I saw it first. . . ."'

"Well, Emelian?"

"And the two mujiks started a fight, Astafi Ivanich, and the upshot was that a policeman came, picked up the money, handed it back to the baron, and threatened to put the mujiks under lock for raising a disturbance."

"But what of that? What is there wonderful or edifying in that, Emelian?"

"Well, nothing, but the people laughed, Astafi Ivanich."

"Ech, Emelian! What have the people to do with it?" I said. "You have sold your immortal soul for a copper. But do you know what I will tell you, Emelian?"

"What, Astafi Ivanich?"

"You'd better take up some work, really you should. I am telling you for the hundredth time that you should have pity on yourself!"

"But what shall I do, Astafi Ivanich? I do not know where to begin and no one would employ me, Astafi Ivanich."

"That is why they drove you out of service, Emelian; it is all on account of drink!"

"And today," said Emelian, 'they called Vlass the bar-keeper into the office.'

"What did they call him for, Emelian?" I asked.

"I don't know why, Astafi Ivanich. I suppose it was needed, so they called him."

"Ech," I thought to myself, 'no good will come of either of us Emelian! It is for our sins that God is punishing us!'

"Well, what could a body do with such a man, sir!"

"But he was sly, the fellow was, I tell you! He listened to me listened, and at last it seems it began to tire him, and as quick as he would notice that I was growing angry he would take his cloak and slip out — and that was the last to be seen of him! He would not show up the whole day, and only in the evening would he return, as drunk as a lord. Who treated him to drinks, or where he got the money for it, God only knows; not from me, surely! . . ."

"Well," I say to him, 'Emelian, you will have to give up drink, do you hear? you will have to give it up! The next time you return tipsy, you will have to sleep on the stairs. I'll not let you in!'

"After this Emelian kept to the house for two days; on the third he once more sneaked out. I wait and wait for him;

¹ A Russian male peasant.

he does not come! I must confess that I was kind of frightened; besides, I felt terribly sorry for him. What had I done to the poor devil! I thought. I must have frightened him off. Where could he have gone to now, the wretched creature? Great God, he may perish yet! The night passed and he did not return. In the morning I went out into the hall, and he was lying there with his head on the lower step, almost stiff with cold.

"What is the matter with you, Emelian? The Lord save you! Why are you here?"

"But you know, Astafi Ivanich," he replied, 'you were angry with me the other day; I aggravated you, and you promised to make me sleep in the hall, and I — so I — did not dare — to come in — and lay down here.'

"It would be better for you, Emelian," I said, filled with anger and pity, 'to find a better employment than needlessly watching the stairs!'

"But what other employment, Astafi Ivanich?"

"Well, wretched creature that you are,' here anger had flamed up in me, 'if you would try to learn the tailoring art. Just look at the cloak you are wearing! Not only is it full of holes, but you are sweeping the stairs with it! You should at least take a needle and mend it a little, so it would look more decent. Ech, a wretched tippler you are, and nothing more!'

"Well, sir! What do you think! He did take the needle — I had told him only for fun, and there he got scared and actually took the needle. He threw off his cloak and began to put the thread through; well, it was easy to see what would come of it; his eyes began to fill and redden, his hands trembled! He pushed and pushed the thread — could not get it through: he wetted it, rolled it between his fingers, smoothed it out, but it would not go! He flung it from him and looked at me.

"Well, Emelian! I said, 'you served me right! If people had seen it I would have died with shame! I only told you this for fun, and because I was angry with you. Never mind sewing; may the

Lord keep you from sin! You need not do anything, only keep out of mischief, and do not sleep on the stairs and put me to shame thereby!'

"But what shall I do, Astafi Ivanich? I know myself that I am always tipsy and unfit for anything! I only make you, my be—benefactor, angry for nothing.'

"And suddenly his bluish lips began to tremble, and a tear rolled down his unshaven, pale cheek, then another and another one, and he broke into a very flood of tears, my Emelian. Father in Heaven! I felt as if some one had cut me over the heart with a knife.

"Ech, you sensitive man; why, I never thought! And who *could* have thought such a thing. No, I'd better give you up altogether, Emelian; do as you please.'

"Well, sir, what else is there to tell! But the whole thing is so insignificant and unimportant, it is really not worth while wasting words about it; for instance, you, sir, would not give two broken groschen¹ for it; but I, I would give much, if I had much, that this thing had never happened! I owned, sir, a pair of breeches, blue, in checks, a first-class article, the devil take them — a rich landowner who came here on business ordered them from me, but refused afterward to take them, saying that they were too tight, and left them with me.

"Well, I thought, the cloth is of first-rate quality! I can get five rubles for them in the old-clothes market-place, and, if not, I can cut a fine pair of pantaloons out of them for some St. Petersburg gent, and have a piece left over for a vest for myself. Everything counts with a poor man! And Emelian was at that time in sore straits. I saw that he had given up drinking, first one day, then a second, and a third, and looked so downhearted and sad.

"Well, I thought, it is either that the poor fellow lacks the necessary coin, or maybe he has entered on the right path, and has at last listened to good sense.

"Well, to make a long story short, an important holiday came just at that time,

¹ A groschen is worth about two cents.

and I went to vespers. When I came back I saw Emelian sitting on the window seat, as drunk as a lord. Eh! I thought, so that is what you are about! And I go to my trunk to get out something I needed. I look! The breeches are not there. I rummage about in this place and that place: gone! Well, after I had searched all over and saw that they were missing for fair, I felt as if something had gone through me! I went after the old woman — as to Emelian, though there was evidence against him in his being drunk, I somehow never thought of him!

“No,” says my old woman; ‘the good Lord keep you, gentleman, what do I need breeches for? can I wear them? I myself missed a skirt the other day. I know nothing at all about it.’

“Well,” I asked, ‘has any one called here?’

“No one called,” she said. ‘I was in all the time; your friend here went out for a short while and then came back; here he sits! Why don’t you ask him?’

“Did you happen, for some reason or other, Emelian, to take the breeches out of the trunk? The ones, you remember, which were made for the landowner?”

“No,” he says, ‘I have not taken them, Astafi Ivanich.’

“What *could* have happened to them?” Again I began to search, but nothing came of it! And Emelian sat and swayed to and fro on the window seat.

“I was on my knees before the open trunk, just in front of him. Suddenly I threw a sidelong glance at him. Ech, I thought, and felt very hot round the heart, and my face grew very red. Suddenly my eyes encountered Emelian’s.

“No,” he says, ‘Astafi Ivanich. You perhaps think that I — you know what I mean — but I have not taken them.’

“But where have they gone, Emelian?”

“No,” he says, ‘Astafi Ivanich, I have not seen them at all.’

“Well, then, you think they simply went and got lost by themselves, Emelian?”

“Maybe they did, Astafi Ivanich.”

“After this I would not waste another word on him. I rose from my knees,

locked the trunk, and after I had lighted the lamp I sat down to work. I was remaking a vest for a government clerk, who lived on the floor below. But I was terribly rattled, just the same. It would have been much easier to bear, I thought, if all my wardrobe had burned to ashes. Emelian, it seems, felt that I was deeply angered. It is always so, sir, when a man is guilty; he always feels beforehand when trouble approaches, as a bird feels the coming storm.

“And do you know, Astafi Ivanich,” he suddenly began, ‘the leach married the coachman’s widow today.’

“I just looked at him; but, it seems, looked at him so angrily that he understood: I saw him rise from his seat, approach the bed, and begin to rummage in it, continually repeating: ‘Where could they have gone, vanished, as if the devil had taken them!’

“I waited to see what was coming; I saw that my Emelian had crawled under the bed. I could contain myself no longer.

“Look here,” I said. ‘What makes you crawl under the bed?’

“I am looking for the breeches, Astafi Ivanich,” said Emelian from under the bed. ‘Maybe they got here somehow or other.’

“But what makes you, sir (in my anger I addressed him as if he was somebody), what makes you trouble yourself on account of such a plain man as I am; dirtying your knees for nothing!”

“But, Astafi Ivanich — I did not mean anything — I only thought maybe if we look for them we may find them yet.”

“Mm! Just listen to me a moment, Emelian!”

“What, Astafi Ivanich?”

“Have you not simply stolen them from me like a rascally thief, serving me so for my bread and salt?” I said to him, beside myself with wrath at the sight of him crawling under the bed for something he knew was not there.

“No, Astafi Ivanich.” For a long time he remained lying flat under the bed. Suddenly he crawled out and stood before me — I seem to see him even now — as terrible a sight as sin itself.

"No," he says to me in a trembling voice, shivering through all his body and pointing to his breast with his finger, so that all at once I became scared and could not move from my seat on the window. 'I have not taken your breeches, Astafi Ivanich.'

"Well," I answered, 'Emelian, forgive me if in my foolishness I have accused you wrongfully. As to the breeches, let them go hang; we will get along without them. We have our hands, thank God, we will not have to steal, and now, too, we will not have to sponge on another poor man; we will earn our living.'

"Emelian listened to me and remained standing before me for some time, then he sat down and sat motionless the whole evening; when I lay down to sleep, he was still sitting in the same place.

"In the morning, when I awoke, I found him sleeping on the bare floor, wrapped up in his cloak; he felt his humiliation so strongly that he had no heart to go and lie down on the bed.

"Well, sir, from that day on I conceived a terrible dislike for the man; that is, rather, I hated him the first few days, feeling as if, for instance, my own son had robbed me and given me deadly offence. Ech, I thought, Emelian, Emelian! And Emelian, my dear sir, had gone on a two weeks' spree. Drunk to bestiality from morning till night. And during the whole two weeks he had not uttered a word. I suppose he was consumed the whole time by a deep-seated grief, or else he was trying in this way to make an end to himself. At last he gave up drinking. I suppose he had no longer the wherewithal to buy vodka — had drunk up every copeck — and he once more took up his old place on the window seat. I remember that he sat there for three whole days without a word; suddenly I see him weep; sits there and cries, but what crying! The tears come from his eyes in showers, drip, drip, as if he did not know that he was shedding them. It is very painful, sir, to see a grown man weep, all the more when the man is of advanced years, like Emelian, and cries from grief and a sorrowful heart.

"What ails you, Emelian?" I say to him.

"He starts and shivers. This was the first time I had spoken to him since that eventful day.

"It is nothing — Astafi Ivanich.'

"God keep you, Emelian; never you mind it all. Let bygones be bygones. Don't take it to heart so, man!" I felt very sorry for him.

"It is only that — that I would like to do something — some kind of work, Astafi Ivanich.'

"But what kind of work, Emelian?"

"Oh, any kind. Maybe I will go into some kind of service, as before. I have already been at my former employer's, asking. It will not do for me, Astafi Ivanich, to use you any longer. I, Astafi Ivanich, will perhaps obtain some employment, and then I will pay you for everything, food and all.'

"Don't, Emelian, don't. Well, let us say you committed a sin; well, it is all over! The devil take it all! Let us live as before — as if nothing had happened!"

"You, Astafi Ivanich, you are probably hinting about *that*. But I have not taken your breeches.'

"Well, just as you please, Emelian!"

"No, Astafi Ivanich, evidently I can not live with you longer. You will excuse me, Astafi Ivanich.'

"But God be with you, Emelian," I said to him; 'who is it that is offending you or driving you out of the house? Is it I who am doing it?'

"No, but it is unseemly for me to misuse your hospitality any longer, Astafi Ivanich; 'twill be better to go.'

"I saw that he had in truth risen from his place and donned his ragged cloak — he felt offended, the man did, and had got it into his head to leave, and — basta.

"But where are you going, Emelian? Listen to sense: what are you? Where will you go?"

"No, it is best so, Astafi Ivanich, do not try to keep me back," and he once more broke into tears; 'let me be, Astafi Ivanich, you are no longer what you used to be.'

"Why am I not? I am just the same.

But you will perish when left alone — like a foolish little child, my Emelian.'

"No, Astafi Ivanich. Lately, before you leave the house, you have taken to locking your trunk, and I, Astafi Ivanich, see it and weep — No, it is better you should let me go, Astafi Ivanich, and forgive me if I have offended you in any way during the time we have lived together.'

"Well, sir! And so he did go away. I 10 waited a day and thought: Oh, he will be back toward evening. But a day passes, then another, and he does not return. On the third — he does not return. I grew frightened, and a terrible sadness gripped 15 at my heart. I stopped eating and drinking, and lay whole nights without closing my eyes. The man had wholly disarmed me! On the fourth day I went to look for him; I looked in all the taverns and pot-houses in the vicinity, and asked if any one had seen him. No. Emelian had wholly disappeared! Maybe he has done away with his miserable existence, I thought. Maybe, when in his cups, he has 25 perished like a dog, somewhere under a fence. I came home half dead with fatigue and despair, and decided to go out the next day again to look for him, cursing myself bitterly for letting the foolish, helpless man 30 go away from me. But at dawn of the fifth day (it was a holiday) I heard the door creak. And whom should I see but Emelian! But in what a state! His face was bluish and his hair was full of 35 mud, as if he had slept in the street; and he had grown thin, the poor fellow had, as thin as a rail. He took off his poor cloak, sat down on my trunk, and began to look at me. Well, sir, I was overjoyed, but at the same time felt a greater sadness than ever pulling at my heart-strings. This is how it was, sir: I felt that if a thing like that had happened to me, that is — I would sooner have perished like a dog, but 45 would not have returned. And Emelian did. Well, naturally, it is hard to see a man in such a state. I began to coddle and to comfort him in every way.

"Well,' I said, 'Emelian, I am very glad 50 you have returned; if you had not come so soon, you would not have found me in,

as I intended to go hunting for you. Have you had anything to eat?'

"I have eaten, Astafi Ivanich.'

"I doubt it. Well, here is some cabbage 5 soup — left over from yesterday; a nice soup with some meat in it — not the meager¹ kind. And here you have some bread and a little onion. Go ahead and eat; it will do you good.'

"I served it to him; and immediately realized that he must have been starving for the last three days — such an appetite as he showed! So it was hunger that had driven him back to me. Looking at the 10 poor fellow, I was deeply touched, and decided to run into the near-by dram-shop. I will get him some vodka, I thought, to liven him up a bit and make peace with him. It is enough. I have nothing against 15 the poor devil any longer. And so I brought the vodka and said to him: 'Here, Emelian, let us drink to each other's health in honor of the holiday. Come, take a drink. It will do you good.'

"He stretched out his hand, greedily stretched it out, you know, and stopped; then, after a while, he lifted the glass, carried it to his mouth, spilling the liquor on his sleeve; at last he did carry it to his 20 mouth, but immediately put it back on the table.

"Well, why don't you drink, Emelian?'

"But no, I'll not, Astafi Ivanich.'

"You'll not drink it!'

"But I, Astafi Ivanich, I think — I'll not drink any more, Astafi Ivanich.'

"Is it for good you have decided to give it up, Emelian, or only for today?'

"He did not reply, and after a while I 40 saw him lean his head on his hand, and I asked him: 'Are you not feeling well, Emelian?'

"Yes, pretty well, Astafi Ivanich.'

"I made him go to bed, and saw that he 45 was truly in a bad way. His head was burning hot and he was shivering with ague. I sat by him the whole day; toward evening he grew worse. I prepared a meal for him of kvas, butter, and some onion, and threw in it a few bits of bread, and 50 said to him: 'Go ahead and take some food; maybe you will feel better!'

¹ That is, without meat or vegetables.

"But he only shook his head: 'No, Astafi Ivanich, I shall not have any dinner today.'

"I had some tea prepared for him, giving a lot of trouble to the poor old woman from whom I rented a part of the room — but he would not take even a little tea.

"Well, I thought to myself, it is a bad case. On the third morning I went to see the doctor, an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Kostopravov, who had treated me when I still lived in my last place. The doctor came, examined the poor fellow, and only said: 'There was no need of sending for me, he is already too far gone, but you can give him some powders which I will prescribe.'

"Well, I didn't give him the powders at all, as I understood that the doctor was only doing it for form's sake; and in the meanwhile came the fifth day.

"He lay dying before me, sir. I sat on the window seat with some work I had on hand lying on my lap. The old woman was raking the stove. We were all silent, and my heart was breaking over this poor, shiftless creature, as if he were my own son whom I was losing. I knew that Emelian was gazing at me all the time; I noticed from the earliest morning that he longed to tell me something, but seemingly dared not. At last I looked at him, and saw that he did not take his eyes from me, but that whenever his eyes met mine, he immediately lowered his own.

"Astafi Ivanich!

"What, Emelian?"

"What if my cloak should be carried over to the old-clothes market, would they give much for it, Astafi Ivanich?"

"Well,' I said, 'I do not know for certain, but three rubles they would probably give for it, Emelian.' I said it only to comfort the simple-minded creature; in reality they would have laughed in my face for even thinking to sell such a miserable, ragged thing.

"And I thought that they might give a little more, Astafi Ivanich. It is made of cloth, so how is it that they would not

wish to pay more than three rubles for it?"

"Well, Emelian, if you wish to sell it, then of course you may ask more for it at first."

"Emelian was silent for a moment, then he once more called to me.

"Astafi Ivanich!"

"What is it, Emelian?"

"You will sell the cloak after I am no more; no need of burying me in it, I can well get along without it; it is worth something, and may come handy to you."

"Here I felt such a painful gripping at my heart as I can not even express, sir. I saw that the sadness of approaching death had already come upon the man. Again we were silent for some time. About an hour passed in this way. I looked at him again and saw that he was still gazing at me, and when his eyes met mine he immediately lowered his.

"Would you like a drink of cold water?" I asked him.

"Give me some, and may God repay you, Astafi Ivanich."

"Would you like anything else, Emelian?"

"No, Astafi Ivanich, I do not want anything, but I —"

"What?"

"You know that —"

"What is it you want, Emelian?"

"The breeches — You know — It was I who took them — Astafi Ivanich —"

"Well,' I said, 'the great God will forgive you, Emelian, poor, unfortunate fellow that you are! Depart in peace.'

"And I had to turn away my head for a moment because grief for the poor devil took my breath away and the tears came in torrents from my eyes.

"Astafi Ivanich! —"

"I looked at him, saw that he wished to tell me something more, tried to raise himself, and was moving his lips — He reddened and looked at me — Suddenly I saw that he began to grow paler and paler; in a moment he fell with his head thrown back, breathed once, and gave his soul into God's keeping."

CHEKOV

(1860-1904)

Anton Chekov was born in Taganrog in South Russia, the son of a freed serf. His father was able to give him an elementary school education, and even to send him to the university at Moscow for a medical education. He never actually practiced medicine, however, although he served as a volunteer during a plague of cholera. He began his literary career by writing short stories for newspapers. These early stories are carefree and bright, with just an occasional note of melancholy. As time went on, this note became a volume of deep sadness. Besides his short stories Chekov wrote *Uncle Vanya*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Three Sisters*, and other dramas, of which the theme is generally the failure of people to understand one another. Unhappiness and even tragedy result. But it was in the short story that Chekov did his most perfect work. Having himself suffered from the dullness of life, he applied to his stories the white heat of concentration, boiling them down until only what was essential was left. His most successful theme was the failure of ordinary people in their ambitions. His field is rather narrow, his characters often similar; within these limits, however, he achieves that perfection that has made him one of the great models of prose style and the foremost Russian writer of short stories.

The following translation is that of S. Koteliensky and J. M. Murry in *The Bet and Other Stories*, Dublin and London, Maunsell and Company, 1915.

✓ THE BET

I

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was pacing from corner to corner of his study, recalling to his mind the party he gave in the autumn fifteen years ago. There were many clever people at the party and much interesting conversation. They talked among other things of capital punishment. The guests, among them not a few scholars and journalists, for the most part disapproved of capital punishment. They found it obsolete as a means of punishment, unfitted to a Christian state and immoral. Some of them thought that capital punishment should be replaced universally by life-imprisonment.

"I don't agree with you," said the host. "I myself have experienced neither capital punishment nor life-imprisonment, but if one may judge *a priori*, then, in my opinion capital punishment is more moral and 25 more humane than imprisonment. Execution kills instantly, life-imprisonment kills by degrees. Who is the more humane executioner, one who kills you in a few seconds or one who draws the life out of 30 you incessantly, for years?"

"They're both equally immoral," re-

marked one of the guests, "because their purpose is the same, to take away life. The state is not God. It has no right to take away that which it cannot give back, 5 if it should so desire."

Among the company was a lawyer, a young man of about twenty-five. On being asked his opinion, he said:

"Capital punishment and life-imprisonment are equally immoral; but if I were offered the choice between them, I would certainly choose the second. It's better to live somehow than not to live at all."

There ensued a lively discussion. The banker who was then younger and more nervous suddenly lost his temper, banged his fist on the table, and turning to the young lawyer, cried out:

"It's a lie. I bet you two millions you 20 wouldn't stick in a cell even for five years."

"If that's serious," replied the lawyer, "then I bet I'll stay not five but fifteen."

"Fifteen! Done!" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I stake two millions."

"Agreed. You stake two millions, I my freedom," said the lawyer.

So this wild, ridiculous bet came to pass. The banker, who at that time had too many millions to count, spoiled and capricious, was beside himself with rapture. During supper he said to the lawyer jokingly:

"Come to your senses, young man, before it's too late. Two millions are nothing to me, but you stand to lose three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you'll never stick it out any longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary is much heavier than enforced imprisonment. The idea that you have the right to free yourself at any moment will poison the whole of your life in the cell. I pity you."

And now the banker pacing from corner to corner recalled all this and asked himself:

"Why did I make this bet? What's the good? The lawyer loses fifteen years of his life and I throw away two millions. Will it convince people that capital punishment is worse or better than imprisonment for life? No, no! all stuff and rubbish. On my part, it was the caprice of a well-fed man; on the lawyer's, pure greed of gold."

He recollected further what happened after the evening party. It was decided that the lawyer must undergo his imprisonment under the strictest observation, in a garden-wing of the banker's house. It was agreed that during the period he would be deprived of the right to cross the threshold, to see living people, to hear human voices, and to receive letters and newspapers. He was permitted to have a musical instrument, to read books, to write letters, to drink wine and smoke tobacco. By the agreement he could communicate, but only in silence, with the outside world through a little window specially constructed for this purpose. Everything necessary, books, music, wine, he could receive in any quantity by sending a note through the window. The agreement provided for all the minutest details, which made the confinement strictly solitary, and it obliged the lawyer to remain exactly fifteen years from twelve o'clock of November 14th, 1870, to twelve o'clock of November 14th, 1885. The least attempt on his part to violate the conditions, to escape if only for two minutes before the time, freed the banker from the obligation to pay him the two millions.

During the first year of imprisonment, the lawyer, as far as it was possible to judge from his short notes, suffered terribly from loneliness and boredom. From his wing day and night came the sound of the piano. He rejected wine and tobacco. "Wine," he wrote, "excites desires, nothing is more boring than to drink good wine alone," and tobacco spoiled the air in his room. During the first year the lawyer was sent books of a light character; novels with a complicated love interest, stores of crime and fantasy, comedies, and so on.

In the second year the piano was heard no longer and the lawyer asked only for classics. In the fifth year music was heard again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him said that during the whole of that year he was only eating, drinking, and lying on his bed. He yawned often and talked angrily to himself. Books he did not read. Sometimes at nights he would sit down to write. He would write for a long time and tear it all up in the morning. More than once he was heard to weep.

In the second half of the sixth year, the prisoner began zealously to study languages, philosophy, and history. He fell on these subjects so hungrily that the banker hardly had time to get books enough for him. In the space of four years about six hundred volumes were bought at his request. It was while that passion lasted that the banker received the following letter from the prisoner: "My dear gaoler, I am writing these lines in six languages. Show them to experts. Let them read them. If they do not find one single mistake, I beg you to give orders to have a gun fired off in the garden. By the noise I shall know that my efforts have not been in vain. The geniuses of all ages and countries speak in different languages; but in them all burns the same flame. Oh, if you knew my heavenly happiness now that I can understand them!" The prisoner's desire was fulfilled. Two shots were fired in the garden by the banker's order.

Later on, after the tenth year, the lawyer sat immovable before his table and

read only the New Testament. The banker found it strange that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred erudite volumes should have spent nearly a year in reading one book, easy to understand and by no means thick. The New Testament was then replaced by the history of religions and theology.

During the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an extraordinary amount, quite haphazard. Now he would apply himself to the natural sciences, then would read Byron or Shakespeare. Notes used to come from him in which he asked to be sent at the same time a book on chemistry, a text-book of medicine, a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. He read as though he were swimming in the sea among the broken pieces of wreckage, and in his desire to save his life was eagerly grasping one piece after another.

II

The banker recalled all this, and thought:

"Tomorrow at twelve o'clock he receives his freedom. Under the agreement, I shall have to pay him two millions. If I pay, it's all over with me. I am ruined for ever. . . ."

Fifteen years before he had too many millions to count, but now he was afraid to ask himself which he had more of, money or debts. Gambling on the Stock-Exchange, risky speculation, and the recklessness of which he could not rid himself even in old age, had gradually brought his business to decay; and the fearless, self-confident, proud man of business had become an ordinary banker, trembling at every rise and fall in the market.

"That cursed bet," murmured the old man, clutching his head in despair. . . . "Why didn't the man die? He's only forty years old. He will take away my last farthing, marry, enjoy life, gamble on the Exchange, and I will look on like an envious beggar and hear the same words from him every day: 'I'm obliged to you for the happiness of my life. Let me help you.' No, it's too much! The only escape

from bankruptcy and disgrace — is that the man should die."

The clock had just struck three. The banker was listening. In the house everyone was asleep, and one could hear only the frozen trees whining outside the windows. Trying to make no sound, he took out of his safe the key of the door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house. The garden was dark and cold. It was raining. A keen damp wind hovered howling over all the garden and gave the trees no rest. Though he strained his eyes, the banker could see neither the ground, nor the white statues, nor the garden-wing, nor the trees. Approaching the place where the garden-wing stood, he called the watchman twice. There was no answer. Evidently the watchman had taken shelter from the bad weather and was now asleep somewhere in the kitchen or the greenhouse.

"If I have the courage to fulfil my intention," thought the old man, "the suspicion will fall on the watchman first of all."

In the darkness he groped for the stairs and the door and entered the hall of the garden-wing, then poked his way into a narrow passage and struck a match. Not a soul was there. Someone's bed, with no bedclothes on it, stood there, and an iron stove was dark in the corner. The seals on the door that led into the prisoner's room were unbroken.

When the match went out, the old man, trembling from agitation, peeped into the little window.

In the prisoner's room a candle was burning dim. The prisoner himself sat by the table. Only his back, the hair on his head and his hands were visible. On the table, the two chairs, and the carpet by the table open books were strewn.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner never once stirred. Fifteen years' confinement had taught him to sit motionless. The banker tapped on the window with his finger, but the prisoner gave no movement in reply. Then the banker cautiously tore the seals from the door and put the key into the lock. The rusty lock gave a hoarse groan and the door creaked. The

banker expected instantly to hear a cry of surprise and the sound of steps. Three minutes passed and it was as quiet behind the door as it had been before. He made up his mind to enter.

Before the table sat a man, unlike an ordinary human being. It was a skeleton, with tight-drawn skin, with a woman's long curly hair, and a shaggy beard. The color of his face was yellow, of an earthy shade; the cheeks were sunken, the back long and narrow, and the hand upon which he leaned his hairy head was so lean and skinny that it was painful to look upon. His hair was already silvering with gray, and no one who glanced at the senile emaciation of the face would have believed that he was only forty years old. On the table, before his bended head, lay a sheet of paper on which something was written in a tiny hand.

"Poor devil," thought the banker, "he's asleep and probably seeing millions in his dreams. I have only to take and throw this half-dead thing on the bed, smother him a moment with the pillow, and the most careful examination will find no trace of unnatural death. But, first, let us read what he has written here."

The banker took the sheet from the table and read:

"Tomorrow at twelve o'clock midnight, I shall obtain my freedom and the right to mix with people. But before I leave this room and see the sun I think it necessary to say a few words to you. On my own clear conscience and before God who sees me I declare to you that I despise freedom, life, health, and all that your books call the blessings of the world.

"For fifteen years I have diligently studied earthly life. True, I saw neither the earth nor the people, but in your books I drank fragrant wine, sang songs, hunted deer and wild boar in the forests, loved women. . . . And beautiful women, like clouds ethereal, created by the magic of your poets' genius, visited me by night and whispered me wonderful tales, which made my head drunken. In your books I climbed the summits of Elbruz and Mont Blanc and saw from thence how the sun rose in the morning, and in the evening

overflowed the sky, the ocean, and the mountain ridges with a purple gold. I saw from thence how above me lightnings glimmered cleaving the clouds; I saw green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, cities; I heard syrens singing, and the playing of the pipes of Pan; I touched the wings of beautiful devils who came flying to me to speak of God. . . . In your books I cast myself into bottomless abysses, worked miracles, burned cities to the ground, preached new religions, conquered whole countries.

"Your books gave me wisdom. All that unwearying human thought created in the centuries is compressed to a little lump in my skull. I know that I am more clever than you all.

"And I despise your books, despise all worldly blessings and wisdom. Everything is void, frail, visionary and delusive like a mirage. Though you be proud and wise and beautiful, yet will death wipe you from the face of the earth like the mice underground; and your posterity, your history, and the immortality of your men of genius will be as frozen slag, burnt down together with the terrestrial globe.

"You are mad, and gone the wrong way. You take lie for truth and ugliness for beauty. You would marvel if by certain conditions there should suddenly grow on apple and orange trees, instead of fruit, frogs and lizards, and if roses should begin to breathe the odour of a sweating horse. So do I marvel at you, who have bartered heaven for earth. I do not want to understand you.

"That I may show you in deed my contempt for that by which you live, I waive the two millions of which I once dreamed as of paradise, and which I now despise. That I may deprive myself of my right to them, I shall come out from here five minutes before the stipulated term, and thus shall violate the agreement."

When he had read, the banker put the sheet on the table, kissed the head of the strange man, and began to weep. He went out of the wing. Never at any time, not even after his terrible losses on the Exchange, had he felt such contempt for himself as now. Coming home, he lay down

on his bed, but agitation and tears kept him long from sleep. . . .

The next morning the poor watchman came running to him and told him that they had seen the man who lived in the wing climbing through the window into the garden. He had gone to the gate and

disappeared. Together with his servants the banker went instantly to the wing and established the escape of his prisoner. To avoid unnecessary rumors he took the paper with the renunciation from the table and, on his return, locked it in his safe.

ITALIAN

VERGA

(1840-1922)

Giovanni Verga was born in Catania, Sicily. Going early in life to Italy, he lived in Florence and in Milan. At first he was much occupied with novels of society and of city life. Later he returned to Sicily and during his declining years devoted himself to the realistic portrayal of Sicilian life. His reputation in Italian literature is almost equal to that of D'Annunzio and he is regarded by many as the foremost European writer of the novel of local color. He is perhaps most widely known as author of the libretto of the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Liberty (1883) is translated by D. H. Lawrence in *Little Novels of Sicily by Giovanni Verga*, New York, Thomas Seltzer, 1925.

LIBERTY¹

They unfurled a red-white-and-green handkerchief from the church-tower, they rang the bells in a frenzy, and they began to shout in the village square, "Hurray for liberty!"

Like the sea in storm the crowd foamed and swayed in front of the club of the gentry, and outside the Town Hall, and on the steps of the church — a sea of white stocking-caps, axes and sickles glittering. Then they burst into the little street.

"Your turn first, baron! You who have had folks cudgelled by your estate-keepers!"

At the head of all the people a witch, with her old hair sticking up, armed with nothing but her nails. "Your turn, priest of the devil! for you've sucked the soul out of us!" "Your turn now, rich glutton, you're not going to escape no matter how fat you are with the blood of the poor!" "Your turn, police-sergeant! you who never took the law on anybody except poor

folks who'd got nothing!" "Your turn, estate-keepers, who sold your own flesh and your neighbour's flesh for twenty cents a day!"

And blood smoked and went drunk. Sickles, hands, rags, stones, everything red with blood! The gentry! The hat-folks! Kill them all! Kill them all! Down with the hat-folks!

Don Antonio was slipping home by the short cuts. The first blow made him fall with his bleeding face against the causeway. "Why? Why are you killing me?" "You as well, the devil can have you!" A lame brat picked up the filthy hat and spat inside it. "Down with the hats! Hurray for Liberty! You, take that!" Then for his Reverence who used to preach hell for anybody who stole a bit of bread. He was just coming back from saying mass, with the consecrated Host inside his fat belly. "Don't kill me, I am in mortal sin!" Neighbour Lucia being the mortal sin; Neighbour Lucia whose father had sold her to the priest when she was fourteen years old, at the time of the famine winter, and

¹ Until recently only the gentle-folks in Sicily wore hats. The men-peasants wore the old Phrygian stocking-caps, the women went bareheaded or, for church, had a scarf or a shawl. The hat was a sign of class distinction. This story is based on an actual incident in the revolution of 1860 when Garibaldi was in Sicily with the Thousand.

she had ever since been filling the streets and the Refuge with hungry brats. If such dog's-meat had been worth anything that day, they'd have been able to stuff themselves with it, as they hacked it to pieces with their hatchets in the doorways of the houses and on the cobble-stones of the street. Like the wolf when he falls famished on a flock of sheep, and never thinks of filling his belly, but just slaughters right and left with rage — Milady's son, who had run to see what was happening — the apothecary, while he was locking up shop as fast as he could — Don Paolo, who was coming home from the vineyard riding on his ass, with his lean saddle-bags behind him. And he was wearing into the bargain a little old cap that his daughter had embroidered for him long ago, before the vines had taken the disease. His wife saw him fall in front of the street-door, as she and her five children were waiting for him and for the handful of stuff for the soup which he had got in his saddle-bags. "Paolo! Paolo!" The first fellow caught him in the shoulder with a hatchet cut. Another was on him with a sickle, and disembowelled him as he was reaching with his bleeding arm for the knocker.

But the worst was when the lawyer's son, a lad of eleven, blond as gold, fell no one knows how, overthrown in the crowd. His father had raised himself two or three times before he dragged himself aside into the filth, to die, calling to him: "Neddu! Neddu!" Neddu fled in terror, mouth and eyes wide open, unable to make a sound. They knocked him down; he also raised himself on one knee, like his father; the torrent passed over him; somebody put his great boot on the boy's cheek and smashed it in; nevertheless the lad still begged for mercy with his hands. He didn't want to die, no, not in the way he had seen his father killed; it broke his heart! The wood-cutter out of pity gave him a great blow with the axe, using both hands, as if he had had to fell a fifty-year-old oak-tree — and he trembled like a leaf. Somebody shouted, "Bah, he'd have been another lawyer!"

No matter! Now they had their hands

red with such blood, they'd got to spill the rest of it. All of 'em! All the *hats*! It was no longer hunger, beatings, swindling which made their anger boil up again. It was innocent blood. The women most ferocious of all, waving their fleshless arms, squealing in falsetto, with rage, the tender flesh showing under the rags of their clothing. "You who came praying to the good God in a silk frock!" "You who thought yourself contaminated if you knelt beside poor folks! Take that! Take that!" In the houses, on the stair-cases, inside the alcoves, a tearing of silk and of fine linen. Oh, the ear-rings upon bleeding faces, oh, the golden rings upon hands that tried to ward off the hatchet-strokes!

The baroness had had the great door barricaded: beams, wagons, full casks piled against it, and the estate-keepers firing from the windows to sell their lives dear. The crowd bowed its head to the gun-fire, because it had no weapons to respond with. Because in those days it was death-penalty for having fire-arms in your possession. Hurray for Liberty! And they burst in the great doors. Then into the courtyard, up the steps, dislodging the wounded. They left the estate-keepers for the time. They would settle them later. First they wanted the flesh of the baroness, flesh made of partridges and good wine. She ran from room to room with her baby at her breast, all dishevelled — and the rooms were many. The crowd was heard howling along the twistings of the passages, advancing like a river in flood. The oldest son, sixteen years of age, also with fair white flesh still, was pushing the door with his trembling hands, crying: "Mamà! Mamà!" At the first rush they sent the door down on top of him. He clung to the legs which trod him down. He cried no more. His mother had taken refuge on the balcony, clasping her baby close, shutting its mouth with her hand so that it should not cry, mad. The other son wanted to defend her with his body, glaring, as if he had a hundred hands, clutching all those axes by the blades. They separated them in a flash. One man seized her by the hair, another by her hips, another by her dress,

lifting her above the balcony rail. The charcoal-man tore the infant baby from her arms. The other brother saw nothing but red and black. They trampled him down, they ground his bones with iron-shod heels; he had set his teeth in a hand which was squeezing his throat, and he never let go. Hatchets couldn't strike in the heap, they hovered flashing in the air.

And in that mad carnival of the month of July, above all the drunken howling of the fasting crowd, the bell of God kept on ringing frantically, until evening, with no mid-day, no ave-maria, like in the land of the Turks. Then they began to disband, tired with the slaughter, quietly, slinkingly, every one fleeing from his companion. Before nightfall all doors were shut, in fear, and in every house the lamp was burning. Along the little streets no sound was heard save that of the dogs, which went prying in the corners, then a dry gnawing of bones, in the bright moonlight which washed over everything, and showed the wide-open big doors and the open windows of the deserted houses.

Day broke: a Sunday with nobody in the square, and no mass ringing. The sexton had burrowed into his hiding hole; there were no more priests. The first-corners that began to gather on the sacred threshold looked one another in the face suspiciously; each one thinking of what his neighbour must have on his conscience. Then, when they were a fair number, they began to murmur: "We can't be without mass, and on a Sunday, like dogs!" The club of the *Gentry* was barricaded up, and they didn't know where to go to get their masters' orders for the week. From the church-tower still dangled the red-white-and-green handkerchief, flaccid, in the yellow heat of July. And as the shade diminished slowly outside the church-front, the crowd clustered all in one corner. Between two miserable houses of the square, at the bottom of a narrow street that sloped steeply downwards, you could see the fields yellowish on the plain, and the dark woods on the slopes of Etna. Now they were going to share up those fields and woods among themselves. Each

one was calculating to himself, on his fingers, how much he should get for his share, and was looking askance at his neighbours. Liberty meant that everybody should have his share — yon Nino Bestia and yon Ramurazzo would have liked to make out that they must carry on the bossy tricks of the *hals*! If there was no surveyor to measure the land, and no lawyer to put it on to paper, everybody would be going at it tooth and nail! And if you booze your share at the public-house, then afterwards we've got to start sharing all over again — thief here and thief there. Now that there was Liberty, anybody who wanted to eat enough for two ran the risk of being done in like those there *gentry*! The wood-cutter brandished his fist in the air as if he still grasped the axe.

The next day they heard that the General was coming to deal out justice; which news made folks tremble. They saw the red shirts of their own soldiers climbing slowly up the ravine towards the village; if you had rolled down rocks you could have squashed them all. But nobody stirred. The women screamed and tore their hair. And the dark-faced men with long beards only sat on the top of the hill with their hands between their thighs watching those tired boys come up, bent beneath their rusty rifles, and that little General on his great black horse, in front of them all, alone.

The General made them carry straw into the church, and put his boys to sleep like a father. In the morning, before dawn, if they weren't up at the sound of the bugle, he rode into the church on his horse, swearing like a Turk. That was a man! And on the spot he ordered five or six of them to be shot. Pippo, the dwarf, Pizzannello, the first ones they laid hold of. The wood-cutter, while they were making him kneel against the cemetery wall, wept like a child because of certain words his mother had said to him, and because of the cry she had uttered when they tore him from her arms. From afar off, in the remotest alleys of the village as you sat behind your closed door, you could hear those gun-shots firing one after the

other, like cannon-crackers at holiday time.

And then came the real judges, gentlemen in spectacles perched upon mules, done up with the journey, complaining still of their fatigue, while they were examining the accused in the refectory of the monastery, sitting on one hip on their seats, and saying aha! every time they changed the side. A trial that would never come to an end. They took the guilty over away to the city, on foot, chained two by two, between two files of soldiers with cocked muskets. Their women followed them running down the long country roads, across the fallow land, through the cactus thickets and the vineyards and the golden-coloured wheat, tired out, limping, calling out their names every time the road made a bend and they could see the faces of the prisoners. At the city they shut them up in the great prison that was high and vast as a monastery, all pierced with iron-barred windows; and if the women wished to see their men, it was only on Mondays in presence of the warders, behind the iron grating. And the poor fellows got yellower and yellower in that everlasting shadow, never seeing the sun. Every Monday they were more taciturn, and they hardly answered, they complained even less. Other days if the women roved in the square round the prison, the sentinels threatened them with their guns. And then never knowing what to do, where to find work in the town, nor how to earn bread. The bed in the stables cost two cents; the white bread they swallowed in a gulp did not fill their stomachs; and if they crouched down in the doorway of a church, to pass the night there, the police arrested them. One by one they went back home, first the wives, then the mothers. One good-looking lass lost herself in the town and was never heard of again. All the others belonging to the village had come back to do the same as they had done before. The gentry couldn't work their lands with their own hands, and the poor folks couldn't live without the gentry. So they made peace. The apothecary's orphan son stole Neli Pirru's wife, and it seemed to him a proper

thing to do, to revenge himself on the one who had killed his father. And when the woman had qualms now and then, and was afraid that her husband when he came out of prison would cut her face, the apothecary's son replied, "Don't be afraid, he won't come out." Nowadays nobody thought of them; unless it was some mother, some old father, when their eyes wandered towards the plain where the city lay, or on Sundays when they saw the others talking over their affairs quietly with the gentry, in front of the club, with their caps in their hands; and they convinced themselves that rags must suffer in a wind.

The case lasted three years, no less; three years of prison without ever seeing the sun. So that the accused seemed like so many dead men out of the tomb, every time they were conducted fettered to the court. Whoever could manage it had come down from the village, witnesses, relatives, people full of curiosity, like a holiday, to see their fellow villagers, after such a long time, crowded together in the chicken-coop of the prisoner's dock — and real chickens you became, inside there! and Neli Pirru had to see the apothecary's lad face to face, the fellow who had become his relation underhand! They made them stand up one by one. "What is your name?" And each one answered for himself, name and surname and what he had done. The lawyers fenced away with their speeches, in wide, loose sleeves, getting beside themselves, foaming at the mouth, suddenly wiping themselves calm with a white pocket-handkerchief, and snuffing up a pinch of snuff. The judges dozed behind the lenses of their spectacles, which froze your heart. Facing were seated twelve gentry in a row, tired, bored, yawning, scratching their beards or gabbling among themselves. For sure they were telling one another what a marvellous escape it had been for them that they weren't gentry of that village up there, when the folks had been making liberty. And those poor wretches opposite tried to read their faces. Then they went away to confabulate together, and the accused men waited white-faced, with their eyes

fixed on the closed door. As they came in again, their foreman, the one who spoke with his hand on his stomach, was almost as pale as the prisoners, and he said, "On my honour and on my conscience —!"

The charcoal-man, while they were putting the handcuffs on him again, stammered: "Where are you taking me to? To the galleys? Oh, why? I never got so much as half a yard of land! If they'd told me what liberty was like —!"

SERAO

(1856-1927)

Matilde Serao was born in exile, the daughter of Francesco Serao, a Neapolitan journalist. Burdened with poverty, the family was permitted in 1859 to return to Naples. The troubles of this period appear in Matilde's novel *The Life and Adventures of Riccardo Joanna*. High-spirited and vigorous as a child, Matilde was exceedingly bored by the usual household duties and amusements. She disliked studies, and her parents, too poor to send her to school, could give her but a sketchy education at home. In 1874, as a telegraph operator, she did her first writing, putting down her impressions in firm, clear language, and she later wrote professionally for the magazines. She joined the literary circle of D'Annunzio and Martini, and met there Eduardo Scarfoglio, whom she married in 1885.

Like many others of her time, Matilde Serao wrote mostly of poor people. With great simplicity and vivacity she described the Italian life she knew; and because each of her characters seems to represent the qualities of a whole class, not simply of an individual, her writing is really a literature of the people. In spite of her journalistic style and her provincial vocabulary, her stories are often characterized by nobility and beauty.

The following translation is that of Anna Schenck in *Poet Lore*, XV, 1904.

• A STORY OF GREECE

This Story is not my own; I have heard it told and have had it repeated to me many times. During the long summer afternoons, during the long winter evenings, I would take a stool and sit at my mother's feet, leaning my head upon her knees. She, caressing with her soft delicate hand my wild and unruly hair, told me the legends of Greece, of our beautiful far off country for which our hearts were smitten with homesickness; hers, a sickness full of memories, mine, one fervent with hopes. Now my mother, the regrets, the hopes, all have vanished; but the legends softly buzz within my brain. This one like all the others is true.

The island of Santa Maura loomed dark. Those who passed at large in the Ionian Sea took it for a brown cliff, barren and uninhabited. The city, the countryside come to light behind an elbow of land; a small city built over a volcanic eruption, twice almost destroyed by the

eruption, with the probability of a complete destruction and disappearance under the waves of the sea; the countryside dotted with vines and olive trees. On the Island are land-owners, trades-people, agriculturalists and fishermen. The trading is in that small black raisin-grape with which England fills her tarts, buying them from Greece by the million. The rich trades-people send their sons to be educated in England and these young men return to the island towards the age of twenty-five to cultivate the grape; the daughters, the rich ones, are educated in some Parisian Seminary and return to the island at eighteen to marry a dealer in grapes. This small black grape, so delectable in the English plum-pudding, is the foundation of happiness, of love, of the whole of life in Santa Maura.

And yet Calliope Stavro hated the grape with intensity. At twenty she was a tall girl with a smart figure, a strange graceful face, brown beneath the fairness of her hair, with singular green eyes. She too had been educated in Paris, an education

frivolous and unfruitful. Her soul remained closed. At the Seminary her gay eccentric friends with the French spirit of demolition had made a mock to her of Greece, of the Greeks, of Lord Byron, Haydée and the raisin-grape. Then they had given her to read that clever, sincere, yet perfidious book of About's, '*La Grèce Contemporaine*.' Under this quick fire of ridicule many things in her had withered. She had renounced these dreams of her youth and had returned to the island, taciturn, never speaking of what she hated or of what she loved, but keeping on her young face the strained and weary impress of a discontented spirit. She was proud but more often indifferent; sometimes her shrill disdainful laugh would force its dissonant note into a conversation but more often there was no smile in her; she was at times capricious but more often an ignoble yawn distorted the fine line of her mouth; a deadly inertia spoiled the expression of her face.

Calliope Stavro was not poetical. She had a fiancé and would have married him quietly and without rebellion. He was a dealer in grapes. Tall, bony, with prominent reddish brown cheek bones, his whole face brick-colored, burned by the sun, his beard black, his eyes black, vivacious and deep-set, his fingers knotted. He was eighteen years older than his fiancée, which is the custom out there. A man of honor, rich, coarse, speaking a frightful French and a commercial English, loving the songs of Italy and the wine of Oporto, idolizing the grape, he was a good fiancé and would have been a perfect husband. He paid his addresses in the most rudely enamored way. Calliope Stavro accepted them without disgust but without pleasure. Little by little, in the recesses of her heart, she entered into a state of indifference, of atony. Her nights were dreamless. In the fine season, the flowery May, there came to Santa Maura a boy of twenty, Paul de Joanna, part Dalmatian, part Italian, reared in London, in Paris, in Florence. He was a traveller, a poet and rich — three harmonious egoisms. To complete the accord he was beautiful. The wave of his black hair, an unusual wave, not that of

the Bambino, but like Nero's, gave him the air of an antique God. His leonine eye with its audacious glance often belied the sweetness of his features, the softness of his face. More than beautiful he was seductive. Such men exist and they are pleasing to women. He smiled but rarely with those slow smiles which complete the look and underline the word. His voice, that irresistible charm, was deep and low. He spoke little. When his words rang out with enthusiasm, instead of growing red, he paled.

Paul stopped at Santa Maura through the caprice of the refined traveller who hates the great cities. He had letters to the rich of the island. He was warmly welcomed. Many of those brown, active, unpoetical Greeks, very lean and very enterprising, looked with suspicion upon this pale poet, happy and indolent, this beautiful boy, proud and rich, full of feminine languors, of interesting silences and mysterious glances. But he had with them that sweetness of manner, that amiable deference, that reserved cordiality which draws out affection. They ended by loving him with that Greek expansiveness, which so closely resembles the Italian.

He was not attentive to the girls, or rather he was attentive to them all, including Calliope Stavro.

When he rode about the streets of Santa Maura, a trim and handsome horseman, he smiled at every girl that appeared at the balconies with a profound bow and a significant look. He wrote beautiful verses in their albums, verses deep and impassioned that troubled those to whom they were addressed. On the pleasure parties he wandered in the woods, now with one, now with another, but he spoke of love to none. He willingly spent the summer nights in the open air strolling beneath the terraces fragrant with the perfume of roses, and no one knew under whose terrace he passed the most frequently. Though some may have felt for him a secret sympathy it was thus impossible to determine where his secret sympathy lay.

Yet he often went to the Stavros' house.

But he was so discreet, so charming in his simplicity, that there, they ended by adoring him. He took a lively interest in the affairs of Spiridione Stavro, the father of Calliope; he was the confidant in the love affairs of Nicolaki Stavro, the brother of Calliope, he sang at the piano Italian songs for Dionisio Catargi, the fiancé of Calliope. The servants were enamored of him, the girl alone neither loved him, nor hated him, as was her wont. She preserved her unsatisfied and disdainful aspect, a long and rancorous silence.

Paul questioned her often, probing her spirit. He tried to sound every chord, so as to find the harmony of this heart. But the spirit was hard and the heart without music. Nothing vibrated within her. In vain he spoke to her of Italy, of Italy heavenly and perfumed, wherein life is colored by love, from the tints of delicate silver-pink, to the dark deep red, the red that is almost black. In vain he told her of fair Dalmatia, bathed in melancholy by the cold, cerulean and evil Adriatic. She listened and sometimes the breath of an ironical smile lighted upon her lips. Paul noticed it and desisted. Calliope irritated him. She disturbed his Olympian calm.

Then, thinking that she was frivolous and vain, he brought her the French papers, the songs out of the new operas, the new books. They read them together. He read well with a voice in which a strange emotion rang. She sat and listened to these singular descriptions — these strange love scenes, now cold and grave, now ardent; she sat and listened but did not appear to hear. It often seemed as though she was profoundly bored by everything. She shrugged her shoulders as though wearied, but said nothing. Once they were alone. A week before Dionisio Catargi had gone into the country for the harvesting of the raisin-grape which takes place in July. Paul was reading a French novel, a love story. Calliope listened. Suddenly he stopped and looked at her. She was pale, with closed eyes. Inflamed by the pride of the seducer he leaned over and kissed her audaciously upon the lips; but her big green eyes opened and fixed him with such an icy

glance that he drew back, shut the book, and departed without a word.

He attempted to speak to her of art. Facing the serene horizons, facing the blue Ionian, with warm eloquent phrases he reconstructed those temples with their pure lines, with their immortal beauties. Those cities full of light and love, those gateways rearing into the air the high standard of the ideal. Farther back, still farther back, he told her of the stupendous reign of nature in which all was divine, the trees, the flowers, the streams; in which five thousand Gods peopled an Olympus; in which the nuptials of Earth and Sky threw into the air the immensity of passion, the murmur of kisses and the fragrance of love. She did not understand. Paul was silent, disgusted and weary, with dry lips and a bitter mouth.

It was later, in the height of summer, that he spoke to her of love. He had never spoken of it, neither to Calliope, nor to another. The face of the poet became as marble, hard and immovable, whenever the talk turned upon love. Drawn by an impulse, allowing himself to be borne whither his egotistical and mutable nature transported him, one evening he broke the silence. The subject excited him, exalted him. His ideas bubbled up, now incandescent as lava, now sceptical, now deprecatory. He contradicted himself, noticed the contradictions and explained them. The paradox unfolded its iridescent colors. All that was compressed within his spirit burst forth with the thundering of a torrent. His voice was now tremulous and low, now deep and sonorous, his eyes were vague, almost inspired, his gestures eloquent. The girl listened. He ended by saying that we have one only way to life and that is love, one only way to happiness and that is love, one only way to death and that is also love. Then he was silent. Calliope still listened.

* * *

There was dancing in the house of Stavro. It was December. An entertainment was being given in honor of Paolo de Joanna, who was leaving for

England. All the beautiful women, all the beautiful girls of the island were gathered together. Some certainly sighed after this stranger who was going off, so calm and happy, without caring about that which he left behind him. He danced with every one. Calliope also danced a great deal; the first waltz with Dionisio Catargi, her bony lover, who because the grape harvest had gone so splendidly was more than content and had given her a pair of diamond ear-rings. Now Calliope danced the quadrille, its figures called out in a nasal voice by a Greek master of ceremonies, with Paolo de Joanna. They conversed with an air of indifference, letting fall the words.

— "You will come back?"

— "I have promised to come back" — he answered her, evasively, and in Italian.

— "You will come back?" — she insisted stubbornly, as though she wished to force him to the truth.

— "No" — he said, stiffening in the fierce pride of his soul. "I will not come back."

The figure divided them. When the figure had reunited them:

— "Are you not sad?" — she asked.

— "I am never sad and never joyous, I am wise; be wise also."

— "I shall be" — answered Calliope, smiling sharply.

They rested. He still spoke to her quietly. She listened with lowered eyes, with a slight smile on her lips.

— "Dear girl, life is made up of these separations. They seem bitter, they are not. We must live philosophically, enjoying the pleasure of today, not weeping over that of yesterday, not desiring that of tomorrow."

— "That is true" — she answered tranquilly.

"Then" — he continued — "pleasure can only be intense by sacrificing its duration. To thrill profoundly one cannot thrill for a long time."

— "That is true" — and she went off to dance.

— When the girl returned he began his discourse again. — "Even love is a vulgar and common thing. We poetize it through pride, to make believe we are superior beings. Love does not maintain one of the promises which it makes. Love is useless."

— "That is true" — she said for the third time.

* * *

The high cliff juts out, black, into the frozen night. It is perpendicular, sharply cut, as with the blow of a gigantic hatchet. It seems as though the crest of rock could hardly be inhabited by the eagle. No light is rained upon it by the sparkling of the stars which look like polished steel. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass. An angular rock, barren, hard, livid as if with rage. A profound silence, the silence of the heights. Below the Ionian roars and breaks against the walls of the cliff. The girl appears. She does not hasten, she does not linger; there is no uncertainty in her rhythmic step. She does not weep, she does not moan. Having gained the summit, on the narrow platform, she pauses, looks down, long, as though listening. For an instant she lifts her arms to the sky, as a curse, as a threat, desperate. Then she loosens her beautiful blonde hair, looks at the dark Ionian, and throws herself over.

* * *

"O mother dear, what was Santa Maura called in ancient Greek?"

— "Leucade." —

— "The Leucade of Sappho, mother?"

— "The Leucade of Sappho."

She bowed her head and thought. I was silent.

* * *

The Gods of Greece are dead. The temple of Apollo is fallen in Leucade; the story of Sappho seems a fable. But the myth of love survives, eternal, implacable and smiling.

SPANISH

ALARCÓN

(1833-1891)

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón was born in Guadix in Granada of a noble but impoverished family. He received his bachelor's degree at the age of fourteen from the seminary of Guadix, and then studied law and theology. Deciding to become a writer, he, with two other men, founded a weekly magazine in Granada. His association with periodical publication soon drew him into politics, and he became a violent revolutionist. He took charge of a radical yellow sheet in Madrid, and as a result of published attacks on the queen was drawn into a duel. He escaped alive and continued to write until 1859, when he took part in the African campaign. In 1863 he began to write again for Liberal papers, and in 1866 suffered political exile. He went to Paris but returned the next year to Granada, where he wrote an epic which brought him the Liceo Gold Medal. In the meantime his marriage, and various other influences, had made him a conservative. Alarcón's writing is full of wit, is often maliciously witty. Subtle and dextrous as a painter of manners, he shows an extraordinary capacity for minute observation. In all his work there is brightness, vigor, and intelligence. Though he owed his popularity during his lifetime largely to his books of travels and his account of his experiences during the African campaign, he is now probably best known, at least in America, for his short stories and his novelettes of manners such as *The Three-Cornered Hat* and *Captain Poison*. Generally speaking, Alarcón ranks high among the many gifted authors whom Spain has produced during the nineteenth century.

The following translation is that of Jean Raymond Bidwell in Littel's *Living Age*, CCXXIII, 1899.

THE ALCALDE WHO WAS A
CHARCOAL-BURNER

I

Another day I will narrate the tragic events that preceded the entrance of the French into the Moorish town of Guadix, in order that it may be seen how its infuriated inhabitants maltreated and killed the mayor, Don Francisco Trujillo, who had been accused of having dared to go out to face the French Army with his three hundred countrymen, armed with guns, swords, knives and slings.

To-day, with no other purpose than to indicate the state in which affairs were when the heroic episode to which I am about to refer occurred, I will say that his Excellency, the *Señor Conde* Don Sebastiani, as the traitors called him, was Captain General of Grenada. The governor of the district of Guadix was General Godinot, successor to the Colonel of Dragoons, Monsieur Corbineau, who had the glory of occupying the city on the 16th of February, 1810.

Two months had passed since that detested date and Napoleon's troops continued to maintain good order in Guadix, and that town, famous for revolt and guerilla warfare, was already as quiet as a pool of oil. One scarcely even saw a good patriot hanging from the balcony of the town hall. The populace began to jabber French, and even the children knew how to say "didon" in speaking of the conquerors, which was a clear indication that the assimilation of the Spanish and French had made great progress. This led the dwellers beyond the Pyrenees to hope for a speedy union of the two countries. Already the grandmothers danced (the grandmothers of the grandsons of traitors, not mine, thank heaven!) they danced, I say, with the conquering officers of Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram, and it is said that some idle beauty had even looked with kindly eyes at this or that grenadier, dragoon or hussar born in distant lands.

All public documents of the reign of Fernando VII. had the following note

added, "Preserved for the reign of our king, Señor Don José Napoleon I." Those sons of Voltaire and Rousseau deigned to hear mass on Sundays and feast days, although the generals and superior officers listened, like atheists of the highest rank, lolling upon the chairs in the chancel and smoking huge pipes. The friars of San Agustín, San Diego, Santo Domingo and San Francisco had consumed all the sacred Host and had been driven from their convents in order that the latter might serve as quarters for the Gauls. In fact, all was peace, official joy and enthusiasm, under penalty of death, in the old court of those enemies of Christ, who reigned in Guadix by the grace of Allah and his prophet Mahomet.

II

Under these circumstances, the butcher of Guadix was obliged to close his doors because there were no more beasts to kill. The cows, oxen, calves, sheep, lambs and goats, — in fact, all the live stock of the territory had been devoured by those foreigners, besides all the hams, turkeys, chickens, fowls, pigeons and tame rabbits of the city, for no one had ever before seen human beings eat so much.

The country people, always frugal, kept on eating vegetables, raw, boiled or fried. But the conquerors needed meat — fresh meat, a good deal of it and that right soon.

In this dilemma, the French general remembered that the district of Guadix was made up of numerous towns, and that the greatest part of them were as yet unsubdued.

"It is necessary," he said to his troops, "that the protection of the Empire be extended throughout the country. March into all the cities, villages and farms under my command. Take them the good news of the arrival of Don José I. upon the throne of San Fernando. Take possession of them in his name, and bring me, upon your return, all the live stock that you find in their corrals and sheepfolds. Long live the Emperor!"

In obedience to this order, there marched ten or twelve columns of two hundred men each, in the direction of the Marquisate of Zenet, towards Gor, Los Montes and the towns situated upon the northern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Among the latter — and here we have the episode to which I referred when I took up my pen to-day, — nestling at the foot of the lofty snowy Mulhacem, lay the very old town of Lapeza, famed twenty leagues around for the indomitable character of its inhabitants, their Arabic appearance and half savage customs. It was celebrated in the Moorish wars, and its half ruined castle still brings to mind the name of its valiant governor, Bernardino de Villalta, a worthy adversary of the followers of Aben-Humeya.

It was the 15th of April in the year 1810. The town of Lapeza presented a strange appearance on that day: an appearance both ridiculous and grotesque, and yet capable of inspiring admiration and terror. Every approach to the town was shut off by a barricade of the trunks of oaks and other gigantic trees that the entire population had brought down from the neighboring hills; and with them they had made barricades not easily surmounted. As the greater part of the neighborhood was composed of charcoal-burners, and the remainder of wood-choppers and shepherds, this work was accomplished with an intelligence and celerity truly astonishing.

This stout wall of wood formed a kind of tower across the road leading from Guadix, on the outskirts of the town. Upon this tower the people of Lapeza had placed a formidable cannon, constructed by themselves from a huge trunk of oak which had been hollowed out by fire, bound with strong ropes and doubled wire. It was loaded to the muzzle with pounds of powder, a great number of bullets, stones, pieces of old iron and other projectiles of that sort. There were gathered here all the available arms of the village, consisting of a dozen muskets, more than twenty blunderbusses, a knife, dagger or razor for each person, three or four dozen wood

axes, huge piles of good-sized stones, and a veritable forest of cudgels and heavy-knobbed sticks.

As to the garrison, all contemporaries agree that there were about two hundred men. They could be called men only by excess of courtesy, because they seemed more like orang-outangs. Among the foremost in rank, deserving special mention, and one who gives an exact idea of the others, was the General of the Army, the Governor and the Alcalde of Lapeza, Manuel Atienza. Long may he rest in glory! He was highest in authority in the town, a man between forty-five and fifty years of age, tall as a cypress, raw-boned or gnarled (that is the true word) as an ash tree, and as strong as an oak. To tell the truth, his long employment as a charcoal-burner had so burned and blackened him that he looked more like an oak turned to charcoal. His finger-nails were like flint, his teeth like mahogany and his hands of bronze. His hair, disordered and filled with straw, was like undressed hemp both in quality and color. He had the neck of a wild boar. His breast, exposed by the unbuttoned shirt from shoulder to shoulder, seemed covered with horse-hide that had become wrinkled and hardened over the red-hot coals, and the bristly hair on his chest, and his heavy eyebrows as well, had been scorched and singed. This was because the Señor Alcalde was a charcoal-burner or a farmer of the hills, as they called themselves, and had spent all his life in the midst of a fire, like the souls in Purgatory.

With respect to Manuel Atienza's eyes, no one could deny that he saw, but no one would have dared to assert that he had ever looked one in the face. With intelligent ignorance added to a monkey-like malice and the caution of a man advanced in years, he never permitted himself to gaze at his interlocutors, lest they discover the limitations of his knowledge. If his glance was held for a moment, it was so vague, so mistrustful, that it seemed as if those pupils gazed inward, or as if the man must have eyes behind his ears like the lizards. His mouth was like that of an old mastiff. His forehead disappeared

under the encroachments of his hair, and his face shone like tanned leather. His voice, hoarse as the report of a blunderbuss, had certain harsh, brusque notes like the blows of the axe upon wood.

His dress was like that of the better class in those towns, and consisted of rude leather sandals, woollen stockings, short breeches and jacket of coarse dark cloth, a blue satin vest embroidered with yellow, a cartridge belt instead of a sash, and an enormous hat with a plush-covered brim. I will here add that his alcalde's staff was as high as his shoulder, and two black tassels, as big as oranges, testified that he was a man of authority. Such was the Alcalde of Lapeza, and all subordinates were under his rule. If you think the description exaggerated, remember that the race of *Lapezeños* has not degenerated with years. Go there, and you will be astounded as I was, that in Spain, in the middle of the 19th century, there should exist the wonders of Southern Africa.

III

The work of fortification was finished and the arms distributed. Atienza had sent Jacinto, the constable, to his house for a very old drum that was used in processions and when proclamations were made.

"Fall in," shouted Sindico, a man well skilled in the art of warfare, as he had served Carlos IV. in a company of huntsmen. The two hundred *Lapezeños* formed in line in front of the town hall.

Atienza grasped a large old sword with long cross-bars, thrust a pistol into his belt, and took his Alcalde's rod in his left hand like a marshal of France. Followed by his staff, composed of the town crier, the constable and the notary public, he reviewed his formidable hosts, who presented arms and then tossed their caps in the air.

"Long live the Señor Alcalde!" shouted those future heroes, to which Atienza replied: "It doesn't matter about the Alcalde. Long live God and Lapeza! Long live the Spanish independence!"

Having exchanged this warlike salute, his Excellency ordered Jacinto to play a quickstep, then he called the town crier to him, who repeated, very slowly, one by one, the words of the commander, the following proclamation — not written —

"Through the report of Uncle Piorno it has been learned that the enemy of the country is coming to-day to Lapeza to attack us and steal our possessions, but we, with the blessing of the priest and by the help of our patron saint, the Virgin of the Rosary, are going to defend ourselves like good Spaniards, and to show the town of Gaudix that, if it has surrendered to the French, the men of Lapeza know how to die as the soldiers of Madrid died on the second of May, or to conquer as the soldiers of Bailen conquered two years ago, and therefore the Alcalde wishes these men to know that he who does not die defending his honor will be declared an unworthy Spaniard — a traitor to his country — and he shall die as he deserves, hanged to an oak on the hillside."

"In testimony thereof, not knowing how to write, his Honor makes the usual cross, which the Notary will certify. Long live God! Long live the Virgin! Long live Fernando VII.! Death to Pepe Botellas! Death to the French! Death to Godinot! Death to the traitors!"

This warlike proclamation produced an extraordinary effect upon the men of Lapeza. Manuel Atienza made the cross with his fingers and kissed it. The secretary nodded his head. The town crier complimented the Alcalde upon his extemporaneous discourse. Jacinto again beat the drum, and shouts, dancing and patriotic hymns ended the almost comic prologue of a veritable tragedy.

"Each one to his place!" exclaimed Sindico. Some of the men climbed upon the wooden fortress, others guarded the cannon, which was provided with a long fuse. The shepherds, more dexterous in the management of the sling, climbed the Moorish castle. The gunners started out boldly on the Gaudix road, while the Al-

calde stationed himself upon a height that overlooked the future battlefield. Jacinto was by his side, so that by a quick beat on the drum he might give the signal to fire.

In the meantime, the priest once more blessed and absolved his courageous parishioners, and then, with the aid of the sacristan and gravedigger, he set about preparing bandages, holy oil and litters for the succor of the wounded and dying.

Nearly all the women were praying in the churches. As for the children, it had been arranged that morning to send all to the top of the Sierra Nevada, so that their lives would not be in danger, and that they might serve, in future years, to repel another foreign invasion.

At three o'clock a cloud of dust betrayed to the *Lapezeños* the proximity of the enemy. Shortly after came a few shots from the vanguard. The *Lapezeños* jumped with enthusiasm, and, at the same time, by the final order of the Señor Alcalde, they raised two or three flags, made of black kerchiefs, upon the old Moorish castle and the oak parapet.

The bells rang loudly, the old women began to scream and the boys to whistle. Stones were thrown and musket shots were heard in the road. A moment later the men fell back towards the town, reloading their guns. The first helmets and bayonets of the invading force glittered within range of the blunderbusses.

"How many are coming?" asked Manuel Atienza of one of his men.

"There are two hundred," he responded.

"We have equal forces," exclaimed the charcoal-burner, with disdainful arrogance, regardless of the fact that two hundred poorly armed countrymen did not mean the same thing as two hundred veterans, skilled in warfare and provided with excellent arms.

"But they have cavalry," said a second gunner.

"I repeat we are equal," said Manuel Atienza. "Now, Jacinto, beat your drum. Spain! and at them! Long live the Virgin!"

Jacinto gave the desired signal, and a shower of stones and bullets fell upon the Frenchmen.

A moment later they returned fire, killing five *Lapezeños*.

"Stop firing!" shouted the Alcalde. "They are still far off. Let them come nearer. You know the cannon is kept for the last resort. Don't touch the fuse until I wave my hat. You, ladies, be quiet and take care of the wounded."

"They are coming again!"

"It's nothing — they are quiet."

"They are aiming."

"Lie down, everybody!"

A second discharge was fired against the oak trunks, and the French advanced within twenty paces of the opposing forces. The foot soldiers fell back on each side of the road, leaving the cavalry to pass on.

"Fire!" exclaimed the Alcalde in a voice of thunder, as he waved his hat. He was exposed to the greatest danger.

Then what happened was horrible, inexpressible! Frenchmen and Spaniards fired at the same time, strewing the ground with corpses. The cavalry took advantage of this moment to approach the foot of the fortress, doubtless thinking they could easily destroy it.

Hundreds of stones were hurled down upon horses and riders, who began, on their part, to fight desperately. In the midst of that tumult and whirlwind of confusion, came the tremendous roar of the fearful cannonade, bringing death to besiegers and besieged. It seems that the cannon had burst as it was fired, and the oak trunk, rent in fragments, scattered the shot in all directions, in front, behind and on both sides. The explosion of so much powder had displaced the tree trunks upon which the cannon rested. These trunks fell and crushed Spaniards and Frenchmen together. There was a chaos of smoke, powder, groans, lamentations, shouts, flames and blood. There were dismembered corpses whose limbs were blown through the air and fell to earth with the balls, stones and other projectiles. Struggling, kicking horses tried to escape. The men of Lapeza who were still on foot struck blindly at friends or foes with their daggers, while from above came showers of bullets and stones. It was as if the end of the world had come.

In the midst of this tempest, in this Inferno, while the French cornet played the retreat, and the drum of Lapeza beat the general call to arms, the invincible Alcalde, the unconquerable Atienza, could be heard shouting frantically: "Give it to them, boys! Don't leave one! There can't be many left now!"

That was true enough, but it was also true that there were fewer Spaniards. The oak cannon had destroyed more Spaniards than Frenchmen; nevertheless, as the latter were ignorant of the means of defence that those "demons" still had in reserve, and were also ignorant of their number, besides being terrified by them, they thought only of saving themselves and beat a hasty retreat. The cavalry was mixed with the infantry — all was disorder. The soldiers, heedless of their officers' commands, attempted a retreat that greatly resembled a flight. They were pursued by those shepherds who still had ammunition for their slings and the gunners who possessed cartridges.

The conquerors of Egypt, Italy and Germany entered Gaudix that night at eight o'clock, having left one hundred comrades in Lapeza and on the road. They were wounded by stones and bullets, blackened by powder and covered with blood and sweat. That day an inferior force of shepherds and charcoal-burners had beaten them.

IV

A fearful epilogue followed the drama to which we have just referred.

Imagine the surprise and wrath of General Godinot when he learned what had happened in Lapeza.

"I shall not leave one stone upon another!" exclaimed the revengeful Gaul.

Four days later, two thousand, four hundred men started for Atienza's town under the command of a general, and with provisions and ammunition enough to besiege a fortified town.

That large army came in sight of Lapeza at nine o'clock in the morning. No one was to be seen in the road, not a shot was

fired, not a stone thrown. All was silence and solitude in the deserted city. The fortress of old trunks had not been rebuilt, and the church bells gave no signal of the enemy's approach. Thus the infuriated invaders entered the town. It may have seemed to them a sort of prophecy. Lapeza was not more deserted than was Moscow when entered by Napoleon the Great.

Even the wolves, surfeited with plunder, had returned to their lairs in the hills. Only a few women, who had come down that day to their abandoned homes in search of food, were found in the church where they had sought shelter, believing that the illustrious conquerors would respect the sanctuary.

But, no! Instead of strong men to conquer, the fortune of war had given them virtuous wives and innocent maidens to scoff at and maltreat. Let us not dwell on those infamies, so many times repeated by the European conquerors during their rule in Spain. Malediction upon those who added crime to victory!

Pleased and satisfied with themselves, these heroes were returning to Gaudix, carrying with them as their only prisoners a feeble old man, whom they had found in a hut, and a young boy who was attending him. Suddenly, there rushed down the mountain-side, like a precipitous torrent, the infuriated fathers, brothers and lovers, who had just learned, from an escaping fugitive, of the horrors committed.

Then began a tremendous conflict between the hundred men still under Atienza's orders and the twenty-four hundred French soldiers. Having made the challenge and started the fight, the men of Lapeza began to beat a retreat, hoping that the enemy would follow them into the dense forests of the mountain.

The Frenchmen were imprudent enough to fall into the trap, and, although it is true that their terrible arms almost anni-

hilated that handful of men, they paid for each life with ten of their own men.

The crags, the ravines and woods were strewn with French corpses. It was one of those skirmishes of the French army of which little is really known, and where the losses were not counted in the list of great battles, but which gave, at the end of the war of Independence, the enormous total of half a million imperial soldiers lost or dead in our peninsula.

Let us finish. Atienza, the invincible charcoal-burner, who had fought two battles in four days with Bonaparte's troops, stood on a high cliff surrounded by the French. He was lost! He loaded his blunderbuss with the last bullet. His head was bandaged, and he was covered with blood from a recent wound in the chest, but he still wore his judicial staff thrust through his belt like a muleteer. He responded to the suggestions of the French that he should surrender with outbursts of savage laughter that echoed far over the mountains. Bullets whistled around him, but he dodged them, jumping from one side to the other, leaping up, crouching down. Agile, swift, elastic as a tiger in his ceaseless movements, he inspired terror in his resistance as well as in his attack. He had fired his last shot when a ball struck him in the abdomen. A deep groan escaped his lips. He knew he was about to die. He threw away his blunderbuss, not without a look of anger at its uselessness, drew the long staff from his belt and said to a French colonel, who was urging him, in very bad Spanish, to surrender: "I will not surrender! I am the town of Lapeza. I will die rather than yield it!"

Breaking his staff, he tossed the pieces into the Frenchmen's faces. Then he threw himself backward and was dashed against the rocks of a deep ravine.

The enemy never obtained possession of his body.

NORWEGIAN

BJÖRNSON

(1832-1910)

Björnsterne Bjørnson, Norwegian poet, novelist, and dramatist, was born on a farm in Østerdal, Norway, the son of a pastor. At the University of Oslo he became interested in dramatic criticism and in 1857 was made director of the theater at Bergen. His first novel, *Synnöve Solbakken*, was finished the same year. At first devoting himself to the treatment of peasant life, Bjørnson next considered the development of national problems from the peasant's standpoint. To this period belongs one of his best pieces, *Sigurd Slembe* (1862). In 1865 he became director of the Oslo theater and produced *The Newly Married* and the romantic tragedy *Mary Stuart in Scotland*. To the third stage of his writing belong the realistic social dramas which began in 1874 with *A Bankruptcy* and *The Editor*. Others are *The New System* (1879), *The Gauntlet* (1883), and *Beyond Human Power* (1883). The social dramas were not well received, but *Beyond Human Power*, dealing with religious fanaticism, was very successful. Bjørnson's political views finally laid him open to the charge of treason, and he was forced to take refuge in Germany. Upon his return he imagined the theater practically closed to him; and he began, therefore, to express his views on education and heredity in novels, of which the most important are *In God's Way* and *Geography and Love*. He also composed poems which, though not numerous, are highly significant because they illustrate the author's love of nature and his intense patriotism. Bjørnson received the Nobel prize for literature in 1903.

The following translation is that of Rasmus B. Anderson in *Synnöve Solbakken, Arne, and Early Tales and Sketches*, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, 1890.

* A DANGEROUS WOOING

When Aslaug had become a grown-up girl, there was not much peace to be had at Huseby; for there the finest boys in the parish quarreled and fought night after night. It was worst of all on Saturday nights; but then old Knud Huseby never went to bed without keeping his leather breeches on, nor without having a birch stick by his bedside.

"If I have a daughter, I shall look after her, too," said old Huseby.

Thore Næset was only a houseman's son; nevertheless there were those who said that he was the one who came oftenest to see the gardman's daughter at Huseby. Old Knud did not like this, and declared also that it was not true, "for he had never seen him there." But people smiled slyly among themselves, and thought that, had he searched in the corners of the room instead of fighting with all those who were making a noise and uproar in the middle of the floor, he would have found Thore.

Spring came and Aslaug went to the sæter¹ with the cattle. Then, when the day was warm down in the valley, and the mountain rose cool above the haze, and when the bells tinkled, the shepherd dog barked, and Aslaug sang and blew the loor⁴ on the mountain side, then the hearts of the young fellows who were at work down on the meadow would ache, and the first Saturday-night they all started up to the mountain sæter, one faster than the other. But still more rapidly did they come down again, for behind the door at the sæter there stood one who received each of them as he came, and gave him so sound a whipping that he forever afterward remembered the threat that followed it, —

"Come again another time and you shall have some more."

According to what these young fellows knew, there was only one in the parish who could use his fists in this way, and that was Thore Næset. And these rich gardmen's sons thought it was a shame that

¹ A cottager.

² A farm-owner, much higher in rank than a houseman.

³ A mountain dairy.

⁴ An alpenhorn.

this houseman's son should cut them all out at the Huseby sæter.

So thought, also, old Knud, when the matter reached his ears, and said, moreover, that if there was nobody else who could tackle Thore, then he and his sons would try it. Knud, it is true, was growing old, but, although he was nearly sixty, he would at times have a wrestle or two with his eldest son, when it was too dull for him at some party or other.

Up to the Huseby sæter there was but one road, and that led straight through the gard. The next Saturday evening, as Thore was going to the sæter, and was stealing on his tiptoes across the yard, a man rushed right at his breast as he came near the barn.

"What do you want of me?" said Thore, and knocked his assailant flat on the ground.

"That you shall soon find out," said another fellow from behind, giving Thore a blow on the back of the head. This was the brother of the former assailant.

"Here comes the third," said old Knud, rushing forward to join the fray.

The danger made Thore stronger. He was as limber as a willow and his blows left their marks. He dodged from one side to the other. Where the blows fell he was not, and where his opponents least expected blows from him, they got them. He was, however, at last completely beaten; but old Knud frequently said afterwards that a stouter fellow he had scarcely ever tackled. The fight was continued until blood flowed, but then Huseby cried, —

"Stop!" and added, "If you can manage to get by the Huseby wolf and his cubs next Saturday night, the girl shall be yours."

Thore dragged himself homeward as best he could; and as soon as he got home he went to bed.

At Huseby there was much talk about the fight; but everybody said, —

"What did he want there?"

There was one, however, who did not say so, and that was Aslaug. She had expected Thore that Saturday night, and when she heard what had taken place

between him and her father, she sat down and had a good cry, saying to herself, —

"If I cannot have Thore, there will never be another happy day for me in this world."

Thore had to keep his bed all day Sunday; and Monday, too, he felt that he must do the same. Tuesday came, and it was such a beautiful day. It had rained during the night. The mountain was wet and green. The fragrance of the leaves was wafted in through the open window; down the mountain sides came the sound of the cow-bells, and some one was heard singing up in the glen. Had it not been for his mother, who was sitting in the room, Thore would have wept from impatient vexation.

Wednesday came and still Thore was in bed; but on Thursday he began to wonder whether he could not get well by Saturday; and on Friday he rose. He remembered well the words Aslaug's father had spoken: "If you can manage to get by the Huseby wolf and his cubs next Saturday, the girl shall be yours." He looked over toward the Huseby sæter again and again. "I cannot get more than another thrashing," thought Thore.

Up to the Huseby sæter there was but one road, as before stated; but a clever fellow might manage to get there, even if he did not take the beaten track. If he rowed out on the fjord below, and past the little tongue of land yonder, and thus reached the other side of the mountain, he might contrive to climb it, though it was so steep that a goat could scarcely venture there — and a goat is not very apt to be timid in climbing the mountains, you know.

Saturday came, and Thore stayed without doors all day long. The sunlight played upon the foliage, and every now and then an alluring song was heard from the mountains. As evening drew near, and the mist was stealing up the slope, he was still sitting outside of the door. He looked up the mountain, and all was still. He looked over toward the Huseby gard. Then he pushed out his boat and rowed round the point of land.

Up at the sæter sat Aslaug, through

with her day's work. She was thinking that Thore would not come this evening, but that there would come all the more in his stead. Presently she let loose the dog, but told no one whither she was going. She seated herself where she could look down into the valley; but a dense fog was rising, and, moreover, she felt little disposed to look down that way, for everything reminded her of what had occurred. So she moved, and without thinking what she was doing, she happened to go over to the other side of the mountain, and there she sat down and gazed out over the sea. There was so much peace in this far-reaching sea-view!

Then she felt like singing. She chose a song with long notes, and the music sounded far into the still night. She felt gladdened by it, and so she sang another verse. But then it seemed to her as if some one answered her from the glen far below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslaug. She went forward to the brink of the precipice, and threw her arms around a slender birch, which hung trembling over the steep. She looked down but saw nothing. The fjord lay silent and calm. Not even a bird ruffled its smooth surface. Aslaug sat down and began singing again. Then she was sure that some one responded with the same tune and nearer than the first time. "It must be somebody, after all." Aslaug sprang up and bent out over the brink of the steep; and there, down at the foot of a rocky wall, she saw a boat moored, and it was so far down that it appeared like a

tiny shell. She looked a little farther up, and her eyes fell on a red cap, and under the cap she saw a young man, who was working his way up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. "Dear me, who can that be?" asked Aslaug, as she let go of the birch and sprang far back.

She dared not answer her own question, for she knew very well who it was. She threw herself down on the greensward and took hold of the grass with both hands, as though it were *she* who must not let go her hold. But the grass came up by the roots.

She cried aloud and prayed God to help Thore. But then it struck her that this conduct of Thore's was really tempting God, and therefore no help could be expected.

"Just this once!" she implored.

And she threw her arms around the dog, as if it were Thore she were keeping from loosing his hold. She rolled over the grass with him, and the moments seemed years. But then the dog tore himself away. "Bow-wow," he barked over the brink of the steep and wagged his tail. "Bow-wow," he barked at Aslaug, and threw his forepaws up on her. "Bow-wow," over the precipice again; and a red cap appeared over the brow of the mountain and Thore lay in her arms.

Now when old Knud Huseby heard of this, he made a very sensible remark, for he said, —

"That boy is worth having; the girl shall be his."

SWEDISH

LAGERLÖF

(1858-)

Selma Lagerlöf, Swedish author, was born at Mårbacke in Vermland. After she had finished school and begun teaching, she won a prize in a competition in a weekly periodical. Her contribution was a series of chapters from *Gösta Berlings Saga* (1891). Later she published a group of stories of Vermland life as it was in 1830. After 1895 she spent most of her time writing. During a visit to Italy she gathered the material for *The Miracles of Antichrist* (1897), a novel depicting life in Sicily. She also made a journey to Palestine and upon her return published *Jerusalem* (1901-02). Since that time she has produced a large number of novels and

stories which have been translated into many languages. In 1909 she was awarded the Nobel prize for literature and in 1914 was made the first woman member of the Swedish Academy. An artist through and through, Selma Lagerlöf is particularly gifted in presenting moods of powerful effect. Her stories seldom fail to be stirring in either plot or treatment, and many of them are touched with mysticism, with that dark imaginativeness which marks the earliest Scandinavian writings.

The following translation is that of Jessie Brochner in *From a Swedish Homeslead*, New York, Doubleday, Page and Co., 1916.

THE PEACE OF GOD

Once upon a time there was an old farmhouse. It was Christmas-eve, the sky was heavy with snow, and the north wind was biting. It was just that time in the afternoon when everybody was busy finishing their work before they went to the bath-house to have their Christmas bath. There they had made such a fire 10 that the flames went right up the chimney, and sparks and soot were whirled about by the wind, and fell down on the snow-decked roofs of the outhouses. And as the flames appeared above the chimney of the bath-house, and rose like a fiery pillar above the farm, everyone suddenly felt that Christmas was at hand. The girl that was scrubbing the entrance floor began to hum, although the water was freezing in the bucket beside her. The men in the wood-shed who were cutting Christmas logs began to cut two at a time, and swung their axes as merrily as if log-cutting were a mere pastime.

An old woman came out of the pantry with a large pile of cakes in her arms. She went slowly across the yard into the large red-painted dwelling-house, and carried them carefully into the best room, and put 15 them down on the long seat. Then she spread the tablecloth on the table, and arranged the cakes in heaps, a large and a small cake in each heap. She was a singularly ugly old woman, with reddish hair, 20 heavy drooping eyelids, and with a peculiar strained look about the mouth and chin, as if the muscles were too short. But being Christmas-eve, there was such a joy and peace over her that one did not notice how ugly she was.

But there was one person on the farm who was not happy, and that was the girl who was tying up the whisks made of

birch twigs that were to be used for the baths. She sat near the fireplace, and had a whole armful of fine birch twigs lying beside her on the floor, but the withes with 5 which she was to bind the twigs would not keep knotted. The best room had a narrow, low window, with small panes, and through them the light from the bath-house shone into the room, playing on the floor and gilding the birch twigs. But the higher the fire burned the more unhappy was the girl. She knew that the whisks would fall to pieces as soon as one touched them, and that she would never 15 hear the last of it until the next Christmas fire was lighted.

Just as she sat there bemoaning herself, the person of whom she was most afraid came into the room. It was her master, Ingmar Ingmarson. He was sure to have been to the bath-house to see if the stove was hot enough, and now he wanted to see how the whisks were getting on. He was old, was Ingmar Ingmarson, and he was 25 fond of everything old, and just because people were beginning to leave off bathing in the bath-houses and being whipped with birch twigs, he made a great point of having it done on his farm, and having it done properly.

Ingmar Ingmarson wore an old coat of sheep's-skin, skin trousers, and shoes smeared over with pitch. He was dirty and unshaven, slow in all his movements, and came in so softly that one might very well have mistaken him for a beggar. His features resembled his wife's features and his ugliness resembled his wife's ugliness, for they were relations, and from the time the girl first began to notice anything she had learned to feel a wholesome reverence for anybody who looked like that; for it was a great thing to belong to the old family of the Ingmars, which had always

been the first in the village. But the highest to which a man could attain was to be Ingmar Ingmarson himself, and be the richest, the wisest, and the mightiest in the whole parish.

Ingmar Ingmarson went up to the girl, took one of the whisks, and swung it in the air. It immediately fell to pieces; one of the twigs landed on the Christmas table, another on the big four-poster.

'I say, my girl,' said old Ingmar, laughing, 'do you think one uses that kind of whisk when one takes a bath at the Ingmars', or are you very tender, my girl?'

When the girl saw that her master did not take it more seriously than that, she took heart, and answered that she could certainly make whisks that would not go to pieces if she could get proper withes to bind them with.

'Then I suppose I must try to get some for you, my girl,' said old Ingmar, for he was in a real Christmas humour.

He went out of the room, stepped over the girl who was scouring the floor, and remained standing on the doorstep, to see if there were anyone about whom he could send to the birch-wood for some withes. The farm hands were still busy cutting Yule logs; his son came out of the barn with the Christmas sheaf; his two sons-in-law were putting the carts into the shed so that the yard could be tidy for the Christmas festival. None of them had time to leave their work.

The old man then quietly made up his mind to go himself. He went across the yard as if he were going into the cowshed, looked cautiously round to make sure no one noticed him, and stole along outside the barn where there was a fairly good road to the wood. The old man thought it was better not to let anyone know where he was going, for either his son or his sons-in-law might then have begged him to remain at home, and old people like to have their own way.

He went down the road, across the fields, through the small pine forest into the birch-wood. Here he left the road, and waded in the snow to find some young birches.

About the same time the wind at last accomplished what it had been busy with the whole day: it tore the snow from the clouds, and now came rushing through the wood with a long train of snow after it.

Ingmar Ingmarson had just stooped down and cut off a birch twig, when the wind came tearing along laden with snow. Just as the old man was getting up the wind blew a whole heap of snow in his face. His eyes were full of snow, and the wind whirled so violently around him that he was obliged to turn round once or twice.

The whole misfortune, no doubt, arose from Ingmar Ingmarson being so old. In his young days a snowstorm would certainly not have made him dizzy. But now everything danced round him as if he had joined in a Christmas polka, and when he wanted to go home he went in the wrong direction. He went straight into the large pine forest behind the birch-wood instead of going towards the fields.

It soon grew dark, and the storm continued to howl and whirl around him amongst the young trees on the outskirts of the forest. The old man saw quite well that he was walking amongst fir-trees, but he did not understand that this was wrong, for there were also fir-trees on the other side of the birch-wood nearest the farm. But by-and-by he got so far into the forest that everything was quiet and still — one could not feel the storm, and the trees were high with thick stems — then he found out that he had mistaken the road, and would turn back.

He became excited and upset at the thought that he *could* lose his way, and as he stood there in the midst of the pathless wood he was not sufficiently clear-headed to know in which direction to turn. He first went to the one side and then to the other. At last it occurred to him to retrace his way in his own footprints, but darkness came on, and he could no longer follow them. The trees around him grew higher and higher. Whichever way he went, it was evident to him that he got further and further into the forest.

It was like witchcraft and sorcery, he thought, that he should be running about

the woods like this all the evening and be too late for the bathing. He turned his cap and rebound his garter, but his head was no clearer. It had become quite dark, and he began to think that he would have to remain the whole night in the woods.

He leant against a tree, stood still for a little, and tried to collect his thoughts. He knew this forest so well, and had walked in it so much, that he ought to know every single tree. As a boy he had gone there and tended sheep. He had gone there and laid snares for the birds. In his young days he had helped to fell trees there. He had seen old trees cut down and new ones grow up. At last he thought he had an idea where he was, and fancied if he went that and that way he must come upon the right road; but all the same, he only went deeper and deeper into the forest.

Once he felt smooth, firm ground under his feet, and knew from that, that he had at last come to some road. He tried now to follow this, for a road, he thought, was bound to lead to some place or other; but then the road ended at an open space in the forest, and there the snowstorm had it all its own way; there was neither road nor path, only drifts and loose snow. Then the old man's courage failed him; he felt like some poor creature destined to die a lonely death in the wilderness.

He began to grow tired of dragging himself through the snow, and time after time he sat down on a stone to rest; but as soon as he sat down he felt he was on the point of falling asleep, and he knew he would be frozen to death if he did fall asleep, therefore he tried to walk and walk; that was the only thing that could save him. But all at once he could not resist the inclination to sit down. He thought if he could only rest, it did not matter if it did cost him his life.

It was so delightful to sit down that the thought of death did not in the least frighten him. He felt a kind of happiness at the thought that when he was dead the account of his whole life would be read aloud in the church. He thought of how beautifully the old Dean had spoken about his father, and how something equally beautiful would be sure to be said about

him. The Dean would say that he had owned the oldest farm in the district, and he would speak about the honour it was to belong to such a distinguished family, and then something would be said about responsibility. Of course there was responsibility in the matter; that he had always known. One must endure to the very last when one was an Ingmar.

The thought rushed through him that it was not befitting for him to be found frozen to death in the wild forest. He would not have that handed down to posterity; and he stood up again and began to walk. He had been sitting so long that masses of snow fell from his fur coat when he moved. But soon he sat down again and began to dream.

The thought of death now came quite gently to him. He thought about the whole of the funeral and all the honour they would show his dead body. He could see the table laid for the great funeral feast in the large room on the first floor, the Dean and his wife in the seats of honour, the Justice of the Peace, with the white frill spread over his narrow chest; the Major's wife in full dress, with a low silk bodice, and her neck covered with pearls and gold; he saw all the best rooms draped in white — white sheets before the windows, white over the furniture; branches of fir strewn the whole way from the entrance-hall to the church; house-cleaning and butchering, brewing and baking for a fortnight before the funeral; the corpse on a bier in the inmost room; smoke from the newly-lighted fires in the rooms; the whole house crowded with guests; singing over the body whilst the lid of the coffin was being screwed on; silver plates on the coffin; twenty loads of wood burned in a fortnight; the whole village busy cooking food to take to the funeral; all the tall hats newly ironed; all the corn-brandy from the autumn drunk up during the funeral feast; all the roads crowded with people as at fair-time.

Again the old man started up. He had heard them sitting and talking about him during the feast.

'But how did he manage to go and get frozen to death?' asked the Justice of the

Peace. 'What could he have been doing in the large forest?'

And the Captain would say that it was probably from Christmas ale and corn-brandy. And that roused him again. The Ingmars had never been drunkards. It should never be said of him that he was muddled in his last moments. And he began again to walk and walk; but he was so tired that he could scarcely stand on his legs. It was quite clear to him now that he had got far into the forest, for there were no paths anywhere, but many large rocks, of which he knew there were none lower down. His foot caught between two stones, so that he had difficulty in getting it out, and he stood and moaned. He was quite done for.

Suddenly he fell over a heap of fagots. He fell softly on to the snow and branches, so he was not hurt, but he did not take the trouble to get up again. He had no other desire in the world than to sleep. He pushed the fagots to one side and crept under them as if they were a rug; but when he pushed himself under the branches he felt that underneath there was something warm and soft. This must be a bear, he thought.

He felt the animal move, and heard it sniff; but he lay still. The bear might eat him if it liked, he thought. He had not strength enough to move a single step to get out of its way.

But it seemed as if the bear did not want to harm anyone who sought its protection on such a night as this. It moved a little further into its lair, as if to make room for its visitor, and directly afterwards it slept again with even, snorting breath.

* * *

In the meantime there was but scanty Christmas joy in the old farm of the Ingmars. The whole of Christmas-eve they were looking for Ingmar Ingmarson. First they went all over the dwelling-house and all the outhouses. They searched high and low, from loft to cellar. Then they went to the neighbouring farms and inquired for Ingmar Ingmarson.

As they did not find him, his sons and his sons-in-law went into the fields and

roads. They used the torches which should have lighted the way for people going to early service on Christmas morning in the search for him. The terrible snowstorm had hidden all traces, and the howling of the wind drowned the sound of their voices when they called and shouted. They were out and about until long after midnight, but then they saw that it was useless to continue the search, and that they must wait until daylight to find the old man.

At the first pale streak of dawn everybody was up at Ingmar's farm, and the men stood about the yard ready to set out for the wood. But before they started the old housewife came and called them into the best room. She told them to sit down on the long benches; she herself sat down by the Christmas table with the Bible in front of her and began to read. She tried her best to find something suitable for the occasion, and chose the story of the man who was travelling from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

She read slowly and monotonously about the unfortunate man who was succoured by the good Samaritan. Her sons and sons-in-law, her daughters and daughters-in-law, sat around her on the benches. They all resembled her and each other, big and clumsy, with plain, old-fashioned faces, for they all belonged to the old race of the Ingmars. They had all reddish hair, freckled skin, and light-blue eyes with white eyelashes. They might be different enough from each other in some ways, but they had all a stern look about the mouth, dull eyes, and heavy movements, as if everything were a trouble to them. But one could see that they all, every one of them, belonged to the first people in the neighbourhood, and that they knew themselves to be better than other people.

All the sons and daughters of the house of Ingmar sighed deeply during the reading of the Bible. They wondered if some good Samaritan had found the master of the house and taken care of him, for all the Ingmars felt as if they had lost part of their own soul when a misfortune happened to anyone belonging to the family.

The old woman read and read, and came to the question: 'Who was neighbour unto him that fell amongst thieves?' But before she had read the answer the door opened and old Ingmar came into the room.

'Mother, here is father,' said one of the daughters; and the answer, that the man's neighbour was he who had shown mercy unto him, was never read.

* * *

Later in the day the housewife sat again in the same place, and read her Bible. She was alone; the women had gone to church, and the men were bear-hunting in the forest. As soon as Ingmar Ingmarson had eaten and drunk, he took his sons with him and went out to the forest; for it is every man's duty to kill a bear wherever and whenever he comes across one. It does not do to spare a bear, for sooner or later it will get a taste for flesh, and then it will spare neither man nor beast.

But after they were gone a great feeling of fear came over the old housewife, and she began to read her Bible. She read the lesson for the day, which was also the text for the Pastor's sermon; but she did not get further than this: 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men.' She remained sitting and staring at these words with her dull eyes, now and again sighing deeply. She did not read any further, but she repeated time after time in her slow, drawling voice, 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men.'

The eldest son came into the room just as she was going to repeat the words afresh.

'Mother!' he said softly.

She heard him, but did not take her eyes from the book whilst she asked:

'Are you not with the others in the forest?'

'Yes,' said he, still more softly, 'I have been there.'

'Come to the table,' she said, 'so that I can see you.'

He came nearer, but when she looked at him she saw that he was trembling. He had to press his hands hard against the edge of the table in order to keep them still.

'Have you got the bear?' she asked again.

He could not answer; he only shook his head.

The old woman got up and did what she had not done since her son was a child. She went up to him, laid her hand on his arm, and drew him to the bench. She sat down beside him and took his hand in hers.

'Tell me now what has happened,' my boy.'

The young man recognised the caress which had comforted him in bygone days when he had been in trouble and unhappy, and he was so overcome that he began to weep.

'I suppose it is something about father?' she said.

'It is worse than that,' the son sobbed.

'Worse than that?'

The young man cried more and more violently; he did not know how to control his voice. At last he lifted his rough hand, with the broad fingers, and pointed to what she had just read: 'Peace on earth. . . .'

'Is it anything about that?' she asked.

'Yes,' he answered.

'Is it anything about the peace of Christmas?'

'Yes.'

'You wished to do an evil deed this morning?'

'Yes.'

'And God has punished us?'

'God has punished us.'

So at last she was told how it had happened. They had with some trouble found the lair of the bear, and when they had got near enough to see the heap of fagots, they stopped in order to load their guns. But before they were ready the bear rushed out of its lair straight against them. It went neither to the right nor to the left, but straight for old Ingmar Ingmarson, and struck him a blow on the top of the head that felled him to the ground as if he had been struck by lightning. It did not attack any of the others, but rushed past them into the forest.

In the afternoon Ingmar Ingmarson's wife and son drove to the Dean's house to announce his death. The son was spokesman, and the old housewife sat and listened with a face as immovable as a stone figure.

The Dean sat in his easy-chair near his writing-table. He had entered the death in the register. He had done it rather slowly; he wanted time to consider what he should say to the widow and the son, for this was, indeed, an unusual case. The son had frankly told him how it had all happened, but the Dean was anxious to know how they themselves looked at it. They were peculiar people, the Ingmars.

When the Dean had closed the book, the son said:

'We wanted to tell you, sir, that we do not wish any account of father's life to be read in church.'

The Dean pushed his spectacles over his forehead and looked searchingly at the old woman. She sat just as immovable as before. She only crumpled the handkerchief a little which she held in her hand.

'We wish to have him buried on a week day,' continued the son.

'Indeed!' said the Dean.

He could hardly believe his own ears. Old Ingmar Ingmarson to be buried without anyone taking any notice of it! The congregation not to stand on railings and mounds in order to see the display when he was being carried to the grave!

'There will not be any funeral feast. We have let the neighbours know that they need not think of preparing anything for the funeral.'

'Indeed, indeed!' said the Dean again.

He could think of nothing else to say. He knew quite well what it meant for such people to forego the funeral feast. He had seen both widows and fatherless comforted by giving a splendid funeral feast.

'There will be no funeral procession, only I and my brothers.'

The Dean looked almost appealingly

at the old woman. Could she really be a party to all this? He asked himself if it could be her wishes to which the son had given expression. She was sitting there and allowing herself to be robbed of what must be dearer to her than gold and silver.

'We will not have the bells rung, or any silver plates on the coffin. Mother and I wish it to be done in this way, but we tell you all this, sir, in order to hear, sir, if you think we are wronging father.'

Now the old woman spoke:

'We should like to hear if your Reverence thinks we are doing father a wrong.' The Dean remained silent, and the old woman continued, more eagerly:

'I must tell your Reverence that if my husband had sinned against the King or the authorities, or if I had been obliged to cut him down from the gallows, he should all the same have had an honourable funeral, as his father before him, for the Ingmars are not afraid of anyone, and they need not go out of their way for anybody. But at Christmas God has made peace between man and beast, and the poor beast kept God's commandment, whilst we broke it, and therefore we now suffer God's punishment; and it is not becoming for us to show ostentatious display.'

The Dean rose and went up to the old woman.

'What you say is right,' he said, 'and you shall follow the dictates of your own conscience.' And involuntarily he added, perhaps most to himself: 'The Ingmars are a grand family.'

The old woman straightened herself a little at these words. At that moment the Dean saw in her the symbol of her whole race. He understood what it was that had made these heavy, silent people, century after century, the leaders of the whole parish.

'It behooves the Ingmars to set the people a good example,' she said. 'It behooves us to show that we humble ourselves before God.'

FRENCH

BALZAC

(1799-1850)

Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, but soon went to Paris, where he remained until his death. During his earlier years he operated a publishing house and put out many books under an assumed name. His public literary career began with *The Last of the Chouans* in 1829. From that time on he wrote, with intense application and incredible speed, the enormous number of novels which constitutes the *Comédie Humaine*. It was his intention that this series should treat at some length in novel form every phase of human nature to be found in the French life of his day. The result is one of the largest and most complete societies that ever populated the work of one man. The *Comédie Humaine* includes nearly a hundred titles of novels and shorter works, and over two thousand characters. There has perhaps never been an author who has described with more detailed accuracy not only the quality, position, and appearance of his characters but their environment as well, sometimes even to the minutest piece of bric-à-brac. Another distinction of his treatment is his emphasis on some central personal trait in each of his characters. It is consistent with Balzac's theory that he is most successful in representing miserliness; there are few figures more complete and more devastating, more unforgettable, than Father Goriot, in the novel by that name, whose miserliness is the result of an absorbing devotion to two unappreciative daughters. Balzac's characters are largely creations of a remarkable memory and of a prodigious imagination. His style is frequently marred by incoherence, lack of taste, and inaccuracies; but his writing is generally laden with a rich and varied cargo. Balzac has been characterized as "a realist attacked by nightmares of romance." In spite of his romantic mysticism and idealism, he remains the first and the most important of modern French realists. His influence both in France and abroad is literally incalculable. Henry James, the distinguished Anglo-American critic and realist, referred to Balzac as "the master of us all." Among Balzac's most famous novels are *Eugénie Grandet* (1834), *Father Goriot* (1835), and *César Birrolleau* (1837).

The following translation of *The Unknown Masterpiece* (1832) is that of G. Burnham Ives in *Philosophic Studies*, Vol. III, George Barrie's Sons, Philadelphia, 1899.

THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE

I

GILLETTE

In the last days of the year 1612, on a cold December morning, a young man, whose clothing seemed very thin, was promenading before the door of a house on Rue des Grands-Augustins, Paris. After walking back and forth for a long while with the irresolution of a lover who dares not call upon his first mistress, however kind she may be, he at last crossed the threshold and inquired if Maître François Porbus were at home. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative from an old woman who was sweeping one of the lower rooms, the young man slowly ascended the stairs, pausing from step to step like a courtier of recent date, anxious concerning the reception he may meet with at the king's hands. When he reached the top of the winding stairway, he stood for a moment on the landing, uncertain whether he should lift the 5 fantastic knocker that embellished the door of the studio in which Henri IV.'s painter, abandoned by Marie de Médicis for Rubens, was in all probability at work. The young man felt the profound emotion which must cause the heart of every great artist to beat fast, when, in the flower of youth and of his love for art, he enters the presence of a man of genius or of a masterpiece. There exists in all human 10 sensations a primitive flower, engendered by a noble enthusiasm which grows constantly weaker and weaker until happiness has become naught but a memory and glory a lie. Among these frail pas- 15 sions, there is none that so closely resembles love as the youthful passion of an artist beginning to undergo the blissful

torture of his destiny of glory and disaster — a passion overflowing with audacity and modesty, with vague beliefs and certain discouragement. The man who, with slender purse and genius that is budding, has not trembled with emotion upon presenting himself before a master, will always lack a chord in his heart, an indefinable touch of the brush, true feeling in his work, a certain poetry of expression. If some braggarts, puffed up with their own conceit, begin too soon to believe in their future, they are wise men in the judgment of none but fools. Upon that theory, the unknown youth seemed to possess genuine talent, if talent is to be measured by this initial timidity, this indefinable modesty which those who are destined to achieve renown are likely to lose in the exercise of their professions, as a pretty woman loses hers in the devious paths of coquetry. Familiarity with triumph lessens doubt, and modesty may perhaps be called a doubt.

Crushed by poverty and surprised at that moment by his own presumption, the poor neophyte would not have entered the studio of the painter to whom we owe the admirable portrait of Henry IV., had not chance sent him an extraordinary re-enforcement. An old man ascended the staircase. By the peculiarities of his costume, the magnificence of his lace ruff, the ponderous self-assurance of his tread, the young man divined that the new-comer was either the patron or the friend of the painter; he stepped back on the landing to make room for him, and examined him with interest, hoping to recognize in him the good nature of the artist or the obliging disposition of those who love the arts; but it seemed to him that there was a diabolical cast to the face, and that indefinable something that makes an artist's mouth water. Imagine a bald, protruding, prominent brow, overhanging a little, flat nose, turned up at the end like Rabelais's or Socrates's; a smiling, wrinkled mouth, a short chin held jauntily aloft, and embellished with a gray beard trimmed to a point, sea-green eyes which were apparently dimmed by age, but which, in a paroxysm of anger or enthusiasm,

were capable of magnetic flashes in striking contrast to the mother-of-pearl sea in which the pupils floated. The face was strangely seamed, too, by the exhaustion of old age, and even more by the thoughts that undermine body and mind alike. The eyes had no lashes, and one could barely detect a trace of eyebrows above their jutting arches. Place that head upon a slender, fragile body, surround it with lace of dazzling whiteness and of a pattern as intricate as that of a silver fish-slice, throw a heavy gold chain over the old man's black doublet, and you will have a feeble idea of the personage to whom the dim light of the stairway imparted an even more fantastic appearance. You would have said that it was one of Rembrandt's canvases, without a frame, walking silently through the dark atmosphere which that great painter made his own. The old man cast a knowing glance at his junior, knocked three times at the door, and said to a sickly-looking man of about forty, who opened it:

"Good-morning, master."

Porbus bowed respectfully; he admitted the young man, thinking that he had come with the other, and was the less disturbed by his presence because the neophyte could not shake off the spell cast upon born painters by the aspect of the first studio they see, in which some of the material processes of art are disclosed to them. A skylight in the roof lighted Master Porbus's studio. Concentrated upon a canvas which stood on the easel, and which bore only three or four light strokes as yet, the daylight did not reach the black depths of the corners of that vast room; but a few stray gleams lighted up the silvery eye in the centre of a reiter's cuirass hanging on the wall in the ruddy shadow, streaked with a sudden furrow of light the carved and waxed cornice of an old-fashioned dresser laden with curious vessels, or studded with bright specks the rough surface of divers old, gold brocade curtains with heavy, irregular folds, which lay about here and there as patterns. Plaster manikins, trunks and limbs of antique goddesses, lovingly polished by the kisses of centuries, were strewn over shelves

and consoles. Innumerable sketches, studies in three colors, in red lead or pen and ink, covered the walls to the ceiling. Boxes of paints, bottles of oil and essences, and overturned stools left only a narrow passage to the circle of light projected by the high stained-glass skylight, whose rays fell full upon Porbus's pale face and the ivory skull of the strange old man. The young man's attention was soon directed exclusively upon a picture which had already become famous in those days of turmoil and revolution, and which was visited by some of those self-willed individuals to whom we owe the keeping alive of the sacred fire in evil days. The lovely canvas represented *Marie the Egyptian* preparing to pay the boatman. That masterpiece, painted for Marie de Médicis, was sold by her in her days of poverty.

"I like your saint," said the old man to Porbus, "and I would pay you ten gold crowns over and above the price the queen gives you; but to enter into competition with her — the devil!"

"Do you think well of it?"

"Hm!" exclaimed the old man, "do I think well of it? — yes and no. Your good woman is not badly put together, but she is not alive. You artists think that you have done all that is necessary when you have drawn a figure correctly, and put everything in its place according to the laws of anatomy! You color the features with a flesh tone mixed beforehand on your palette, taking care to keep one side darker than the other, and, because you glance from time to time at a naked woman standing on the table, you think that you have copied nature, you fancy that you are painters and have stolen God's secret! P-r-r-r! In order to be a great poet, it is not enough to know syntax thoroughly, and to make no mistakes in grammar! Look at your saint, Porbus! At first glance, she seems admirable; but when you look again, you see that she is glued to the canvas, and that you cannot walk around her. She is a silhouette with a single face, a cut out figure, an image which cannot turn or change its position. I feel no air blowing between that arm and the

background of the picture; space and depth are lacking; and yet the perspective is perfect, and the gradation of colors in the sky is excellently done; but, notwithstanding your praiseworthy efforts, I could never believe that that lovely body was animated by the warm breath of life. It seems to me that, if I should place my hand upon that firm, round throat, I should find it as cold as marble! No, my friend, the blood is not flowing beneath that ivory skin, life does not inflate with its purple dew the veins and arteries entwined in an inextricable network beneath the transparent amber-hued skin of the temples and the breast. In this place, there is palpitating life, but that other is motionless, life and death contend together in each detail: here it is a woman, there a statue, and there a corpse. Your creation is incomplete. You have succeeded in breathing only a portion of your soul into your cherished work. The torch of Prometheus has gone out more than once in your hands, and many portions of your picture have not been touched by the heavenly flame."

"But why do you say so, my dear master?" said Porbus, respectfully, to the old man, while the younger with difficulty restrained a powerful impulse to strike him.

"Ah! there you are," replied the little old man. "You have wavered uncertainly between two systems, between drawing and coloring, between the painstaking phlegm, the stiff precision, of the old German masters, and the dazzling ardor, the happy fertility, of the Italian painters. You have tried to imitate at one and the same time Hans Holbein and Titian, Albert Dürer and Paul Veronese. Surely that was a superb ambition! But what has been the result? You have achieved neither the severe charm of sharpness of outline, nor the deceitful fascination of the *chiaro-oscuro*.¹ In that spot, like bronze in a state of fusion bursting its too fragile mould, the rich, light coloring of the Titian has overflowed the meagre Albert Dürer outline in which you cast it. Elsewhere, the features have resisted and held in

¹ Clear-obscuré.

check the magnificent outpouring of the Venetian palette. Your face is neither perfectly drawn nor perfectly painted, and bears everywhere the traces of this unfortunate indecision. If you did not feel that you were strong enough to melt together in the fire of your genius the two rival methods, you should have chosen definitely one or the other, in order to obtain the unity which corresponds with one of the essential conditions of life. You are true only in the middle portions, your outlines are false, they do not overlap one another, and do not look as if there were anything behind. There is truth here," said the old man, pointing to the saint's breast; "and here," he continued, indicating the point on the canvas where the shoulder came to an end. "But here," he exclaimed, returning to the middle of the throat, "all is false. Let us not analyze it, it would drive you to despair."

The old man seated himself on a stool, hid his face in his hands, and was silent.

"And yet, master," said Porbus, "I studied that throat with great care in the model; but, unhappily for us, there are genuine effects in nature which do not seem probable on canvas —"

"The mission of art is not to copy nature, but to give expression to it! You are not a base copyist, but a poet!" cried the old man, earnestly, interrupting Porbus with an imperious gesture. "Otherwise, a sculptor would end all his labors in merely moulding women. But try to mould your mistress's hand and place it before you; you will find a horrible dead thing without any resemblance, and you will be compelled to have recourse to the chisel of the man who, without copying it for you exactly, will instil movement and life into it. We have to grasp the spirit, the soul, the features, of things and beings. Effects! effects! why, they are the accidents of life, and not life itself. A hand — as I have taken that example — a hand is not simply a part of the body, it expresses and continues a thought which we must grasp

and render. Neither the poet nor the painter nor the sculptor should separate cause and effect, which are inextricably bound up in each other! There is the real struggle! Many painters triumph instinctively, knowing nothing of this canon of art. You draw a woman, but you do not see her! Not thus do we succeed in forcing nature to yield up her secrets. Your hand reproduces, unconsciously on your part, the model you have copied in your master's studio. You do not go down far enough into the intimate knowledge of form, you do not pursue it with sufficient love and perseverance in its windings and its flights. Beauty is a stern, uncompromising thing, which does not allow itself to be attained in that way; you must bide its time, keep watch upon it, press it close, and hold it fast to force it to surrender. Form is a Proteus¹ much more difficult to seize, and much more prolific in changes of aspect than the fabled Proteus; only after a long contest can one force it to show itself in its real shape. You are content with the first view that it presents to you, or with the second or the third, at all events: but that is not the way that victorious fighters act! The unvanquished painters never allow themselves to be deceived by all these will-o'-the-wisps, they persevere until nature is driven to show itself to them all naked and in its true guise. Such was the course pursued by Raphael," said the old man, removing his black velvet cap to express the respect inspired in him by the king of art: "his great superiority is due to the instinctive sense which, in him, seems to desire to shatter form. Form is, in his figures, what it is in ourselves, an interpreter for the communication of ideas and sensations, an exhaustless source of poetic inspiration. Every figure is a world in itself, a portrait of which the original appeared in a sublime vision, in a flood of light, pointed to by an inward voice, laid bare by a divine finger which showed what the sources of expression had been in the

¹ Proteus, the prophetic old man of the sea, must be seized and held by anyone wishing to learn futurity from him. As soon as he was seized he assumed every possible shape in order to escape the necessity of prophesying. But when he saw that his endeavors were of no avail, he resumed his usual form and told the truth.

whole past life of the subject. You give your women fine dresses of flesh, lovely draperies of hair, but where is the blood that engenders tranquillity or passion, and causes its peculiar effects? Your saint was a brunette, but this one, my poor Porbus, is more nearly a blonde! Your people, therefore, are pale, colored phantoms which you parade before our eyes, and you call that painting and art! Because you have produced something which resembles a woman more than a house, you think that you have gained your end, and, proud beyond measure because you are no longer obliged to write beneath your figures: *currus venustus* or *pulcher homo*, as did the early painters, you fancy that you are wonderful artists! Aha! not yet, my excellent friends! you must wear out many brushes, cover many canvases, before you reach that stage! Assuredly a woman carries her head in that way, she holds her skirt so, her eyes have that languishing, melting expression of gentle resignation, the fluttering shadow of the eyelashes wavers so upon her cheeks! It is true and it is not true. What does it lack? a mere nothing, but that nothing is everything. You produce the appearance of life, but you do not express its overflowing vitality, that indefinable something which is the soul, perhaps, and which floats mistily upon the surface, — in a word, that flower of life that Titian and Raphael grasped. Starting from the last point you have reached, excellent results in painting might perhaps be attained, but you grow weary too quickly. The vulgar herd admires, and the true connoisseur smiles. O Mabuse, O my master," added this extraordinary individual, "you are a thief, you carried life away with you! — However," he continued, "this canvas is preferable to the paintings of that varlet Rubens, with his mountains of Flemish flesh sprinkled with vermilion, his waves of red hair and his medley of colors. At all events, you have harmonious coloring there, and accurate drawing, and sentiment, the three essential elements of art."

"Why, that saint is sublime, goodman!"

cried the young man, in a loud voice, rousing himself from a profound reverie. "The two figures of the saint and the boatman have a subtlety of expression unknown to the Italian painters; I do not know of one who could have represented with such art the boatman's indecision."

"Is this little knave with you?" Porbus asked the old man.

"Alas! master, pray pardon my presumption," replied the neophyte, blushing hotly. "I am unknown, a dauber of canvases by instinct, and only lately arrived in this city, the fountain of all knowledge."

"To work!" said Porbus, handing him a red pencil and a sheet of paper.

The unknown rapidly copied the *Marie* almost at a stroke.

"Oho!" cried the old man. "Your name?"

The youth wrote below the sketch: "Nicolas Poussin."¹

"That is not bad for a beginner," said the strange personage who harangued so wildly. "I see that we can talk painting before you. I do not blame you for admiring Porbus's saint. It is a masterpiece in the eyes of the world, and only those who are admitted to the deepest secrets of art can discover wherein it sins. But, since you are deserving of the lesson and are capable of understanding it, I am going to show you how little is needed to complete the work. Be all eyes and all attention, for such an opportunity to learn may never be offered you again. — Porbus, your palette!"

Porbus produced palette and brushes. The little old man turned up his sleeves with a quick, convulsive movement, passed his thumb through the palette, daubed and covered with colors, which Porbus handed to him; he snatched rather than took from his hands a handful of brushes of all sizes, and his pointed beard twitched sharply with the restless efforts that betrayed the passionate concupiscence of an amorous imagination. As he dipped his brush in the paint, he muttered between his teeth:

"These colors are good for nothing but

¹ A French historical painter, 1594-1665.

to be thrown out of the window with the man who made them; they are disgustingly crude and false! How can one paint with such stuff?"

Then, with feverish animation, he dipped the end of the brush in the different mounds of color, sometimes running over the whole assortment more rapidly than a cathedral organist runs his fingers over his whole keyboard in the *O Filii* at Easter.

Porbus and Poussin stood like statues beside the canvas, absorbed in the most intense contemplation.

"You see, young man," said the old man, without turning his head, "you see how, with three or four strokes and a touch of bluish varnish, we can make the air circulate around the head of the poor saint, who must have felt as if she were stifling and unable to move in that dense atmosphere! See how the drapery flutters now, and how readily you understand that the breeze is raising it! It seemed before like starched cloth held up by pins. Do you see how well the satiny polish I have given the breast represents the smooth softness of a young girl's skin, and how the mixture of red-brown and burnt ochre warms up the gray coldness of that place in the shadow where the blood formed in clots instead of flowing? Young man, young man, no master could teach you what I am showing you now. Mabuse alone possessed the secret of imparting life to figures. Mabuse had but one pupil, myself. I have had none, and I am an old man! You have enough intelligence to divine the rest from the glimpse I give you."

As he talked, the singular old man touched all the different parts of the picture: here two strokes of the brush, there a single one, but always so aptly, that the result was almost a new painting, but a painting dipped in light. He worked with such passionate ardor that the perspiration stood on his bald head; all his motions were so impatient and abrupt, that it seemed to young Poussin that there must be a devil in his body, acting through his hands and forcing them to perform all sorts of fantastic antics against

the man's will. The supernatural brilliancy of his eyes, the convulsive movements which seemed to be the effect of resistance to something, gave to that idea a semblance of truth well calculated to act upon a youthful imagination. He worked on, saying:

"Paf! paf! paf! this is the way we do it, young man! — Come, my little strokes, come and brighten up this frigid tone for me! Well! well! Pon! pon! pon!" he continued, giving a warm tone to the parts in which he had pointed out a lack of life, making differences of temperament disappear beneath a few daubs of color and producing the requisite unity of tone to depict a hot-blooded Egyptian. — "You see, my boy, it's only the last stroke of the brush that counts. Porbus has made hundreds, I add but one. No one gives us any credit for what is underneath. Understand that!"

At last, the demon paused, and said, turning to Porbus and Poussin, who were struck dumb with admiration:

"That is not equal to my *Belle Noiseuse* yet; however, a man could afford to put his name at the bottom of such a work. Yes, I would sign it," he added, rising to get a mirror in which he looked at it. — "Now, let us go to breakfast," he said. "Come to my house, both of you. I have some smoked ham and some good wine! — Yes! yes! bad as the times are, we will talk painting! We are strong men. — Here is a little fellow," he added, laying his hand on Nicolas Poussin's shoulder, "who has facility of execution."

Noticing the Norman's shabby cap, he drew a leather purse from his girdle, took two gold pieces from it, and said, as he handed them to him:

"I will buy your sketch."

"Take them," said Porbus to Poussin, seeing that he started and blushed with shame, for the young adept had a poor man's pride. "Take them, he has the ransom of two kings in his wallet!"

All three left the studio, and walked along together, conversing upon art, until they reached a fine wooden house near Pont Saint-Michel, the decorations of which, the carvings around the windows,

the arabesques and the knocker, filled Poussin with admiration. The would-be painter suddenly found himself in a room on the ground-floor, in front of a rousing fire, beside a table laden with appetizing dishes, and, by incredible good-fortune, in the company of two great artists overflowing with good-humor.

"Young man," said Porbus, noticing that he was gazing in rapt admiration at a picture, "do not look too closely at that canvas, or it will drive you to despair."

It was the *Adam* which Mabuse painted to obtain his release from the prison in which his creditors kept him for so long a time. The face was so strikingly lifelike, that Nicolas Poussin began at that moment to understand the real meaning of the old man's confused words. The latter glanced at the picture with a gratified air, but without enthusiasm, as if to say: "I have done better!"

"There is life there," he said, "my poor master surpassed himself; but still there is a lack of truth in the background of the picture. The man is thoroughly alive, he rises and seems to walk toward us. But the air, the sky, the wind, which we breathe and see and feel, are not there. Again, there is nothing there but a man! Now, the only man who ever came forth directly from the hands of God should have a something divine, which is lacking in that picture. Mabuse himself said so with vexation, when he was not drunk."

Poussin looked from the old man to Porbus with restless curiosity. He walked toward the latter as if to ask him their host's name; but the painter put his finger to his lips with a mysterious air, and the young man, intensely interested, held his peace, hoping that some word would fall, sooner or later, which would enable him to discover the name of his host, whose wealth and talent were sufficiently attested by the respectful demeanor of Porbus, and by the treasures heaped up in that room.

Poussin, spying a magnificent portrait of a woman on the dark oak wainscoting, cried out:

"What a beautiful Giorgione!"

"No," replied the old man, "that is one of my earliest daubs."

"*Tudieu!* then I must be in the presence of the god of painting!" exclaimed Poussin, artlessly.

The old man smiled like one long accustomed to such praise.

"Master Frenhofer!" said Porbus, "could you not order a drop of your good Rhenish wine for me?"

"Two pipes!" replied the old man. "One to pay for the pleasure I enjoyed this morning of seeing your lovely sinner, and the other as a friendly gift."

"Ah! if I were not always ill," said Porbus, "and if you would let me see your *Belle Noiseuse*, I might paint a broad, high, deep picture with life-size figures."

"Show my work!" exclaimed the old man, excitedly. "No, no! I have still to put some finishing touches to it. Yesterday, toward evening, I thought that it was done. The eyes seemed moist to me, the flesh rose and fell. The locks of hair moved. It breathed! Although I have found a way to represent upon a flat canvas the relief and rounded forms of nature, this morning, by daylight, I realized my error. Ah! to attain that glorious result, I studied with the utmost care the great masters of coloring, I analyzed and dissected, layer by layer, the pictures of Titian, that king of light; like that monarch of painters, I sketched my figure in a light tone with soft, thick color, — for shadow is only an incident, remember that, my boy! — Then I returned to my work, and, by means of half-tones and varnish, making the latter less and less transparent, I made the shadow more and more pronounced, even to the deepest black; for the shadows of ordinary painters are of a different nature from their light tones; they are wood, brass, whatever you choose, except flesh in shadow. You feel that, if their figures should change their positions, the shaded places would not brighten and become light. I have avoided that fault, into which many of the most illustrious painters have fallen, and in my work the light can be felt under the opacity of the deepest shade! I have not, like a multitude of

ignorant fools who imagine that they draw correctly because they make a sharp, smooth stroke, marked the outlines of my figure with absolute exactness, and brought out in relief every trifling anatomical detail, for the human body is not bounded by lines. In that respect, sculptors can approach reality more nearly than we painters. Nature provides a succession of rounded outlines which run into one another. Strictly speaking, drawing does not exist! — Do not laugh, young man! Strange as that statement may appear, you will some day realize its justice. — The line is the method by which man expresses the effect of light upon objects; but there are no lines in nature, where everything is rounded; it is in modelling that one draws, that is to say, one takes things away from their surroundings; the distribution of light alone gives a life-like appearance to the body! Wherefore, I have not sharply defined the features, I have enveloped the outlines in a cloud of warm, half-light tones which make it impossible to place your finger on the precise spot where the outline ends and the background begins. Near at hand, the work looks downy and seems to lack precision; but at a distance of two yards it all becomes distinct and stands boldly forth; the body turns, the shape becomes prominent, you can feel the air circulating all about. But I am not content as yet, I have my doubts. It may be that we ought not to draw a single line, perhaps it would be better to attack a figure in the middle, giving one's attention first to the parts that stand out most prominently in the light, and to pass thence to the darker portions. Is not such the method of the sun, the divine painter of the universe? O Nature, Nature! who has ever followed thee in thy flight? Observe that too much knowledge, like ignorance, leads to a negation. I doubt my own work!"

The old man paused, then continued:

"Young man, for ten years I have been at work; but what are ten short years when one is struggling with nature?"

We know not how much time Seigneur Pygmalion¹ consumed in making the only statue that ever walked!"

The old man fell into a profound reverie, and sat with staring eyes, playing mechanically with his knife.

"He is conversing with his *spirit*!" said Porbus in an undertone.

At that word, Nicolas Poussin was conscious of the pressure of an inexplicable artist's curiosity. That white-eyed old fellow, alert, yet torpid, had become something more than a man to him, and assumed the proportions of a supernatural genius, living in an unknown sphere. He aroused a thousand confused ideas in his mind. The moral phenomenon of that species of fascination can no more be defined than you can translate the emotion aroused by a song that recalls his fatherland to the exile's heart. The contempt that the old man affected to feel for the most beautiful examples of art, his wealth, his manners, Porbus's deference to him, this work of his so long kept secret, a work of untiring patience, doubtless, and of genius, if one might judge from the head of the *Virgin*, which young Poussin had so frankly admired, and which, beautiful even beside Mabuse's *Adam*, attested the imperial workmanship of one of the princes of art — everything about the old man went beyond the bounds of human nature. The one point that was clearly perceptible to Nicolas Poussin, as he contemplated that supernatural being, was a complete image of the artist's nature, of that riotous nature to which so many powers are entrusted, and which too often misuses them, leading cold reason, and bourgeois intellects, and even some connoisseurs, through innumerable stony paths where, to their apprehension, there is nothing; whereas, the white-winged maiden, in her sportive fantasy, discovers epics there, and castles, and works of art. A mocking, yet kindly nature, fruitful, yet barren! Thus, to the enthusiastic Poussin, the old man had become, by a sudden transformation, the

¹ Pygmalion, falling in love with the ivory image of a maiden which he himself had made, prayed to Aphrodite to breathe life into it. When the request was granted Pygmalion married the maiden and became by her the father of Paphos.

personification of art, art with its secrets, its impulses, its reveries.

"Yes, my dear Porbus," continued Frenhofer, "thus far I have never fallen in with an absolutely perfect woman, a body whose contours are flawlessly beautiful, and whose coloring — But where is she to be found in life," he said, interrupting himself, "that undiscoverable Venus of the ancients, so often sought, some of whose charms we find now and then scattered among different persons? Oh! to see for a moment, for a single time, divine, complete, ideal nature, I would give my whole fortune. Aye, to the abode of the departed I would go to seek thee, O celestial beauty! Like Orpheus, I would go down into the hell of art, to bring back life therefrom."

"We may go now," said Porbus to Poussin; "he no longer hears us or sees us!"

"Let us go to his studio," suggested the wondering youth.

"Oh! the old fox allows no one to enter. His treasures are too well guarded for us to obtain a glance at them. I have not awaited your suggestion and your whim before making an assault upon the mystery."

"There is a mystery, then?"

"Yes," Porbus replied. "Old Frenhofer is the only pupil Mabuse ever taught. Having become his friend, his savior, his father, Frenhofer sacrificed the greater part of his treasures to gratify Mabuse's passions; in exchange, Mabuse bequeathed to him the secret of *relief*, the power of imparting to figures that extraordinary life, that flower of nature, which is our never-ending despair, but of which he was such a perfect master that, one day, when he had sold and drunk the flowered damask he was to wear on the occasion of the reception of Charles V., he attended his master in a paper costume painted in imitation of damask. The peculiar splendor of the stuff worn by Mabuse surprised the Emperor, who, upon undertaking to compliment the old drunkard's patron, discovered the fraud. Frenhofer is a man passionately devoted to our art, who looks higher and further than

other painters. He has meditated deeply on coloring, on the absolute accuracy of the line; but he has investigated so much that he has at last reached the point of doubting the very object of his investigations. In his moments of despair he insists that there is no such thing as drawing, and that only geometrical figures can be made with lines; that goes beyond the truth, for a figure can be made with lines and with black, which is not a color; which tends to prove that our art is, like nature, composed of an infinitude of elements: drawing gives us a skeleton, color is life, but life without the skeleton is less complete than a skeleton without life. In fine, there is something truer than all of this; namely, that practice and observation are everything to a painter, and that, if rhetoric and poetry quarrel with the brush, we reach the doubting stage like the goodman here, who is as much a madman as a painter. Sublime painter that he is, he was unfortunate enough to be born rich, which has made it possible for him to go astray; do not imitate him! Work! painters ought to meditate only with brush in hand."

"We will find our way!" cried Poussin, no longer listening to Porbus, and fearing nothing.

Porbus smiled at the young stranger's enthusiasm and left him, after inviting him to repeat his visit.

Nicolas Poussin returned slowly toward Rue de la Harpe, and passed, without noticing it, the modest hostelry at which he lodged. Ascending the wretched staircase with anxious speed, he reached at last a room on the upper floor beneath a roof with columnar supports, whose interstices were closed with plaster, a simple and airy style of architecture common in the houses of old Paris. Beside the single grimy window of the room sat a young girl, who sprang to her feet with a loving impulse as she heard the painter's hand upon the door, recognizing him by his touch upon the knob.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"Why — why —" he cried, choking with pleasure, "why, I have a feeling that I am a painter! I had always doubted

myself hitherto, but this morning I believe in myself! I may be a great man! I tell you, Gillette, we shall be rich and happy! There is gold in these brushes —"

But suddenly he held his peace. His grave, strong face lost its joyous light when he compared the vastness of his hopes with the paucity of his resources. The walls were covered with bits of paper on which were sketches in pencil. He did not own four clean canvases. Colors were expensive in those days, and the poor fellow saw that his palette was almost bare. Amid all that destitution, he possessed and was conscious of boundless wealth of heart and a superabundance of consuming genius. Brought to Paris by a nobleman who was a friend of his family, or perhaps by his own talent, he had suddenly fallen in with a mistress there, one of those noble and generous souls whose destiny it often is to suffer beside a great man, espousing his cares and struggling to understand his caprices; strong to endure poverty and love, as others are bold to carry the burden of luxury and to parade their lack of feeling. The smile playing about Gillette's lips illumined that garret and rivalled the sky in brilliancy. The sun was not always shining, while she was always at hand, absorbed in her passion, clinging to her happiness and her suffering, comforting the genius that overflowed in love before seizing upon art.

"Come, Gillette, and listen."

The glad-hearted girl obediently jumped upon the painter's knee. She was all grace, all beauty, pretty as the springtime, arrayed in all womanly charms, and brightening them with the flame of a lovely soul.

"Oh! God," he cried, "I shall never dare to tell her."

"A secret?" she rejoined; "I insist upon knowing it."

Poussin was lost in thought.

"Speak, I beg you."

"Gillette — poor, beloved heart! —"

"Oho! do you want something of me?"

"Yes."

"If you want me to pose for you again as I did the other day," she rejoined, with a little pout, "I will never consent, for at those times your eyes no longer say aught

to me. You no longer think of me, and still you look at me."

"Would you prefer to see me copying another woman?"

"Perhaps," said she, "if she were very ugly."

"But," continued Poussin, in a serious tone, "suppose that, in the interest of my future renown, to help to make me a great painter, it were necessary for you to pose for another person?"

"You are trying to test me," she replied. "You know that I would not go."

Poussin let his head fall forward on his breast, like a man who succumbs to a joy or a sorrow that is too intense for his strength.

"Listen," said she, plucking at the sleeve of Poussin's threadbare doublet, "I have told you, Nick, that I would give my life for you; but I never promised you that I would renounce my love while I live."

"Renounce it?" cried the young artist. "If I should exhibit myself so to another, you would no longer love me; and I myself should consider myself unworthy of you. Is it not a natural and simple thing to obey your wishes? Do what I may, I am happy, aye, and proud, to do your dear will. But for another, nay, nay!"

"Forgive me, dear Gillette!" said the painter, throwing himself at her feet. "I prefer to be loved rather than to be glorious. To me, you are fairer than wealth or honors. Go, throw away my brushes, burn yonder sketches. I have gone astray. My true calling is to love you. I am no painter, I am a lover. A fig for art and all its secrets!"

She was overjoyed and charmed, she admired him! She was queen, she felt instinctively that the arts were forgotten for her, and cast at her feet as a grain of incense.

"And yet he is only an old man," continued Poussin. "He can see naught but the woman in you. You are so perfect!"

"One must love with all one's heart," she cried, ready to sacrifice the scruples of her love to reward her lover for all the sacrifices he was making for her. "But,"

she added, "it would be my ruin. Ah! to ruin myself for you — that would be very sweet! but you would forget me. Oh! how unfortunate it is that you had such a thought!"

"I did have it, and I love you," he said, with something like contrition; "but does that make me an infamous creature?"

"Let us consult Père Hardouin," she said.

"Oh! no; let it be a secret between us."

"Very well, I will go; but do not be in the room," she said. "Remain at the door, armed with your dagger. If I cry out, rush in, and kill the painter."

No longer conscious of aught but his art, Poussin folded Gillette in his arms.

"He does not love me now!" she thought, when she was alone.

She already repented of her resolution. But she soon fell a victim to a terror more painful than her repentance: she strove to banish a ghastly thought that crept into her mind. She fancied that she already loved the painter less, suspecting him of being less worthy of her esteem than she had believed.

II

CATHERINE LESCAULT

Three months after the first meeting of Poussin and Porbus, the latter called upon Master Frenhofer. The old man was at the time a prey to one of those spontaneous attacks of profound depression, the cause of which, if we are to believe medical mathematicians, is to be found in a sluggish digestion, in the wind, the heat, or some trouble in the hypochondriac region; and, according to the spiritualists, in the imperfection of our moral nature. The good man had simply worn himself out completing his mysterious picture. He was sitting languidly in a great chair of carved oak, upholstered in black leather; and, without laying aside his melancholy expression, he bestowed upon Porbus the glance of a man who had become reconciled to his *ennui*.

"Well, master," said Porbus, "was the ultramarine for which you sent to Bruges

good for nothing? Have you not been able to pulverize your new white? Is your oil bad or are your brushes troublesome?"

"Alas!" cried the old man, "I thought for a moment that my work was finished; but I have certainly gone wrong in some details, and my mind will not be at rest until I have cleared away my doubts. I have decided to travel, and visit Turkey, Greece, and Asia in search for models, in order to compare my picture with nature in different forms. It may be that I have Nature herself upstairs," he continued, with a contented smile. "Sometimes I am afraid that a breath may awaken that woman and that she will disappear."

Suddenly he rose, as if to go away.

"Stay!" said Porbus, "I have come in time to save you the expense and fatigue of the journey."

"How so?" demanded Frenhofer in amazement.

"Young Poussin is beloved by a woman whose incomparable beauty is absolutely free from imperfection. But, my dear master, if he consents to lend her to you, you must at least let us see your canvas."

The old man stood motionless, in a state of absolute bewilderment.

"What!" he sorrowfully exclaimed at last, "exhibit my creation, my spouse? tear aside the veil behind which I have modestly concealed my happiness? Why, that would be most shocking prostitution! For ten years past, I have lived with this woman, she is mine, mine alone; she loves me. Does she not smile at each stroke of the brush that I have given her? she has a soul, a soul with which I have endowed her. She would blush if other eyes than mine did but rest upon her. Exhibit her! where is the husband, the lover, so vile as to lead his wife to dishonor? When you paint a picture for the court, you do not put your whole soul into it, you sell to courtiers naught but colored manikins. My painting is not a painting, it is a sentiment, a passion! Born in my studio, it must remain there in virgin purity, and cannot go thence except it be clothed. Poetry and women abandon themselves naked to none but their lovers! Do we possess

Raphael's model, Ariosto's Angelica, Dante's Beatrice? No! we see only their figures. Mark this, that the work I have up yonder under lock is an exception in our art. It is not a canvas, it is a woman! a woman with whom I weep and laugh, and talk and think. Would you have me suddenly cast aside a joy of ten years' standing as one discards a cloak; would you have me suddenly cease to be a father, a lover, and a god? That woman is not a creature, she is a creation. Let your youth come: I will give him my treasures, I will give him Correggios, Michael Angelos, Titians, I will kiss his footprints in the dust; but make him my rival? shame upon me! Ah! I am more lover than painter even now. Yes, I shall have the courage to burn my *Belle Noiseuse* when I draw my last breath; but force her to endure the glance of another man, a young man, a painter? No, no! I would kill the man on the next day, who had sullied her with a glance. I would kill him on the spot, even you, my friend, if you did not salute her on your knees! Would you have me now subject my idol to the cold stare and the stupid criticism of fools? Ah! love is a mystery, it lives only in the lowest depths of the heart, and all is lost when a man says, even to his friend: 'There is the woman I love!'"

The old man seemed to have become young again; his eyes sparkled with life; his pale cheeks were suffused with a bright red flush, and his hands shook. Porbus, amazed at the passionate violence with which these words were uttered, was at a loss for a fitting response to a sentiment as strange as it was intense. Was Frenhofer sane or mad? Was he under the spell of an artist's caprice, or were the ideas he expressed attributable to the strange fanaticism produced in us by the long and painful delivery of a great work? Could one hope ever to reach an understanding with that strange passion?

Revolving all these thoughts in his mind, Porbus said to the old man:

"But is it not woman for woman? does not Poussin subject his mistress to your gaze?"

"What mistress?" replied Frenhofer.

"She will betray him sooner or later. Mine will always be true to me!"

"Very well," rejoined Porbus, "let us say no more about it. But you may die, leaving your work unfinished, before you find, even in Asia, a woman so lovely, so perfect, as the one of whom I speak."

"Oh! it is finished," said Frenhofer. "Whoever should see it would believe that he was looking at a woman lying on a bed of velvet with curtains about her. By her side is a golden tripod, giving forth perfume. You would be tempted to grasp the tassel of the cord that holds back the curtains, and it would seem to you that you saw the bosom of Catherine Lescault, a famous courtesan called *La Belle Noiseuse*, actually rise and fall with her respiration. And yet I would like to be perfectly certain —"

"Go to Asia, then," suggested Porbus, detecting something like hesitation in Frenhofer's glance. And he took two or three steps toward the door of the room.

At that moment, Gillette and Nicolas Poussin reached the outer door of Frenhofer's house. As the girl was on the point of entering, she took her hand from the painter's arm and recoiled as if she were seized by a sudden presentiment.

"Why have I come here?" she asked her lover, in a deep voice, looking at him with staring eyes.

"Gillette, I left you free to do as you chose, and I wish to obey you in everything. You are my conscience and my glory. Return to the house; I shall be happier, perhaps, than if you —"

"Do I belong to myself when you speak so to me? Ah! no, I am no more than a child. — Come," she added, apparently making a mighty effort, "even if our love dies and I plant lifelong regret in my heart, will not your renown be the reward of my compliance with your wishes? Let us enter; it will be as if I still lived, if I remain a living memory on your palette."

As they opened the street door, the lovers found themselves face to face with Porbus, who, surprised by the loveliness of Gillette, whose eyes were full of tears at the moment, seized the trembling girl's hand and led her to the old man.

"Look," said he, "is she not the equal of all the masterpieces on earth?"

Frenhofer started. Gillette stood before him in the simple, artless attitude of an innocent, shy young Georgian girl, kidnapped by brigands and brought before a slave-dealer. A blush of shame tinged her cheeks, she lowered her eyes, her hands hung at her sides, her strength seemed to desert her, and her tears protested against the outrage inflicted upon her modesty. At that moment, Poussin, in despair at having brought that lovely treasure forth from its garret, cursed himself. He became more lover than artist, and a thousand scruples wrung his heart when he saw the old man's eye flash with youthful fire as, in accordance with the custom of painters, he mentally disrobed the girl, so to speak, divining her most secret charms. Thereupon he reverted to the fierce jealousy of true love.

"Let us go, Gillette!" he cried.

At that cry, at that tone, his mistress joyfully raised her eyes to his and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! then you do love me?" she replied, bursting into tears.

She had had the courage to impose silence on her suffering, but she lacked the strength to conceal her happiness.

"Oh! leave her with me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine, — yes, I consent."

There was the ring of love in that exclamation of Frenhofer's. He seemed to be playing the coquette for his simulacrum of a woman, and to enjoy in anticipation the triumph which the beauty of his creation was destined to win over that of a girl of flesh and blood.

"Do not let him retract his consent!" cried Porbus, laying his hand upon Poussin's shoulder. "The fruits of love soon pass away, those of art are immortal."

"Pray, am I nothing more than a woman in his eyes?" said Gillette, gazing earnestly at Poussin and Porbus.

Proudly she raised her head; but when, after a piercing glance at Frenhofer, she saw her lover intently contemplating

anew the portrait he had once taken for a Giorgione, she exclaimed:

"Come, let us go up! he never looked at me like that."

"Old man," said Poussin, aroused from his meditation by Gillette's voice, "look at this sword: I will bury it in your heart at the first word of complaint uttered by this girl, I will put the torch to your house and no person shall go forth from it. Do you understand?"

Nicolas Poussin's expression was menacing and his voice was awe-inspiring. The young painter's bearing and, more than all else, his gestures comforted Gillette, who almost forgave him for sacrificing her to the art of painting and to his glorious future. Porbus and Poussin remained at the studio door, gazing at each other in silence. Although the painter of *Marie the Egyptian* ventured at first upon an exclamation or two: "Ah! she is undressing, he is telling her to stand in the light! He is comparing her with the other!" Poussin's aspect soon imposed silence upon him; the young man's face was profoundly sad; and, although old painters have none of those scruples which seem so trivial in presence of art, he admired them, they were so artless and winning. The young man had his hand on the hilt of his dagger, and his ear almost glued to the door. Both were standing in the shadow, like two conspirators awaiting the moment to strike down a tyrant.

"Come in, come in," said the old man, beaming with happiness. "My work is perfect, and now I can exhibit it with pride. Never will painter, brushes, colors, canvas, and light produce a rival to *Catherine Lescault*, the beautiful courtesan!"

Impelled by intense curiosity, Porbus and Poussin ran into the centre of a vast studio covered with dust, where everything was in confusion, with pictures hanging on the walls here and there. They paused at first before a life-size picture of a woman, half-nude, at which they gazed in admiration.

"Oh! do not waste time over that," said Frenhofer; "that is a canvas that I daubed to study a pose; that picture is

worth nothing at all. Those are my mistakes," he continued, pointing to a number of fascinating compositions on the walls about them.

Thereupon, Porbus and Poussin, dumfounded by that contemptuous reference to such works, looked about for the portrait he had described to them, but could not succeed in finding it.

"Well, there it is!" said the old man, whose hair was in disorder, whose face was inflamed by supernatural excitement, whose eyes snapped, and whose breath came in gasps, like that of a young man drunk with love. — "Ah!" he cried, "you did not anticipate such perfection! You are in presence of a woman and you are looking for a picture. There is such depth of color upon that canvas, the air is so true, that you cannot distinguish it from the air about us. Where is art? lost, vanished! Those are the outlines of a real young woman. Have I not grasped the coloring, caught the living turn of the line that seems to mark the limits of the body? Is it not the self-same phenomenon presented by objects that swim in the atmosphere like fish in the water? Mark how the outlines stand out from the background! Does it not seem to you as if you could pass your hand over that back? For seven years I have studied the effects of the joining of light and figures. See that hair, does not the light fall in a flood upon it? Why, she breathed, I verily believe! — Look at that bosom! Ah! who would not kneel and adore it? The flesh quivers. Wait, she is about to rise!"

"Can you see anything?" Poussin asked Porbus.

"No. — And you?"

"Nothing."

The two painters left the old man to his raving, and looked about to see whether the light, falling too full upon the canvas that he pointed out to them, did not neutralize all its fine effects. They examined the painting from the right side and the left and in front, stooping and standing erect in turn.

"Yes, oh! yes, that is a canvas," said Frenhofer, misunderstanding the object of that careful scrutiny. "See, there are

the frame and the easel, and here are my paints, my brushes."

And he seized a brush which he handed them with an artless gesture.

"The old lansquenet is making sport of us," said Poussin, returning to his position in front of the alleged picture. "I can see nothing there but colors piled upon one another in confusion, and held in restraint by a multitude of curious lines which form a wall of painting."

"We are mistaken," said Porbus, "look!"

On drawing nearer, they spied in one corner of the canvas the end of a bare foot standing forth from that chaos of colors, of tones, of uncertain shades, that sort of shapeless mist; but a lovely foot, a living foot! They stood fairly petrified with admiration before that fragment, which had escaped that most incredible, gradual, progressive destruction. That foot appeared there as the trunk of a Parian marble Venus would appear among the ruins of a burned city.

"There is a woman underneath!" cried Porbus, calling Poussin's attention to the layers of paints which the old painter had laid on, one after another, believing that he was perfecting his picture.

The two artists turned instinctively toward Frenhofer, beginning to understand, but only vaguely as yet, the trance in which he lived.

"He speaks in perfect good faith," said Porbus.

"Yes, my friend," interposed the old man, rousing himself, "one must have faith, faith in art, and live a long, long while with his work, to produce such a creation. Some of those shadows have cost me many hours of toil. See on that cheek, just below the eye, there is a slight penumbra which, if you observe it in nature, will seem to you almost impossible to reproduce. Well, do you fancy that that effect did not cost me incredible labor? And so, dear Porbus, scrutinize my work with care, and you will understand better what I said to you about the manner of treating the model and the contours. Look at the light on the bosom, and see how I have succeeded, by a suc-

cession of heavy strokes and relief-work, in catching the genuine light and combining it with the gleaming whiteness of the light tints; and how, by the contrary process, by smoothing down the lumps and roughness of the paint, I have been able, by dint of touching caressingly the contour of my figure, swimming in the half-light, to take away every suggestion of drawing and of artificial methods, and to give it the aspect, the very roundness of nature. Go nearer and you will see that work better. At a distance, it is invisible. Look! at that point, it is very remarkable, in my opinion."

With the end of his brush he pointed out to the two painters a thick layer of light paint.

Porbus put his hand on the old man's shoulder and turned toward Poussin.

"Do you know that in this man we have a very great artist?" he said.

"He is even more poet than artist," said Poussin, with perfect gravity.

"That," added Porbus, pointing to the canvas, "marks the end of our art on earth."

"And, from that, it will pass out of sight in the skies," said Poussin.

"How much enjoyment over that piece of canvas!" exclaimed Porbus.

The old man, absorbed in reverie, did not listen to them; he was smiling at that imaginary woman.

"But sooner or later he will discover that there is nothing on his canvas!" cried Poussin.

"Nothing on my canvas!" exclaimed Frenhofer, glancing alternately at the two painters and his picture.

"What have you done?" said Porbus in an undertone to Poussin.

The old man seized the young man's arm roughly, and said to him:

"You see nothing there, clown! varlet! miscreant! hound! Why, what brought you here, then? — My good Porbus," he continued, turning to the older painter, "can it be that you, you too, are mocking at me? Answer me! I am your friend; tell me, have I spoiled my picture?"

Porbus hesitated, he dared not speak;

but the anxiety depicted on the old man's white face was so heart-rending that he pointed to the canvas, saying:

"Look!"

Frenhofer gazed at his picture for a moment and staggered.

"Nothing! nothing! And I have worked ten years!"

He fell upon a chair and wept.

"So I am an idiot, a madman! I have neither talent nor capability! I am naught save a rich man who, in walking, does nothing more than walk! So I shall have produced nothing!"

He gazed at his canvas through his tears, then suddenly rose proudly from his chair, and cast a flashing glance upon the two painters.

"By the blood, by the body, by the head of Christ! you are jealous dogs who seek to make me believe that it is ruined, in order to steal it from me! I see her!" he cried, "she is marvellously lovely."

At that moment, Poussin heard Gillette weeping in a corner, where she lay forgotten.

"What is it, my angel?" asked the painter, suddenly transformed into the lover once more.

"Kill me!" said she. "I should be a vile wretch to love you still, for I despise you. — I admire you, and you make me shudder! I love you, and I believe that I already hate you!"

While Poussin listened to Gillette, Frenhofer covered his *Catherine* with a green cloth, with the grave calmness of a jeweller closing his drawers in the belief that he is in the company of adroit thieves. He cast a glance of profound hatred on the two painters, a glance overflowing with scorn and distrust, and silently turned them out of his studio with convulsive haste; standing on the threshold of the outer door, he said to them:

"Adieu, my little friends!"

That parting salute froze the blood in their veins. The next day, Porbus, feeling anxious concerning Frenhofer, called once more at his house, and learned that he had died during the night after burning his pictures.

ZOLA

(1840-1902)

Émile Zola was born in Paris and spent his childhood at Aix-en-Provence. After going to the school of St. Louis in Paris, he entered the book trade. In his leisure hours he wrote literary and dramatic criticism. His first novel to attract attention was *Ninon* (1864). *Thérèse Raquin* (1867) plainly indicated his drift toward the analytic representation of the darker side of man's nature. In 1871 he began his famous Rougon-Macquart series of twenty volumes, the most popular of which is *La Débâcle* (1892). The series traces the psychological-social history of a family during the Second Empire, and aims to make a scientifically accurate representation of life that would help to determine how much of a man's nature is inborn, and how much is due to environment. He wrote with what he believed to be absolute fidelity to nature, and his work was a great factor in the establishment of the realistic school of novelists. Zola's particular brand of realism, known as "naturalism," is based upon the theory that the novelist should follow the so-called "experimental" method; that is, should work, as in a laboratory, upon the events and characters furnished by painstaking, exact observation. Although he devoted nearly his whole life to novels, he made some excursions into criticism (especially *The Experimental Novel*, 1880). He attracted much attention during the Dreyfus case by his article "J'accuse." After this affair his work took a political turn and also showed a glimmer of optimism. His last books were *Fruitfulness* (1899), *Labor* (1901), and *Truth* (1902). *Justice*, which was to have been the fourth book of this series, was never written. Though Zola, like other "naturalistic" writers, is too apt to see the ugly in life to the neglect of the beautiful, his best work constitutes a powerful indictment of many brutalizing forces in modern civilization.

The translation of *The Attack on the Mill* (1880) is taken from *The Great Modern French Stories*, New York, Boni and Liveright, 1917.

•THE ATTACK ON THE MILL

I

It was high holiday at Father Merlier's mill on that pleasant summer afternoon. Three tables had been brought out into the garden and placed end to end in the shadow of the great elm, and now they were awaiting the arrival of the guests. It was known throughout the length and breadth of the land that that day was to witness the betrothal of old Merlier's daughter, Françoise, to Dominique, a young man who was said to be not overfond of work, but whom never a woman for three leagues of the country around could look at without sparkling eyes, such a well-favored young fellow was he.

That mill of Father Merlier's was truly a very pleasant spot. It was situated right in the heart of Rocreuse, at the place where the main road makes a sharp bend. The village has but a single street, bordered on either side by a row of low, whitened cottages, but just there where the road curves, there are broad stretches of mead-

ow-land, and huge trees, which follow the course of the Morelle and cover the low grounds of the valley with a most delicious shade. All Lorraine has no more charming bit of nature to show. To right and left dense forests, great monarchs of the wood, centuries old, rise from the gentle slopes and fill the horizon with a sea of verdure, while away towards the south extends the plain, of wondrous fertility and checkered almost to infinity with its small enclosures, divided off from one another by their live hedges. But what makes the crowning glory of Rocreuse is the coolness of this verdurous nook, even in the hottest days of July and August. The Morelle comes down from the woods of Gagny, and it would seem as if it gathered to itself on the way all the delicious freshness of the foliage beneath which it glides for many a league; it brings down with it the murmuring sounds, the glacial, solemn shadows of the forest. And that is not the only source of coolness; there are running waters of all kinds singing among the copses; one cannot take a step without coming on a gushing spring, and as he

makes his way along the narrow paths he seems to be treading above subterranean lakes that seek the air and sunshine through the moss above and profit by every smallest crevice at the roots of trees or among the chinks and crannies of the rocks, to burst forth in fountains of crystalline clearness. So numerous and so loud are the whispering voices of these streams that they silence the song of the 10 bullfinches. It is as if one were in an enchanted park, with cascades falling on every side.

The meadows below are never athirst. The shadows beneath the gigantic chest-nut trees are of inky blackness, and along the edges of the fields long rows of poplars stand like walls of rustling foliage. There is a double avenue of huge plane trees ascending across the fields towards the 20 ancient castle of Gagny, now gone to rack and ruin. In this region, where drought is never known, vegetation of all kinds is wonderfully rank; it is like a flower garden down there in the low ground between 25 those two wooded hills, a natural garden where the lawns are broad meadows and the giant trees represent colossal beds. When the noon-day sun pours down his scorching rays the shadows lie blue upon 30 the ground, the glowing vegetation slumbers in the heat, while every now and then a breath of icy coldness passes under a foliage.

Such was the spot where Father Merlier's mill enlivened with its cheerful clack nature run riot. The building itself, constructed of wood and plaster, looked as if it might be coeval with our planet. Its 40 foundations were in part washed by the Morelle, which here expands into a clear pool. A dam, a few feet in height, afforded sufficient head of water to drive the old wheel, which creaked and groaned as it revolved, with the asthmatic wheezing of a faithful servant who has grown old in her place. Whenever Father Merlier was advised to change it, he would shake his head and say that like as not a young wheel 50 would be lazier and not so well acquainted with its duties, and then he would set to work and patch up the old one with any-

thing that came to hand, old hogshead staves, bits of rusty iron, zinc or lead. The old wheel only seemed the gayer for it, with its odd profile, all plumed and feathered with tufts of moss and grass, and when the water poured over it in a silver tide its gaunt black skeleton was decked out with a gorgeous display of pearls and diamonds.

That portion of the mill which was bathed by the Morelle had something of the look of a barbaric arch that had been dropped down there by chance. A good half of the structure was built on piles; 15 the water came in under the floor, and there were deep holes, famous throughout the whole country for the eels and huge crawfish that were to be caught there. Below the fall the pool was as clear as a mirror, and when it was not clouded by foam from the wheel one could see troops of great fish swimming about in it with the slow, majestic movement of a squadron. There was a broken stairway 20 leading down to the stream, near a stake to which a boat was fastened, and over the wheel was a gallery of wood. Such windows as there were were arranged without any attempt at order. The whole was a quaint conglomeration of nooks and corners, bits of wall, additions made here and there as afterthoughts, beams and roofs, that gave the mill the aspect of an old dismantled citadel; but ivy and all sorts of 35 creeping plants had grown luxuriantly and kindly covered up such crevices as were too unsightly, casting a mantle of green over the old dwelling. Young ladies who passed that way used to stop and sketch 40 Father Merlier's mill in their albums.

The side of the house that faced the road was less irregular. A gateway, in stone afforded access to the principal courtyard, 45 on the right and left hand of which were sheds and stables. Beside a well stood an immense elm that threw its shade over half the court. At the further end, opposite the gate, stood the house surmounted by a dove-cote, the four windows of its first floor in a symmetrical line. The only vanity that Father Merlier ever allowed himself was to paint this facade

every ten years. It had just been freshly whitened at the time of our story, and dazzled the eyes of all the village when the sun lighted it up in the middle of the day.

For twenty years had Father Merlier been mayor of Rocreuse. He was held in great consideration on account of his fortune; he was supposed to be worth something like eighty thousand francs, the result of patient saving. When he married Madeleine Guillard, who brought him the mill as her dowry, his entire capital lay in his two strong arms, but Madeleine had never repented of her choice, so manfully had he conducted their joint affairs. Now his wife was dead, and he was left a widower with his daughter Françoise. Doubtless he might have set himself down to take his rest, and suffered the old mill-wheel to sleep among its moss, but he would have found idleness too irksome and the house would have seemed dead to him. He kept on working still for the pleasure of it. In those days Father Merlier was a tall old man, with a long, silent face, on which a laugh was never seen, but beneath which there lay, none the less, a large fund of good-humor. He had been elected mayor on account of his money, and also for the impressive air that he knew how to assume when it devolved on him to marry a couple.

Françoise Merlier had just completed her eighteenth year. She was small, and for that reason was not accounted one of the beauties of the country. Until she reached the age of fifteen she had been even homely: the good folks of Rocreuse could not see how it was that the daughter of Father and Mother Merlier, such a hale, vigorous couple, had such a hard time of it in getting her growth. When she was fifteen, however, though still remaining delicate, a change came over her and she took on the prettiest little face imaginable. She had black hair, black eyes, and was red as a rose withal; her mouth was always smiling, there were delicious dimples in her cheeks, and a crown of sunshine seemed to be ever resting on her fair, candid forehead. Although small as girls went in that region, she was far from being thin; she might not have been able to

raise a sack of wheat to her shoulder, but she became quite plump as she grew older, and gave promise of becoming eventually as well rounded and appetising as a partridge. Her father's habits of taciturnity had made her reflective while yet a young girl; if she always had a smile on her lips it was in order to give pleasure to others. Her natural disposition was serious.

As was no more than to be expected, she had every young man in the countryside at her heels as a suitor, more even for her money than her attractiveness, and she had made a choice at last, a choice that had been the talk and scandal of the entire neighborhood.

On the other side of the Morelle lived a strapping young fellow who went by the name of Dominique Penquer. He was not of the manner born; ten years previously he had come to Rocreuse from Belgium to receive the inheritance of an uncle who had owned a small property on the very borders of the forest of Gagny, just facing the mill and distant from it only a few musket-shots. His object in coming was to sell the property, so he said, and return to his own home again; but he must have found the land to his liking, for he made no move to go away. He was seen cultivating his bit of field and gathering the few vegetables that afforded him an existence. He fished, he hunted; more than once he was near coming in contact with the law through the intervention of the keepers. This independent way of living, of which the peasants could not very clearly see the resources, had in the end given him a bad name. He was vaguely looked on as nothing better than a poacher. At all events he was lazy, for he was frequently found sleeping in the grass at hours when he should have been at work. Then, too, the hut in which he lived, in the shade of the last trees of the forest, did not seem like the abode of an honest young man; the old women would not have been surprised at any time to hear that he was on friendly terms with the wolves in the ruins of Gagny. Still, the young girls would now and then venture to stand up for him, for he was altogether a splendid specimen of man-

hood, was this individual of doubtful antecedents, tall and straight as a young poplar, with a milk-white skin and ruddy hair and moustaches that seemed to be of gold when the sun shone on them. Now one fine morning it came to pass that Françoise told Father Merlier that she loved Dominique, and that never would she consent to marry any other young man.

It may be imagined what a knockdown blow it was that Father Merlier received that day! As was his wont, he said never a word; his countenance wore its usual reflective look, only the fun that used to bubble up from within no longer shone in his eyes. Françoise, too, was very serious, and for a week father and daughter scarcely spoke to each other. What troubled Father Merlier was to know how that rascal of a poacher had succeeded in bewitching his daughter. Dominique had never shown himself at the mill. The miller played the spy a little, and was rewarded by catching sight of the gallant, on the other side of the Morelle, lying among the grass and pretending to be asleep. Françoise could see him from her chamber window. The thing was clear enough; they had been making sheep's-eyes at each other over the old mill-wheel, and so had fallen in love.

A week slipped by; Françoise became more and more serious. Father Merlier still continued to say nothing. Then, one evening, of his own accord, he brought Dominique to the house, without a word. Françoise was just setting the table. She made no demonstration of surprise; all she did was to add another plate, but her laugh had come back to her, and the little dimples appeared again upon her cheeks. Father Merlier had gone that morning to look for Dominique at his hut on the edge of the forest, and there the two men had had a conference, with closed doors and windows, that lasted three hours. No one ever knew what they said to each other; the only thing certain is that when Father Merlier left the hut he already treated Dominique as a son. Doubtless the old man had discovered that he whom he had gone to visit was a worthy young

fellow, even though he did lie in the grass to gain the love of young girls.

All Rocreuse was up in arms. The women gathered at their doors and could not find words strong enough to characterize Father Merlier's folly in thus receiving a ne'er-do-well into his family. He let them talk. Perhaps he thought of his own marriage. Neither had he possessed a penny to his name at the time he married Madeleine and her mill, and yet that had not prevented him from being a good husband to her. Moreover, Dominique put an end to their tittle-tattle by setting to work in such strenuous fashion that all the countryside was amazed. It so happened just then that the boy of the mill drew an unlucky number and had to go for a soldier, and Dominique would not hear of their engaging another. He lifted sacks, drove the cart, wrestled with the old wheel when it took an obstinate fit and refused to turn, and all so pluckily and cheerfully that people came from far and near merely for the pleasure of seeing him. Father Merlier laughed his silent laugh. He was highly elated that he had read the youngster aright. There is nothing like love to hearten up young men.

In the midst of all that laborious toil Françoise and Dominique fairly worshipped each other. They had not much to say, but their tender smiles conveyed a world of meaning. Father Merlier had not said a word thus far on the subject of their marriage, and they had both respected his silence, waiting until the old man should see fit to give expression to his will. At last, one day, toward the middle of July, he had had three tables laid in the courtyard, in the shade of the big elm, and had invited his friends of Rocreuse to come that afternoon and drink a glass of wine with him. When the courtyard was filled with people, and every one there had a full glass in his hand, Father Merlier raised his own high above his head and said:

"I have the pleasure of announcing to you that Françoise and this lad will be married in a month from now, on St. Louis' fête-day."¹

¹ August 25.

Then there was a universal touching of glasses, attended by a tremendous uproar; every one was laughing. But Father Merlier, raising his voice above the din, again spoke:

"Dominique, kiss your wife that is to be. It is no more than customary."

And they kissed, very red in the face, both of them, while the company laughed louder still. It was a regular fête; they emptied a small cask. Then, when only the intimate friends of the house remained, conversation went on in a calmer strain. Night had fallen, a starlit night, and very clear. Dominique and Françoise sat on a bench, side by side, and said nothing. An old peasant spoke of the war that the Emperor had declared against Prussia. All the lads of the village were already gone off to the army. Troops had passed through the place only the night before. There were going to be hard knocks.

"Bah!" said Father Merlier, with the selfishness of a man who is quite happy, "Dominique is a foreigner; he won't have to go — and, if the Prussians come this way, he will be here to defend his wife."

The idea of the Prussians coming there seemed to the company an exceedingly good joke. The army would give them one good conscientious thrashing, and the affair would be quickly ended.

"I have seen them before, I have seen them before," the old peasant repeated, in a low voice.

There was silence for a little, then they all touched glasses once again. Françoise and Dominique had heard nothing; they had managed to clasp hands behind the bench in such a way as not to be seen by the others, and this condition of affairs seemed so beatific to them that they sat there mute, their gaze lost in the darkness of the night.

What a magnificent, balmy night! The village lay slumbering on either side of the white road as peacefully as a little child. The deep silence was undisturbed save by the occasional crow of a cock in some distant barnyard acting on a mistaken impression that dawn was at hand. Perfumed breaths of air, like long-drawn sighs, came down from the great woods that lay

around and above, sweeping softly over the roofs, as if caressing them. The meadows, with their black intensity of shadow, took on a dim, mysterious majesty of their own, while all the springs, all the brooks and watercourses that gurgled in the darkness, might have been taken for the cool and rhythmical breathing of the sleeping country. Every now and then the old dozing mill-wheel seemed to be dreaming like a watchdog that barks uneasily in his slumber; it creaked, it talked to itself, rocked by the fall of the Morelle, whose current gave forth the deep, sustained music of an organ-pipe. Never was there a more charming or happier nook, never did a deeper peace come down to cover it.

II

One month later, to a day, on the eve of the fête of Saint Louis, Rocreuse was in a state of alarm and dismay. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were advancing on the village by forced marches. For a week past people passing along the road had brought tidings of the enemy: "They are at Lormières, they are at Nouvelles"; and by dint of hearing so many stories of the rapidity of their advance, Rocreuse woke up every morning in the full expectation of seeing them swarming out of Gagny wood. They did not come, however, and that only served to make the affright the greater. They would certainly fall upon the village in the nighttime, and put every soul to the sword.

There had been an alarm the night before, a little before daybreak. The inhabitants had been aroused by a great noise of men tramping upon the road. The women were already throwing themselves upon their knees and making the sign of the cross, when some one, to whom it happily occurred to peep through a half-opened window, caught sight of red trousers. It was a French detachment. The captain had forthwith asked for the mayor, and, after a long conversation with Father Merlier, had remained at the mill.

The sun shone bright and clear that morning, giving promise of a warm day.

There was a golden light floating over the woodland, while in the low grounds white mists were rising from the meadows. The pretty village, so neat and trim, awoke in the cool dawning, and the country, with its streams and its fountains, was as gracious as a freshly plucked bouquet. But the beauty of the day brought gladness to the face of no one; the villagers had watched the captain, and seen him circle round and round the old mill, examine the adjacent houses, then pass to the other bank of the Morelle, and from thence scan the country with a field-glass; Father Merlier, who accompanied him, appeared to be giving explanations. After that the captain had posted some of his men behind walls, behind trees or in hollows. The main body of the detachment had encamped in the courtyard by the mill. So there was going to be a fight, then? And when Father Merlier returned they questioned him. He spoke no word, but slowly and sorrowfully nodded his head. Yes, there was going to be a fight.

Françoise and Dominique were there in the courtyard, watching him. He finally took his pipe from his lips and gave utterance to these few words:

"Ah! my poor children, I shall not be able to marry you today!"

Dominique, with lips tight set and an angry frown upon his forehead, raised himself on tiptoe from time to time and stood with eyes bent on Gagny wood, as if he would have been glad to see the Prussians appear and end the suspense they were in. Françoise, whose face was grave and very pale, was constantly passing back and forth, supplying the needs of the soldiers. They were preparing their soup in a corner of the courtyard, joking and chaffing one another while awaiting their meal.

The captain appeared to be highly pleased. He had visited the chambers and the great hall of the mill that looked out on the stream. Now, seated beside the well, he was conversing with Father Merlier.

"You have a regular fortress here," he was saying.

"We shall have no trouble in holding it until evening. The bandits are late; they ought to be here by this time."

The miller looked very grave. He saw his beloved mill going up in flame and smoke, but uttered no word of remonstrance or complaint, considering that it would be useless. He only opened his mouth to say:

"You ought to take steps to hide the boat; there is a hole behind the wheel fitted to hold it. Perhaps you may find it of use to you."

The captain gave an order to one of his men. This captain was a tall, fine-looking man of about forty, with an agreeable expression of countenance. The sight of Dominique and Françoise seemed to afford him much pleasure; he watched them as if he had forgotten all about the approaching conflict. He followed Françoise with his eyes as she moved about the courtyard, and his manner showed clearly enough that he thought her charming. Then, turning to Dominique:

"You are not with the army, I see, my boy?" he abruptly asked.

"I am a foreigner," the young man replied.

The captain did not seem particularly pleased with the answer; he winked his eyes and smiled. Françoise was doubtless a more agreeable companion than a musket would have been. Dominique, noticing his smile, made haste to add:

"I am a foreigner, but I can lodge a rifle bullet in an apple at five hundred yards. See, there's my rifle behind you."

"You may find use for it," the captain drily answered.

Françoise had drawn near; she was trembling a little, and Dominique, regardless of the bystanders, took and held firmly clasped in his own the two hands that she held forth to him, as if committing herself to his protection. The captain smiled again, but said nothing more. He remained seated, his sword between his legs, his eyes fixed on space, apparently lost in dreamy reverie.

It was ten o'clock. The heat was already oppressive. A deep silence prevailed. The soldiers had sat down in the shade of the sheds in the courtyard and begun to eat their soup. Not a sound came from the village, where the inhabi-

tants had all barricaded their houses, doors and windows. A dog, abandoned by his master, howled mournfully upon the road. From the woods and the nearby meadows, that lay fainting in the heat, came a long-drawn, whispering, sighing sound, produced by the union of what wandering breaths of air there were. A cuckoo called. Then the silence became still.

And all at once, upon that lazy, sleepy air, a shot rang out. The captain rose quickly to his feet, the soldiers left their half-emptied plates. In a few seconds all were at their posts; the mill was occupied from top to bottom. And yet the captain, who had gone out through the gate, saw nothing: to right and left the road stretched away, desolate and blindingly white in the fierce sunshine. A second report was heard, and still nothing to be seen, not even so much as a shadow; but just as he was turning to re-enter he chanced to look over toward Gagny and there beheld a little puff of smoke floating away on the tranquil air, like thistledown. The deep peace of the forest was apparently unbroken.

"The rascals have occupied the wood," the officer murmured. "They know we are here."

Then the firing went on, and became more and more continuous between the French soldiers posted about the mill and the Prussians concealed among the trees. The bullets whistled over the Morelle without doing any mischief on either side. The firing was irregular; every bush seemed to have its marksman, and nothing was to be seen save those bluish smoke wreaths that hung for a moment on the wind before they vanished. It lasted thus for nearly two hours. The officer hummed a tune with a careless air. Françoise and Dominique, who remained in the courtyard, raised themselves to look out over a low wall. They were more particularly interested in a little soldier who had his post on the bank of the Morelle, behind the hull of an old boat; he would lie face downward on the ground, watch his chance, deliver his fire, then slip back into a ditch a few steps in his rear to reload, and

his movements were so comical, he displayed such cunning and activity, that it was difficult for any one watching him to refrain from smiling. He must have caught sight of a Prussian, for he rose quickly and brought his piece to the shoulder, but before he could discharge it he uttered a loud cry, whirled completely around in his tracks and fell backward into the ditch, where for an instant his legs moved convulsively, just as the claws of a fowl do when it is beheaded. The little soldier had received a bullet directly through his heart. It was the first casualty of the day. Françoise instinctively seized Dominique's hand and held it tight in a convulsive grasp.

"Come away from there," said the captain. "The bullets reach us here."

As if to confirm his words a slight, sharp sound was heard up in the old elm, and the end of a branch came to the ground, turning over and over as it fell, but the two young people never stirred, riveted to the spot as they were by the interest of the spectacle. On the edge of the wood a Prussian had suddenly emerged from behind a tree, as an actor comes upon the stage from the wings, beating the air with his arms and falling over upon his back. And beyond that there was no movement; the two dead men appeared to be sleeping in the bright sunshine; there was not a soul to be seen in the fields on which the heat lay heavy. Even the sharp rattle of the musketry had ceased. Only the Morelle kept on whispering to itself with its low, musical murmur.

Father Merlier looked at the captain with an astonished air, as if to inquire whether that were the end of it.

"Here comes their attack," the officer murmured. "Look out for yourself! Don't stand there!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a terrible discharge of musketry ensued. The great elm was riddled, its leaves came eddying down as thick as snow-flakes. Fortunately, the Prussians had aimed too high. Dominique dragged, almost carried, Françoise from the spot, while Father Merlier followed them shouting:

"Get into the small cellar, the walls are thicker there."

But they paid no attention to him; they made their way to the main hall, where ten or a dozen soldiers were silently waiting, watching events outside through the chinks of the closed shutters. The captain was left alone in the courtyard, where he sheltered himself behind the low wall, while the furious fire was maintained 10 uninterruptedly. The soldiers whom he had posted outside only yielded their ground inch by inch; they came crawling in, however, one after another, as the enemy dislodged them from their positions. 15 Their instructions were to gain all the time they could, taking care not to show themselves, in order that the Prussians might remain in ignorance of the force they had opposed to them. Another hour 20 passed, and as a sergeant came in, reporting that there were now only two or three men left outside, the officer took his watch from his pocket, murmuring:

"Half-past two. Come, we must hold 25 out for four hours yet."

He caused the great gate of the courtyard to be tightly secured, and everything was made ready for an energetic defense. The Prussians were on the other side of the 30 Morelle, consequently there was no reason to fear an assault at the moment. There was a bridge indeed, a mile and a quarter away, but they were probably unaware of its existence, and it was hardly to be sup- 35 posed that they would attempt to cross the stream by fording. The officer, therefore, simply caused the road to be watched; the attack, when it came, was to be looked for from the direction of the fields.

The firing had ceased again. The mill appeared to lie there in the sunlight, void of all life. Not a shutter was open, not a sound came from within. Gradually, however, the Prussians began to show 45 themselves at the edge of Gagny wood. Heads were protruded here and there; they seemed to be mustering up their courage. Several of the soldiers within the mill brought up their pieces to an aim, but 50 the captain shouted:

"No, no; not yet; wait. Let them come nearer."

They displayed a great deal of prudence in their advance, looking at the mill with a distrustful air; they seemed hardly to know what to make of the old structure, 5 so lifeless and gloomy, with its curtain of ivy. Still they kept on advancing. When there were fifty of them or so in the open, directly opposite, the officer uttered one word:

"Now!"

A crashing, tearing discharge burst from the position, succeeded by an irregular, dropping fire. Françoise, trembling violently, involuntarily raised her hands to 15 her ears. Dominique, from his position behind the soldiers, peered out upon the field, and when the smoke drifted away a little, counted three Prussians extended on their backs in the middle of the meadow. The others had sought shelter among the willows and the poplars. And then commenced the siege.

For more than an hour the mill was riddled with bullets; they beat and rattled on its old walls like hail. The noise they made was plainly audible as they struck the stonework, were flattened and fell back into the water; they buried themselves in the woodwork with a dull thud. Occasionally a creaking sound would an- 20 nounce that the wheel had been hit. Within the building the soldiers husbanded their ammunition, firing only when they could see something to aim at. The captain kept consulting his watch every few minutes, and as a ball split one of the shutters in halves and then lodged in the ceiling:

"Four o'clock," he murmured. "We 40 shall never be able to hold the position."

The old mill, in truth, was gradually going to pieces beneath that terrific fire. A shutter that had been perforated again and again, until it looked like a piece of 45 lace, fell off its hinges into the water, and had to be replaced by a mattress. Every moment, almost, Father Merlier exposed himself to the fire in order to take account of the damage sustained by his poor wheel, every wound of which was like a bullet in his own heart. Its period of usefulness was ended this time for certain; he would never be able to patch it up again. Domi-

nique had besought Françoise to retire to a place of safety, but she was determined to remain with him; she had taken a seat behind a great oaken clothespress, which afforded her protection. A ball struck the press, however, the sides of which gave out a dull hollow sound, whereupon Dominique stationed himself in front of Françoise. He had as yet taken no part in the firing, although he had his rifle in his hand; the soldiers occupied the whole breadth of the windows, so that he could not get near them. At every discharge the floor trembled.

"Look out! look out!" the captain suddenly shouted.

He had just descried a dark mass emerging from the wood. As soon as they gained the open they set up a telling platoon fire. It struck the mill like a tornado. Another shutter parted company, and the bullets came whistling in through the yawning aperture. Two soldiers rolled upon the floor; one lay where he fell and never moved a limb; his comrades pushed him up against the wall because he was in their way. The other writhed and twisted, beseeching some one to end his agony, but no one had ears for the poor wretch; the bullets were still pouring in, and every one was looking out for himself and searching for a loophole whence he might answer the enemy's fire. A third soldier was wounded; that one said not a word, but with staring haggard eyes sank down beneath a table. Françoise, horror-stricken by the dreadful spectacle of the dead and dying men, mechanically pushed away her chair and seated herself on the floor, against the wall; it seemed to her that she would be smaller there and less exposed. In the meantime men had gone and secured all the mattresses in the house; the opening of the window was partially closed again. The hall was filled with debris of every description, broken weapons, dislocated furniture.

"Five o'clock," said the captain. "Stand fast, boys. They are going to make an attempt to pass the stream."

Just then Françoise gave a shriek. A bullet had struck the floor, and, rebounding, grazed her forehead on the ricochet.

Dominique looked at her, then went to the window and fired his first shot, and from that time kept on firing uninterruptedly. He kept on loading and discharging his piece mechanically, paying no attention to what was passing at his side, only pausing from time to time to cast a look at Françoise. He did not fire hurriedly, or at random, moreover, but took deliberate aim. As the captain had predicted, the Prussians were skirting the belt of poplars and attempting the passage of the Morelle, but each time one of them showed himself he fell with one of Dominique's bullets in his brain. The captain, who was watching the performance, was amazed; he complimented the young man, telling him that he would like to have more marksmen of his skill. Dominique did not hear a word he said. A ball struck him in the shoulder, another raised a contusion on his arm. And still he kept on firing.

There were two more deaths. The mattresses were torn to shreds and no longer availed to stop the windows. The last volley that was poured in seemed as if it would carry away the mill bodily, so fierce it was. The position was no longer tenable. Still, the officer kept repeating: "Stand fast. Another half-hour yet."

He was counting the minutes, one by one. He had promised his commanders that he would hold the enemy there until nightfall, and he would not budge a hair's breadth before the moment that he had fixed for his withdrawal. He maintained his pleasant air of good-humor, smiling at Françoise by way of reassuring her. He had picked up the musket of one of the dead soldiers and was firing away with the rest.

There were but four soldiers left in the room. The Prussians were showing themselves en masse on the other side of the Morelle, and it was evident that they might now pass the stream at any moment. A few moments more elapsed; the captain was as determined as ever, and would not give the order to retreat, when a sergeant came running into the room, saying:

"They are on the road; they are going to take us in the rear."

The Prussians must have discovered the

bridge. The captain drew out his watch again.

"Five minutes more," he said. "They won't be here within five minutes."

Then exactly at six o'clock he at last withdrew his men through a little postern that opened on a narrow lane, whence they threw themselves into the ditch, and in that way reached the forest of Sauval. The captain took leave of Father Merlier with much politeness, apologizing profusely for the trouble he had caused. He even added:

"Try to keep them occupied for a while. We shall return."

While this was occurring Dominique had remained alone in the hall. He was still firing away, hearing nothing, conscious of nothing; his sole thought was to defend Françoise. The soldiers were all gone, and he had not the remotest idea of the fact; he aimed and brought down his man at every shot. All at once there was a great tumult. The Prussians had entered the courtyard from the rear. He fired his last shot, and they fell upon him with his weapon still smoking in his hand.

It required four men to hold him; the rest of them swarmed about him, vociferating like madmen in their horrible dialect. Françoise rushed forward to intercede with her prayers. They were on the point of killing him on the spot, but an officer came in and made them turn the prisoner over to him. After exchanging a few words in German with his men he turned to Dominique and said to him roughly, in very good French:

"You will be shot in two hours from now."

III

It was the standing regulation, laid down by the German staff, that every Frenchman not belonging to the regular army, taken with arms in his hands, should be shot. Even the *compagnies franches*¹ were not recognized as belligerents. It was the intention of the Germans, in making such terrible examples of the peasants who attempted to defend their

firesides, to prevent a rising en masse, which they greatly dreaded.

The officer, a tall, square man about fifty years old, subjected Dominique to a brief examination. Although he spoke French fluently, he was unmistakably Prussian in the stiffness of his manner.

"You are a native of this country."

"No, I am a Belgian."

"Why did you take up arms? These are matters with which you have no concern."

Dominique made no reply. At this moment the officer caught sight of Françoise where she stood listening, very pale; her slight wound had marked her white forehead with a streak of red. He looked from one to the other of the young people and appeared to understand the situation: he merely added:

"You do not deny having fired on my men?"

"I fired as long as I was able to do so,"

Dominique quietly replied.

The admission was scarcely necessary, for he was black with powder, wet with sweat, and the blood from the wound in his shoulder had trickled down and stained his clothing.

"Very well," the officer repeated. "You will be shot two hours hence."

Françoise uttered no cry. She clasped her hands and raised them above her head in a gesture of mute despair. Her action was not lost upon the officer. Two soldiers had led Dominique away to an adjacent room, where their orders were to guard him and not lose sight of him. The girl had sunk upon a chair; her strength had failed her, her legs refused to support her; she was denied the relief of tears, it seemed as if her emotion was strangling her. The officer continued to examine her attentively, and finally addressed her:

"Is that young man your brother?" he inquired.

She shook her head in negation. He was as rigid and unbending as ever, without the suspicion of a smile on his face. Then, after an interval of silence, he spoke again:

"Has he been living in the neighborhood long?"

¹ Independent companies.

She answered yes, by another motion of the head.

"Then he must be well acquainted with the woods about here?"

This time she made a verbal answer. "Yes, sir," she said, looking at him with some astonishment.

He said nothing more, but turned on his heel, requesting that the mayor of the village should be brought before him. 10 But Françoise had risen from her chair, a faint tinge of color on her cheeks, believing that she had caught the significance of his questions, and with renewed hope she ran to look for her father.

As soon as the firing had ceased Father Merlier had hurriedly descended by the wooden gallery to have a look at his wheel. He adored his daughter and had a strong feeling of affection for Dominique, his son-in-law who was to be; but his wheel 20 also occupied a large space in his heart. Now that the two little ones, as he called them, had come safe and sound out of the fray, he thought of his other love, which 25 must have suffered sorely, poor thing, and bending over the great wooden skeleton, he was scrutinizing its wounds with a heart-broken air. Five of the buckets were reduced to splinters, the central framework 30 was honeycombed. He was thrusting his fingers into the cavities that the bullets had made to see how deep they were and reflecting how he was ever to repair all that damage. When Françoise found him he 35 was already plugging up the crevices with moss and such débris as he could lay his hands on.

"They are asking for you, father," said she.

And at last she wept as she told him what she had just heard. Father Merlier shook his head. It was not customary to shoot people like that. He would have to look into the matter. And he re-entered 45 the mill with his usual placid, silent air. When the officer made his demand for supplies for his men, he answered that the people of Rocreuse were not accustomed to be ridden roughshod, and that nothing 50 would be obtained from them through violence; he was willing to assume all the responsibility, but only on condition that

he was allowed to act independently. The officer at first appeared to take umbrage at this easy way of viewing matters, but finally gave way before the old man's brief and distinct representations. As the latter was leaving the room the other recalled him to ask:

"Those woods there, opposite, what do you call them?"

"The woods of Sauval."

"And how far do they extend?"

The miller looked him straight in the face. "I do not know," he replied.

And he withdrew. An hour later the 15 subvention in money and provisions that the officer had demanded was in the courtyard of the mill. Night was coming on; Françoise followed every movement of the soldiers with an anxious eye. She never once left the vicinity of the room in which Dominique was imprisoned. About seven o'clock she had a harrowing emotion; she saw the officer enter the prisoner's apartment, and for a quarter of an hour heard 25 their voices raised in violent discussion. The officer came to the door a moment and gave an order in German which she did not understand, but, when twelve men came and formed in the courtyard with 30 shouldered muskets, she was seized with a fit of trembling and felt as if she should die. It was all over then; the execution was about to take place. The twelve men remained there ten minutes; Dominique's 35 voice kept rising higher and higher in a tone of vehement denial. Finally the officer came out, closing the door behind him with a vicious bang and saying:

"Very well; think it over. I give you 40 until tomorrow morning."

And he ordered the twelve men to break ranks by a motion of his hand. Françoise was stupefied. Father Merlier, who had continued to puff away at his pipe while 45 watching the platoon with a simple, curious air, came and took her by the arm with fatherly gentleness. He led her to her chamber.

"Don't fret," he said to her; "try to get some sleep. Tomorrow it will be light and we shall see more clearly."

He locked the door behind him as he left the room. It was a fixed principle

with him that women are good for nothing, and that they spoil everything whenever they meddle in important matters. Françoise did not lie down, however; she remained a long time seated on her bed, listening to the various noises in the house. The German soldiers quartered in the courtyard were singing and laughing; they must have kept up their eating and drinking until eleven o'clock, for the riot never ceased for an instant. Heavy footsteps resounded from time to time through the mill itself, doubtless the tramp of the guards as they were relieved. What had most interest for her were the sounds that she could catch in the room that lay directly under her own; several times she threw herself prone upon the floor and applied her ear to the boards. That room was the one in which they had locked up Dominique. He must have been pacing the apartment, for she could hear for a long time his regular, cadenced tread passing from the wall to the window and back again; then there was a deep silence; doubtless he had seated himself. The other sounds ceased too; everything was still. When it seemed to her that the house was sunk in slumber she raised her window as noiselessly as possible and leaned out.

Without, the night was serene and balmy. The slender crescent of the moon, which was just setting behind Sauval wood, cast a dim radiance over the landscape. The lengthening shadows of the great trees stretched far athwart the fields in bands of blackness, while in such spots as were unobscured the grass appeared of a tender green, soft as velvet. But Françoise did not stop to consider the mysterious charm of the night. She was scrutinizing the country and looking to see where the Germans had posted their sentinels. She could clearly distinguish their dark forms outlined along the course of the Morelle. There was only one stationed opposite the mill, on the far bank of the stream, by a willow whose branches dipped in the water. Françoise had an excellent view of him; he was a tall young man, standing quite motionless with face upturned toward the sky, with the meditative air of a shepherd.

When she had completed her careful inspection of localities she returned and took her former seat upon the bed. She remained there an hour absorbed in deep thought. Then she listened again; there was not a breath to be heard in the house. She went again to the window and took another look outside, but one of the moon's horns was still hanging above the edge of the forest, and this circumstance doubtless appeared to her unpropitious, for she resumed her waiting. At last the moment seemed to have arrived; the night was now quite dark; she could no longer discern the sentinel opposite her, the landscape lay before her black as a sea of ink. She listened intently for a moment, then formed her resolve. Close beside her window was an iron ladder made of bars set in the wall, which ascended from the mill-wheel to the granary at the top of the building, and had formerly served the miller as a means of inspecting certain portions of the gearing, but a change having been made in the machinery the ladder had long since become lost to sight beneath the thick ivy that covered all that side of the mill.

Françoise bravely climbed over the balustrade of the little balcony in front of her window, grasped one of the iron bars and found herself suspended in space. She commenced the descent; her skirts were a great hindrance to her. Suddenly a stone became loosened from the wall and fell into the Morelle with a loud splash. She stopped, benumbed with fear, but reflection quickly told her that the waterfall, with its continuous roar, was sufficient to deaden any noise that she could make, and then she descended more boldly, putting aside the ivy with her foot, testing each round of her ladder. When she was on a level with the room that had been converted into a prison for her lover she stopped. An unforeseen difficulty came near depriving her of all her courage; the window of the room beneath was not situated directly under the window of her bedroom; there was a wide space between it and the ladder, and when she extended her hand it only encountered the naked wall.

Would she have to go back the way she came and leave her project unaccomplished? Her arms were growing very tired; the murmuring of the Morelle, far down below, was beginning to make her dizzy. Then she broke off bits of plaster from the wall and threw them against Dominique's window. He did not hear; perhaps he was asleep. Again she crumbled fragments from the wall, until the skin was peeled from her fingers. Her strength was exhausted, she felt that she was about to fall backward into the stream, when at last Dominique softly raised his sash.

"It is I," she murmured. "Take me quick; I am about to fall." Leaning from the window he grasped her and drew her into the room, where she had a paroxysm of weeping, stifling her sobs in order that she might not be heard. Then, by a supreme effort of the will she overcame her emotion.

"Are you guarded?" she asked in a low voice.

Dominique, not yet recovered from his stupefaction at seeing her there, made answer by simply pointing toward his door. There was a sound of snoring audible on the outside; it was evident that the sentinel had been overpowered by sleep and had thrown himself upon the floor close against the door in such a way that it could not be opened without arousing him.

"You must fly," she continued earnestly. "I came here to bid you fly and say farewell."

But he seemed not to hear her. He kept repeating:

"What, it is you, is it you? Oh, what a fright you gave me! You might have killed yourself." He took her hands, he kissed them again and again. "How I love you, Françoise! You are as courageous as you are good. The only thing I feared was that I might die without seeing you again; but you are here, and now they may shoot me when they will. Let me but have a quarter of an hour with you and I am ready."

He had gradually drawn her to him; her head was resting on his shoulder. The

peril that was so near at hand brought them closer to each other, and they forgot everything in that long embrace.

"Ah, Françoise!" Dominique went on in low, caressing tones, "today is the fête of Saint Louis, our wedding day that we have been waiting for so long. Nothing has been able to keep us apart, for we are both here, faithful to our appointment, are we not? It is now our wedding morning."

"Yes, yes," she repeated after him, "our wedding morning."

They shuddered as they exchanged a kiss. But suddenly she tore herself from his arms; the terrible reality arose before her eyes.

"You must fly, you must fly," she murmured breathlessly. "There is not a moment to lose." And as he stretched out his arms in the darkness to draw her to him again, she went on in tender, beseeching tones: "Oh, listen to me, I entreat you. If you die, I shall die. In an hour it will be daylight. Go, go at once; I command you to go."

Then she rapidly explained her plan to him. The iron ladder extended downward to the wheel; once he had got so far he could climb down by means of the buckets and get into the boat, which was hidden in a recess. Then it would be an easy matter for him to reach the other bank of the stream and make his escape.

"But are there no sentinels?" said he.

"Only one, directly opposite here, at the foot of the first willow."

"And if he sees me, if he gives the alarm?"

Françoise shuddered. She placed in his hand a knife that she had brought down with her. They were silent.

"And your father — and you," Dominique continued. "But no, it is not to be thought of; I must not fly. When I am no longer here those soldiers are capable of murdering you. You do not know them. They offered to spare my life if I would guide them into Sauval forest. When they discover that I have escaped, their fury will be such that they will be ready for every atrocity."

The girl did not stop to argue the

question. To all the considerations that he adduced to her, her one simple answer was: "Fly. For the love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, do not linger here a single moment longer."

She promised that she would return to her bedroom; no one should know that she had helped him. She concluded by folding him in her arms and smothering him with kisses, in an extravagant outburst of passion. He was vanquished. He put only one more question to her:

"Will you swear to me that your father knows what you are doing, and that he counsels my flight?"

"It was my father who sent me to you," Françoise unhesitatingly replied.

She told a falsehood. At that moment she had but one great, overmastering longing, to know that he was in safety, to escape from the horrible thought that the morning's sun was to be the signal for his death. When he should be far away, then calamity and evil might burst upon her head; whatever fate might be in store for her would seem endurable, so that only his life might be spared. Before and above all other considerations, the selfishness of her love demanded that he should be saved.

"It is well," said Dominique; "I will do as you desire."

No further word was spoken. Dominique went to the window to raise it again. But suddenly there was a noise that chilled them with affright. The door was shaken violently; they thought that some one was about to open it; it was evidently a party going the rounds who had heard their voices. They stood by the window, close locked in each other's arms, awaiting the event with anguish unspeakable. Again there came the rattling at the door, but it did not open. Each of them drew a deep sigh of relief; they saw how it was. The soldier lying across the threshold had turned over in his sleep. Silence was restored indeed, and presently the snoring began again.

Dominique insisted that Françoise should return to her room first of all. He took her in his arms, he bade her a silent farewell, then helped her to grasp the ladder, and himself climbed out in turn.

He refused to descend a single step, however, until he knew that she was in her chamber. When she was safe in her room she let fall, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper, the words:

"Au revoir. I love you!"

She kneeled at the window, resting her elbows on the sill, straining her eyes to follow Dominique. The night was still very dark. She looked for the sentinel, but could see nothing of him; the willow alone was dimly visible, a pale spot upon the surrounding blackness. For a moment she heard the rustling of the ivy as Dominique descended, then the wheel creaked, and there was a faint splash which told that the young man had found the boat. This was confirmed when, a minute later, she descried the shadowy outline of a skiff on the grey bosom of the Morelle. Then a horrible feeling of dread seemed to clutch her by the throat. Every moment she thought she heard the sentry give the alarm; every faintest sound among the dusky shadows seemed to her overwrought imagination to be the hurrying tread of soldiers, the clash of steel, the click of musket locks. The seconds slipped by, however, the landscape still preserved its solemn peace. Dominique must have landed safely on the other bank. Françoise no longer had eyes for anything. The silence was oppressive. And she heard the sound of trampling feet, a hoarse cry, the dull thud of a heavy body falling. This was followed by another silence, even deeper than that which had gone before. Then, as if conscious that Death had passed that way, she became very cold in presence of the impenetrable night.

IV

At early daybreak the repose of the mill was disturbed by the clamour of angry voices. Father Merlier had gone and unlocked Françoise's door. She descended to the courtyard pale and very calm, but, when there, could not repress a shudder upon being brought face to face with the body of a Prussian soldier that lay on the ground beside the well, stretched out upon a cloak.

Around the corpse the soldiers were shouting and gesticulating angrily. Several of them shook their fists threateningly in the direction of the village. The officer had just sent a summons to Father Merlier to appear before him in his capacity as mayor of the commune.

"Here is one of our men," he said, in a voice that was almost unintelligible from anger, "who was found murdered on the bank of the stream. The murderer must be found, so that we may make a salutary example of him, and I shall expect you to co-operate with us in finding him."

"Whatsoever you desire," the miller replied, with his customary impassiveness. "Only it will be no easy matter."

The officer stooped down and drew aside the skirt of the cloak which concealed the dead man's face, disclosing as he did so a frightful wound. The sentinel had been struck in the throat and the weapon had not been withdrawn from the wound. It was a common kitchen-knife, with a black handle.

"Look at that knife," the officer said to Father Merlier. "Perhaps it will assist us in our investigation."

The old man had started violently, but recovered himself at once; not a muscle of his face moved as he replied:

"Every one about here has knives like that. Like enough your man was tired of fighting and did the business himself. Such things have happened before now."

"Be silent!" the officer shouted in a fury. "I don't know what it is that keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of your village."

His anger fortunately kept him from noticing the great change that had come over Françoise's countenance. Her feelings had compelled her to sit down upon the stone bench beside the well. Do what she would she could not remove her eyes from the body that lay stretched upon the ground, almost at her feet. He had been a tall, handsome young man in life, very like Dominique in appearance, with blue eyes and yellow hair. The resemblance went to her heart. She thought that perhaps the dead man had left behind him in his German home some sweetheart who would

weep for his loss. And she recognized her knife in the dead man's throat. She had killed him.

The officer, meantime, was talking of visiting Rocreuse with some terrible punishment, when two or three soldiers came running in. The guard had just that moment ascertained the fact of Dominique's escape. The agitation caused by the tidings was extreme. The officer went to inspect the locality, looked out through the still open window, saw at once how the event had happened, and returned in a state of exasperation.

Father Merlier appeared greatly vexed by Dominique's flight. "The idiot!" he murmured; "he has upset everything."

Françoise heard him, and was in an agony of suffering. Her father, moreover, had no suspicion of her complicity. He shook his head, saying to her in an undertone:

"We are in a nice box now!"

"It was that scoundrel! it was that scoundrel!" cried the officer. "He has got away to the woods; but he must be found, or the village shall stand the consequences." And addressing himself to the miller: "Come, you must know where he is hiding?"

Father Merlier laughed in his silent way, and pointed to the wide stretch of wooded hills.

"How can you expect to find a man in that wilderness?" he asked.

"Oh! there are plenty of hiding places that you are acquainted with. I am going to give you ten men; you shall act as guide to them."

"I am perfectly willing. But it will take a week to beat up all the woods of the neighborhood."

The old man's serenity enraged the officer; he saw, indeed, what a ridiculous proceeding such a hunt would be. It was at that moment that he caught sight of Françoise where she sat, pale and trembling, on her bench. His attention was aroused by the girl's anxious attitude. He was silent for a moment, glancing suspiciously from father to daughter and back again.

"Is not that man," he at last coarsely

asked the old man, "your daughter's lover?"

Father Merlier's face became ashy pale, and he appeared for a moment as if about to throw himself on the officer and throttle him. He straightened himself up and made no reply. Françoise had hidden her face in her hands.

"Yes, that is how it is," the Prussian continued; "you or your daughter have 10 helped him to escape. You are his accomplices. For the last time, will you surrender him?"

The miller did not answer. He had turned away and was looking at the distant landscape with an air of indifference, just as if the officer were talking to some other person. That put the finishing touch to the latter's wrath.

"Very well, then!" he declared, "you 20 shall be shot in his stead."

And again he ordered out the firing party. Father Merlier was as imperturbable as ever. He scarcely did so much as shrug his shoulders; the whole 25 drama appeared to him to be in very doubtful taste. He probably believed that they would not take a man's life in that unceremonious manner. When the platoon was on the ground he gravely 30 said:

"So, then, you are in earnest? Very well, I am willing it should be so. If you feel you must have a victim, it may as well be I as another."

But Françoise arose, greatly troubled, stammering: "Have mercy, sir; do not harm my father. Kill me instead of him. It was I who helped Dominique to escape; I am the only guilty one."

"Hold your tongue, my girl," Father Merlier exclaimed. "Why do you tell such a falsehood? She passed the night locked in her room, sir; I assure you that she does not speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," the girl eagerly replied. "I got down by the window; I incited Dominique to fly. It is the truth, the whole truth."

The old man's face was very white. He 50 could read in her eyes that she was not lying, and her story terrified him. Ah, those children! those children! how they

spoiled everything, with their hearts and their feelings! Then he said angrily:

"She is crazy; do not listen to her. It is a lot of trash she is telling you. Come, 5 let us get through with this business."

She persisted in her protestations; she kneeled, she raised her clasped hands in supplication. The officer stood tranquilly by and watched the harrowing scene.

"Mon Dieu!" he said at last, "I take your father because the other has escaped me. Bring me back the other man, and your father shall have his liberty."

She looked at him for a moment with eyes dilated by the horror which his proposal inspired in her.

"It is dreadful," she murmured. "Where can I look for Dominique now? He is gone; I know nothing beyond that."

"Well, make your choice between them; him or your father."

"Oh, my God! how can I choose? Even if I knew where to find Dominique I could not choose. You are breaking my heart. I would rather die at once. Yes, it would be more quickly ended thus. Kill me, I beseech you, kill me —"

The officer finally became weary of this scene of despair and tears. He cried:

"Enough of this! I wish to treat you kindly; I will give you two hours. If your lover is not here within two hours, your father shall pay the penalty he has incurred."

35 And he ordered Father Merlier away to the room that had served as a prison for Dominique. The old man asked for tobacco, and began to smoke. There was no trace of emotion to be described on his impassive face. Only when he was alone he wept two big tears that coursed slowly down his cheeks. His poor, dear child, what a fearful trial she was enduring!

Françoise remained in the courtyard. 45 Prussian soldiers passed back and forth, laughing. Some of them addressed her with coarse pleasantries which she did not understand. Her gaze was bent upon the door through which her father had disappeared, and with a slow movement she raised her hand to her forehead, as if to keep it from bursting. The officer turned sharply on his heel, and said to her:

"You have two hours. Try to make use of them."

She had two hours. The words kept buzzing, buzzing in her ears. Then she went forth mechanically from the courtyard; she walked straight ahead with no definite end. Where was she to go? what was she to do? She did not even endeavor to arrive at any decision, for she felt how utterly useless were her efforts. And yet she would have liked to see Dominique; they could have come to some understanding together, perhaps they might hit on some plan to extricate them from their difficulties. And so, amid the confusion of her whirling thoughts, she took her way downward to the bank of the Morelle, which she crossed below the dam by means of some stepping-stones which were there. Proceeding onward, still involuntarily, she came to the first willow, at the corner of the meadow, and stooping down, beheld a sight that made her grow deathly pale — a pool of blood. It was the spot. And she followed the track that Dominique had left in the tall grass; it was evident that he had run, for the footsteps that crossed the meadow in a diagonal line were separated from one another by wide intervals. Then, beyond that point, she lost the trace, but thought she had discovered it again in an adjoining field. It led her onward to the border of the forest, where the trail came abruptly to an end.

Though conscious of the futility of the proceeding, Françoise penetrated into the wood. It was a comfort to her to be alone. She sat down for a moment, then, reflecting that time was passing, rose again to her feet. How long was it since she left the mill? Five minutes, or a half-hour? She had lost all idea of time. Perhaps Dominique had sought concealment in a clearing that she knew of, where they had gone together one afternoon and eaten hazelnuts. She directed her steps toward the clearing; she searched it thoroughly. A blackbird flew out, whistling his sweet and melancholy note; that was all. Then she thought that he might have taken refuge in a hollow among the rocks where he went sometimes with his gun, but the spot was untenanted. What use was there

in looking for him? She would never find him, and little by little the desire to discover the hiding place became a passionate longing. She proceeded at a more rapid pace. The idea suddenly took possession of her that he had climbed into a tree, and thenceforth she went along with eyes raised aloft and called him by name every fifteen or twenty steps, so that he might know she was near him. The cuckoos answered her; a breath of air that rustled the leaves made her think that he was there and coming down to her. Once she even imagined that she saw him; she stopped with a sense of suffocation, with a desire to run away. What was she to say to him? Had she come there to take him back with her and have him shot? Oh! no, she would not mention those things; she would tell him that he must fly, that he must not remain in the neighborhood. Then she thought of her father awaiting her return, and the reflection caused her most bitter anguish. She sank upon the turf, weeping hot tears, crying aloud:

"My God! My God! why am I here!"

It was a mad thing for her to have come. And, as if seized with sudden panic, she ran hither and thither, she sought to make her way out of the forest. Three times she lost her way, and had begun to think she was never to see the mill again, when she came out on the meadow, directly opposite Rocreuse. As soon as she caught sight of the village she stopped. Was she going to return alone?

She was standing there when she heard a voice calling her name, softly:

"Françoise, Françoise!"

And she beheld Dominique raising his head above the edge of a ditch. Just God! she had found him.

Could it be, then, that Heaven willed his death? She suppressed a cry that rose to her lips, and slipped into the ditch beside him.

"You were looking for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied bewilderedly, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"Ah! what has happened?"

She stammered, with eyes downcast:

"Why, nothing; I was anxious, I wanted to see you."

Thereupon, his fears alleviated, he went on to tell her how it was that he had remained in the vicinity. He was alarmed for them. Those rascally Prussians were not above their vengeance on women and old men. All had ended well, however, and he added, laughing:

"The wedding will be put off for a week, that's all."

He became serious, however, upon noticing that her dejection did not pass away.

"But what is the matter? You are concealing something from me."

"No, I give you my word I am not. I am tired; I ran all the way here."

He kissed her, saying it was imprudent for them both to talk there any longer, and was about to climb out of the ditch in order to return to the forest. She stopped him; she was trembling violently.

"Listen, Dominique; perhaps it will be as well for you to stay here, after all. There is no one looking for you; you have nothing to fear."

"Françoise, you are concealing something from me," he said again.

Again she protested that she was concealing nothing. She only liked to know that he was near her. And there were other reasons still that she gave in stammering accents. Her manner was so strange that no consideration could now have induced him to go away. He believed, moreover, that the French would return presently. Troops had been seen over towards Sauval.

"Ah! let them make haste; let them come as quickly as possible," she murmured fervently.

At that moment the clock of the church at Rocreuse struck eleven; the strokes reached them, clear and distinct. She arose in terror; it was two hours since she had left the mill.

"Listen," she said, with feverish rapidity, "should we need you, I will go up to my room and wave my handkerchief from the window."

And she started off homeward on a run, while Dominique, greatly disturbed in

mind, stretched himself at length beside the ditch to watch the mill. Just as she was about to enter the village Françoise encountered an old beggar man, Father Bontemps, who knew every one and everything in that part of the country. He saluted her; he had just seen the miller, he said, surrounded by a crowd of Prussians; then, making numerous signs of the cross and mumbling some inarticulate words, he went his way.

"The two hours are up," the officer said when Françoise made her appearance.

Father Merlier was there, seated on the bench beside the well. He was smoking still. The young girl again proffered her supplication, kneeling before the officer and weeping. Her wish was to gain time. The hope that she might yet behold the return of the French had been gaining strength in her bosom, and amid her tears and sobs she thought she could distinguish in the distance the cadenced tramp of an advancing army. Oh! if they would but come and deliver them all from their fearful trouble!

"Hear me, sir: grant us an hour, just one little hour. Surely you will not refuse to grant us an hour!"

But the officer was inflexible. He even ordered two men to lay hold of her and take her away, in order that they might proceed undisturbed with the execution of the old man. Then a dreadful conflict took place in Françoise's heart. She could not allow her father to be murdered in that manner! no, no, she would die in company with Dominique rather; and she was just darting away in the direction of her room in order to signal to her *fiancé*, when Dominique himself entered the courtyard.

The officer and his soldiers gave a great shout of triumph, but he, as if there had been no soul there but Françoise, walked straight up to her: he was perfectly calm, and his face wore a slight expression of sternness.

"You did wrong," he said. "Why did you not bring me back with you? Had it not been for Father Bontemps I should have known nothing of all this. Well, I am here, at all events."

V

It was three o'clock. The heavens were piled high with great black clouds, the tail-end of a storm that had been raging somewhere in the vicinity. Beneath the coppery sky and ragged scud the valley of Rocreuse, so bright and smiling in the sunlight, became a grim chasm, full of sinister shadows. The Prussian officer had done nothing with Dominique beyond placing him in confinement, giving no indication of his ultimate purpose in regard to him. Françoise, since noon, had been suffering unendurable agony; notwithstanding her father's entreaties, she would not leave the courtyard. She was waiting for the French troops to appear, but the hours slipped by, night was approaching, and she suffered all the more since it appeared as if the time thus gained would have no effect on the final result.

About three o'clock, however, the Prussians began to make their preparation for departure. The officer had gone to Dominique's room and remained closeted with him for some minutes, as he had done the day before. Françoise knew that the young man's life was hanging in the balance; she clasped her hands and put up fervent prayers. Beside her sat Father Merlier, rigid and silent, declining, like the true peasant he was, to attempt any interference with accomplished facts.

"Oh! my God! my God!" Françoise exclaimed, "they are going to kill him!"

The miller drew her to him, and took her on his lap as if she had been a little child. At this juncture the officer came from the room, followed by two men conducting Dominique between them.

"Never, never," the latter exclaimed. "I am ready to die."

"You had better think the matter over," the officer replied. "I shall have no trouble in finding some one else to render us the service which you refuse. I am generous with you; I offer you your life. It is simply a matter of guiding us across the forest to Montredon; there must be paths."

Dominique made no answer.

"Then you persist in your obstinacy?"

"Shoot me, and let's have done with it," he replied.

Françoise, in the distance, entreated her lover with clasped hands; she was forgetful of all considerations save one — she would have had him commit a treason. But Father Merlier seized her hands, that the Prussians might not see the wild gestures of a woman whose mind was disordered by her distress.

"He is right," he murmured, "it is best for him to die."

The firing-party was in readiness. The officer still had hopes of bringing Dominique over, and was waiting to see him exhibit some signs of weakness. Deep silence prevailed. Heavy peals of thunder were heard in the distance, the fields and woods lay lifeless beneath the sweltering heat. And it was in the midst of this oppressive silence that suddenly the cry arose:

"The French; the French!"

It was a fact; they were coming. The line of red trousers could be seen advancing along the Sauval road, at the edge of the forest. In the mill the confusion was extreme; the Prussian soldiers ran to and fro, giving vent to guttural cries. Not a shot had been fired as yet.

"The French! the French!" cried Françoise, clapping her hands for joy. She was like a woman possessed. She had escaped from her father's embrace and was laughing boisterously, her arms raised high in the air. They had come at last, then, and had come in time, since Dominique was still there, alive!

A crash of musketry that rang in her ears like a thunderclap caused her to suddenly turn her head. The officer had muttered, "We will finish this business first," and, with his own hands pushing Dominique up against the wall of a shed, had given the command to the squad to fire. When Françoise turned, Dominique was lying on the ground, pierced by a dozen bullets.

She did not shed a tear; she stood there like one suddenly rendered senseless. Her eyes were fixed and staring, and she went and seated herself beneath the shed, a few steps from the lifeless body. She looked at

it wistfully; now and then she would make a movement with her hands in an aimless, childish way. The Prussians had seized Father Merlier as a hostage.

It was a pretty fight. The officer, perceiving that he could not retreat without being cut to pieces, rapidly made the best disposition possible of his men; it was as well to sell their lives dearly. The Prussians were now the defenders of the mill, and the French were the attacking party. The musketry fire began with unparalleled fury; for half an hour there was no lull in the storm. Then a deep report was heard, and a ball carried away a main branch of the old elm. The French had artillery; a battery, in position just beyond the ditch where Dominique had concealed himself, commanded the main street of Rocreuse. The conflict could not last long after that.

Ah! the poor old mill! The cannon-balls raked it from wall to wall. Half the roof was carried away; two of the walls fell in. But it was on the side toward the Morelle that the damage was most lamentable. The ivy, torn from the tottering walls, hung in tatters, débris of every description floated away upon the bosom of the stream, and through a great breach Françoise's chamber was visible, with its little bed, the snow-white curtains of which were carefully drawn. Two balls struck the old wheel in quick succession, and it gave one parting groan; the buckets were carried away down stream, the frame was

crushed into a shapeless mass. It was the soul of the stout old mill parting from the body.

Then the French came forward to carry the place by storm. There was a mad hand-to-hand conflict with the bayonet. Under the dull sky the pretty valley became a huge slaughter-pen; the broad meadows looked on in horror, with their great isolated trees and their rows of poplars, dotting them with shade, while to right and left the forest was like the walls of a tilting-ground enclosing the combatants, and in Nature's universal panic the gentle murmur of the springs and water-courses sounded like sobs and wails.

Françoise had not stirred from the shed where she remained hanging over Dominique's body. Father Merlier had met his death from a stray bullet. Then the French captain, the Prussians being exterminated and the mill on fire, entered the courtyard at the head of his men. It was the first success that he had gained since the breaking-out of the war, so, all inflamed with enthusiasm, drawing himself up to the full height of his lofty stature, he laughed pleasantly, as a handsome cavalier like him might laugh. Then, perceiving poor idiotic Françoise where she crouched between the corpses of her father and her intended, among the smoking ruins of the mill, he saluted her gallantly with his sword, and shouted:

"Victory! Victory!"

MAUPASSANT

(1850-1893)

Guy de Maupassant was born in Normandy, and after attending school in Rouen, took part in the war of 1870. He then became a government employee in Paris. His success as a writer of stories began with *Boule de suif* in 1880, and his best work was done during the following decade. He gradually became morose and pessimistic and died insane. As a writer he belongs to the "naturalistic" group of realists, but his work reveals a compactness and a clearness of style never attained by Zola. He is notable for his severe and objective scrutiny of his environment. He surpassed his master, Flaubert, in eliminating the romantic element from his work. He contented himself with the depiction of man as he saw him, did not call to his aid either philosophical speculation or formulæ for the solution of life's problems. He made no attempt to analyse life, but pictured it as it was revealed by outward physical action. His Norman peasants and Parisian shop-keepers are set forth with a detachment that reveals neither antagonism nor sympathy.

His narrative technique, remarkable for clarity, coherence, and economy, has served as a model for a host of short-story writers since his time.

A Question of Diplomacy, written in 1882, is translated in *The Great Modern French Stories*, New York, Boni and Liveright, 1917.

A QUESTION OF DIPLOMACY

News of the disaster of Sedan had just reached Paris. The Republic had been proclaimed and the entire country gasped at the beginning of the madness which lasted until after the Commune. From one end of the land to the other, men played at being soldiers.

Hat-makers were colonels with the functions of generals; revolvers and knives were displayed about pacific bellies enveloped with red sashes; little bourgeois, who had become warriors by accident, commanded battalions of bawling volunteers and swore like truck-drivers to give themselves a commanding presence.

The mere fact of holding arms, of handling automatic rifles, distracted these people who had hitherto handled only scales, and made them, without reason, redoubtable to the first comer. The innocent were executed to prove that they knew how to kill; and in prowling about the country still undefiled by the Prussians, they shot the stray dogs, the cows ruminating in peace, and sick horses grazing in the meadows.

Everybody considered himself called upon to play a great military rôle. The cafés of the smallest villages, with their horde of shop-keepers in uniform, resembled barracks or ambulances.

The borough of Caneville still ignored the distracting news of the army from the capital; but for a month an extreme agitation was shaking it — the rival factions stood face to face.

The mayor, the Viscount de Varnetot, a small, thin, little man, already old, and a legitimist who for ambitious motives had but recently rallied to the Empire, saw a determined adversary in the person of Dr. Massarel, a fat, florid man, chief of the Republic party of the district, an elder in the headquarters of the Masonic lodge, president of the Society of Agriculture, and organiser of the rural militia, which was to save the country.

In fifteen days he had found the means of persuading sixty-three married men — fathers of families — to defend the country; these were prudent peasants and tradesmen of the borough, and he drilled them every morning in the square of the town hall.

When the mayor by chance came to the parish building, the commandant Massarel, loaded with pistols, passed proudly before his troops, saber in hand, and made his people shout, "*Vive la patrie!*"

And it was noticed that this cry agitated the little viscount, who doubtless saw in this a threat, a challenge, and at the same time an odious reminder of the great Revolution.

On the morning of December 5th, as the postman brought the paper, the doctor, in uniform, his revolver on the table, was engaged in consultation with a couple of old farmers, one of whom had been afflicted with varicose veins for seven years, but had waited till his wife also had them before consulting a doctor.

Monsieur Massarel opened the newspaper, turned pale, rose suddenly, and, raising his arms to heaven with an exalted gesture, began to bawl at the top of his voice before the two frightened rustics: "Long live the Republic! Long live the Republic! Long live the Republic!"

Then he fell back into an arm-chair, faint with emotion.

And as the peasant continued, "It began just like ants crawling up and down my legs," the doctor broke in with: "Shut up! As if I had time to attend to your drive! The Republic has been proclaimed; the Emperor is a prisoner; France is saved. Long live the Republic!" And, running to the door, he cried: "Céleste, quick! Céleste!"

The terror-stricken servant ran up; he talked so rapidly that he sputtered:

"My boots, my saber, my cartridge-pouch, and the Spanish dagger that is on the table at my bedside. Hurry!"

And as the obstinate peasant, taking

advantage of an instant of silence, again took up the thread of his narrative, "It became like little pockets that hurt me as I walked," the exasperated doctor screamed: "Good God! will you shut up! If you had washed your feet this wouldn't have happened!"

Then, seizing him by the collar, he shouted in his face, "You glorified ass; don't you realise that we're in a Republic?"

But professional sentiment calmed him at once and he pushed the astounded couple outside, repeating: "Come back tomorrow; come back tomorrow, my friends. I haven't the time today."

Even while he equipped himself from head to foot he again gave a series of orders to his servant:

"Run to Lieutenant Picart and to Sub-Lieutenant Pommel and tell them I expect them here immediately. Send me Torchebeuf, too, with his drum, quick! Quick!"

And when Céleste had left he pulled himself together preparatory to surmounting the difficulties of the situation.

The three men arrived together, in working clothes. The commandant, who had expected to see them in uniform, received a shock.

"The devil! Then you know nothing? The Emperor is a prisoner; the Republic has been proclaimed. We must act. My position is delicate, I may even say perilous." He mused for a few seconds before the astonished faces of his subordinates, and continued: "We must act and not hesitate. In similar instances minutes are worth hours. Everything depends upon the promptness of decisions. You, Picart, go and find the priest and order him to ring the alarm bell to assemble the population, whom I am going to inform. You, Torchebeuf, beat the call to arms in the entire parish as far as the hamlets of Gersaie and Salmaire. You, Pommel, dress promptly in your uniform — nothing but the tunic and the *képi*. We will occupy the town hall together and summon Monsieur de Varnetot to surrender his executive power to me. Have you understood?"

"Yes."

"Execute this and be prompt. I shall accompany you as far as your house, Pommel, as we are operating together."

Five minutes later the commandant and his subordinates, armed to the teeth, appeared on the square just at the moment when the little Viscount de Varnetot, with legs gaitered as if for a hunting party, his shotgun on his shoulder, emerged with rapid steps from another street, followed by his three guards, in green tunics, their knives at the hip and their rifles over the shoulder.

As the doctor stopped, dumbfounded, the four men penetrated into the town hall, the door of which closed after them.

"We have been forestalled," muttered the doctor. "We must now wait for reinforcements. There's nothing to be done for a quarter of an hour."

Lieutenant Picart reappeared. "The priest has refused to obey," he said. "He has even locked himself in the church with the beadle and the Swiss."

And from the other side of the square, opposite the white and sealed town hall, the church, mute and gloomy, showed its great door of oak, fortified with iron mountings.

Then, as the perplexed inhabitants put their noses to the windows or appeared on the thresholds of the houses, the drum suddenly rolled and Torchebeuf appeared, beating with fury the three precipitated beats of the call to arms. He crossed the square at quick march and then disappeared in the road leading to the fields.

Then the commandant drew his saber and advanced to about half the distance between the two buildings where the enemy had barricaded himself; then, waving his weapon above his head, he bellowed with all the force of his lungs: "Long live the Republic! Death to the traitors!" Then he returned to his officers.

The butcher, the baker, and the druggist, uneasy, hung up their shutters and closed their shops. Only the grocer remained open.

Yet little by little the men of the militia arrived, diversely dressed and all capped with the black *képi* and a red stripe, the

képi constituting the uniform of the corps. They were armed with old, rusty guns, those old guns that had hung for thirty years above mantelpieces of kitchens, and they greatly resembled a detachment of rural constables.

When he had about thirty around him, the commandant in a few words put them in touch with events. Then, turning to his general staff, he said, "Now let us act."

The inhabitants collected, stared, and gaped.

The doctor had soon devised a plan of action. "Lieutenant Picart, you will advance beneath the windows of the town hall and summon Monsieur de Varnetot, in the name of the Republic, to surrender the town hall to me."

But the lieutenant, a master mason, refused. "You certainly are a foxy one. To have me get plugged with a bullet. Thanks. You know those fellows in there are good shots. Run your own errands."

The commandant reddened. "I order you to go in the name of discipline."

The lieutenant openly revolted. "You'll order me oftener than I'll go to get my face smashed without knowing why."

The notables, assembled in a neighboring group, began to laugh, and one of them cried: "You're right, Picart. This isn't the time to do it."

"Cowards!" muttered the doctor, and, leaving his saber and revolver in the hands of a soldier, he advanced at a slow pace, his eyes fixed on the windows, expecting to see a rifle come out of them, aimed at him. When he was only a few steps from the building the doors at either end, which gave access to the two schools, opened, and there issued a troop of little urchins — boys and girls — who began to play in the deserted square and squabbled like a flock of geese about the doctor, who could not make himself heard.

As soon as the last pupils left, the doors closed. The main body of the youngsters at last dispersed and the commandant called in a strong voice:

"Monsieur de Varnetot!"

A window on the first floor opened. Monsieur de Varnetot appeared.

The commandant continued: "Monsieur, you know that great events have altered the aspects of the government. That which you represented has ceased to be. That which I represent has come into power. Under these unhappy but decisive circumstances I have come to summon you in the name of the Republic to surrender to me the functions you were invested with by the preceding powers."

Monsieur de Varnetot replied: "Monsieur le docteur, I am mayor of Caneville, elected by competent authority, and I shall remain mayor of Caneville as long as I have not been dismissed or replaced by an order of my superiors. As mayor I am at home in the town hall, and there I remain. Moreover, try to make me leave it!" And he closed the window.

The commandant turned to his troops. But before venturing an explanation he eyed Lieutenant Picart from head to foot. "You're a brave fellow, you are. A famous milksop — the disgrace of the army. I degrade you from your rank."

"As if I give a damn," the lieutenant answered; and he went away to mingle with the murmuring group of inhabitants.

The doctor hesitated. What was he to do? Order an attack? But would the men charge? Then, again, had he the authority? An idea occurred to him. He ran to the telegraph office, which faced the town hall on the other side of the square, and sent off three dispatches: to the lord mayor of the republican government at Paris, to the prefect of the Seine Inférieure at Rouen, to the new republican sub-prefect of Dieppe.

He set forth the situation; dwelt on the danger incurred by the parish remaining in the hands of a former monarchist mayor, offered his devoted services, asked for orders, and signed his name, following it with all his titles.

Then, taking ten francs from his pocket, he returned to his army corps. "Here, my friends, go and eat and have a drink, and leave only a detachment of ten men here so that nobody can leave the town hall."

But ex-Lieutenant Picart, who was

speaking with the watchmaker, heard, and began to chuckle:

"By gad! if they leave, that'll be the chance to enter. Unless they do I can't see you inside there."

The doctor did not answer, and went to lunch. In the afternoon he stationed pickets around the entire parish as if it were threatened by an attack. He passed several times before the doors of the town hall and the church without noticing anything suspicious. One might have thought these buildings empty.

The butcher, the baker, and the druggist opened their shops.

Newsmongers prattled in the lodging houses. If the Emperor was a prisoner there was treachery somewhere. They did not know which republic had returned.

Night fell. Toward nine o'clock the doctor noiselessly approached the entrance of the district building alone, persuaded that his adversary had left to go to bed, and as he was preparing to break in the door with a pickaxe a loud voice, the voice of a guard, suddenly demanded:

"Who's there?"

And Monsieur Massarel beat a retreat as fast as his legs would carry him.

Daybreak found the situation unaltered. The militia in arms occupied the square. All the inhabitants had united about these troops, awaiting a solution, and from neighboring villages others began to arrive to see the sights.

The doctor, realizing that his reputation was at stake, resolved to finish things one way or another; and he was about to come to some kind of a resolution — an energetic one, assuredly — when the door of the telegraph office opened and the little servant of the directress appeared, holding two papers in her hand.

At first she made for the commandant and handed him one of the dispatches; then, crossing the deserted middle of the square, intimidated by all the eyes fixed on her, she went with mincing steps and bowed head to rap lightly on the barricaded door of the town hall, as if she were ignorant that an armed faction was hiding there.

The door opened; the hand of a man

received the message, and the young girl returned, all flushed and ready to cry for having been stared at by the entire country.

The doctor in a vibrating voice demanded, "A little silence if you please!" And when the populace had become silent he proudly began: "Here is the communication I have received from the government." And lifting his voice he read:

"The mayor is dismissed. Kindly advise at earliest possible moment. Will receive later instructions.

"For the sub-prefect,
"SAPIN, Councilor."

He had triumphed. His heart beat with joy; his hands trembled; but Picart, his former subordinate, called to him from a neighboring group:

"That is all very well so far, but the others haven't left, and your paper makes you look funny."

Monsieur Massarel turned pale. If the others did not leave it was certain that he would have to advance. It was not only his right, but his duty. And he looked anxiously to the town hall, hoping to see the door open and his adversary withdraw.

The door remained closed. What should he do? The crowd increased and closed in about the militia. They began to laugh.

One thought, above all, tortured the doctor. If he ordered an attack it would be necessary to march at the head of his men; and as with his death all controversy would cease, it would be at him that Monsieur de Varnetot and his three guards would shoot. And they were good shots, very good — Picart had just repeated this to him. He turned to Pommel, for an idea had illuminated him:

"Go quick and ask the druggist to lend me a napkin and a stick."

The lieutenant hurried.

He was going to make a flag of truce — a white flag, the sight of which might gladden the former mayor.

Pommel returned with the requested linen and a broomhandle. With pieces of string this standard was devised, which Monsieur Massarel seized with both

hands and again advanced toward the town hall, holding it before him.

When he was opposite the door he again called, "Monsieur de Varnetot."

The door suddenly opened and Monsieur de Varnetot appeared on the threshold with his three guards.

The doctor recoiled with an instinctive movement; then, saluting his enemy with courtesy, and strangled by emotion, he began: "I come, monsieur, to communicate to you the instructions I have received."

The viscount, without returning his salute, replied, "I withdraw, monsieur, but rest assured that it is neither from fear nor from obedience to the odious government which has usurped power." And, emphasizing each word, he declared: "I do not wish to appear to be serving the Republic for a single day. That is all."

Massarel, speechless, did not reply, and Monsieur de Varnetot, dropping into a brisk pace, disappeared in a corner of the square, still followed by his escort.

Then the doctor, bewildered with pride, returned toward the crowd. As soon as he was near enough to make himself heard he cried: "Hurrah! Hurrah! The Republic triumphs all along the line!"

No emotion was manifested.

The doctor continued: "The people are free; you are free, independent. Be proud!"

The inert villagers stared at him without a glimmer of pride in their eyes.

It was his turn to survey them, disgusted at their indifference, and to search for something he might say which would be the means of striking a great blow, of electrifying the pacific country and of fulfilling his mission of the initiator.

But an inspiration came to him, and, turning to Pommel, he said, "Lieutenant, go and find the bust of the ex-Emperor which is in the debating room of the Municipal Council, and bring it to me with a chair."

The man soon reappeared, carrying on his right shoulder a Bonaparte of plaster and holding in his left hand a straw-bottomed chair.

Monsieur Massarel went forward to meet him, took the chair, put it on the

ground, placed the bust upon it, and, retreating for a few paces, addressed in a sonorous voice:

"Tyrant! tyrant! Here you are fallen — fallen in the dirt — fallen in the mire. The expiring fatherland gasped under your heel! Avenging Destiny has struck you! Defeat and shame cling to you! You fall vanquished, a prisoner of the Prussians, and on the ruins of your crumbling empire the young and radiant Republic, taking up your broken sword, rises. . . ."

He awaited the applause. Not a cry, no clapping of hands burst forth. The bewildered peasants were silent, and the bust with the mustache extending past the cheeks on either side, the immovable bust, well-groomed like a hairdresser's sign, seemed to look at Monsieur Massarel with its smile of plaster — an ineffaceable and mocking smile.

Thus they stood face to face — Napoleon on his chair and the doctor standing at three paces from him. The commandant was seized with anger. What was he to do to move these stolid people and to definitely win this victory of opinion?

His hand, by chance, wandered to his stomach and encountered the butt of his revolver. Words of inspiration came to him no more. He drew the weapon, took two steps, and, pointblank, fired at the deposed monarch.

The ball drilled a small, black hole in the forehead like a spot — hardly anything. He had missed his effect. Monsieur Massarel took a second shot, which made a second hole, then a third, and, without stopping, he let go the rest.

The forehead of Napoleon flew into white dust, but the eyes, the nose, and the fine points of the mustache remained intact.

In exasperation the doctor overturned the chair with a punch, and, placing his foot on the remains of the bust in the posture of a conqueror, he turned to the astounded public. "Let all traitors perish thus." But as no enthusiasm had yet manifested itself, and as the spectators seemed to be stupid with astonishment, the commandant called to the men of the militia, "You may now return to your

homes." And he himself made for his own home as if pursued.

His servant, as soon as he appeared, told him that some patients had been waiting for more than three hours in his office, and he hurried in.

They were the two peasants with the varicose veins, who had returned just after dawn, obstinate and patient.

And the old man at once began his explanation: "It began just like ants crawling up and down my legs. . . ."

ANATOLE FRANCE

(1844-1924)

The most famous French man of letters of the period just before the World War was Anatole France, whose real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault. He was born in Paris, the son of a bookseller. During his earlier years he was fond of reading and composed some verse and a few articles for journals; but in general he preferred reading to writing. In 1879 he published his first volume of stories, called *Jocasta and the Famished Cat*, and in 1881 his first novel, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*. During the next forty years he produced rather rapidly a series of novels and sketches, of which the most famous are *Thaïs* (1890), *The Sign of the Queen Pedauque* (1893), *The Gods are Athirst* (1912), *The Red Lily* (1894), *The Amethyst Ring* (1899), *Penguin Island* (1908), and *The Revolt of the Angels* (1914). Anatole France was a remarkably wide reader and a great student of human nature. His attitude toward man was one of disillusionment without bitterness or resentment. He mocked at cant, hypocrisy, and stupidity with a penetrating and yet gentle irony which, combined with his unusual erudition and dialectical skill, made him the outstanding champion of enlightenment during his age. His work is also marked by an abiding sense of beauty and an incomparable personal style. One of his chief qualities is his humanity, his really great feeling for people. Everyone is important to him. He writes with as much enthusiasm of the mediæval juggler as he does of the tremendous events of the French Revolution.

The following translation is that of Frederic Chapman in *Mother of Pearl*, London, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1917.

OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

I

In the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when, by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands face downwards, he threw into the

air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him

to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, and as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that, if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbour's, since woman is ever the enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For, whilst not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

"Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, ensure to me the possession of the joys of paradise."

II

Now on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as

they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveller," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied —

"Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the tip of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity, and, as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scriptures: Peace on earth to men of good will. And for this reason he replied —

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am Prior. He who guided St. Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation."

It was in this manner, then, that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and in her

honour each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The prior on his part wrote books dealing according to the rules of scholarship with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice with a deft hand copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum.

Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings. Here were displayed the Queen of Heaven seated upon Solomon's throne, and while four lions were on guard at her feet, around the nimbus which encircled her head hovered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gifts, namely, of Fear, Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel, Understanding, and Wisdom. For her companions she had six virgins with hair of gold, namely, Humility, Prudence, Seclusion, Submission, Virginity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little naked figures, perfectly white, in an attitude of supplication. These were souls imploring her all-powerful intercession for their soul's health, and we may be sure not imploring in vain.

Upon another page facing this, Brother Alexander represented Eve, so that the Fall and the Redemption could be perceived at one and the same time — Eve the Wife abased, and Mary the Virgin exalted.

Furthermore, to the marvel of the beholder, this book contained presentments of the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Garden Enclosed of which the Song of Songs tells us, the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these things were symbols of the Blessed Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary.

He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes continually swollen and weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years, and it was clear that the Queen of Paradise still cherished her servant in his old age. Marbode represented her seated

upon a throne, her brow encircled with an orb-shaped nimbus set with pearls. And he took care that the folds of her dress should cover the feet of her, concerning whom the prophet declared: My beloved is as a garden enclosed.

Sometimes, too, he depicted her in the semblance of a child full of grace, and appearing to say, "Thou art my God, even from my mother's womb."

In the priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and amongst the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rhymed verse and in the vulgar tongue.

III

Being a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labours, Barnaby mourned his own ignorance and simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, "wretched wight that I am, to be unable, like my brothers, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! alas! I am but a rough man and unskilled in the arts, and I can render you in service, blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises set out in order according to rule, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the best of feet. No gift have I, alas!"

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. But one evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honour of the five letters of the name Mary (Marie), and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

Whilst he listened to this narrative Barnaby marvelled yet once again at the

loving kindness of the Virgin; but the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him, for his heart overflowed with zeal, and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, who is in heaven.

How to compass this he sought but could find no way, and day by day he became the more cast down, when one morning he awakened filled full with joy, hastened to the chapel, and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner he returned to the chapel once more.

And, starting from that moment, he repaired daily to the chapel at such hours as it was deserted, and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished, nor did he any longer groan.

A demeanour so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks.

These began to ask one another for what purpose Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in retreat.

The prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape him in the behaviour of his children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, then, when he was shut

up there after his custom, the prior, accompanied by two of the older monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the chapel.

5 They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honour of the Holy Mother of God he was performing those feats, which aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks 10 exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul, but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly 20 from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from her juggler's forehead.

25 Then the prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words — "Blessed are the simple-hearted, for they shall see God."

"Amen!" responded the old brethren, and kissed the ground.

GERMAN

KELLER

(1819-1890)

Gottfried Keller was a Swiss, born in Zürich, and he began his education as apprentice to a landscape painter. He had the ability to be an uncompromising realist; but he knew how to envelop his realism in the golden light of imagination. One never loses sight of Keller the poet. His first great work was *Green-coated Henry* (1854), an autobiographical novel. The next work, *The People of Seldwyla* (1856), contains "A Village Romeo and Juliet," which marks the high point in German short-story writing. His art reaches its fullest expression in *Zürich Tales* (1878) and *The Song of the Heart* (1881). Keller was a great master of style; yet, because he gained his effects through a warm and powerful simplicity, he never seemed to be striving for stylistic perfection. The following selection from *Green-coated Henry* is an example of tenderness without sentimentality. The translation is by Lilaise R. Smith in *Poet Lore*, XVII, 1906.

From GREEN-COATED HENRY

LITTLE MERET

After my father died my mother felt 35 that we were absolutely dependent upon

the 'God of the widows and fatherless,' and so it seemed to her that we, of all others, should take pains to neglect no religious ceremony or service. She resolved to have grace at meals. So, one Sunday noon when we sat down to the

table, she recited a little old prayer used by the common people, and bade me say it over after her. How surprised she was when I stammered out the first words, and then suddenly stopped, and could go no further.

The food was steaming on the table, there was not a sound in the room, my mother was waiting, but I did not speak. She repeated her command, but it was no use, I only sat there, dumb and overwhelmed with humiliation, and she let it pass for that time as a simple child's whim.

But on the next day the episode was repeated, and now she was really troubled, and asked me, 'Why won't you pray? Are you ashamed to?' That was truly the case, but I could not answer 'yes,' because after all I was not ashamed in the way she meant. The food on the table was no longer food; in my eyes it was a sacrificial meal, the folding of the hands and the solemn prayer before the smoking dishes had turned into a ceremony from which I felt an unconquerable aversion. I was not such a hardened sinner that I was ashamed to confess my religion before the world, as the priests say, — and how should I be afraid of my mother, from whose mildness I never dreamed of concealing anything? It was simply that I could not bear to speak aloud to the Almighty God; and from that day I have never been able, even in the remotest solitude, to pray aloud.

'Then you shall not eat until you have prayed,' my mother said, and I climbed down from my chair, and went away into the corner, where I stood, feeling very sad, and a little defiant. My mother sat still in her place, and made a pretence of eating. And I felt a sort of dismal tension between us, which made my heart very heavy. Soon my mother got up from the table and began to carry out the dishes. She went back and forth in silence, but when it was almost time for me to go to school, she brought my dinner in again. She was wiping her eyes as if she had gotten something in them, and she said, 'Here is something for you to eat, you wilful child!' And then I, too, burst into sobs and tears, but the food tasted very good when my crying fit was over. As I was walking

back to school I did not fail to send up to God a happy sigh of thanksgiving for this deliverance and reconciliation.

Years afterwards when I was visiting in my parents' native village, this episode in my childhood was vividly recalled to me by the story of a child who had lived there more than a hundred years before.

In one corner of the churchyard was a small stone tablet with nothing on it but a scarcely distinguishable coat of arms, and the date, 1713. The people called the spot beside it the 'witch child's grave,' and they told all sorts of strange stories about her. She was a city child, and belonged to a noble family, but she was banished to this country parsonage, in which at that time a severe and pious clergyman lived, in the hope that he could cure her of her godlessness, and mysterious, precocious witchcraft. But he had not succeeded. For one thing he had never been able to make her speak the three names of the Holy Trinity. She had continued in this stubborn godlessness, and died miserably. She was an extraordinarily lovely and intelligent little girl, of the tender age of seven years, but all the same she was a most wicked witch. She laid her spell upon grown men especially, so that if they so much as looked at the little child they fell desperately in love with her, and stirred up all sorts of disturbances on her account.

She made mischief with the birds, enticed all the village doves to the parsonage, and even bewitched the pious gentleman himself, so that he caught them, and ate them roasted, to his own hurt. She charmed the fish in the river, sitting all day long on the bank, and dazzling the wise old trout, until they swam round and round her unceasingly, their backs flashing in the sunlight.

The old women used the legend of this child-witch to frighten the children, when they were naughty, adding all sorts of fabrications. But there really hung in the parsonage an old dim oil-painting, which preserves the likeness of this strange child.

It is a portrait of a wonderfully beautiful little girl. She wears a bluish green damask gown. Her wide, flaring skirt

hides her feet. A golden chain is twisted around her waist, and hangs down to the floor in front. On her head she wears a crown-shaped headdress of shimmering gold and silver tinsel, interwoven with silk threads and pearls. She holds in her hand a child's skull and a white rose.

I have never seen anywhere such a beautiful, spiritual, lovable child's face. It is pointed, not plump, and it wears an expression of great sadness. The mournful shining dark eyes look out at you, as if beseeching you for help, while around the firmly-closed lips there hovers the suggestion of a roguish smile.

The child's heavy suffering has given her whole face a look of maturity and womanliness, which stirs you with an involuntary longing to see the living child, — to be able to take her into your arms and cherish her.

The real story is this.

The little girl belonged to a highly aristocratic and orthodox family. She showed a stubborn aversion to prayer, and worship of every sort . . . tore up the prayerbooks they gave her to learn from . . . covered her head with the bedclothes when they tried to make her say her prayers . . . and shrieked with terror, when they took her into the cold dark church, saying she was afraid of the black man in the pulpit.

She was the child of an unhappy first marriage, and might easily have been the cause of unpleasantness in any case. So the family made the experiment, since no measures they took against this mysterious stubbornness were of any avail, of giving the child into the care of this minister, who was widely famed for his strict orthodoxy.

If the child was a source of sorrow and disgrace in the eyes of her own family, much more was she regarded by this severe dogmatic man as possessed of an infernal spirit, against which he must enter upon a deadly warfare. He shaped his conduct accordingly.

An old diary has been preserved in the parsonage, which was kept by the pious clergyman himself. On its old gilt-edged leaves are some entries which tell of his experiences, and of the fate of this unhappy child.

THE DIARY

'Today, received the first quarter's payment from the honorable and God-fearing Frau M., immediately receipted it, and dispatched my report.

'Further dispensed to little Meret her weekly punishment which fell due upon this day. I increased the severity of the aforesaid punishment, inasmuch as I laid her upon a settle, and chastised her with a fresh switch, not without inward lamentations and beseechings of the Lord that He would bring this sorrowful undertaking to a favorable conclusion. The child, for a truth, cried piteously, and humbly begged for pardon, but none the less, she continued in her stiff-neckedness, and threw the hymn book I had given her to learn from upon the floor. I then allowed her a few minutes' respite, and put her under arrest in the dark smoke-shed, where she whimpered and complained, — afterwards became quiet, then suddenly began to sing and make jubilation, not otherwise than after the manner of the three holy men in the fiery furnace. Went to the smoke-house and listened, and discovered that she was singing the psalms in meter, namely the very songs she had just refused to learn; but in such a vain and worldly fashion, after the manner of nurses' lullabies or children's rhymes, that I was forced to look upon this behavior as a new piece of wantonness and a fresh device of the devil's.'

Further:

'A most lamentable letter has arrived from Madame, who is truly a most excellent person and well-grounded in the faith. She had wet the afore-mentioned letter with her tears; and she also communicated to me her honored husband's great anxiety over the little Meret's case. And it is truly a great calamity which has come upon this highly reputable and exalted family, and one might be of the opinion (speaking with due respect) that the sins of the Sir grandpapa on the father's side, who was a great wanton and light-minded cavalier, are being atoned for by this unhappy creature. Have changed my mode of dealing with the child and will

now try the starvation treatment. Also I have had a little dress of coarse sackcloth made by my worthy consort's own hands, and forbidden little Meret to wear any other garment, inasmuch as this penitent's garb is the most fitting for her. Obstinacy on the same point.

'Found myself forced to debar the little Demoiselle from all dealings and intercourse with the country children, because she ran away into the woods with the aforesaid children. While there she bathed in the pond, hung up the penitent's dress I had devised for her on the branch of a tree, and stirred up her companions to bold and unseemly mirth. — Severe punishment.

'Today a great scandal and vexation. There came to the house a great strapping fellow, young Mullerhans, and took me to task for my treatment of little Meret, claiming that he hears her crying and screaming every day; and I was dealing with him, when in came the good-for-nothing young schoolmaster, threatening to bring a complaint against me. And he forthwith fell upon the wicked creature, and caressed and fondled her. I straightway made the schoolmaster to be arrested and brought before the magistrate. Must take like measures against Mullerhans, though same is rich and influential. Am almost forced to believe, myself, that the child is a witch, as the country people say she is, only such a belief is contrary to all reason. At all events the devil has taken possession of her and I have a woeful undertaking on my hands.

'This week we have entertained in the house a painter sent hither by Madame to paint the portrait of the little Miss. The afflicted family do not wish to receive the creature again, but they desire to preserve a likeness of her, as a sorrowful memorial, and a useful object of penitential contemplation, and also on account of the child's great beauty. The gentleman is exceeding set on the idea. My honored spouse serves to the painter two pints of wine every day, but he does not seem to get enough, for he goes to the "Red Lion" every evening to play with the Chirurgeon.¹ This painter

is a haughty individual, and for this reason I often set before him a partridge or a pike, which shall be duly noted in Madame's quarterly account. He began by paying court to the little Miss, and she soon showed such a foolish attachment to him that I was forced to request him not to interfere with my mode of procedure. When they brought the child her Sabbath array (which we had preserved with all care) for the picture, and put on her girdle and headdress, she gave evidence of the greatest delight, and straightway began to dance about. But her joy was soon turned to mourning, when in accordance with the command of her mamma I caused a man's skull to be brought and placed in the child's hand, which skull she at first refused to take and being compelled, she held it with trembling and weeping, not otherwise than if it were a piece of red-hot iron. The painter assured us he could paint the skull without a model, inasmuch as it belonged to the first rudiments of his art: — But would not yield, seeing that Madame had written: "In whatever the child suffers, we suffer also. If we have been given an opportunity for doing penance by permitting her to suffer, we perform this penance for her sake. Therefore your reverence will not omit the execution of any commands we shall give in regard to her care and her education. If, as I pray the Almighty and Compassionate God, she should sometime, either in this world or the next, be enlightened and redeemed, she would, without doubt, greatly rejoice that a good share had already been performed of her penance for the hardness of heart it has pleased the Infinite Father to bring upon her."

'With these excellent words before my eyes, I resolved to impose a serious penance upon the child by means of the skull.

'In the end they procured a small, light child's skull, since the painter complained that the large one was too heavy for the little hands, in consideration of the rules for proportion of his art. She held this skull without making any complaint. The painter added a white rose which I could

¹ Surgeon.

well suffer, since it may serve as an edifying symbol.

'Today have received a sudden counter-order in regard to the portrait, and am not to expedite same to the city, but am to keep it in my own house. It is a sinful waste, for the painter had done a highly excellent piece of work, being quite carried away by the child's beauty. If I had only known in the beginning, the man might not have painted my own presentment upon the canvas for the money, even if I had been obliged to charge him nothing for the handsome victuals we have given him, but to let them serve as additional compensation for my portrait.

'Further notice has come to me, namely: to suspend all worldly instruction, especially the instruction in the French language, seeing that the child will never have any occasion for such knowledge; also my wife is to make an end of the lessons on the spinet. The child is greatly grieved. From this time forth she is to be treated as a simple foundling, and our only care is to be that she makes no open disturbance.

'Day before yesterday the little Meret ran away, and threw us into the greatest distress of mind, until at noon today she was spied at the top of Beech Hill, where she was sitting, warming herself in the sun, having taken off her sackcloth garment. She had all unbraided her hair, and set on her head a wreath of beech leaves, and hung a scarf of ditto over her body; also she had beside her on the ground a pile of fine strawberries, off which she had dined very pleasantly and sufficiently. When she caught sight of us she started for the woods again, but she was ashamed of her nakedness, and stopped to put on her dress, so was luckily captured. She is sick and seems to be out of her head, for she is not able to give any intelligible answers.

'Little Meret is better, but she grows more and more strange. Is stupid and silent most of the time. The opinion of the medical man is that she will become demented or idiotic, and will soon be no longer susceptible to medical treatment. He promised to put her on her feet again

if we would place her in his house. But it is my observation that the Monsieur Surgeon is concerned only with the large bill he can present for board, and with the presents that Madame will make. Accordingly I answered him to this effect, that the Lord seemed to be nearing the accomplishments of His purposes for His creature, and human hands might not and dared not intermeddle with the Divine plans. As is assuredly the truth.'

After an interval of five or six months comes the following entry:

'The child seems to enjoy excellent health in her imbecile condition, and has gotten the most shining red cheeks. She stays all day now in the bean vines, where she is out of our sight; and what is more, no one troubles about her, as long as she makes no disturbance.

'Little Meret has arranged a little salon for herself in the middle of the vines, — so we have discovered, — and there she receives visits from the farmers' children, who smuggle in fruit for her, and other food, which she buries very neatly, and keeps for further use. We have also found buried here the little child's skull; it has been lost for a long time, and so could not be returned to the sexton. She has enticed sparrows and other birds to the place, and tamed them, so that they have already done great hurt to the garden. And yet I cannot shoot into the garden any more, because she stays there. In the same way she has bewitched a poisonous snake, which has made its way through the hedge, and taken up its abode with her. Finally, — to make conclusion, we have taken her into the house again, and now keep her in confinement.

'Little Meret has lost her red cheeks, and the doctor states that in his opinion she is not much longer for this world. Have dispatched a letter to the parents.

'This morning before daylight poor little Meret must have left her bed, slipped out into the garden, and passed away there, for we found her dead in a little hollow she had dug out in the ground, apparently for the sake of concealing herself. She was quite stiff, her

hair and gown wet and heavy with the dew which lay in shining drops on her pink cheeks, just as on an apple blossom. And we were filled with horror; and I have been thrown into great confusion and embarrassment today by the arrival of their excellencies from the city, just after my consort had departed for K. to purchase some provisions and delicacies for their fitting entertainment. Hardly knew which end my head was on, and there was great scurrying and running about, and the maids had to wash and dress the little corpse, and all at the same time prepare a suitable luncheon. Finally I had the fresh ham baked that my spouse put to pickle eight days ago, and had Jacob catch three of the tame trout, which still occasionally come to the garden, although the sainted (!) Meret had not been allowed to go down to the water for some time. Have happily with these dishes managed to set before them a respectable meal, and Madame seemed to find it to her taste.

'We have been exceeding mournful, and passed more than two hours in prayer and meditation upon death, also in melancholy discourse upon the unhappy illness of the dead girl, for we must now believe, to our great consolation, that both mind and body have always been mortally diseased. Then we talked of her otherwise highly brilliant disposition, of her frequent graceful sallies and fancies, and we could not reconcile it all in our earthly shortsightedness. Tomorrow morning they will give the child Christian burial. The presence of the distinguished parents at this time is very fortunate, since otherwise the deacons would probably have made objections.

'This has been the strangest, the most frightful day I have ever spent, not only since I have been concerned with this unhappy creature, but in my whole otherwise peaceful existence. When the hour had come and it had struck ten, we went in procession behind the body to the churchyard, while Sigrist rang the children's

chimes, which he did not do with much diligence, for he rang most piteously, and the sound was blown away by strong and disagreeable wind. The sky was all dark and overcast, and the churchyard deserted except for our little company. But outside all the country people were gathered, and they stuck their heads over the wall in great curiosity. When the little coffin was being let down into the grave a strange cry was heard from inside the coffin, so that we were most violently terrified, and the grave-digger took to his heels. But the surgeon, who had run up, unfastened the lid, and took it off, and the dead child sat up like a live person, and crawled out of the grave all of a tremble, and stood and looked at us. And as at the same time the rays of Phoebus broke through the clouds in a most strange and lurid manner, the girl, in her brocade and glittering crown, looked like a fairy or a kobold's¹ child. The lady, her mamma, immediately fell into a severe fainting fit, and Herr von M. sank to the ground weeping. I myself could not move from astonishment and terror and at the instant almost believed in witchcraft.

'But the little girl soon recovered herself and rushed away from the graveyard, and out through the village like a cat, so that all the people flew home in terror, and bolted their doors. School was just out, and a throng of children on the streets. And when the little brats saw the thing, they could not be kept back, but a whole troop of them ran after the corpse and followed it, and after them ran the schoolmaster with his ferrule.² But she had twenty paces advantage, and did not stop until she reached Beech Hill, and there she fell down lifeless, whereupon the children gathered around the body and stroked and caressed it, but to no avail.

'All this we heard of by report, inasmuch as we, in dire straits, took refuge in the parsonage and waited there in deep desolation until they brought the body home again. They placed it on a mattress, and the gentlefolk started immediately for

¹ In German folklore a kind of domestic spirit who performs services for the inmates of the house but is often mischievous.

² A cane tipped with a cap of metal.

home, leaving behind them a little stone on which there is engraved simply the family arms and the date.

'Now the child again lies as if dead, and we are not able to go to our beds because of our fear. The doctor is sitting beside

her, and he is now of the opinion that she has at last entered into rest.

'Today, after various experiments, the doctor declared her to be dead, beyond a doubt, and she has now been laid away, and nothing more has happened.'

SUDERMANN

(1857-1928)

Hermann Sudermann was born the son of a brewer in Matziken, East Prussia. In the many small Prussian towns where he lived in his childhood, he received first-hand impressions of simple life and of nature that he never forgot during his later residence in Berlin. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to an apothecary, but he returned to school again in Tilsit and later studied in Königsberg. Then, feeling the thirst for the glory of the great city, he went to Berlin, where he busied himself in party politics and in writing sketches and novels. He waited some time for recognition; but after he presented his first play in the Lessing Theatre in 1889, he became one of the leading literary figures of the country. His best-known novel is *Dame Care* (1887), and his principal plays are *Magda* (Heimat) (1893), *St. John's Fire* (1900), and *The Joy of Living* (1902). As a dramatist he was conservative. He is usually classed with the modern realists and, particularly with regard to the novel, is considered by many to be the most potent influence in the development of German naturalism.

The Goose-Herd, written in 1892, is translated by Adele S. Seltzer in *Iolanthe's Wedding*, New York, Boni and Liveright, 1918.

•THE GOOSE-HERD

My dear man, I've been listening to you now for a long while and you fill me with astonishment. You usually show — more than I do myself — an honest wish to take things as they are. Then whence all of a sudden, in making these nice observations of human emotions, do you draw this idealistic illusion of yours?

It seems to me your levelling-down democratic sentiment has been playing you a naughty trick again. You maintain, if I understand you correctly, that there is not a profound difference in the way the various social classes feel and express their feelings; while, as a matter of fact, life proves the very reverse every day. Oh, it would be beautiful as a dream if you were right. The ideals of brotherhood and equality that I, the bred-in-the-bone aristocrat — that is what you say I am — must necessarily consider mere figments of the brain, would then be reality, or, rather, have already become reality; because the bit of knowledge more or less cannot pos-

sibly produce an organic difference in men's natures.

No, no, dear sir, it is the cleavage in the way they feel, more than all differences in wealth, rank, and learning, that separates the upper from the lower classes; so much so that they go through the world together each without comprehension of what the other does, like citizens of different globes. Woe to him who hopes to leap the gap!

You don't believe me? You shake your head? Oh, my dear man, I am speaking from experience. Alas, alas! If I could tell you — but why shouldn't I? Night is falling outside, the November storm is howling, and to-day I celebrated the advent of my thirtieth grey hair — quite the atmosphere for conjuring up a picture of light, spring and youth.

Let me close my eyes, and you listen to me like a good little boy. I want to tell you of my first love. Do you know who my first love was? A goose-herd, a real, out-and-out goose-herd. I am not joking. I have wept bitter tears over the wrong

he did me, and that when I had long been a grown-up, highly respectable young lady.

To be sure, when he first set my heart afire, I was still of the age when my highest ideal of happiness was to go barefoot. I was eight years old, he ten. I was the daughter of the lord of the castle, he, the son of our smith.

Mornings, when I took breakfast on the verandah with my mother and big brother, 10 he used to pass by with his geese and disappear in the direction of the pasture. At first he stared up at us with naïve astonishment, it never occurring to him to raise his cap. Then my brother impressed it upon him that it was proper to give the family a decent greeting, and from that time on he always called up a "Good mornin' to you" like a lesson learned by heart and with a long sweep of his cap. 20

If my brother happened to be in a good humour, I received permission to take a roll down to him, and he always snatched it out of my hand with a certain greedy anxiety, as if there were danger of my 25 withdrawing it at the last moment.

What did he look like? I can still see him as if he were right there in front of me. His straight flaxen hair hung down over his sun-burned cheeks like a thatched roof, 30 with his blue eyes peering from underneath, jolly and cunning. He wore his ragged trousers rolled up over his knees, and always carried an osier¹ switch, into which, along the green bark, he had 35 cleverly cut white spirals.

It was upon this switch that my childish covetousness first fastened itself. How fascinating to hold in my hand a marvelous piece of work like that, so different 40 from all my toys! And when I pictured to myself being allowed to chase geese with it and to go barefoot, the pinnacle of earthly happiness had been reached.

And it was this same switch that brought 45 us into human contact. One morning at breakfast, as I saw him going by so cheerily, I could no longer restrain my desire. I furtively put together the pieces of the roll spread with honey that 50 I was eating and asked hurriedly to be excused, and ran after him.

When he saw me coming, he stopped and looked at me wonderingly. But as soon as he caught sight of the roll in my hand, a gleam of comprehension shot into his 5 eyes.

"Will you give me your switch?" I asked.

"Why?" he asked back, and put one foot up to rub the calf of his other leg.

"Because I want it," I said defiantly, then added more gently, "I'll give you my roll spread with honey for it."

He let his eyes rest longingly on the piece of deliciousness, and then finally 15 observed, "No, I have to have it for the geese, but I'll cut another one like it for you."

"Can you do that?"

I was all astonishment.

"Oh, that's nothing," he pooh-poohed. "I can make flutes, too, and jumping 20 jacks."

I was so completely carried off my feet that I handed him the roll on the spot. He bit into it with gusto, and, not honouring me with another glance, he drove his feathered flock off before him.

I looked after him, envy in my heart. He was allowed to shepherd geese, but I 25 had to go up to Mademoiselle and learn French. Yes, I thought, how unequal fortune's favours are.

That evening he brought me the switch he promised to make. It was even more 30 beautiful than I had dared to hope in my wildest dreams. There were the white spirals that had so fascinated me in the original, and more than that, the butt-end was topped with a knob, on which a human countenance — whether mine or his, I could not unriddle — was depicted by 35 two dots and two dashes at right angles.

From that time on we were friends. I shared with him all the goodies that fell to 40 me, the spoiled little darling, from every side. In return, he bestowed upon me the artistic products of his skilful fingers, reed pipes, little boxes, houses, toy utensils, and, best of all, his famous jumping jacks.

Our meetings took place every evening behind the goose coops, and there we exchanged gifts. I looked forward the whole

¹ Willow.

day to these meetings, my thoughts constantly engaged by my young hero. I saw him on the sunny pasture lying in the grass, blowing his reed pipes, while I was torturing myself with horrid vowels. And the yearning grew ever stronger within me to partake of that bliss which is called minding geese.

When I told him of my feelings, he burst out laughing.

"Why don't you come along, then?" he said.

That tipped the scales, and without a second's reflection, "All right," I said, "I'll go along to-morrow."

"Don't forget to bring something to eat along," my friend forewarned me.

Luck was with me. Mademoiselle's headache came at the very opportune moment, and the French lesson was dispensed with. Feverish with joy and excitement, I sat at the breakfast table waiting for him to go by. My pockets were stuffed with goodies of all sorts, which I had wheedled out of Mademoiselle, and beside me lay the switch, which I looked forward to swinging that day in the strict fulfilment of my duty.

Ah, there he was coming. His blue eyes glanced up at me slyly as he bellowed his "Good mornin' to you" at us; and the instant I could slip away without attracting attention I was off after him.

"What have you brought along?" was his first question.

"Two little ginger cakes, three cervelat¹ sandwiches, a roll cut in two with sardelles² between, and a piece of gooseberry pie," said I, spreading out my glories.

He fell upon them at once, while I with carefully concealed glee proudly drove the geese along.

After passing through the fir woods, the first part of which was somewhat familiar to me from my previous walks, we came to regions less and less well known. Stunted undergrowth rose on each side of the way, making an uncanny thicket, and then, all of a sudden, the broad, boundless heath opened up to my vision.

Oh, how lovely it was, how lovely! As

far as the eye reached, a sea of grass and gaily coloured flowers. Molehills covered with turf stretched away in long rows like motionless waves. The hot air quivered, fairly dancing on the breezy heath, while the buzzing of the bees made the accompaniment. And high up in the deep blue heavens stood the golden sun.

At the edge of the woods was a marsh with gleaming puddles of greyish yellow, thickish water. The refuse of the geese floated on the surface, and roundabout on the ground — so moist that great bubbles gushed up between the clumps of grass — were thousands of fine tracks of the geese's feet, making the whole spot look like a patterned rug.

This was the flock's paradise. Here we made halt, and while the geese settled themselves comfortably in the puddles, we chased about on the heath, shouting and laughing, caught yellow butterflies, and picked blueberries.

Then we played husband and wife. Elsie, the tamest of the geese, was our child. We kissed and whipped the poor creature almost to death, but it finally succeeded, after prodigious efforts, in making its escape from our clutches. Next, I prepared the meals for my husband. I untied my white apron, spread it on the ground for a tablecloth, and placed on it the remnants of the food I had brought along. He sat down to the repast pompously, and when I saw the rapidity with which he finished up one bit after the other, I nearly jumped out of our little home for joy.

The hours passed as in a dream. Higher and higher rose the sun, until its rays came burning down on us perpendicularly. My head began to spin, and a dull lassitude came over me. Also, I experienced considerable hunger, but my spouse had already consumed everything. The inside of my mouth was dry, my lips were feverish. To cool them, I held moist blades of grass against them.

Suddenly, from beyond the woods, from way far away, came the ringing of a bell. I knew what it meant. It was the sum-

¹ A saveloy (dried) sausage.

² Sardines.

mons to the midday meal, which called me to table, too. And if they missed me! Oh, God, what would become of me?

I threw myself on the grass and began to cry bitterly, while my companion, meaning to comfort me, passed his rough hands over my face and neck.

Suddenly I jumped up and made a dash for the woods, as though pursued by the furies. It must have been about two hours that I strayed about in the undergrowth crying. Then I caught the sound of voices calling my name, and a few moments later I was in my brother's arms.

The next morning my poor friend appeared in the part of abductor and seducer before the high criminal court of the lord of the manor. He seemed to take it for granted that he was to be the scapegoat and was in for a flogging, and he made not the slightest attempt to shift part of the blame from himself. He accepted the chastisement my brother inflicted upon him with the greatest calm. Then he rubbed his aching back against a porch column, smiling dolefully, and, after that, hastily made off, while I, sobbing aloud, rolled on the floor.

From that day on I loved him. I plotted a thousand wiles and schemes for meeting him secretly. I nabbed edibles like a magpie, so that he might regale himself with the fruits of my pilferings. I fairly oppressed him with the profusion of fond attentions, with which I tried to wipe out of existence those frightful blows of my brother's whip.

He accepted my love calmly and rewarded me for it by a devotion that was moving and an appetite that was sound.

Fate separated us six months later.

My mother had been ailing for some time, and the physician now recommended her living in the south. She put the estate entirely in my brother's charge and moved to the Riviera, taking me along.

Nine years were to elapse before I came back home. The return was sadder than ever I should have dreamed. In Berlin, where I had lived after my mother's death, a tricky nervous trouble had taken hold of me and kept me confined to bed for many

weeks. The doctors wrestled with death and saved my life, but the blooming young girl had become a pale weak shadow. My physician recommended the country and pine-needle baths, and so I was bundled on to the train and transported to my brother's estate.

I must have presented a pretty pitiful spectacle, because when I reached the house and was lifted out of the carriage, I saw tears in the old domestics' eyes.

It is a peculiar feeling to know you are back home again after long wanderings, especially if you have gone through as much trouble as I had. A rare softness takes hold of you, and you try to blot out forever the joy and the suffering imposed by an alien world. You try to be a child again and conjure up long lost magic out of the grave.

As I leaned back in my reclining chair and let my tired eyes roam over the familiar fields, one shade after another came alive again, and the first one in the motley throng was — my dear, flaxen-haired goose-herd.

"What has become of him?" I asked my brother, and was rejoiced by the good news that he had grown up into a fine, good-looking young man and could already fully take the place of his father, the smith.

I felt my heart throbbing. I tried to scold myself for my folly, but with poor success. The dear old memories were not to be dismissed, and finally I yielded myself up to them unrestrainedly and pictured the manner of our seeing each other again in all the glowing colours of fairy tale romance.

A few days after my arrival I was allowed to take my first drive. I was lifted into a carriage, driven to the woods, and then set down on a soft, mossy, peaceful little spot, which I had selected deliberately. From it you could see the smithy in which the companion of my childhood dwelt.

My brother wanted to stay with me, but I begged him not to let me keep him from his work, and assured him that the little girl sent along to wait on me was quite enough protection. Besides, what

was there to be afraid of in these peaceful home woods? So, the coachman drove my brother back to his office on the estate, and they were to call for me again in two hours. Then I dismissed the little girl, too, telling her to go hunt strawberries but to stay nearby. She ran off happily.

I was alone at last! Now I could dream to my heart's content. The fir trees rustled overhead, and from the smithy came the dull blows of the hammer. Brightly glowed the fire in the forge, and every now and then a dark figure glided in front of it. That must be he.

I did not tire following the movements of his arms. I admired his strength and trembled for him when the sparks flew about his body.

The two hours went by unnoticed, and in the midst of my dreamy meditations I was surprised by my brother coming to call for me.

"Well, did it seem a long time?" my brother asked gaily.

I shook my head, smiling, and tried to get up, but sank back wearily.

"Hm, hm," said my brother, reflecting. "I didn't bring the coachman back, thinking I could carry you to the carriage by myself, but the seat is high, and I couldn't get you up without hurting you. See here, Grete," — he turned to my little companion, who had come running at the sound of the carriage — "you go run down to the smith, the young one, you know, and tell him he should come and help me here."

He tossed a penny on the ground and the little maid, radiant with delight, picked it up before going for the smith.

I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. I was to see him again, here, on this spot. He was to act the Samaritan to me. I sat there waiting, my hand pressed to my pounding heart, until — until —

There he was coming! Yes, that was he! How strong, how handsome he had grown to be! Heavy flaxen hair about his smoke-blackened face, and a thick growth of light down around his powerful chin.

Young Siegfried must have looked like that while serving his apprenticeship with the wicked Mime.¹

He clutched awkwardly at his little cap, 5 tipped back on his neck so jauntily, while I held out my hand smiling and said, "How do you do?"

"Very well," he replied with an embarrassed laugh, and carefully wiped his grimy fingers on his leather apron before taking my hand.

"Help me lift the lady into the carriage," said my brother.

He wiped his hands again, and caught hold of me — none too gently — under the armpits, and the two of them, my brother taking me by my feet, lifted me up on to the carriage cushions.

"Thanks, thanks," I said and gave him a smile.

He stood at the carriage door, shyly twisting his cap and looking from one to the other of us uncertainly.

"He still has something on his heart," I said to myself. "Why not? At the sight of me old memories have been awakened. He wants to talk to me of the blissful days when in childish innocence we watched the geese together. Ah, he doesn't trust himself — his lord's presence — I ought to come to his assistance a little."

"Well," I said, giving him a friendly, encouraging look straight in his eyes, "what are you thinking of?"

My brother at this turned from his horses, with which he had been busy, and said, thrusting his hand into his pocket:

"Oh, you're waiting for your tip."

I felt as though some one had struck 40 me in the face.

"For goodness' sake, Max," I stammered, my blood going hot and cold.

But my brother did not hear me and handed him — actually dared to — a dime.

I was already seeing my childhood friend 45 dashing the coin back in my brother's face. I exerted all my strength to raise myself and stretch my hands out so as to prevent violence — but what was that? No, impossible! And yet I saw it with my own

¹ After the death of his father, Sigmund the Volsung (see the Norse Edda, p. 351), Siegfried was sent to Regin (Mime), a notable smith, to be trained in his craft. Siegfried later slew him, having found him to be treacherous.

eyes. He took the money — he said, were an evil spirit, then sank back on the
“Thank you” — he bowed — he walked cushions with a weary sigh.
away! That, my dear friend, was the way I
And I? I stared after him as though he said good-bye to my youthful dream.

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